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NORTH COUNTRY

By Kerr Eby

Courtesy of the Keppel Galleries

VOLUME 162



DECEMBER 1930

Harpers *Magazine*

SONNETS

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

I

MOOON, that against the lintel of the west
Your forehead lean until the gate be swung,
Longing to leave the world and be at rest,
Being worn with faring and no longer young,
Do you recall at all the Carian hill
Where worn with loving, loving late you lay,
Halting the sun because you lingered still,
While wondering candles lit the Carian day?
Ah, if indeed this memory to your mind
Recall some sweet employment, pity me,
That with the dawn must leave my love behind,
That even now the dawn's dim herald see!
I charge you, goddess, in the name of one
You loved as well: endure, hold off the sun.



II

*This beast that rends me in the sight of all,
This love, this longing, this oblivious thing,
That has me under as the last leaves fall,
Will glut, will sicken, will be gone by spring.
The wound will heal, the fever will abate,
The knotted hurt will slacken in the breast;
I shall forget before the flickers mate
Your look that is to-day my east and west.
Unscathed, however, from a claw so deep
Though I should love again I shall not go;
Along my body, waking while I sleep,
Sharp to the kiss, cold to the hand as snow,
The scar of this encounter like a sword
Will lie between me and my troubled lord.*

III

*Time, that is pleased to lengthen out the day
For grieving lovers parted or denied,
And pleased to hurry the sweet hours away
From such as lie enchanted side by side,
Is not my kinsman; nay, my feudal foe
Is he that in my childhood was the thief
Of all my mother's beauty, and in woe
My father bowed, and brought our house to grief.
Hence, though he think to touch with hateful frost
Your treasured curls, and your clear forehead line,
And so persuade me from you, he has lost;
Never shall he inherit what was mine.
When Time and all his tricks have done their worst,
Still will I hold you dear, and him accurst.*



IV

*Now by the path I climbed I journey back.
The oaks have grown; I have been long away.
Taking with me your memory and your lack
I now descend into a milder day;
Stripped of your love, unburdened of my hope,
Descend the path I mounted from the plain;
Yet steeper than I fancied seems the slope
And stonier, now that I go down again.
Warm falls the dusk; the clanking of a bell
Faintly ascends upon this heavier air;
I do recall those grassy pastures well:
In early spring they drove the cattle there.
And close at hand should be a shelter, too,
From which the mountain peaks are not in view.*

V

*If in the years to come you should recall,
When faint at heart or fal'en on hungry days,
Or full of griefs and little if at all
From them distracted by delights or praise;
When failing powers or good opinion lost
Have bowed your neck, should you recall to mind
How of all men I honoured you the most,
Holding you noblest among mortal-kind:
Might not my love—although the curving blade
From whose wide mowing none may hope to hide,
Me long ago below the frosts had laid—
Restore you somewhat to your former pride?
Indeed I think this memory, even then,
Must raise you high among the run of men.*





MINIATURE GOLF TO THE RESCUE

BY ELMER DAVIS

CERTAIN hypothetical questions were raised in this magazine not so very long ago (see "If Hoover Fails" in HARPER'S for March, 1929), with the pious hope that the condition on which they depended would not be realized. That hope has been somewhat dimmed by now. It would perhaps be premature to speak at this time of Mr. Hoover's failure, but he does not seem to be getting on quite so fast with the abolition of poverty as his campaign speeches had led us to expect. Some of the questions asked at the time of his inauguration have already been answered, and in at least one case the answer has considerably astonished the inquirer.

Mr. Hoover himself had noted, in his campaign speech at Elizabethton, that while prosperity had given us leisure, it had brought "serious questions" as to what we were going to do with our spare time. This was the leisure of shorter hours in mechanized industry, of jobs abandoned because there was more profit in ticker-watching; and in general the American people consumed it by spending money. They drove in the car, they played golf; they listened to the radio, an ever newer and better radio, and made the neighbors listen to it too. How, it was asked, could we keep time from hanging heavy on our hands if we had to face the greater leisure of adversity—if a situation arose in which most of us had more leisure and less money?

That situation has arisen, and the

republic still stands. The American people seems to spend its enforced leisure quite happily, and not too expensively, playing miniature golf.

To the foreigner this may be one more proof of our incurable frivolity. This present depression is world-wide; for a couple of years America was beating the big bass drum at the head of the prosperity parade, and when we fell down all the rest of them tripped over us. How do other nations respond to the disappointment of their hopes? Revolution sweeps South America; in Germany millions of voters turn to Hitlerite Fascism—the cult of the impossible in politics, not wholly to be laughed at by Americans who were lately devoted to the cult of the impossible in economics; in Poland Dictator Pilsudski confesses that he feels better after he has locked up everybody who disagrees with him; even in Canada the voters rise up and turn out the government, to install a new ministry which sets itself to build a tariff wall that matches ours.

But in the United States, where the laws of Nature had been solemnly repealed; the United States which was just on the point of abolishing poverty; the United States which had proclaimed a new economic order in which the whole was greater than the sum of its parts, and you could get more out of a thing than there was in it; the United States where Humpty-Dumpty had roosted higher than any of his foreign cousins—here where the disas-

ter might have been expected to have the worst repercussion, the citizens find solace for the vanishing of their millennial dreams by knocking a little ball across a surface of crushed cottonseed hulls and through a tin pipe. If we cannot find bread, we are satisfied with the circus.

Is this a dire reflection on our national sanity? I think not. Theoretically, we might have done something better with our unexpected and unwelcome leisure; in fact, we might easily have done something worse. King Cotton, lord of American economics a century ago, has been dethroned; but historians of the next generation may hold that in a moment of crisis his humble and neglected stepchild, the cottonseed hull, deserved well of the republic.

II

The rise of the miniature golf industry is a romance of American business in the old and grand manner—about the only success story that has lightened this year of gloom. Last winter it was still a toy; by midsummer it was big business, a social problem. In September the Department of Commerce estimated that there were almost thirty thousand courses in operation, representing an investment of one hundred and twenty-five million dollars, and some of them were earning three hundred per cent a month in a season when most businesses thought they were doing well to keep out of the red. Motion-picture theater owners and soft-drink dealers were worrying about this new competitor for the customer's half-dollar—worrying unreasonably, it may be suspected, since, properly handled, the miniature golf course can be more of a feeder to the movies and the soda fountain than a competitor. Optimists in Washington thought its demand for cottonseed hulls might

rescue the depressed cotton industry—though that seems to have been a little visionary; city councils were already considering the possibility of license fees as a welcome reinforcement to tax receipts, and complaints that noisy young people playing at courses open all night were making sleep impossible for the neighbors had begun to raise a moral problem and talk of a curfew law.

When an industry has risen to the point where it can be taxed and where a demand has arisen that it be regulated by city ordinances it has arrived. Whether miniature golf will stay arrived is another matter; this year it was a fad, next year it will have to compete with other amusements on its merits. But this year, when we all needed something to take our minds off our troubles, miniature golf did it; this year when we all felt a craving to be able to see somebody, somewhere, who was making money, miniature golf met that need too.

The idea of a pocket-size golf course with trick obstacles is nothing new; such courses have existed here and there for years past, on the lawns of country estates or resort hotels, just as there have been putting courses on sand or clay in gymnasiums, or on the roofs of buildings in the business districts of the larger cities. But miniature golf as a money-maker—a revenue-producing property, not merely an amusement for your guests—seems to have been made possible by the surface of crushed cottonseed hulls, which was originally invented (and patented, to his immense profit) by a Mr. McCart of El Paso; and it also needed some hustling business men to push it. The men who put it over were John N. Ledbetter and Drake Delanoy of New York—afterward considerably assisted by Garnet Carter of Chattanooga, and others. But Ledbetter and Delanoy seem to have been the men who set the industry going; and with better luck than



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always befalls industrial pioneers, they have got rich out of it. Yet it may be doubted if they would have got rich if all the rest of us had not suddenly become poor—but not too poor to be able to spend half a dollar, and then another, and then another, on a new and tricky game.

For the great boom in miniature golf began last spring. The season when open-air amusements always become profitable? Yes, but also the season when Americans began to realize, with a sudden dismay, that the stock-market collapse of October 1929 had been no isolated accident, but a symptom of the temporary breakdown of the business organism of a whole world. Ledbetter and Delaney built their first course, on top of a skyscraper in downtown New York, in 1926; within a year they were not only building courses to operate for themselves but to sell to other people; it was last October when Carter of Chattanooga contracted for the Southern rights, and began to install miniature courses by the hundred all over Florida, in preparation for the winter tourist season. But it was the spring of the depression year that saw a nice little business suddenly mushrooming into a big business; that saw miniature courses laid out, it seemed to the bewildered observer, by every wayside garage and hot-dog stand, in every vacant lot of city and suburb.

Given the popular interest, a course could not help being a tremendous money-maker for its proprietor. A complete outfit, installed by the manufacturers, costs you \$4,500. (This is the official and patented article; other manufacturers offer something like it for much less.) You can make it cost more by painting a landscape on the canvas walls around it, by adding a swimming pool and a smoking lounge and some of the other country-club adjuncts which ambitious operators have installed; but it does not

need to cost you more than that, and there is virtually no upkeep. The courses need little attention; rare is the customer who can get away with the house's putter, even if he is base enough to try; and an item which might have mounted up—stolen balls—has been done away with entirely by the ingenious device that makes the last hole a bottomless pit from which the ball rolls back to the office.

A certain tennis-court proprietor in New York was an extremely reluctant customer, when a super-saleswoman tried to persuade him to install a miniature golf course. His tennis courts were well located, he could charge high rates, and get them; he was making good enough money already and saw no reason why he should experiment with something new. Nevertheless, he eventually yielded to the saleswoman—possibly for the same reason as the unjust judge in Scripture; and shortly after that he wrote to the manufacturers that he had cleared fifteen hundred dollars—a third of the cost of his layout—the first week, and at that had had to turn away almost a hundred customers a night.

III

But all these profits—and thousands of operators of miniature golf courses could tell similar stories—depend on a general popular demand. What created that? Why do people take to miniature golf—or rather, why did they? since it remains to be seen whether indoor and Florida courses will continue to make the profit this winter that outdoor courses made last summer.

Well, hard times are traditionally good times for the cheaper amusements. Baseball has had a good year; the movies have in general had a good year, despite the worries of a good many theater owners over this new competitor. (Foresighted movie men

have installed miniature golf courses in the same building with the theater, or beside it, and sell double tickets that admit you to both.) Men out of work, tired of tramping the streets looking for work, want some place to go; and a good many Americans who consider themselves just now practically destitute are not too destitute to spend a dollar to see a ball game, or a quarter for the neighborhood movie, or fifty cents for a round of miniature golf.

The costlier amusements, of course, have suffered. Those inveterate optimists, the customers of prize fights, have learned that you can stay at home and hear about a foul over the radio instead of seeing it from a sixteen-dollar or twenty-seven-dollar ringside seat; the theater business has suffered, in those few cities where theaters survive, largely because of an antiquated and extortionate system of ticket sale, and because the odds were about four to one that what you saw in the theater would not be worth the stiff price your tickets would cost. You may see a stupid movie or a dull ball game, but at least you can console yourself with the thought that you didn't spend much money on it. But you don't spend twelve or fifteen dollars for a pair of theater seats in times like these unless you think you are pretty likely to get twelve or fifteen dollars' worth.

But why, when all cheap amusements prosper, has miniature golf prospered preëminently? First of all because it was a novelty. The New York *Herald-Tribune* observed last summer that the radio, which stayed with us, and mah jongg, which did not, both came to popularity after the slump of 1921; that the bicycle over-spread the land after the great panic of 1893. These had partly a novelty attraction—and they all cost more than miniature golf. Novelty and cheapness together make an appeal hard to withstand.

Men in the business will give you other reasons, which seem plausible, for the sudden spread of the craze. For one thing, miniature golf is something men and women can both play—a good way to fill in a date on a summer evening; and the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Amendments, between them, seem to have given America a definite addiction to coeducational amusement. The old days when father spent his evenings at Cassidy's bar with the rest of the boys are gone, and probably gone forever; Cassidy may still be in business at the old stand, and father may still go down there of evenings, but since prohibition mother goes down with him.

But the speakeasy business has had a bad year, in so far as one can generalize from the almost unanimous complaints of scattered individuals. The drys are probably right in their contention that there is less drinking now than there ever has been in any previous period of hard times, except in 1920 and 1921 when people still thought that prohibition was going to prohibit. It did not prohibit, but it made liquor expensive. In the old days father would go down to Cassidy's and spend a nickel on a glass of beer, and then another; presently he bought a drink for some of the boys, and by the time the evening was over he might have spent a good deal of money. But it went easily because he spent it a nickel at a time.

When father and mother go down to Cassidy's now the first glass of beer costs them fifty cents apiece, and probably it is not very good beer at that. If they take a highball or a gin drink it costs seventy-five cents apiece, instead of the dime that grandfather paid for it in the hard times of '93. So their first drink is apt to be their last for the evening; whatever may be said for the speakeasy as against the old-time saloon, it certainly is not the poor man's club, or the poor woman's

club, either. And if father and mother prefer to do their drinking at home they are apt to think twice, in a time of depression, before they ask a crowd of friends in for a party that will probably use up most of a case of gin.

So the time was ripe for a new and cheap coeducational amusement, especially as the oldest coeducational amusement of all, which has been growing in popularity of late years, seems to have suffered like other pastimes from the business depression—if a curious piece of evidence which has lately come to my attention is worth anything. A gentleman who had never flattered himself that he had much sex appeal confessed to a lady with whom his relations were confidential, but entirely disinterested, that he had been amazed by his success in amour during the past year. The reason, he concluded, was that his business had not been much affected by the slump. (No, his business was not miniature golf.) Not only did he still have plenty of money for the dinners, the theater parties, the night clubs, the flowers that are the paraphernalia of courtship; but unlike most other men, he was not worried about his business—and a man who is worrying about business, he discovered, cannot make love satisfactorily.

Let that go for what it may be worth; there are other explanations of the golden shower that descended on the astonished manufacturers of miniature golf courses. Millions of Americans play golf; most of them play it badly; very few indeed play it so well as to feel they do not need more practice in putting. They can get it on a miniature course within a hundred yards of home, or the office, in any five minutes of spare time. But there are also, it appears, millions of Americans who would like to play golf but can't afford it. In the larger cities golf is an increasingly expensive game; country

clubs cost money and it takes time to get to them, and if you try to play on the public links in a city park you probably spend half of Sunday afternoon standing around and waiting your turn. Thanks to the miniature courses, every man can say that he plays golf; when he drops a casual remark about going around in three under par, it may be that nobody will ask him whether he did it at the Crystal Brook Club or at Joe's place on the vacant lot down at the corner.

Add to these arguments, which men in the industry advance, some few more which occur to the non-partisan and possibly mistaken observer. I do not play golf and have never quite understood why other people do—at least, why they let it become an incurable disease. But addicts tell me that one powerful reason is that every time you finish a round you see where, and how, you could have done just a little better—or, it may be, a great deal better; so you want to start again as soon as possible and try to beat yourself. You can do that just as well at a miniature course, in much less time; and without some of the handicaps of the country-club golfer. I believe that on a regular golf course you are supposed, with rare exceptions, to play your ball from where it lies; but the man who plays a miniature course has no such scruples, unless his country club habits refuse to be shaken off. If he does not like the place where his ball lies he picks it up and puts it somewhere else.

Miniature golf, too, has something of the advantage of the old nickel glass of beer; it is quick and cheap, so that you may repeat it several times without feeling that you are spending much money, even if you put in a whole evening and spend about as much as the greens fee and caddy hire at a club. Add, finally, the tricky charm of something that depends on skill and luck,

not on strength—the same fascination that makes people keep working on a puzzle or a game of solitaire. A tricky and inexpensive novelty, that we all can play—and feel while playing that we are improving our golf game, or breaking in at last on that sport of the minor aristocracy—its appeal in a year of hard times was hard to resist.

And we needed something like that.

IV

For consider the situation in which we found ourselves at the beginning of last summer. It was that most distressing of situations in which, for the average man, there was nothing left to be done. Everything possible had already been done, with nothing to show for it; all the virtues had been exercised, without the anticipated reward.

The American people, in the main, had behaved admirably in the face of the great collapse in stocks in the fall of 1929. Some of us were wiped out, most of us had lost money; every one of us had suffered from the destruction of the national faith that nothing like that could ever happen again. The most respectable authorities had assured us that the business cycle had been abolished, that the abolition of poverty itself was just around the corner. The impossible happened, and the American people took it standing up; with rare exceptions, they laughed instead of whining. The good-humored sportsmanship that was generally displayed may have been rather adolescent in its motivation, but in itself it was highly creditable. It was the fashion to make a joke of disaster, to laugh at our wrecked hopes of unearned riches. Now we must all settle down, forget the nonsense, and acquire our riches by the old and tested method of working for them.

But that riches were still there for

the taking if only we worked hard enough few people doubted, then. We laughed at disaster because we could not believe that it was really disastrous. Business, it is true, was slack, and steadily growing slacker; but that was only a reflection of the shock to security values. Earnings might be falling off, but everybody knew that the market value of a stock was determined by its hypothetical future earnings, not its actual earnings of the present. Nothing was really the matter; there was no reason why the stock market should not go shooting skyward once more. So stock prices rose, the hopes of the nation rose with them—and then the clouds returned after the rain.

It was the collapse of May, not the collapse of October, that really broke the great heart of the world, and unloosed a hysterical defeatism that was almost as unreasonable as the hysterical optimism of the year before. October had seen a stock panic, a readjustment of security values which everyone could see (afterward) had been absurdly high. But May registered the realization that Humpty-Dumpty had actually tumbled off the wall—and that we did not know how to put him together again.

American prosperity had traditionally been attributed by respectable opinion to three agencies—God, hard work, and Republican policies. We still had the Republican policies, executed by an Engineer of Human Happiness; presumably we still enjoyed the divine favor; and now that we had realized the folly of supposing that we could all get rich by selling stocks to one another we were going to settle down to hard work once more. Uncle Sam was sobering up after a week-end drunk on paper profits; but he never doubted that the job would still be there when he went back to the office on Monday morning or that the pay

check would come along as usual on Saturday night.

But something went wrong. Men who wanted to go back to work found, all too often, that there was no work to go back to; men who had work, who were producing something, found no place to sell it. Wheat, copper, rubber, oil came pouring into a sodden market that could absorb no more; "every family a two-car family" was no longer a magic formula when most people were beginning to wonder how long they could meet the installments on one car. As for the deity who was supposed to reward hard work, right thinking, and patriotic faith in America—and who might have done so, for instance, by causing the failure of the Russian wheat crop—either He was talking, or He was pursuing, or He was in a journey; or peradventure He slept, and could not be awaked. It began to look as if we could never pull out unless intelligence were mixed with our work, and perhaps even with Republican policies.

The Engineer of Human Happiness himself had cheerfully predicted that "with continued effort we shall rapidly recover," and his pronouncement was answered the very next morning by a thunderous collapse of security values. This meant, no doubt, a loss of faith in Santa Claus; but it meant something else, considerably more disquieting. It meant that people were beginning to realize that work, in and by itself, could not be counted on to produce anything but fatigue. Work and faith had been the traditional remedies for hard times; we could fight our way out of a slump by making and selling what the world wanted. But the basic cause of the slump of 1930 lay in the fact that we and the whole world can make more than we can use.

We had tried to force consumption up to the level of possible production by intensive salesmanship and the install-

ment plan; but that only meant that we were selling this year what would be used, and ultimately paid for, next year. Very good, so far; but where could we sell next year's output? Next year has come and the answer with it; we are not selling it at all. There has been no great amount of defaulting on installment paper; but that means that people are still paying for the car they bought, the car somebody else made and sold, back in boom days, instead of buying the car somebody would like to make and sell now.

The car he would like to make, not the car he has made; our business men, taught by the sad experience of 1920, no longer produce much more than there is a visible demand for. But as Mr. Alexander Dana Noyes lately told the American Bankers' Association, there is no great difference between producing more than the market demands and producing to meet the demands of a market artificially inflated by installment buying. The difference is temporal, not economic; the 1920 method failed a little more promptly, but not less completely.

So the old formulas no longer brought results. Work may still be an indispensable ingredient in the recipe for prosperity, but you must mix something else with it if you want a prosperity that will stick. Something, perhaps, that we have not yet discovered.

V

Hence the gloom which enveloped business circles in America and Europe last summer; hence the eccentricity of a stock market which sagged whenever anybody said "boo," or even spread a totally unfounded rumor that somebody else had said "boo"; hence the wild fears of what Communist competition might do to a capitalist society that only a year before we had regarded as the peak of human achieve-

ment. A man or a nation need never despair so long as hard work and courage offer a way out. Granted the free-will philosophy on which we all act, whether or not we believe it in theory, industry and courage are qualities which a man can put into himself by his own volition. But he cannot give himself brains merely by resolving to have brains; in a situation where thought rather than mere brute effort is needed he is helpless unless he has something to think with. People began to remember that, as Mr. James Truslow Adams lately observed, "over and over again in the past the problems of government" (and, he might have added, of business) "have become so complicated that no one was able to solve them." The Roman Empire, for example, broke down because it grew so large and complex that the Romans did not know how to make it work. Men have wondered, lately, if our own economic and political machine has not similarly outstripped the grasp of the human mind.

That is defeatism, and probably unwarranted defeatism. In the first place, this depression—in its material effects—is apparently by no means the worst in our history. I speak by the book; I cannot clearly remember even 1893. But every business depression until the establishment of the Federal Reserve system left a long trail of ruined banks behind it; this year people who are lucky enough to have any money in the bank do not worry about its safety. The administration has managed to obfuscate the unemployment figures pretty successfully, so it is hard to compare the situation with that of 1921; but certainly there was much more wage-cutting then than now; this year a man who is lucky enough to have a job at all is probably getting pretty fair pay for it. (Whether it is better for society to have many jobs at low wages or few jobs at high

wages is a question for the experts, who are by no means of one mind about it.) And the far-famed American standard of living, while it has its serious drawbacks, has its advantages too; we may have fallen a long way, but we started from higher up than we had ever climbed before. We may be wearing out our old clothes, we may be drinking less and eating less; but we still tune in on the radio, and we still have last year's car even if we cannot afford a new one.

For most of us it was not the material but the spiritual shock that hurt; not that such a terrible thing happened to us, but that anything happened to us at all after our leaders had solemnly promised that nothing could ever happen to us again. The United States has recovered from every previous slump, and recovered rapidly; so has the world at large, at least in modern times. As I write this in October, the scouts who are scanning the horizon, as the newspapers put it, for signs of a trade revival are able to make no more encouraging report than that famous and truthful watchman on Mount Seir: the morning cometh, and also the night; if ye will inquire, inquire ye—ye know as much about it as I do. But by the time you read this in December things may be visibly picking up again.

But one factor which has aided our recovery in the past cannot be counted on now. After 1837, after 1857, after 1873—even after 1893, when the frontier had technically disappeared—Americans who despaired of getting on their feet at home could go West and grow up with the country. A virgin continent was waiting to be developed; a hungry world was waiting for the cereals and minerals it might produce. Europe, too, recovered more rapidly from its depressions in the nineteenth century because America offered a home for Europe's overflow population, a continually growing market for Europe's

goods. Now the West has been opened up; and a good deal of it has been shut down again because it cannot be operated at a profit.

The optimists point out the vast areas of the earth that are still awaiting development, potential markets for our surplus of production. But it will take some time to spread the gospel of consumer acceptance among the tribes of the Congo and the Amazon, the nomads of Mongolia and Tibet. "Civilize 'em with a Krag" is another formula that is losing its efficacy; economic imperialism is beginning to feel the workings of the law of diminishing returns. We got around that for a time; having gone as far as we could in three-dimensional expansion of business, we made possible the last great burst of what was called prosperity by the fourth-dimensional expedient of the installment plan. We sold our surplus not only to the foreigner but to the future. But the future, for the moment, has bitten off about all it can chew.

So the good-humored resolution with which the American people recovered from the stock-market collapse went largely to waste because there was nothing we could be usefully resolute about; the recovered willingness of millions of people to work for a living went largely to waste because no matter how hard you worked there was no assurance that it would get you anywhere. In this predicament, what could we do?

Well, a dwindling band of die-hards went on shouting "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." All we need is a little more protection, a little more prohibition, a little more faith in the Grand Old Party that freed the slaves and saved the Union. Another band of traditionalists insisted that our troubles could be cured by electing Democrats instead of Republicans to office; but that can have only a negative value until the Democrats have a philosophy

and a program, neither of which is in sight as yet.

Meanwhile men with brains, the world over, have been trying to think their way out; trying to devise some method not only of reviving business—it is certain to revive, eventually—but of making sure that when it has been revived, it will not run headlong into the same old business cycle. What can you and I do to help these great men? Not much. We can give them three cheers; we can try to use such brains as Nature gave us, and not always to believe that what is comfortable must necessarily be true; but we cannot think usefully about the extremely intricate problems of modern business and government unless we have a certain special and uncommon type of brain to think with.

It seems to me a mark of great good sense that the average man, and the average woman, in the United States seems to have decided that the best thing to do was to have as good a time as possible, as cheaply as possible, till things took a turn for the better.

VI

Other nations have done that, in a similar predicament. You will find the first recorded instance in Herodotus; and it may be worth while to reproduce the passage (Book I, Chapter 94) despite the fact that there may be a touch of the legendary about it. "The Lydians say," Herodotus tells us, "that in the reign of Atyr the son of Manes there was a terrible famine throughout their country. For a while they stood it as well as they could" (no doubt telling one another that it was merely a necessary readjustment of technically unsound market conditions) "but when things got no better they sought for remedies, and all sorts of men thought up all sorts of schemes."

Their trouble, of course, was under-

production rather than overproduction, so perhaps no Lydian statesman had the happy thought that occurred to some of our wheat-belt Senators last summer, that hard times would soon be over if only the government would buy everybody's unsalable surplus. "Then it was," Herodotus goes on, "that they invented dice, and knuckle bones, and ball games, and all other kinds of sport except checkers. And having invented these diversions, they behaved in this manner during the depression—every other day they would play games all day long, so as not to have to hunt for something to eat; and on the intervening days they played no games but ate instead. Thus they managed to get along for eighteen years."

The Lydians, you note, were a resourceful and a philosophic people. In later times they passed for effeminate and light-minded, but certainly they seem to have behaved sensibly in this particular emergency. Why didn't they work? you ask. No doubt they did. I surmise that before the first year of the depression was over King Atys had assured them that "with continued effort we shall rapidly recover." But agriculture was the basic industry in those days, and an eighteen-year famine implies a protracted spell of bad weather that brought the hardest work to nothing. Only when they saw that work was getting them nowhere did they turn to something else; and they showed rare good judgment in finding harmless occupations that would enable them to forget their troubles till business began to pick up again.

True, when the famine still endured at the end of eighteen years, the Lydians solved their problem by the emigration of half the people—a solution so common in the ancient world, bedeviled by underproduction and overpopulation, that it does not greatly matter whether this particular story is

true or not. We could not do that, having no place to which we could migrate; even if we had a place we might refuse to go there, just as the British unemployed would rather keep half-alive on the dole at home than go out to the Dominions. But emigration has always been the obvious and easy remedy; now that it is virtually out of the question, I am optimist enough to believe that the best minds may be able to think up some method by which we can all make an adequate living at home—even if we cannot all get rich, as we once expected, out of a rising stock market.

But the men who have to do the thinking can think better if they are left alone and undisturbed; and the remedies they may be expected to devise will probably be as non-political as the hand-to-mouth buying which was the useful legacy of the depression of 1921. We have learned that we cannot guarantee prosperity by electing a Republican administration; it would be almost equally foolish to suppose that defeating a Republican administration would be a sufficient remedy.

The Congressional elections will have been held before you read this; if we had the Canadian system of government they might have been held already and the government turned out, as happened in Canada. In South America, where the inhabitants have a different tradition and turn of mind, they did not wait for elections, but turned the governments out by force. Quite possibly some of the factors that explain, if not the popularity of miniature golf, at least the prosperity of baseball last season, were factors in the South American revolutionary movements as well. In nations where revolution was till lately the national sport a good many people must have turned to it as naturally when they lost their jobs as North Americans turn to the ball park.

For, to date, none of the South American revolutions of 1930 has been very destructive. What is happening in Brazil at this writing looks as if both sides mean business; but the Argentine revolution, for instance, was a model which ought to be held up to intending revolutionaries forever after. Only a few people were killed, and these more or less by accident; the revolution was held in the main streets and principal square of the capital, and everybody heard about it in time to go out and get a good ringside seat; and no hard feelings seem to have been entertained on either side. Just good clean sport in which the better team won, and the losers took their loss like gentlemen.

I would not seem to be deriding an important event in the history of an important nation. The point is that it combined in a single event, taking place in a couple of days, all the spectacular and sporting features which in this country are spread out over a presidential election, a Shriners' convention, the reception of a transatlantic flyer, and a Notre Dame-Southern California football game; and with no more casualties than are caused by reckless automobile drivers in the neighborhood of any large city on a Sunday afternoon. Quite aside from its political consequences, a great deal can be said for it as a national sport.

But it is not our style. Revolution in this country is unthinkable because it would mean that people would have to get on a train and go to Washington; and nobody wants to do that if it can be helped. Also, in the ritual of South American revolution there are two traditional opening gestures—demonstrations by the university students and manifestoes in the provincial cities against the Federal government. Our

students demonstrate every Saturday in the fall, but they have to carry goal posts before they can get up much enthusiasm; and a casual observer of their doings and reader of some of their publications suspects that few of them know who is President, or care. Our provincial cities issue manifestoes against the Federal government; but the object of their high-spirited resentment is the Census Bureau, which failed to include the suburbs in its count of the city's population. No, revolution in the Argentine manner is hopelessly beyond our national capacities; as an amusement for hard times it must be counted out.

But in the great hard times of 1893-4 there was rioting and disorder at many places in the United States; the central government had to proclaim something like what the Latins call a state of siege in so important a provincial city as Chicago. We might have had a good deal of trouble if the President had not been Grover Cleveland, who never pretended to be an engineer of human happiness, but was merely in there trying to do his job as well as he could; and doing it, on the whole, better than anybody has done it since. Of the conditions that made trouble in 1893 few are present now; but it may be just as well that the American people employed their surplus energy this summer in knocking a little ball over a surface of crushed cottonseed hulls and through a water pipe. It is easier to kick over the apple cart than to pick up the apples.

So perhaps miniature golf did its part, and a large part, in carrying us past a crisis. Perhaps the business revival would have come sooner if the President, and the Cabinet, and Congress had become miniature-golf addicts too.



THE SHOWMAN

A STORY

BY LORD DUNSANY

LUNCH was long over in the Billiards Club; even the desultory teacups of such as took tea stood with tepid brown pools in them, and the warmth of the fire seemed now the principal need in the bleak winter evening. Three members sat on the sofa before the fire, Jorkens was deep in an armchair by the side of it, and others were dotted about in comfortable chairs. That is how I saw them as I came in.

Jorkens had a warm corner. It was often his habit to rest after lunch, and he seemed to be still doing so. Talk on the sofa was livelier, perhaps because there they got the most stimulus from the fire: certainly it was a very cold day. And on the sofa was a man telling a story of Africa, of Morocco a long time ago.

The story was of no interest; I merely mention it because of its effect on Jorkens. I really thought he was asleep; but the moment a certain point in the story was reached Jorkens was wide awake and listening alertly. That point was the question of rescuing a certain prisoner in one of those barbarous prisons which they had long ago in Morocco, a question which the teller of the story had decided against. He could have quite easily done it; the commander of the guard had of his own volition offered to sell him his sword, and with a little negotiation would certainly have sold the guard.

A prisoner had appealed to him, and he supposed that he could have done it but was held back merely by respect for laws the whole system of which he despised. That was what they were talking about on the sofa: whether he should have rescued a man from barbarous laws or respected the laws merely because they were the laws of that country. Incidentally, the prisoner was confined without food and for a long sentence. He made basket-work out of rushes and if he could sell his baskets to casual sightseers he could buy food and live.

They were not discussing the point with any intensity when suddenly Jorkens rushed into the discussion. It was a curious discussion from then on, Jorkens by every suggestion and argument trying to prove that the man was perfectly right to do nothing whatever against the laws, or even the customs, of any country at all, however barbarous, whose hospitality he might have taken by invitation or otherwise. At first I thought Jorkens wanted to tell a story of his own. But I soon found that he was not arguing against the speaker upon the sofa, but most eagerly for him. And presently I saw that Jorkens had something on his mind, that some old sore on his conscience had been touched. And here he was waking up from his seat by the fire to prove that under no circumstances should you help any man

against the customs of the country which was oppressing him, and obviously knowing, all the time, he was wrong.

It made a curious argument, and when everyone had agreed that the teller of that story had acted rightly and that Jorkens' championship of the customs of any country was just, it seemed to me that the only interesting residue which remained was the experience that, probably years and years ago, had seared that sore place upon the conscience of Jorkens.

So I said, "I suppose you never had any such experience yourself?"

"Well, in a way, yes," said Jorkens. "It depends on what you call laws. But if you define them as any organized acts arising out of the deep convictions or feelings of any community, well then, of course, I have. And I maintain once more that that view of the case is perfectly just."

Well, we were all agreed about that, and I saw that Jorkens, for all he said, really felt the exact opposite, so there seemed nothing more to argue about. But I wanted the story.

"When was that?" I asked.

"Oh, a while ago," replied Jorkens.

"Waiter!" I said.

He knew what I wanted; and presently Jorkens, as wide awake as I've seen him, was sitting up in his chair, telling this story.

"I was in a small town in France, down in the Midi, and a traveling show had arrived the night before, a bit of a circus and rows of cages on wheels. And I idled in during the afternoon to take a look at their zoo, for it was quite a zoo that they had in their cages—a lion, several apes, and all sorts of things."

"What were you doing in the Midi, Jorkens?" said someone from an arm-chair; and a reminiscent look settled deep upon Jorkens' eyes, and it took me some while to get him back to the

story I wanted to hear. And when I did get him back he was telling us how he stood in front of one of the cages, trying to make friends with an ape, an animal with brown eyes, friendly and intelligent as a dog and yet almost sulking. "Not sulking exactly either," Jorkens went on. "Rather like a very good-natured person with some perfectly obvious grievance. I tried to hand him a nut, and he would not take it at first. When I scolded him about it he reached out a hand lazily as much as to say, 'Oh, very well.' But all the time, by his attitude, his gestures, the look in his eyes, he seemed to be expressing one thing, which if he had had the power of speech would have been something like, 'If you really *must* shut us up like this.'

"A man had walked up to the cage and stood beside me without my knowing he was there, till all of a sudden he spoke to me. 'Fine ape that,' he said.

"When I looked round I saw beside me a man in a frock coat and tall hat, stoutish, ruddy-complexioned, fairly tall, and with a large, slightly grizzled mustache rather carefully waved; he had a gold watch-chain, a bright red tie with white spots, and was obviously incomplete without a cigar, but smoking was not allowed in the long tent in which the cages were, and he had a gold cigar-case in his left hand. I said 'Yes' rather grudgingly to his remark about the poor ape. And he replied, 'You won't see a finer one of its kind in any show.'

"From that we got to arguing. Of course I saw that he was the showman. But all the more on account of that I expressed the view which I saw so clearly in that ape's eyes. There were so many of these apes shut up in those cages, and I thought it was rather a shame. That was my side of the argument. His was, first that he was a showman, and the public wanted apes;

and, second, that if you wanted to look at it from their point of view they were perfectly content: they got regular food and dry shelter without the trouble of having to look for such things; they were safe where nothing could leap on them or chase them or kill them, and they ought to be grateful for it.

"I said something about their liberty; and he asked what good it was to them.

"I said that when they were free they could go where they liked; and he said that they saw much more of the world going about as they did with him. For it seemed that he had had a shipment of them at Marseilles and had gone down there with his show from England to meet them and was showing his way back across France.

"I said something about their home, and he said that animals like that didn't have those sorts of feelings. One place, to them, was just as good as another.

"Of course the more he said things like that the more I argued, and the more he argued in return. But it wasn't any good my arguing because he never really thought about the apes at all; he thought only of the public. He had the showman's point of view, and nothing else in life mattered to him. Wherever he had appeared some waiting crowd had risen to greater intensity. He and his show were the stimulants that made eyes shine and pulses beat quicker: it was for this that he lived. So that to suggest that apes should not be shown to the crowds which he loved was every bit as bad to him as it would be to a dean if one casually suggested that he should shut up his cathedral. You see how I got my point of view, looking at that poor ape with the injured look in his eyes, and you see why he disagreed with me. Of course at the time my point of view and his each seemed to the other quite crazy. But, for all that, we saw a good deal of

each other for the next day or two, till his show moved on. You see, my argument didn't seriously annoy him, because, outrageous though it appeared to him, he couldn't believe that my point of view was a real one. The show was real; human beings enjoying themselves were his normal standard; anything opposed to that was merely fantastic. So he invited me into his circus and introduced me to his little troupe. And I must say that if I'd lived long in that atmosphere I, too, after a year or so should have found myself placing the show before everything and forgetting the lost liberty of the elephant and the apes. In and out of that circus and zoo for a day and a half, with nothing else to do, I at last began to see how he came by the views he held. But I was not long enough there to agree with them. And that was what the whole trouble was about."

"Who was he?" I asked.

"Fromer," he said. "It was a long time ago, and will probably convey nothing to you." Which was perfectly true. But I do not doubt Jorkens' story on that account; his sincerity was too unmistakable. He was turning over old facts in his mind, speaking aloud as he did it, trying to reconcile himself with what he had done, trying to make it all right and knowing, as he had known for years, that it was all wrong.

"But what a personality he was. As I sat at tea with his troupe of five in their tent at the back of the circus-tent, he would walk in; and everyone was aware of his presence at once. Whatever we spoke of was dropped when Fromer stood in the tent, with his tall hat on as always and his cigar in his mouth, motionless and silent, yet the immediate center of interest. And after some moments' thought he would say, 'Well, boys.' Then he would probably say, 'Well, girls.' There was nothing much in his words; he couldn't

be called a deep thinker; and yet he was one of those dominant characters that is the greatest man in the room wherever he is. I don't know how it's done.

"Well, that's the sort of man he was, anyway. With human beings, that is. But he never got that sort of hold over the apes. Perhaps it was really because the audiences knew that he loved them and would do anything for them. I don't know what the apes knew.

"Well, his show left Orignan one bright morning, and it wasn't the same place at all without him. And I didn't see him again for years.

"And then one day there came to me in London, quite suddenly, walking down Mungle Street, a craving for the South and the sun, for lands where there is no pavement and where there are very few paths. And when that feeling comes on one I find it isn't a question of whether one can afford it, or if one can spare the time, or anything else: Africa's calling, and off one goes. Well, I went. And in Lolo Molo, the very first day I arrived, I got unmistakable news of Fromer. A man in a tall hat had gone through Lolo Molo with fifty cages on wheels only a few weeks earlier. There was no doubt it was Fromer. You see fifty cages on wheels would attract some attention anywhere, but a tall hat in that part of Africa was simply marvellous, and hundreds had flocked to see it. So I was easily able to identify Fromer: if one man couldn't remember his red tie with white spots another could; another remembered his watch-chain, another his frock coat, and all remembered his cigar. He was after apes. Fifty of them he wanted to get. And they told me in Lolo Molo all about his cages, though of course they were more interested in his hat and his clothes. Each cage was simply a trap: the whole front lifted up, and when the ape walked in to get the fruit that would be put there Fromer merely let it down with a

string, and each end fell into a sort of padlock and locked. There was a locksmith in Lolo Molo who told me all about it, because one of the padlocks had got out of order and he had made one to replace it. Then he chanced to tell me that they all locked with the same key, or unlocked rather, for they locked themselves when they fell, just like the hasp of a padlock. And I remembered that later when we were talking at the club which they have there. Everyone was against Fromer, and they were all saying that he was taking too many apes out of Africa.

"Well, after a drink or two with these people, coffee-planters mostly, and hearing them all say the same thing for an hour, I decided, rightly or wrongly, that I would go after Fromer and rescue one poor brute from his cage. If I was wrong at all, that was the beginning of it, the first step, driven on by these men's arguments, and perhaps a glass or two, and by a feeling I had very strongly that the next time I saw an ape in a cage and it looked reproachfully at me, as the one at Orignan had done, I could look back at it unashamed. It was that as much as anything that made me go again to the locksmith and ask him if he hadn't got a key to fit the lock that he had made for Fromer. And, seeing that opinion in Lolo Molo was so pro-ape, I told him straight out why I wanted it. And he gave it me like a shot, for a couple of pounds.

"Then I got twenty natives to carry my tent and kit and their little canvas shelters, and away I went after Fromer, who with his tall hat and his cigar and his fifty cages was a good deal more easily traced than a herd of elephants. Well, we came up, in three days, with his camp, and I sent a native into it to find out what was going on. And the report was that all the cages except one were in the camp and were

empty, but that the Bwana with the magical hat, as his men called him, combining something of the strangeness of his hat with his forceful personality, had gone with one cage into the forest and had been away a long time. So I took one of my men who was a tracker and we followed that cage, where two of Fromer's men had pushed it into the forest and left it with Fromer.

"It was a great place for apes. We saw them suddenly, in the sun on a hillside. And never did I see anything that so changed the look of a landscape as a herd of these creatures can; they give a curious touch of nightmare to it. All the apes looked at me together and then went slowly away, as though they had some secret in the forest that I knew nothing about.

"Then we entered the dark of the forest, following the wheel-tracks, but presently I got a view from a small cliff, with all the trees stretched out for miles before me, bright green with blue shadows; and in a small clearing a mile away was the cage. With my glasses I made out the name of Fromer clearly, in white capitals on the roof. I sent the tracker back to the camp then and went on alone: I didn't want any witness to the freeing of Fromer's ape; one never quite knows the law unless one's a lawyer, and it might be theft for all I knew. I sent the man away, and never did I miss anyone's companionship so much. For there seemed something odd about the forest. I couldn't get over the curious way that those apes had looked at me and gone away to the trees. It was so strangely unlike any expression I'd seen on the poor beast in the show at Orignan. It was exactly as if they had something in the forest that they knew I knew nothing about. Of course in a country like Africa one gets strange fancies sometimes, especially if you happen to take a drink or two on top of a bout of malaria—which

is when you think you most want it. But I had no malaria on me that day, and I had had nothing to drink barring absolute necessities, and yet that odd feeling I had when I saw the apes was as strong as any idea I've ever felt.

"I put it away from me as well as I could and went on, but I couldn't help noticing that the little monkeys were watching me then, and in a rather impudent way, as though they were losing their fear of man. They came altogether too close and—well, I couldn't make out what had happened in that forest, for everything seemed different, and in much more subtle ways than I am able to tell you; but at any rate it is sufficient to say that there could be no mistake whatever that those gray monkeys thought they were quite my equals. I'd read that in time of great fires or abnormal drought all kinds of animals crowd together; but what could account for this contemptuous equality with man I never got anywhere near with my wildest guesses. And in the end it was quite simple.

"Well, I went on through that unnatural scene, with all the monkeys looking curiously at me, until I got near the cage and saw that the great apes were about. I didn't expect them to come for me, and yet their attitude seemed so curious and sinister that I would not trust them, and kept out of their sight and went stalking round to Fromer's cage through covert.

"The first thing I saw was that the front of the cage was not sticking up over the top, which was what I thought I'd made out with my glasses already, when I saw Fromer's name on the roof; now it was unmistakably down. 'He's caught some poor brute,' I thought. Then I began to scout round to see where Fromer was. It was a curious scouting, for I didn't want either side to see me. But I couldn't find Fromer.

"The apes were awfully close to the cage, and I didn't at all like the looks of

them, so my progress was very slow. After half an hour of crawling through papyoona scrub . . ."

"Through what?" said Morden.

"Papyoona," said Jorkens. "After going for half an hour through it I suddenly looked through a branch of pendulous leaves right into the cage. There were apes between me and it, walking by and looking at it, and I was looking over their shoulders straight at Fromer. Yes, he was in the cage smoking a pipe, a thing I had never seen him do before. And I knew by that that he must have been there some time and that his cigars had given out. I hid again till the apes in front had gone by, and then I put up my head and whistled to Fromer. 'Don't say a word,' he said. And I didn't, and all the talking was done by him. He didn't look straight at me, and the apes never made out whom he was talking to. He was in his tall hat and his frock coat and red tie with white spots, everything as usual except the cigar; but somehow he hadn't impressed the apes as he had always impressed human audiences, for they had caught him, possibly pulling the string by accident while Fromer was putting in finishing touches. He never told me exactly how it happened; but once they had got him they knew what they were about and were feeding him on bananas. They even got water for him when he passed out a small tray sideways, and they slopped it into a larger trough, he and the ape between them; and sometimes, of course, it rained."

And then Jorkens told us all the things that Fromer said about the apes. But what may sound all right in a tale at a club doesn't look so well in print. It was absurdly exaggerated in any case, even when one has made all allowances for a man caught like that in a cage; even when one has understood that it must be especially annoying to a showman. It does no good to

repeat it. One thing he said a great deal about was their looks. "And attacks like that," as Jorkens rightly said, "are merely vulgar. But after a while we got back to our old argument, so far as one can call it an argument when only one man is talking, and the other can only shake his head or occasionally point a finger; and that was all that I was able to do, for fear that the apes would hear me. And if they had I hardly know what would have happened. I had a rifle—one doesn't walk in those forests without one—and then there was Fromer's rifle lying close to the cage; but two rifles would have been of no use to me; there were crowds of those apes. And they all came and gazed again and again at Fromer. It made Fromer furious, but it was perfectly obvious that there was some sort of holiday among them; he must have seen the same thing thousands of times at his show. But of course I couldn't explain that to him without being able to speak, and with the mood he was in I doubt if he'd have understood if I had.

"Well, he began by assuming that I was going back at once to collect a lot of men with rifles to shoot the apes, and then to let him out with his key which he had in his pocket but with which it was impossible for him to get at the locks. They were much too far down on each side of the front of the cage. Then he began abusing the apes again and restarting that very argument that had annoyed me in Orignan much more than I appear to have annoyed him. He said that of course one must have apes in cages. That statistics showed that they lived longer there than in forests. That they were quite as happy living in cages; that they merely got more of it by living longer. More happiness because more time for it. One point I made upon my side: I pointed at him in his cage. I pointed so violently that he understood me.

Of course he was furious. Putting a man in a cage was a mere piece of apish freakishness, an utterly useless absurdity, a thing no sane man in his senses, and so on. But apes in a cage served a zoölogical purpose, instructed the young, furthered the cause of science, gave innocent enjoyment on holidays. It was then that I tried to point out that the apes were having their holiday, but I couldn't make that point by signs, and in any case he was too blind with fury to see it. And so the argument went on, he having it all his own way, because I couldn't speak. Well, when he'd finished arguing with me he gave me my orders. I was to get enough men to shoot every ape in that part of the forest, and then he was going on to fill his fifty cages elsewhere. But before anything else happened he wanted to look like a showman again. He must meet his rescuers, and show himself to the apes for the last time, with a cigar and a fresher tie and a clean collar. 'I'll do that for you,' I said by nods. I wonder if he guessed anything from that.

"I promised to do that for him and I kept my promise. I went back to Lolo Molo and bought him ten dozen white collars and a few bright red ties with spots on them and three or four thousand cigars, and got back to the show that he so involuntarily gave as quick as ever I could. The apes were still about, though a little way off, and from the punyabi leaves where I hid I was able to throw them on to the top of his cage, and the cigars fell easily through."

"I thought you said it was papyoona scrub," said Morden.

"It's practically the same plant," said Jorkens. "The cigars fell through and so did the ends of the ties, but the collars were the difficulty, and he had to jump for them and get hold of an end and pull. Collars are often a nuisance anywhere, England or Africa. He

couldn't understand why I brought him so many cigars. But I had worked it all out. It was the winning point in the argument—the argument that was taught me at Orignan by that poor ape with its brown eyes. I tried to think of the very least time in that cage that could possibly satisfy justice. Here we were in the apes' country, and they had shut this man up, and with ample, ample reason. Was I to interfere and overturn their act of justice? Well, I decided to, but not for five years. They fed him, and I got him cigars enough to keep him going for all that time, and white collars and ties, which he set so much store by. Two dozen collars a year may not seem very much, but Africa's not England, and you have different standards of smartness.

"Of course Fromer was utterly furious. But did he think I never meant a word that I said, from the time I first met him in Orignan? I had given him warning enough. He knew which side I was on in this matter of cages, or only the blindest vanity could have caused him to fail to know.

"There is not much more to tell. His men had scattered when he didn't return to his camp. His forty-nine cages are, I believe, there to this day, though of course all buried in greenery. And in five years to the day I sent news of him to more than one authority in Lolo Molo. But they couldn't find him then. What happened I never knew. Perhaps the apes took him farther into the forest. And if they did they may have in their keeping still a man who will never in life depart from the one idea that it is his mission to show on holidays great numbers of apes in cages.

"Well, well, we all make mistakes."

And I think Jorkens included his own with the showman's. I think he knew, as is so often the case in an argument, that they were both of them wrong.



WHAT IS THIS COMMUNISM?

BY LILLIAN SYMES

NOWHERE in the world perhaps has radical or revolutionary activity met with so much alternate indifference and apprehension, such general confusion of thought, as in the United States; and at no time has this confusion been more apparent than during the past year since the Communists have become the subject of newspaper headlines and Congressional investigation.

The public hysteria which marked the post-war anti-red raids under A. Mitchell Palmer, when bearded Bolsheviks with knife and bomb served to distract public attention from the more painful aspects of post-war deflation, has scarcely been revived on a grand scale in 1930—except in that romantic region known as the Deep South and in a few far western outposts. For during a decade of prosperity we grew largely indifferent to alarums and came to look upon revolution with indulgent cynicism. The heightened Communist activity during the past year of industrial depression has bewildered the general public as usual but has scarcely frightened it as of yore. Such panic as exists is confined largely to official and semi-official circles where a lack of fundamental information upon a given subject in no way precludes ponderous proclamations in relation to it. In Europe, where as Mr. Max Eastman has recently pointed out, the average person of intellectual pretensions has some understanding of revolutionary theories, our dramatic *exposés* of facts

which the Communists themselves have been shouting from the housetops for the past ten years have probably been a source of keen amusement.

The American citizen whose source of information is the newspapers may be pardoned his bewilderment, for newspaper comment, even on the rare occasions when it is enlightened, is necessarily confined to the passing news aspects of the subject. When it is unenlightened we get such contradictory and altogether ridiculous stories as have, for example, accompanied the recent revolutionary disturbances in China. On the other hand, the Communists themselves are partially responsible for much of the public's confusion. Communist practice becomes increasingly complicated as its members split and re-split among themselves and right-about-face again and again in their tactical methods. Nor does the Communist vocabulary aid understanding. Their highly specialized phraseology is as meaningless to the man in the street as so much Greek, as are the acrimonious differences between the various radical groups. The background, the history, and the significance of the movement at this particular moment in world history are lost to the average intelligent citizen, even while the growing publicity it is getting arouses his curiosity. As a result everyone is talking about Communism with only the haziest idea of what it is all about.

Any brief outline of its history and

philosophy must necessarily be an elementary one. To the party Communist nothing less than a pæan of praise would constitute a fair summary of his philosophy, and to disagree with him in any degree is to place oneself on the side of the enemy. To the standpatter, on the other hand, any attempt to be decently fair to Communism is in itself a sign of social subversion which places the writer beyond the pale of serious consideration. And yet probably nothing in the whole world of international affairs is so important at this time as an objective approach to the Communist movement and an intelligent attitude toward the problems it presents.

II

In the year 1930 one can no more answer the question of "What Is This Communism?" by a mere dictionary definition to the effect that it is a system of social organization in which the means of production and distribution are owned in common than one can adequately define Roman Catholicism by merely calling it a Christian religion. Communal ownership of property has been practiced by most primitive peoples, and as a corrective to the evils of poverty and injustice has had its advocates in every generation since Plato. Nor is it now the exclusive possession of any organized movement.

But the Communism with which we are concerned is not that of the early Christians, of John Ball, St. Francis, Sir Thomas More, or the nineteenth-century utopians. Social philosophies become whatever their advocates make of them, and Communism to-day is that body of doctrine in which the organized Communists believe. Its ultimate ideal of a communal society in which the necessity for a compulsive state has gradually ceased to exist does not differ greatly from the dreams of the utopians of all ages and is shared by practically

all brands of social revolutionaries. But even in the minds of its most enthusiastic believers that ideal state is a matter of the somewhat distant future. Russia itself, the first conquered territory, is merely in the midst of that period of transition between Capitalism and Communism known as the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat," or more realistically, as the dictatorship of the Communist Party which considers itself "the conscious will of the proletariat." The ultimate ideal, while taken for granted, occupies small space in Communist literature. For Communism to-day is both a means and an end—and temporarily at least, much more a means than an end. It is as a method of revolutionary practice rather than as an ideal of human society that it is challenging the interest and arousing the apprehension of the world. These methods of transforming one state of society into another have grown out of the application by Lenin and his followers of the Marxian theories of social change to the practical necessities of the Russian situation. Both in and out of Russia they are increasingly referred to as Leninism. Not Marxism but Leninism is the orthodoxy of the modern Communist, be he Russian, French, Armenian, or American, as is evidenced by the fact that in all internal disputes it is to the words of Lenin, rather than of his master, Marx, that all sides of the controversy appeal.

It is altogether impossible to understand the activities of the Communists, in the United States or in any other country, to know why they do the apparently irrelevant and fantastic things they do without some appreciation of this philosophic background. The Communists who demonstrated in Union Square, New York, last March did not do so for the express purposes of thumbing their noses at the Police Commissioner and getting their heads cracked. The demonstration was part

of a world-wide scheme for arousing interest in and possibly attaining leadership in an *international* unemployment situation. The movement was part of tactics based upon a complicated but definite economic philosophy and was arranged in every detail by the international Communist office, as the Communists frankly stated in advance.

In spite of the fact that post-war Communism in every country is based so largely on the experience of the Russian revolutionary movement, like all present-day radicalism, it has its roots in the industrial revolution of the nineteenth century and its theoretical background in Marx's social philosophy. An adequate outline of that philosophy would leave no space for a consideration of current Communism, but a brief statement of its fundamental tenet, at least, is necessary. As summed up in the preface of the famous *Communist Manifesto* written by Marx and Engels, in 1847, it is this: "... that in every historical epoch, the prevailing mode of economic production and exchange . . . form the basis upon which is built up and from which alone can be explained, the political and intellectual history of that epoch; that consequently the whole history of mankind, since the dissolution of primitive tribal society, has been the history of class struggles, contests between exploiting and exploited, ruling and oppressed classes." This conflict, it continues, has now reached the stage where to-day's proletariat, which is "the special and essential product" of the industrial revolution, cannot attain its own emancipation without at the same time emancipating society at large from all exploitation and class struggles. In other words, it is the historic mission of the workers to destroy the present social order with its poverty, wars, crimes, and injustices and to substitute for it a classless, communal society.

This "materialist conception of history" which sees in the laws, religions, politics, morality, and social outlook of a given period merely the reflection of its methods of production has been accepted by a number of economists, historians, and modern biographers who are not revolutionary. Marx believed that it "was destined to do for history what Darwin's theory has done for biology." It is the theoretical foundation of "scientific" communist and socialist thought.

If Marx thus supplied a philosophic basis for present-day Communism, he also provided a precedent for its international organization. The First International was organized by Marx and other radical leaders in London in 1864. It was probably the most remarkable and colorful collection of reformist and revolutionary elements that has ever gathered together under one roof, varying from republican idealists like Mazzini to violent communist-anarchists like the Russian Bakunin; from simple English trades unionists to French syndicalists. Various manifestations of revolt against the misery produced by the introduction of the factory system had preceded it, but they had lacked a scientific appreciation of the forces with which they dealt and a common direction. It was these that Marx supplied. In the words of Professor Harold J. Laski, "He found Communism a chaos and left it a movement." But the struggle for supremacy in the International between Marx and Bakunin (some of whose theories of organization bear striking resemblance to the "secret nuclei" method of permeation used by modern Communists) finally wrecked the alliance. Rather than that it should become an organ of anarchist conspiracy, Marx signed its death warrant by moving its headquarters to New York where, as he foresaw, it soon expired.

The Second, or Amsterdam International, came into existence in 1889. Since the death of the First, the Marxians had organized socialist or labor parties of varying degrees of radicalism throughout Europe and in America. The Second International was for these a loose federation which represented an agreement on general policies but which had no right to impose a specific line of tactics upon any affiliated group. The German Social Democrats were its strongest single element. With the declaration of war in 1914, the Second International practically fell to pieces, some of the parties supporting their governments, and others, notably the Italian and American, opposing theirs. After the War and the disillusionment that followed, the Second International was revived and exists to-day as the central bureau of the socialist as opposed to the communist parties.

The Third International, organized in Moscow in 1919, was a product of the Russian revolution. Its organization marked the final division of the international working class movement into two warring camps. This division did not, as is popularly supposed, occur simply between those socialists who supported the War and those who remained internationalists. Several active leaders of European Communism are men who turned "social patriots" in 1914. The differences between the two groups were much more fundamental and were the product of tendencies which had been present in the movement for many years. No brief generalizations could possibly do justice to any side of the long and complicated controversy, and space forbids detail. Out of two years of internal dissension, the Third International arose as the representative of those Left Wing elements in the revolutionary movement to whom the theories and practices which led to the Russian success seemed universally applicable. It is

interesting to recall here that the split which later resulted among the Italian Socialists, when the movement there was rapidly assuming revolutionary proportions, and when the red flag already flew its warning over certain towns and industrial plants, probably altered the course of European history by making possible the triumph of Fascism in 1922.

III

The war for democracy found Europe with two absolutist governments. It left it with six complete or partial dictatorships, one of which is internationalist and revolutionary in its implications, the others nationalist and conservative in theirs. All represent that disillusionment with or disbelief in the processes of democracy, that reliance upon force, that contempt for "individual rights" which four years of wartime propaganda did so much to encourage and which twelve years of peacetime experience have done little to assuage. But while the dictatorships of Mussolini, Horthy, or Pilsudski have aroused little antagonism and no interference from the outside world, the Communist Party dictatorship in Russia has been the object not only of armed intervention but of continuous verbal attack and frequent misrepresentation. The reason for such a difference in attitude is obvious. Communist control in Russia represents a challenge to the prevailing social order at a time when, especially in Europe, it can least afford to be challenged. Its success in Russia would demonstrate the practicability of what has always been considered a utopian dream; for while Russia in transition is anything but utopian, Russia in the complete realization of its final aims might present a disagreeable example of industrial democracy to the workers of the world. Also, Communism is an inter-

national movement, aiming at an international social revolution which will dispossess the present ruling classes. It will use dictatorship as a means to that end, rather than as a defense of the status quo as in Italy, Hungary, Poland, Spain, and Roumania. It has devoted bands of adherents in every land animated by the same philosophy, adhering to the same methods of attack—methods which frequently bear witness to their courage rather than to their good sense. Furthermore, the control of a single nation by social revolutionaries is a source of strength, inspiration, and aid to their followers in every country; for while the stories of the great quantities of Russian gold poured into the Communist coffers of the world are grossly exaggerated, the Third International—like the central bureau of any other international organization—quite naturally assists its member parties whenever such aid is possible and necessary. In England, where the Communist Party is too small and weak to support a paper, a Communist daily has been established and maintained by Moscow—largely, it would seem, for the purpose of attacking the Labor Party. And in spite of the fact that this endowment was publicly announced in the Moscow papers, the event was unaccompanied by any startling *exposé* of the fact in the British press.

Similar aid is undoubtedly extended to the official Communist Parties in other lands, including the United States—not by Russia as a nation, but by the central office of Communism in Moscow whose funds are gathered from its world-wide membership, the bulk of whom are, of course, in Russia. There is nothing new or particularly startling about this state of affairs. Funds for the support of the General Strike in England—which conservative Britons considered equivalent to revolution—were collected by conservative

trades unionists in America a few years ago, and a member of the British parliament toured this country for that purpose. The various socialist parties have for fifty years been lending one another financial assistance for specific struggles. Such international mutual aid is common to all working-class organizations. The Third International's aid, moral and financial, is extended, of course, only to that particular faction in each country which is affiliated with it and accepts its authority; and there can be only one of these in each nation. This explains why the various groups which are continuously splitting away from the dominant faction for various reasons are usually so powerless. They have left behind them both the prestige and support of the International. They may be, as they claim, the only true Leninists and theirs the only correct revolutionary line. This is the case, for example, with the two principal dissenting groups in the United States, the Lovestone group (calling itself the Communist Party of the U. S. A.) and the Cannon group or Trotskyites (calling itself the Communist League). Three years ago Lovestone was the pope of American Communism. To-day, since his withdrawal after discipline by the Comintern, both his faction and the Trotskyites are powerless in comparison with the official party—the Communist Party—led by William Z. Foster, because they have no standing in the international Communist family. This situation is even more complicated in other nations, notably Germany and Holland, where factionalism is even more rampant.

The Third International or Comintern is, then, the parent body to which the orthodox communists of the world are bound by the closest ties of loyalty and discipline. Between meetings of the yearly Congress, the Executive, aided by the reports of its advisory

staff of research workers, has power of party life or death over its members. Representation at the yearly Congresses is based upon the numerical strength of each group; and as Russia in 1929 had 1,529,000 members, or two thirds of the party membership of the world, it is obvious that even without their revolutionary prestige, the Russian Communists should dominate the thought of the Congresses and the choice of the Executive. Since the Congress is too large a body to do much more than receive reports and pass resolutions, the Executive is the real governing group of the International. Appeals may be taken from its decision to the Congress, and the defendant or accuser given every opportunity to state his case, but its strategic position and influence make it a formidable opponent to any dissenting individual or group.

The highly centralized character of all Communist organization, whether it be the Comintern itself or a Brooklyn "nucleus," is the inevitable result of the fact that Communist theory is so largely the child of Russian revolutionary experience. In his *Conditions for Admission to the Third International*, Lenin writes: "During the present epoch of intense civil war, the Communist Party can accomplish its task only on condition that it is highly centralized, that it is dominated by an iron discipline which is quasi-military in its severity, that it is guided by a group of comrades at the center enjoying the confidence of the rank and file members, endowed with authority and possessing wide executive powers."

These words were written by one who was attempting to forge a weapon for an imminent and violent world-wide conflict. It is in relation to communist organization in Kansas or the Bronx that they take on a somewhat humorous aspect.

The advantages of such a highly cen-

tralized organization as an instrument of warfare are obvious. "Theirs not to reason why" is a necessary formula in the midst of battle. The Third International could, for example, act quickly and effectively in the event of another world war—as the Second could not. Its obvious drawbacks are a lack of flexibility in the face of conflicting and complicated situations inevitable in such a world-wide movement (and this inflexibility has been particularly noticeable in the United States) and in the continuous loss by regular "party purgings," or voluntary withdrawal of those men and women whose sincerity will not permit them to pretend acceptance of tactics whose advisability they doubt. This does not mean that all of those who have been expelled or who have withdrawn from the ranks were motivated by a high degree of personal integrity. Some, at least, have been demagogues and careerists. This may have been the case with the mysterious Hungarian, "John Pepper," who for so many years dominated Communist policy in the United States while acting as the Comintern's official observer, and whose appearance anywhere was the signal for immediate internal dissension—usually the infallible mark of the *agent provocateur*. But on the whole, the careerist best serves his own interests by "yesing" the decisions of the Executive. Once frowned upon by this group, his chances for party power are slim indeed, unless a complete revolution in party policy occurs.

Many of the activities of the various Communist Parties of the world, but particularly in the United States, may seem to the outsider the height of social romanticism unless they are viewed in the light of basic Communist premises. It is the failure to view them thus which accounts for the incredible stupidity with which the subject has been discussed in official circles. For however frequently the Communist changes his

tactics or the dogma of yesterday becomes the heresy of to-day (and this may occur with the arrival of each new "thesis" or analysis of the party position from the Comintern), his basic premises remain intact.

To the Communist, as to the anarchist, the organized State, whatever its form, is the embodiment of force. But the Communist, unlike the anarchist, believes that the worker must gain control of and use this form of force to achieve his final emancipation. The Capitalist state, in all countries, as described by Bukharin, a leading Comintern theorist, "is merely the union of the master class. . . . Everywhere we find that ministers, high officials, members of parliament are either capitalists, landowners, and financial magnates, or else the faithful and well-paid servants of these—lawyers, bank managers, professors, army officers, or bishops, who serve the capitalists, not from fear but from conviction."

This state exists, says the Communist, to protect the interest of the ruling class and to secure for it, at the expense of the owning classes of other countries, a larger share of the world's markets. The workers, naturally, have no interest in this state which exists to legalize and enforce their exploitation. The workers are rapidly beginning to realize this fact, as in its final stage of imperialism, which Lenin has described at length, Capitalism becomes more unstable and develops wars, industrial crises, and unemployment on an increasingly larger scale. This, it is claimed, has been illustrated by the events of the past twelve years. In other words, the Communist believes that the inevitable breakdown of Capitalism, due to its inability to meet the changing conditions of international production and distribution, is now taking place. This leads us to the mainspring of Communist activity, the tenet which covers all Communist

thinking and makes them "behave the way they do" here and abroad.

This is the conception that we are, even now, in a state of acute civil war in which an increasingly militant working class is coming to grips with a decaying but still ruthless owning class, which will, of course, fight for its control to the last ditch; that the revolutionary situation which presented itself in Russia may occur even here, at any time, probably as a result of some new international conflict. The imminence of this conflict rests heavily on all Communist thought. The workers, the Communist argues, having both numbers and the logic of history on their side are bound to be eventually victorious. This does not mean that the workers are, as a whole, fast becoming class-conscious communists. It is not necessary that, as a whole, they should have any preconceived notion of the goal. It is sufficient that another world war, a prolonged and serious industrial depression, or a great strike—all of which they consider inevitable under the present order of mass production—should light the fires of instinctive rebellion. When this moment of disillusionment or revolt arrives, it will be the function of the Communists, acting as a disciplined, united, and highly conscious group, drilled in the technic of revolution, understanding the forces with which they are dealing and the inevitable goal toward which society is moving, to assume leadership, wrest control of the state from the political puppets of the exploiters, bring order out of chaos, and institute the worker's dictatorship. This dictatorship will be the temporary but altogether necessary instrument for ushering in the final Communist State. This is what happened in Russia, and no one who has studied the history of revolution can doubt that, given the proper circumstances, it can happen anywhere.

This does not mean of course that the

Communists will patiently wait for the mechanism of history to accomplish its inevitable task. Constant agitation is necessary to bring as many workers as possible into the ranks before the crisis arrives. It is especially necessary to disillusion them in regard to their conservative labor leaders and such "betrayers" of the cause as the socialists, lest in time of strife they turn to these for guidance. Official Communists have a genius for invective, and most of it is poured out upon the heads of their erstwhile comrades, even those who split away but a week before.

There have, of course, been differences in the ranks as to just how soon this capitalist *débâcle* is likely to take place, especially in the United States where the workers show so few signs of exhausted patience. There have been those who have thought the present system much more elastic than the Leninists give it credit for being. But those guilty of such a "right deviation" from the official "party line" have been labeled "defeatists" and, if too vocal in their pessimism, have been the object of discipline or dismissal. For the Party requires not only strict adherence to the "party line" once that line has been established, but also every sign of enthusiasm in pursuing it.

If this were a critique rather than a mere statement of the Communist position, it would be easy to point out the over-simplification of the whole problem in which the Communist indulges, even granting the correctness of his basic analysis. The Communist, like all dogmatic theorists, is usually more eager to make the facts fit his theories than his theories fit the facts. Russia in 1917 presented to him the perfect "revolutionary situation." He is naturally eager to believe that such a situation will be approximately duplicated throughout the world. His state of mind is based upon the conception of a society facing a cataclysm, and he

cannot afford to relax his vigilance, lest he be unprepared for the strategic moment when it arrives. In the meantime in every strike or disturbance, in every struggle within the unions for control, in every encounter with the police he is fighting the preliminary skirmishes of the social revolution, and to these he must bring as much enthusiasm and energy as he would to the final battle itself. He does not expect or offer "fair play." He expects the policeman to club him and—theoretically, at least—would be disappointed if he did not; for are not the police, like the army, the obedient minions of the ruling class? This theory, by the way, the police seem all too eager to prove for him. When arrested and accused of crime under such circumstances as those prevailing in Gastonia, and later in Georgia and California, he is not surprised. Such trials become an opportunity for proving to the workers what he has always claimed of "capitalist justice"—that the courts exist to protect the interests of the ruling class. To be sure, his newspapers will denounce the courts and the police for thus performing "their essential function"—as witness *The Daily Worker* during the Gastonia affair—usually in such language as to endanger any chance of acquittal the accused might otherwise have. But this is for propaganda purposes. The Communist knows what to expect—and in this expectation he is usually right. The red-baiters are his most effective, though unconscious, witnesses.

IV

The Communist, in America as elsewhere, does not believe that the ruling class will dispossess itself without a struggle, even though the aroused workers do muster a constitutional majority. He goes through the motion of a political campaign (though he

is already beginning to abandon this gesture) but declares frankly that eventually the struggle will be a forceful one. "A revolutionary class," said Trotsky, while still in good party standing, "which has conquered power with guns in its hands, is bound to and will . . . suppress all attempts to tear power from its hands." And in commenting on the "prattle" about the sacredness of human life, "To make the individual sacred, we must destroy the social order which crucifies him, and this problem can only be solved with blood and iron." This does not mean for a moment, as Congressional investigators have been so eager to prove, that the Communist advocates individual violence or crime. Lenin was the unsparing critic of the Russian terrorist groups, and any Communist who attempted an act of individual violence would immediately find himself outside a party which prides itself upon the discipline of its membership and whose dogma is "mass action." To the Communist the final struggle will be, within one national boundary, akin to that of our own Civil War, except that in the class war the line of demarcation will be horizontal, rather than perpendicular, and it will be the short-sightedness and greed of the exploiters, not the desire of the workers, that will make such a struggle inevitable.

Every non-communist writer on the subject has compared the dominating spirit and form of organization of the Communists to that of the Society of Jesus, for the analogy is too obvious to be avoided. Nor does the intelligent Communist deny it. "Of course we are Jesuitical," a Communist leader remarked to me recently. "The wiping out of poverty, war, and insecurity are great enough ends to justify any means." He continued to point out that Christian had destroyed Christian from 1914 to 1918 for international profits. Why condemn the workers

who may be forced to use violence in order to recover the goods of which they have been robbed?

In other words, Communist method springs from the fact that the Communist is motivated always by a "war-time psychology." On his shoulders rests the responsibility for rebuilding the world. Communism is not only his social and political philosophy. It is also his emotional substitute for religion, and disagreement with him becomes, therefore, his substitute for sin. His attitude toward his opponent is essentially that of the religionist's attitude toward the sinner, especially if his opponent be another radical. To the active Communist tolerance, fair-mindedness, the desire to see all around a subject are weaknesses in which the liberal can afford to indulge himself but which to the soldier of the revolution spell confusion and defeat. Granted the need for a revolutionary change (and the average intelligent human being these days will grant the need of very far-reaching ones), it is undoubtedly true that it is the single-tracked thinkers rather than the broad-minded ones who make history. The Communist makes not the slightest pretense to broad-mindedness. This makes him a difficult companion for the non-believer.

This is, at least, the official position. I have Communist friends who in their unofficial moments permit both their sense of humor and a warm, generous sense of humanity to triumph over "the party line." But should I criticize their co-members or their party press for misrepresentation—or simple foolishness—they will spring to the defense with passion, even though convinced themselves of the validity of the charge. To another Communist they might admit its validity. To me, as an outsider, they must maintain a united front.

That the courage of the Communist in the face of dangerous opposition is no

less intense than his loyalty in the face of criticism has been demonstrated both in Russia, when the Bolsheviks and their followers defended their state against the combined intervention of the European Allies, while fighting pestilence and starvation at their rear, and in America where they have gone into territory as dangerously intolerant of innovation as our Southern States to organize workers so long neglected by the official American labor movement. Perhaps the single debt which the American workers owe so far to ten years of Communist agitation is this focusing of public attention—and organized labor's interest—upon the plight of such underpaid and miserably conditioned groups of unorganized workers as the textile mill hands. Communist-led strikes in these industries have been dramatic, violent, and productive of unlimited news space, even though they have resulted in no victories and no permanent organization. The slow, plodding work of building up effective unions in these fields may be accomplished by less impatient and colorful leaders. But the Communists have acted as gadflies both to the public generally and to a lethargic union officialdom. As was the case with the old I. W. W., this may be the function of the Communists in the present stage of industrial and political affairs in America.

Because of its single-mindedness which expresses itself both in intolerance of opposition and in devotion to its aims, no other movement in the world perhaps so lends itself to ridicule as does the Communist movement. This is especially true in America, where the alarmist psychology with its daily "crisis," the ponderous phraseology, the disciplinary methods more fitted to the barricades than to the propaganda exigencies of a small revolutionary group are so out of keeping with the economic naïveté of American

working-class sentiment. The entire Communist membership of America has been placed by Moscow as 16,000, and by Mr. Jay Lovestone as 6,000. The truth may lie anywhere between these two figures, though nearer perhaps to the first, as Mr. Lovestone, being a dissenter at the moment, is eager to minimize the official strength. At the last mayoralty election in New York the Communist candidate polled something over 5,000 votes. In the light of these figures and of American working class apathy to even the mildest of reforms, the panic of public officials, as well as the pomposity of the Communist press, with its screaming vituperation, its constant whipping up of "war dangers" to Soviet Russia, and its painfully esoteric analyses of the latest Comintern thesis—analyses which to the average worker must be as devoid of sense as they are frequently devoid of verbs—all take on the aspects of *opera bouffe*. I am inclined to think that the Communist press of the United States would be as acute a source of pain as the Fish Committee to the brilliant and scientifically minded Lenin, were he alive to-day. To write of the *Daily Worker* without resort to satire requires considerable self-restraint, even on the part of one not wholly out of sympathy with its general aims. I am told that Karl Radek, the witty Comintern leader, has created at least one Russian wise-crack per day at the expense of Communist dogma. A Radek is the crying need of American Communism.

One would be foolish, nevertheless, because of the childish quality of certain local propaganda, to underestimate the validity of much of the Communist indictment or of its unquestioned appeal to the desperate and hungry worker who has at last realized that he has no stake in the present social order. If the Communists were as good psychologists as they are econo-

mists, if they indulged in more actual adaptation to American working-class realities and less wishful-thinking in terms of Russian reality, their membership would undoubtedly be many times its present number and Communism a force to reckon with in a period of general depression and insecurity.

However weak numerically the Communists may be in America, their prestige and effectiveness are augmented by each wave of persecution, each unjust charge against them, each attempt to suppress their constitutional rights. Because all of these bring to their temporary support all those liberal and radical groups which under ordinary circumstances abhor their methods and disbelieve in their principles. Even the Socialists, who are the objects of more Communist vituperation than any group of capitalists in America, must, when the Communists are assaulted by the common enemy, protest to officials, collect money for their defense, help organize relief committees to feed and clothe their strikers, and defend the Communist cause generally. This has been true of even such pacifist but conservative groups as the Quakers. When human rights are outraged, all those who believe in them will spring to their defense, even though the injured may be such disbelievers in "human" rights as the Communists. Communism in America has created a stir out of all proportion to its size and influence thanks to the hearty co-operation of such organizations as the D. A. R., the Civic Federation, certain branches of the American Legion, and to the excitement of a few prominent individuals.

V

International Communism to-day is on the horns of a dilemma. The points of those horns might, by over-simplification, be labeled Stalin and Trotsky, although Trotsky's personality has little

to do with the situation or his expulsion with its solution. Communism is a philosophy of international revolution, and that revolution, according to Marx, should have occurred first in that country in which production was most highly developed and centralized. Instead, it made its appearance in an agrarian and almost feudal state. Nor was it followed by similar happenings elsewhere. Russia has remained a Communist island in a sea of Capitalism. In order that it should maintain itself in the face of international aggression, it was necessary to stabilize the state, transform it into a modern nation that can actually give to the workers and peasants a better life than they had under Tzarism, develop the country's natural resources and an acute national consciousness among its people. It was also necessary that it remain on sufficiently friendly terms with other nations to buy from them that machinery which it could not supply itself and at the same time avoid international complications which might result in war. This was the task of Soviet Russia and, according to disinterested evidence, its accomplishment in the face of the odds against it has been nothing short of miraculous.

But Soviet Russia is not only a nation in the process of industrial transformation; it is also, as one writer has called it, "the revolutionary fatherland." In spite of its technical separation from the Third International, the radical workers of the world expect from Russia direction and assistance in their struggles. Trotsky's theory of permanent revolution—"It is inconceivable that Soviet Russia should continue to exist side by side with imperialist states. Ultimately one or the other must conquer"—is accepted as a valid formula by all Communists, but its application is postponed until the future. Russia cannot build up her national security if she foments

revolutions abroad, nor can she long exist as a Communist state unless the revolutionary movement spreads and eventually comes to her support. Russian foreign policy and the Comintern's revolutionary policy are based on the need of adjustment to this conflicting situation. If the Five Year Plan is completed before a capitalist attack or boycott takes place, Russia will be in a state of comparative self-sufficiency. In the meantime the Third International seeks to weaken the hold of international capitalism by upsetting its economic stability. Great Britain, as the outstanding example of capitalist imperialism, is at the moment the chief object of attack. This accounts for Communist interest in such nationalist struggles as the one taking place in India. The Communist is uninterested in nationalism, but he is eager to upset British economy by cutting off this rich source of revenue. There is also the possibility that in the turmoil of revolution, a small, disciplined Communist group may be able to swing into control of the situation. While making no effort to hide such Machiavellian intentions, the Communists in such situations frequently unite in a temporary "united front" organization with liberal and radical groups interested in the nationalist struggle. There is a tendency, however, among such groups to become increasingly suspicious of this "united front" tactic of the Communists whom they suspect of using them as "window dressing" while striking at them from behind. Indeed, Lenin readily admitted the basis for such suspicion.

VI

We have said that Communism is both an ideal of society and a method of revolution. In the past few years it has become a cultural outlook as well. Russia's extreme necessity and the desperate conditions of her survival

tended to build up a utilitarian and impersonal attitude toward the arts that was the expression of revolutionary need even though it had no organic relationship to communist philosophy. With an entirely different motivation, this attitude is akin to that of our own "hard-boiled" industrialists—a glorification of mechanical development and the machine. With it went a contempt for the expression of more human and intimate motives and of individual problems. Russia in war, in pestilence, in rehabilitation had no time or patience for the lyrical or personally tragic. The Communist artist must celebrate mass movement and the machine which is to be Russia's salvation, not love, death, personal joy or sorrow. The social intensity out of which this attitude grew is somewhat relaxed, but the attitude itself has crystallized into a definite world-wide Communist culture which rejects the personal problem for the social one. It is an outlook which may easily become an escape from individual inadequacy, a withdrawing from one's personal difficulties to drown oneself in the communal need. It is the Communist artist's answer to what he considers a bourgeois *Weltschmerz*, to individualism, to the hated thing called introspection. There are already signs of a reaction to this excessive communization of emotion, but these are as yet too indefinite to outline.

It is trite to say that the future of Communism in America as elsewhere hinges upon the elasticity with which the present order can accommodate itself to inevitable changes. It should be obvious, however, that wherever the workers are haunted by the dread of insecurity some such system as Communism begins to look attractive. And in spite of Presidential optimism, the specter of involuntary unemployment is still with us.



ENGLISH SPORTSMEN AND INTERNATIONAL SPORT

REFLECTIONS AFTER THE POLO MATCHES AND THE YACHT RACES

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

ROUGHLY speaking—and I expect to speak very roughly in this article—there are what may be described as “off years” and “on years” in international competitive sport. Every summer our best golf and tennis players journey abroad to meet the English in their native land; almost every year or two our college athletes have various contests with undergraduates from Oxford and Cambridge; but only at intervals of every three years do we have the polo contests for the International Challenge Cup, and still more infrequently the yacht races for the America’s Cup. Last summer both took place within the month of September; 1930 for that reason was indeed a remarkable sporting year.

Was it, however, a good year? Looking back over the contests held last summer and the aftermath of half-suppressed irritation they produced across the water, one is inclined to believe that it was by no means as successful as it should have been. Obviously the main purpose of international athletic contests is not to win a match or a race or a game, but to foster friendly relations between individuals and nations, of which there appear to be none too many anywhere in the world at present. Was mutual understanding, was a respect for the

ability and the sportsmanship of our rivals, were the bonds of comradeship strengthened by the sporting events of the past six months? Unquestionably no. Said Mr. Edwin C. Hill, an able and experienced newspaper reporter writing in the *New York Sun* shortly after the races at Newport: “Underneath all the social froth and chatter and mutual expressions of good will is the British notion that there has been a bit of sharp practice.”

This belief was noticeable in the London press following the yacht race and the polo games. The sporting columns and, to a certain extent, the editorial columns of the big British dailies were full of criticism of the two contests and the manner in which they had been conducted, leaving Englishmen generally with the feeling that they had been more or less cheated out of victory by clever Yankee tricks. Certainly the suspicion which has been prevalent in England for some time, to the effect that American sportsmanship is often sadly deficient, was confirmed last September.

Was 1930 an altogether exceptional year? Were the rumblings in the British press and the attitude of their sporting public altogether unusual? Not at all. Go over the accounts of these contests in 1924 and again in 1927 and you will discover almost precisely

the same reaction: grumblings abroad and an amazing amount of ill will and bad feeling generated on both sides of the Atlantic. What has happened before happened on schedule this year, and now many followers of sport are asking themselves the inevitable question: do these contests, which cost enormously in time and money, really serve any useful purpose? Do they actually contribute anything to international understanding and, if so, why all the hard words and hard feelings? Of these there were enough and to spare last autumn on both sides of Sir Thomas Lipton's ocean.

II

Some of the things that I shall say in this article will probably be taken to indicate a violent anti-British prejudice, an attitude totally out of sympathy with the English and their attitude toward athletics. But it is difficult for anyone who really knows England and its people not to be impressed by their feeling for and love of games.

Over a long period of years it has been my good fortune to have enjoyed many happy days of sport in the English countryside. One such, last summer, will remain forever in my memory. It was a perfect summer afternoon in June, warm, serene, one of those days which alone can make Great Britain's poisonous climate worth enduring. Tucked away in the hollow of the Downs, secluded by a high hedge from the country lane, stood a low, two-story Georgian house, its red brick contrasting vividly with the wide expanse of lawn which stretched away before the French windows of the drawing-room. Beside the house to the right was a garden, masses of flowers abloom, chunks of color; at the end of the lawn was a long pool filled with water lilies and tawny, iridescent fish. A row of canvas chairs, cushions on the ground, and a table or two under

a striped umbrella bordered the pool. On the other side were two tennis courts. Very old, it is, this turf. Recently it was necessary to re-surface the courts, and six inches below the top the gardeners dug up a *dupondius*, a coin of the Emperor Vespasian.

The family who live here have lived here for generations and take all these surroundings for granted. They are indeed a sporting household; the father is M. F. H. of the local hunt, one of the boys is on the cricket eleven of a famous public school, an uncle was one of the gallant men who struggled up the last slopes of Mount Everest. Sport is ingrained in their blood. Even the visitor in their midst unconsciously absorbs that principle of the game for the game's sake which is the heritage of this "decent and dauntless people."

The guests arrive. Young boys and girls from school, their fathers and mothers, elderly ladies who must be grandparents, all carrying racquets. There are ex-army colonels wearing monocles and adorned with ferocious mustachios, bronzed civil servants home on leave from the East, young men down from the 'varsity for the long vacation. Surely, you ask yourself, those elderly ladies who look as if they might break in two are not going to play? Certainly. Why not?

"Will you please make a four with Colonel Thunderer and Mrs. Nutcombe Quick?" Out you go and play, discovering to your surprise that the grandmamas are still able to scamper about and hold their end up, and that the colonel with the monocle is a nasty customer at the net whenever he gets his bat to the ball. You observe also that all these people play; everyone is there to take part, not to watch. No one, be it noted, is exceptionally good; but also no one is very bad. There is a four playing upon the adjoining court, and when you have finished one set,

another party immediately takes your place. You play and you sit out a few minutes and then you play again. One set at a time, never with the same partner, never against the same opponents.

Now it is time for tea. Everyone tramps into the dining room and sits at the long table covered with food: watercress sandwiches and brown bread and butter and loaf cakes and cakes of all kinds. Tea finished, everyone piles across the lawn to the courts, and the games are resumed. Games, that is what they are—games not contests. They are sport; there is exquisite pleasure in making a stroke not with the idea of winning the point but for the sheer perfection of movement entailed; there is delight in hitting a ball, in playing this game in this deep sunshine upon this perfect turf.

Whereas most of the English friends of my host that afternoon came on foot across the fields, on bicycles, or in tiny motor cars of an ancient vintage, the environs of the Country Club back in the United States, that same day, suggested the sales room of a metropolitan motor agency. Line upon line, in serried rank, were stationed the new straight eights, the 1931 sixes, burnished and shining in the summer sun, the latest, the most expensive, the most luxurious models.

The large room as you entered the Country Club door was filled with a dozen tables of ladies playing bridge. The sunshine outside did not attract them; they sat grimly concentrated upon their bids, smoking feverishly. The porch was well lined with stoutish gentlemen and their spouses in rocking chairs. Four figures on the rolling slopes in the distance were just leaving the seventeenth green. Sportsman No. 1, picking up his ball with an annoyed gesture, remarked:

"Tell you what, Jim, ten dollars I take you for a ride on this last hole."

There was a time when we played the game for the fun of it. Nowadays the average American's conception of sport is to travel three hours in a closed car on a vivid autumn afternoon and sit upon a concrete bench while twenty-two figures chuck lateral passes down below. To top this off, the American must read carefully the details in the Sunday newspapers the next morning in order to find out what it was all about and who recovered the fumble which led up to the forward pass which was followed by the spinner play which gave the team a chance to shake No. 26 loose—who was No. 26?—for the winning score.

As different as their accents, their food, or their climate, are the English and American attitudes toward sport. The American adores crowds; where the crowds are there would he be. Thus he will travel all day to an intercollegiate football game, to an international polo match or a World's Series contest, and endure endless discomforts, to see a sport about which he often has only the faintest knowledge and at heart not much real enthusiasm.

The Englishman, on the other hand, would rather play than watch. He blunders along, not a specialist in any one sport, but deft and dexterous in many. He is an excellent hockey player, a mountain climber, fair at tennis, and pretty useful at rugger. He refuses to train, to concentrate, to break records, and so whenever an international sporting contest rolls around he is sure to lose. To the Englishman sport is fun and he insists on treating it as such. To my English friends an afternoon's walk on the crest of the Downs with two dogs, when the wind blows in from the Channel in the distance and fleecy clouds fleck the horizon, is sport. To an American it is insanity. Walk

eight miles in one day! Good Heavens, what's the matter with the car? Must think I'm crazy.

My English friend watching an American football squad go through its early season routine on a hot afternoon in September, running between automobile tires placed in echelon upon the ground, charging with their heads a large canvas sheet with a hole in the middle that is supported by two posts, imagines us to be a nation of sporting madmen. When the American learns that the New York University band, one hundred and sixty-five more or less musical undergraduates, went into training quarters at Farmingdale, Long Island, in preparation for the football season, he thinks it a wonderful exhibition of college spirit. The Englishman considers it an exhibition of lunacy.

The English and American conceptions of sport are as far apart as the poles. The American concentrates upon whatever game he plays, tries to do his best to improve, wishes intensely to win, and often succeeds in doing so. As Mr. E. V. Knox puts it, "Specialization in any form of athletic prowess is the breath of life to our cousins overseas. Whenever a child in a cradle is seen to hold his rattle with an overlapping grip, he is singled from his fellows, trained, boosted, encouraged, press-agented, dieted, and photographed, until at the age of five or six he is playing around the Big Moose Course in Wyoming steadily under mommer, if not indeed under par." Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, as Coach Knute Rockne of Notre Dame once remarked. Or was it former Coach Ralph Waldo Emerson of Harvard? Never mind. System, practice, diligent application, concentrated training, all this makes winners. Winners make record breakers, record breakers insure victory all along the line. And there you are.

Or rather there we are, at the top of the sporting heap.

As between the American idea, which turns athletics into big business and treats sport with more seriousness than politics or religion, and the English idea of sport, that it is something to take as amusement, I am in complete agreement with the latter.

III

The English are thoroughly sensible, it seems to me, when they regard the victory of Mr. Cyril James Harold Tolley in the amateur golf championships at Sandwich as of less importance than a world war, and do not consider it necessary to organize a parade in his honor and greet him with the keys of the City of London when he returns to the old home town. Their attitude toward sport is essentially sane and right. It should, therefore, produce the best sportsmen in the world. But does it? I am not so sure.

In fact, I am exceedingly doubtful that it does, and becoming more so as the years roll along and the English are thrown more and more into competition with the outer world. Let me confess that over a period of time my belief in British sportsmanship and my faith in their ability to take a licking without complaint have received a good many setbacks. Meeting the English in competition on several occasions within the past ten years, I admit with reluctance that I have not always found them acting with a high personal sense of sportsmanship. Moreover, it has become increasingly plain to me that, while they were formerly the best of sportsmen and the most charming and delightful of opponents when vanquished, they are rapidly forfeiting their claim to that honor.

The facts—and I am dealing with facts—are that from the days of the famous Halswelle-Carpenter incident

in the Olympic Games of 1908 at Shepherd's Bush in London down to the present day English athletic authorities have been unable to take a defeat in the great-hearted spirit which everyone likes to associate with the British sportsman. As long ago as the early days of the present century, when the first Oxford and Cambridge track teams were visiting this country, we were told that their defeat was due to the fact that it was obviously impossible for a team to cross the ocean, train under unfamiliar conditions, and then be at its best; although shortly afterward our college teams did the same thing and were victorious. When Mr. Maurice McLoughlin, the originator of the so-called cannon ball service, introduced this delivery to an English gallery at Wimbledon, it was spoken of as ungentlemanly and even unfair. After the international polo matches of 1927, won by the Americans two matches to nothing, British opinion was severe in criticism of our conduct of the games, and Captain Percy Creed, writing shortly afterward in the *English Polo Monthly*, took us severely to task for the umpiring, especially in the second game. When we win we can do nothing right.

But this season a series of international sporting events resulted in a culmination of English protests and lamentations that were, to put it mildly, rather a disappointment to those of us who believe the British idea of sport to be somewhat better balanced than our own. There were, first of all, the yawpings which arose over the loss of the Test Match to Australia, yawpings which assumed such proportions that Mr. Neville Cardus, the cricket authority of the *Manchester Guardian*, was led to suggest afterward in print, "Frankly, we have not lost the rubber philosophically. In certain responsible places, at any rate, old heads have become tem-

porarily unbalanced, and generosity has received a check. The Australians may well feel like asking themselves what has happened for a while to the traditional British chivalry."

Whether or not this Englishman's stricture upon English sportsmanship was justified I shall not attempt to say; let us go on to the next great international athletic event of the year, the polo matches at Meadow Brook, Long Island.

Now for some time the English press had led us to believe that so far as mounts were concerned the British team of 1930 would hold its own with its rivals; indeed, as early as December, 1929, the polo correspondent of the *London Observer* was writing: "The Americans are not likely to have any advantage over our team in the matter of ponies. . . . Hurlingham is paying particular attention to this side of the venture and, as I have already stated in a previous article, they have already purchased thirty of the finest pairs in this country." After reading comments of this sort during most of the spring and summer in London periodicals, it was amazing after the matches in September to find the same gentlemen placing the blame for the defeat upon the ponies in this fashion: "It would appear that either our men or our ponies could not stand the pace as well as their opponents, and it cannot be denied that of the two it must have been the ponies who cracked or rather were not the equals of those of the Americans. It is, of course, well known that all our best ponies go over to the United States, as they obtain much higher prices than they do here. And so long as the Americans have longer purses than we have—which seems likely to be a very long time indeed—they will be able to mount their international teams on the best ponies in the world, which is a pity, but apparently unavoidable."

Directly under this comment, which came out in the *Observer* of September 14th, appeared a despatch from New York stating that the British ponies were sold at auction for a total of £36,680, or about \$183,400. And in an adjoining column of the same paper was an account of the yearling sales at Doncaster, England, held on the same afternoon, which amounted to 183,715 guineas, or about \$918,575. One colt alone was sold for 7,500 guineas, or \$37,500—\$22,000 more than the high price at Meadow Brook, that paid by Mr. Stephen Sanford for Captain Roark's brown mare, White Slave. Other prices at Doncaster were in line: they ranged from 480 guineas (\$2,400) for Diolite up to 12,500 guineas (\$62,500) for Singapore, the St. Ledger winner. These figures, as the racing correspondent of the *Observer* pointed out, were the smallest in years, considerably under the usual average at Doncaster. These large sums were paid, to be sure, for race horses, not for polo ponies; do they not, however, suggest that there is money in England to buy the best ponies just as there is money in the United States—possibly not as much, but certainly enough? If rich horsemen like Lord Woolavington and Lord Glanely and Sir Charles Hyde and Sir Harold Wernher, to name several English moneyed sportsmen, prefer to increase the value of their own stables and assure their own personal success in the field of racing rather than to finance the polo team which bears their country's name, as rich American horsemen have done, that is their business and not ours. But let us take this talk of American dollars being an insuperable element in the victory for just what it is worth—nothing at all.

In the same week of the polo matches the yacht races for the America's Cup were sailed; sailed and won by the *Enterprise* in three straight races.

Once again the money element did it, according to the British; the *Manchester Guardian* remarked with resignation, "We may as well realize that the truth about the Americans in the yachting business is that they have the ships, they have the men, and they have the money, too." The American victory was also due, so some British observers claimed, to the number of mechanical devices which enabled the defender to shift sail and otherwise maneuver in such a way that the challenger was placed at a disadvantage. "We don't say there was anything illegal about *Enterprise's* metal mast, her unusual boom, or her machinery for hauling sail," said Mr. John Westwood, who for thirty years has been Sir Thomas Lipton's private secretary. "All these devices seem to be permissible under the rules. But they are devices which cannot be anticipated or met by a challenger. They represent the extremes to which you Americans very cleverly resort. Mind you, we are not complaining; but there it is."

No, we are not complaining, but—The fact is the British were beaten and went home good and sore, saying, as Mr. Hill explained, "... what they have carefully refrained from saying to their American hosts, that they don't think they have got a square deal in the straight-out, simon pure sense of amateur yacht racing." Perhaps they did not, although many of us non-nautical folks were led to believe before the contests that the races were not only to test seamanship but also the art of design. And if so, what earthly objection can there be to improvements in design which do not alter the fact that the boat is still propelled by the wind alone?

Among other contentions put forward by the British as a reason for losing was that in at least one race the *Shamrock* did not know when the start was actually signaled and was caught

unprepared when the *Enterprise* crossed the line. If it was, this speaks well for the amateur skipper of the American boat, Mr. Harold Vanderbilt, and not so well for the professional skipper of the British boat. Here was certainly one occasion when the dollars of American millionaires did not bring us victory. Oh, yes they did, say the British. Your syndicates and your expensive mechanical gadgets were the things that turned the trick. They forget to mention that some of the mechanical gadgets of which they complain, notably the duralumin mast, were tried on early British challengers and abandoned as unsatisfactory. But having been so constructed as to be made workable by the Americans, they are immediately considered unfair and their use looked upon as sharp practice! Moreover, Mr. F. B. R. Brown, an Englishman writing to the *London Times*, pointed out that the unusual boom of the *Enterprise* is not a new discovery at all. "It was known and used," he said, "before the day of Montgolfier's hot air balloon. . . . Loose-footed gaffmainsails are to be seen in 17th century Dutch pictures, and it is therefore safe to say that the principle of the *Enterprise* boom was known and used before the America's Cup was thought of."

Shortly after this Bobby Jones, who had earlier in the year won the British open and amateur golf championships, ended the season by winning the American open and amateur titles also. The London newspapers were full of appreciation of this feat, and the *News-Chronicle* remarked, "Jones' personal charm and his modesty in triumph are assets which make him an invaluable traveling advertisement of the finer and rarer qualities of the American race." Notice the word "rarer." We may win championships now and then, but only Bobby Jones can be a gentleman when he does it.

IV

Great Britain may be considered the nursery of games like golf and tennis; there they originated and were developed; and if an Englishman brought polo home from India, at least it was popularized at Hurlingham. Fifty years ago, thirty years ago even, the English were supreme in all these sports which at present we practice in common. They were first in those days, and there was no one else. "Time's winged chariot passes." Let us trace for a moment the gradual decline of English athletic superiority since the beginning of joint athletic competition between our two nations.

The first international polo series was held in 1886 and won by the British, two matches to nothing. Nor did the Americans win a single contest in the next meeting in 1900. In fact it was not until 1902, sixteen years after the first clash, that our team was able to win a game! From then on English superiority declined slowly but unmistakably; and after winning the series of 1914 the older nation has not been successful in taking a single game in the series of 1921, 1924, 1927, and 1930. We have won eight straight games, an eloquent testimony to our preëminence in what used to be exclusively an English sport.

Nor is the swing of the pendulum less marked in golf. In 1904 when Walter J. Travis won the British amateur title he was the first foreigner to capture any English golfing championship. Armand Massy took the open title across to France in 1907, and of late years the British golfing events at Sandwich, Hoylake, Prestwick, and St. Andrews have given little comfort to the home players. In 1926 Jess Sweetser won their amateur title; this past summer Bobby Jones was victorious. In 1922 Walter Hagen won their open, and since 1923

no native golfer has held it. Hagen won in 1924, Barnes in 1925, Jones in 1926 and 1927, Hagen in 1928 and 1929, and Jones in 1930. Only the British women's title has escaped American hands, and this also has been taken from the natives; first in 1927 when it was won by Madame René Lacoste (then Mademoiselle Simone de la Chaume), and again in 1928 by her sister-in-law, Madame Thion de la Chaume (then Mademoiselle Manette Le Blan).

In lawn tennis the changes in sporting leadership are still more apparent. From the first Wimbledon tournament held in 1877 until 1907, thirty years later, no one except a native had even reached the finals at this historic tournament. That year the title was won by Mr. Norman E. Brookes of Australia, and he set a fashion that has since become a habit. Since Mr. Arthur W. Gore was victorious in 1909, no Englishman has been near the title. In fact since 1926 when Mrs. Leslie Godfree (then Miss Kitty McKane) defeated Mrs. Frederick Moody (then Miss Helen Wills) to win the women's singles championships, no English player has held a title at Wimbledon except in ladies' doubles! Since the War the winners in the men's singles have been Mr. G. L. Patterson of Australia in 1919, Mr. W. T. Tilden of the United States in 1920 and 1921, Mr. G. L. Patterson of Australia in 1922, Mr. W. M. Johnston of the United States in 1923, Mr. J. Borotra of France in 1924, Mr. R. Lacoste of France in 1925, Mr. Borotra of France in 1926, Mr. H. Cochet of France in 1927, Mr. Lacoste of France in 1928, Mr. Cochet of France in 1929, Mr. Tilden of the United States in 1930.

Explain if you can this gradual loss of leadership in sport. Has British skill fallen off? Possibly, although I am not so sure of it. Is it not more likely that younger nations have taken

the challenge seriously, that we, for instance, have applied ourselves to the weighty problem of winning championships all over the earth with our customary efficiency, the results being commensurate with the efforts expended? The slapdash athletic methods of the last century, which were sufficient to enable the English to win titles when all the world was new at games, are not good enough to-day. Is it more than a coincidence that the English decline in sports is exactly paralleled by the decline in trade throughout the British Isles? Competition in the one instance has done precisely what it has accomplished in the other.

Now I may be wrong; but it seems to me that the English are very naturally beginning to feel this continued lack of success in athletics, and that of late they have been taking their defeats with anything but the good grace and the sportsmanship we have come to expect from this great sporting race, the race which has produced sportsmen like Captain Scott, Colonel Norton, and Sir Thomas Lipton. Even to-day most English—and a few Americans also—believe that the feverish intensity which is necessary to nurture and equip a breed of super-champions is entirely out of keeping with the real spirit of games as they should be played; that the attitude of mind which forces a twenty-year-old boy to travel about playing tennis for seven months of the year, even for the sake of a grail as holy as the Davis Cup, is the acme of imbecility. But impressed with our example and our world-wide successes, many British leaders of sport are being bitten by the American victory bug. Somewhat disturbed perhaps by their string of athletic failures in recent years, they are trying to adopt newer, snappier, more modern sporting methods. They are sending cricket and tennis teams on tours across the earth; their Mr. Tolley

condescends to cross an ocean to have a whack at our amateur golf championship. But their efforts have not yet been attended with much success because a system or conception of values which works excellently for one nation and one people is apt to fail when attempted by men of a different temperament. The English have not had much luck at imitating our methods; and, continuing to lose, they have become—to put it plainly—just a little peevish.

Should we in their places be as good-humored losers as the English after thirty years of concentrated lickings? I doubt it; if they are peevish, I am confident that in a similar situation we should be simply unbearable. Nor is there anything in the manner in which our business world has taken the setbacks of the recent depression to make one believe the contrary. But as I have already attempted to point out, the British sporting philosophy being what it is, one hopes for and expects much from this sporting people. And one is all the more disappointed when they act like spoiled children over what after all is merely a race between two boats belonging to a couple of millionaires.

What we are witnessing in the last analysis is an extremely interesting conflict between two sporting philosophies. One of them says in effect: A game is a game. If I cannot win without benefit of trainers, helpers, rubbers, masseurs, dietitians, head coaches, assistant head coaches, publicity men, graduate managers, undergraduate managers, and all the rest of the rumble-dumble which accompanies sporting life in the United States, I will lose. The other sporting philosophy concentrates upon victory and believes that nothing within the rules which helps toward that end should be neglected. And as the English and those who rule athletics abroad have tended to diverge from their former at-

titude, from their feeling of sport for the sake of the game, and have tried more and more to compete with the young and virile nation of traveling salesmen of athletics, the faster they have gone down to defeat. And what, alas, is worse, they have gone down protesting, objecting to the final decision.

It is not a happy spectacle to contemplate.

V

An English friend of mine who has competed in various sports in this country, in Europe, and in India with athletes of almost every land on the globe, once listed the nations in the order of their sportsmanship. He placed the Japanese first, the Dutch next, then the Germans, Americans, English, French, Italians, Czechs, and so on.

I shall not attempt to pass judgment upon this order, but it has come increasingly to my attention in the past few years that the English are excessively anxious to win the big international sporting events of the season, and anything but exhilarated over their failures. Let an American or an American team win such a contest, and the air is immediately filled with pleas and excuses from the British press, and to a certain extent from the British sporting public. "Oh, those chaps, they train all the time. What can you expect, my dear fellow?" I am often met by English friends with the argument that, after all, they could do the same thing if only they would stoop so low. Your Mr. Tilden, they say, is nothing but a professional, he plays the year round, he professes tennis. With this indictment I concur, although I might point to Mr. Austin, the stockbroker, and one or two others who ape Mr. Tilden in London with little success. But let us pass over that. The next step taken by my English friends is to say in effect: Of course this sort of

thing is unfair, it is unsportsmanlike. We could win if we really cared to descend to tactics of that kind.

But could they? I doubt it. And while it may seem silly for a man to devote his entire life to tennis or any other sport, after all that is his business. Nor do I see why it is unfair if he chooses to do so and others with more brains do not choose to follow suit. Unfortunate as an example, yes; unfair, no. Suppose the English did cast aside their basic sporting philosophy and attempt to play the year through, would they then be champions? Never; Mr. Austin and one or two other young Englishmen I could name are the proof thereof. That splendid all-round sportswoman, Señorita Elvia de Alvarez, once pointed out to me that the English women tennis stars often used this argument, but that no one played the game as much as they did; on the Riviera all winter, in England in the spring and early summer, in the United States in the late summer and fall. And still they were unable to defeat Mrs. Moody and Miss Helen Jacobs, our two ranking players, both of whom play extremely little competitive tennis.

Here, then, is the crux of the problem. The English, for years the best athletes in the world, have for a quarter of a century been outdistanced. Now they are beginning to wish they could exchange their philosophy of sports for one that will bring *results*. But such an idea is at variance with their inherently sensible belief about games; wherefore they continue to plug along, playing all games fairly usefully and no game extremely well. Meanwhile a long series of defeats has begun to make them testy and petulant whenever another triumph sends yet another English sporting title across the sea.

"It's curious," said Mr. Hill, commenting on the yacht races off Block Island last fall, "how much bad feeling

and misunderstanding the yacht races have created in the long sweep of contests over the past seventy-nine years. It's a distinct question whether any form of international competition in sports makes for improved comity; but nobody can deny that rancor has followed in the wake of the contesting yachts."

These words of a veteran observer of men and manners simply bear out the experience of every sporting reporter, of everyone who has ever had anything to do with international sporting contests between the United States and England, in any sport. Our Mr. Tilden is a professional because he plays all year round as no gentleman should do, and our polo contests are won with money that buys the best ponies, and our yachts are victorious because of mechanical gadgets that no really nice person would use, and even our Mr. Jones is looked on as much too decent to be really an American. Naturally there has been trouble this year after these international sporting events; the only difference this year has been that the differences have been more manifest, and the English comments slightly more acidulous.

Now in common with many other citizens of both countries I believe that the peace of the world is best served by a close understanding between the peoples of the United States and Great Britain. There are many worthy agencies like the English Speaking Union devoting time, energy, and vast sums of money to promoting this understanding. Parenthetically, let me suggest that if you are scornful of the good accomplished by such organizations, you step some summer day into Dartmouth House, the headquarters of the E. S. U. on Charles Street in London, and observe the quiet and useful work performed by it in acquainting American travelers, and especially American college students, with English life and

institutions. But I honestly believe that one international sporting contest such as that for the America's Cup, with its disturbing aftermath—which left the English public with the conviction that we are a nation of athletic gangsters only too ready to do any sort of *truc* in order to win, and the American public with the opinion that as usual the English were going home whining about their licking—can in a week nullify a year's work of a dozen such agencies as the E. S. U. It can do more: it can leave scars upon the public mind which seriously affect the security and happiness of the two greatest sporting nations of the world.

English sportsmen are beginning to feel much the same way about the thing. Thus Mr. R. H. Bruce Lockhart, an athlete of twenty-five years' experience, says in the *London Standard*, "The competitive spirit in international sport is one of the greatest potential factors of international discord. . . . Let us abandon the Walker Cup, the America's Cup, the Westchester Cup, the Olympic Games, the degrading football matches with Continental nations, and all the senseless expenditure which these international contests entail. . . . Above all let us abandon this foolish talk about the brotherhood of international sport. Games in their own place are a healthy recreation. International contests are an unhealthy excitement."

Trouble there has been, trouble there always will be whenever the English and Americans meet in any sport. For

the simple reason that two sporting ideals, ideals as far apart as Newport, Rhode Island, and Newport, Monmouthshire, are in collision. The one that produces results is bound to succeed. What, then, is the answer? Well, the answer is simple enough, although it will take a man or a body of men of great intellectual integrity, of great force of character, men able to disassociate themselves from the sporting catchwords of the age, to set it forth. And once having done so, to hold fast in the face of opposition from those financially interested in their conception of what is right.

The answer is to say quite plainly to the English: Look here, this thing is not good enough. You have your philosophy of sport, we have ours. We do not see eye to eye with you on the question of athletics. Whether we are right or you are right is absolutely immaterial. The important thing is that these great international contests, far from serving the purposes for which they were instituted, are doing exactly the opposite, Mr. John Galsworthy and the sporting platitudinarians to the contrary notwithstanding. The more we meet upon the common ground of sport the less respect we have for each other. It is distressing, but it is a fact. Let us not blink facts, let us face them. And the facts are that the fundamental purposes of sport about which we all agree are being defeated, not furthered, by international contests. Let us have done with them. Let us shake hands like sportsmen and say good-by.



HOW COME CHRISTMAS

A MODERN MORALITY

BY ROARK BRADFORD

SCENE: Corner in rural negro church by the stove. The stove is old, and the pipe is held approximately erect by guywires, but a cheerful fire is evident through cracks in the stove, and the woodbox is well filled. Six children sit on a bench which has been shifted to face the stove, and the Reverend stands between them and the stove. A hatrack on the wall supports sprigs of holly and one "plug" hat. A window is festooned with holly, long strips of red paper, and strings of popcorn. A small Christmas bell and a tiny American flag are the only "store bought" decorations.

REVEREND—Well, hyar we is, chilluns, and hyar hit is Christmas. Now we all knows we's hyar cause hit's Christmas, don't we? But what I want to know is, who gonter tell me how come hit's Christmas?

WILLIE—Cause old Sandy Claus come around about dis time er de year, clawin' all de good chilluns wid presents.

CHRISTINE—Dat ain't right, is hit, Revund? Hit's Christmas cause de Poor Little Jesus was bawned on Christmas, ain't hit, Revund?

REVEREND—Well, bofe er dem is mighty good answers. Old Sandy Claus do happen around about dis time er de year wid presents, and de Poor Little Jesus sho' was bawned on Christmas Day. Now, de question is, did old Sandy Claus start clawin' chillun wid presents before de Poor Little Jesus got bawned, or did de Little Jesus git bawned before old Sandy Claus started gittin' around?

WILLIE—I bet old Sandy Claus was clawin' chilluns before de Poor Little Jesus started studdin' about gittin' bawned.

CHRISTINE—Naw, suh. De Little

Jesus comed first, didn't he, Revund?

WILLIE—Old Sandy Claus is de oldest. I seed his pitchers and I seed Jesus' pitchers and old Sandy Claus is a heap de oldest. His whiskers mighty nigh tetch de ground.

DELIA—Dat ain't right. Old Methuselah is de oldest, ain't he, Revund? Cause de Bible say

Methuselah was de oldest man of his time. He lived nine hund'ed and sixty-nine. And he died and went to heaven in due time.

REVEREND—Methuselah was powerful old, all right.

WILLIE—He wa'n't no older den old Sandy Claus, I bet. Old Sandy Claus got a heap er whiskers.

CHRISTINE—But de Poor Little Jesus come first. He was hyar before old man Methuselah, wa'n't he, Revund?

REVEREND—He been hyar a powerful long time, all right.

WILLIE—So has old Sandy Claus. He got powerful long whiskers.

DELIA—Moses got a heap er whiskers too.

REVEREND—Yeah, Moses was a mighty old man, too, but de p'int is, how come Christmas git started bein' Christmas?

Now who gonter tell me? Cause hyar hit is Christmas Day, wid ev'ybody happy and rejoicin' about, and hyar is us, settin' by de stove in de wa'm churchhouse, tawkin' about hit. But ain't nobody got no idee how come hit start bein' Christmas?

WILLIE—You can't fool old Sandy Claus about Christmas. He know, don't he, Revund? He jest lay around and watch and see how de chilluns mind dey maw, and den de fust thing you know he got his mind make up about who been good and who been bad, and den he just hauls off and has hisse'f a Christmas.

CHRISTINE—Yeah, but how come he know hit's time to haul off and have hisse'f a Christmas?

WILLIE—Cause any time old Sandy Claus make up his mind to have Christmas, well, who gonter stop him?

CHRISTINE—Den how come he don't never make up his mind ontwell de middle er winter? How come he don't make up his mind on de Fou'th er July? Ev'ybody git good around de Fou'th er July, jest like Christmas, so's dey kin go to de picnic. But Sandy Claus ain't payin' no mind to dat cause hit ain't time for Christmas, is hit, Revund?

WILLIE—Cou'se he don't have Christmas on de Fou'th er July. Cause hit ain't no p'int in Sandy Claus clawin' ev'body when ev'body's goin' to de picnic, anyhow. Sandy Claus b'lieve in scatterin' de good stuff out, don't he, Revund? He say, "Well, hit ain't no p'int in me clawin' fo'ks when dey already havin' a good time goin' to de picnic. Maybe I better wait to de dead er winter when hit's too cold for de picnic." Ain't dat right, Revund?

REVEREND—Sandy Claus do b'lieve in scatterin' de good stuff about de seasons, Willie, and hit sho' ain't no p'int in havin' Christmas on de Fou'th er July. Cause de Fou'th er July is got hit's own p'int. And who gonter

tell me what de p'int er de Fou'th er July is?

CHORTS—

Old Gawge Wash'n'ton whupped de kaing, And de eagle squalled, Let Freedom raing.

REVEREND—Dat's right. And dat was in de summertime, so ev'ybody went out and had a picnic cause dey was so glad dat Gawge Wash'n'ton whupped dat kaing. Now what's de p'int er Christmas?

WILLIE—Old Sandy Claus . . .

CHRISTINE—De Poor Little Jesus . . .

REVEREND—Well, hit seem like old Sandy Claus and de Poor Little Jesus bofe is mixed up in dis thing, f'm de way y'all chilluns looks at hit. And I reckon y'all is just about zackly right too. Cause dat's how hit is. Bofe of 'em is so mixed up in hit to I can't tell which is which, hardly.

DELIA—Was dat before de Fou'th er July?

CHRISTINE—Cou'se hit was. Don't Christmas always come before de Fou'th er July?

WILLIE—Naw, suh. Hit's de Fou'th er July fust, and den hit's Christmas. Ain't dat right, Revund?

REVEREND—I b'lieve Christine got you dat time, Willie. Christmas do come before de Fou'th er July. Cause you see hit was at Christmas when old Gawge Wash'n'ton got mad at de kaing cause de kaing was gonter kill de Poor Little Jesus. And him and de kaing fit f'm Christmas to de Fou'th er July before old Gawge Wash'n'ton finally done dat kaing up.

WILLIE—And Gawge Wash'n'ton whupped dat kaing, didn't he?

REVEREND—He whupped de stuffin' outn him. He whupped him f'm Balmoral to Belial and den back again. He jest done dat kaing up so bad dat he jest natchally put kaingin' outn style, and ev'y since den, hit ain't been no more kaings to 'mount to much.

You see, kaings was bad fo'ks. Dey

was mean. Dey'd druther kill you den leave you alone. You see a kaing wawkin' down de road, and you better light out across de field, cause de kaing would wawk up and chop yo' haid off. And de law couldn't tetch him, cause he was de kaing.

So all de fo'ks got skeered er de kaing, cause dey didn't know how to do nothin' about hit. So ev'ybody went around, tryin' to stay on de good side of him. And all er dat is how come de Poor Little Jesus and old Sandy Claus got mixed up wid gittin' Christmas goin'.

You see, one time hit was a little baby bawnd name' de Poor Little Jesus, but didn't nobody know dat was his name yit. Dey knew he was a powerful smart and powerful purty little baby, but dey didn't know his name was de Poor Little Jesus. So, cause he was so smart and so purty, ev'ybody thought he was gonter grow up and be de kaing. So quick as dat news got spread around, ev'ybody jest about bust to git on de good side er de baby, cause dey figure efn dey start soon enough he'd grow up likin' 'em and not chop dey heads off.

So old Moses went over and give him a hund'ed dollars in gold. And old Methuselah went over and give him a diamond ring. And old Peter give him a fine white silk robe. And ev'ybody was runnin' in wid fine presents so de Poor Little Jesus wouldn't grow up and chop dey heads off.

Ev'ybody but old Sandy Claus. Old Sandy Claus was kind er old and didn't git around much, and he didn't hyar de news dat de Poor Little Jesus was gonter grow up and be de kaing. So him and de old lady was settin' back by de fire one night, toastin' dey shins and tawkin' about dis and dat, when old Miz Sandy Claus up and remark, she say, "Sandy, I hyars Miss Mary got a brand new baby over at her house."

"Is dat a fack?" say Sandy Claus. "Well, well, hit's a mighty cold night to do anything like dat, ain't hit? But on de yuther hand, he'll be a heap er pleasure and fun for her next summer I reckon."

So de tawk went on, and finally old Sandy Claus remark dat hit was powerful lonesome around de house since all er de chilluns grew up and married off.

"Dey all married well," say Miz Sandy Claus, "and so I say, 'Good ruddance.' You ain't never had to git up and cyore dey colic and mend dey clothes, so you gittin' lonesome. Me, I love 'em all, but I'm glad dey's married and doin' well."

So de tawk run on like dat for a while, and den old Sandy Claus got up and got his hat. "I b'lieve," he say, "I'll drap over and see how dat baby's gittin' along. I ain't seed no chillun in so long I'm pyore hongry to lean my eyes up agin a baby."

"You ain't goin' out on a night like dis, is you?" say Miz Sandy Claus.

"Sho', I'm goin' out on a night like dis," say Sandy Claus. "I'm pyore cravin' to see some chilluns."

"But hit's snowin' and goin' on," say Miz Sandy Claus. "You know yo' phthisic been devilin' you, anyhow, and you'll git de chawley mawbuses sloppin' around in dis weather."

"No mind de tawk," say Sandy Claus. "Git me my umbrella and my overshoes. And you better git me a little somethin' to take along for a cradle gift, too, I reckon."

"You know hit ain't nothin' in de house for no cradle gift," say Miz Sandy Claus.

"Git somethin'," say Sandy Claus. "You got to give a new baby somethin', or else you got bad luck. Get me one er dem big red apples outn de kitchen."

"What kind er cradle gift is an apple?" say Miz Sandy Claus. "Don't

you reckon dat baby git all de apples he want?"

"Git me de apple," say Sandy Claus. "Hit ain't much, one way you looks at hit. But f'm de way dat baby gonter look at de apple, hit'll be a heap."

So Sandy Claus got de apple and he lit out.

Well, when he got to Miss Mary's house ev'ybody was standin' around givin' de Poor Little Jesus presents. Fine presents. Made outn gold and silver and diamonds and silk, and all like dat. Dey had de presents stacked around dat baby so high you couldn't hardly see over 'em. So when ev'ybody seed old Sandy Claus come in dey looked to see what he brang. And when dey seed he didn't brang nothin' but a red apple, dey all laughed. "Quick as dat boy grows up and gits to be de kaing," dey told him, "he gonter chop yo' haid off."

"No mind dat," say Sandy Claus. "Y'all jest stand back." And so he went up to de crib and he pushed away a handful er gold and silver and diamonds and stuff, and handed de Poor Little Jesus dat red apple. "Hyar, son," he say, "take dis old apple. See how she shines?"

And de Poor Little Jesus reached up and grabbed dat apple in bofe hands, and laughed jest as brash as you please!

Den Sandy Claus tuck and tickled him under de chin wid his before finger, and say, "Goodly-goodly-goodly." And de Poor Little Jesus laughed some more and he reached up and grabbed a fist full er old Sandy Claus' whiskers, and him and old Sandy Claus went round and round!

So about dat time, up stepped de Lawd. "I swear, old Sandy Claus," say de Lawd. "Betwixt dat apple and dem whiskers, de Poor Little Jesus ain't had so much fun since he been bawn."

So Sandy Claus stepped back and

bowed low and give de Lawd hy-dy, and say, "I didn't know ev'ybody was chiv-areein', or else I'd a stayed at home. I didn't had nothin' much to bring dis time, cause you see how hit's been dis year. De dry weather and de bull weevils got mighty nigh all de cotton, and de old lady been kind er puny—"

"Dat's all right, Sandy," say de Lawd. "Gold and silver have I a heap of. But verily you sho' do know how to handle yo'se'f around de chilluns."

"Well, Lawd," say Sandy Claus, "I don't know much about chilluns. Me and de old lady raised up fou'teen. But she done most er de work. Me, I jest likes 'em and I manages to git along wid 'em."

"You sho' do git along wid 'em good," say de Lawd.

"Hit's easy to do what you likes to do," say Sandy Claus.

"Well," say de Lawd, "hit might be somethin' in dat, too. But de trouble wid my world is, hit ain't enough people which likes to do de right thing. But you likes to do wid chilluns, and dat's what I needs. So stand still and shet yo' eyes whilst I passes a miracle on you."

So Sandy Claus stood still and shet his eyes, and de Lawd r'ared back and passed a miracle on him and say, "Old Sandy Claus, live forever, and make my chilluns happy."

So Sandy Claus opened his eyes and say, "Thank you, kindly, Lawd. But do I got to keep 'em happy all de time? Dat's a purty big job. Hit'd be a heap er fun, but still and at de same time—"

"Yeah, I knows about chilluns too," say de Lawd. "Chilluns got to fret and git in devilment ev'y now and den and git a whuppin' f'm dey maw, or else dey skin won't git loose so's dey kin grow. But you jest keep yo' eyes on 'em and make 'em all happy about once a year. How's dat?"

"Dat's fine," say Sandy Claus.

"Hit'll be a heap er fun, too. What time er de year you speck I better make 'em happy, Lawd?"

"Christmas suit me," say de Lawd, "efn hit's all o.k. wid you."

"Hit's jest about right for me," say old Sandy Claus.

So ev'y since dat day and time old Sandy Claus been clawin' de chilluns on Christmas, and dat's on de same day dat de Poor Little Jesus got bawnded. Cause dat's de way de Lawd

runs things. O' cou'se de Lawd knowed hit wa'n't gonter be long before de Poor Little Jesus growed up and got to be a man. And when he done dat, all de grown fo'ks had him so's dey c'd moan they sins away and lay they burdens down on him, and git happy in they hearts. De Lawd made Jesus for de grown fo'ks. But de Lawd know de chilluns got to have some fun, too, so dat's how come hit's Sandy Claus and Christmas and all.

OTHERWORLD

BY GEOFFREY JOHNSON

THIS is the night of all the nights, this one:
Rome, Babylon, Athens, Ilion
 Shine with resurgent towers as once they shone.

*By the bold magic of the moon they share
 This otherworld of shadowy selfhood, where
 Sulpicia sighs and Cressid combs her hair,*

*Hearing the cocks that will not sleep for hours
 Hurling their shrilling crystal in high showers,
 Like fountains re-arisen to the towers.*

*So wide the honey-colored moon is strown,
 All the lost harvests which the world has known
 Rise in Elysian multitudes; and blown*

*In rapture, bees unperishing soar and change
 To swarms of golden stars that burn and range
 Through cloudy deeps of clematis far and strange. . . .*

*Oh let Sleep's heavy curtains wide be flung,
 And through Arcadian valleys hollow-hung
 Let your dreams wander—there the world is young.*



DETROIT: UTOPIA ON WHEELS

BY ROBERT L. DUFFUS

THERE are no two cities in the United States better illustrative of what might be called by cynics the American disease of growth than Los Angeles and Detroit. There are no two cities that differ more in their fundamental reasons for being, in the character of their populations, and in their characteristic moods. I need not go into details. Every newspaper reader thinks of one thing when he is reminded of Los Angeles and of quite another when his attention is called, as it frequently is, to Detroit. Yet when I revisited Mr. Ford's principality the other day my thoughts kept going back to that fantastic metropolis on the Pacific, and at almost any corner I should hardly have been surprised to come upon a red trolley car labeled San Pedro or Orange Grove, to see Mount Lowe above the ragged skyline, or to be asked by a stranger with a glittering eye if I did not wish to get right with God.

None of these things did happen to me. It is one of the attractions of Detroit that at least one of them is scarcely likely to happen. Detroit, to do it strict justice, is not particularly concerned about getting right with God. It would much rather be right with the banks, assuming that a choice has to be made. But any city which doubles and redoubles its population within the space of a decade or two, and which at all times, so to speak, bids the full value of its cards is bound to have a certain physical and even spir-

itual resemblance to any other city which is doing the same things. The growth principle dominates. Politics, religion, nationality, cultural variations continue to exist but they take second place. In the instance of Detroit and Los Angeles there are two more or less accidental sources of kinship. One is that each has been able to spread itself over an almost limitless area, with few natural obstacles. The other is that the most rapid growth of each city has been coincident with the almost universal adoption of the automobile and the frantic use thereof. Detroit and Los Angeles are cities on wheels. I would go so far as to say of Detroit that even its buildings somehow give the impression of being parked rather than rooted in the ground. One gets a sensation of permanence only from a few ambitious edifices like the Book Tower, the Penobscot building (which would be as tall as the Woolworth building if it had a tower as tall as that of the Woolworth building), the Fisher building, and the gargantuan General Motors office building. The gray old City Hall, with its sculptured figures by Julius Melchers, father of Gari Melchers, also looks pretty stable. But in general one feels that almost anything in Detroit could be cranked up and put in motion at a moment's notice. In finding one's way about one looks not so much for street numbers as for license plates.

Motorized cities, with an unlimited

supply of easily accessible land at their peripheries, go through unbelievable transformations overnight. Detroit's boosters like to say that their city has consistently doubled every ten years since there was anything on the spot to double. The community's growth has not, as a matter of fact, been anywhere near so regular as that. Approximately a million and a quarter has been added to the population of the city since 1900, nearly a million and three quarters to the population of the metropolitan area. For every individual resident in the region in 1900 there are six or seven now. But the city went forward, as all boom towns do, by jerks. It grew by a series of convulsions. For example, it added nearly six hundred thousand during the decade between 1920 and 1930. But the recruits came in largest numbers between 1922 and 1925 and between the beginning of 1927 and the end of 1928. Not many are coming as this is written. Nor does Detroit want them to come until its resident unemployed are back in the plants. Two or three years from now there may be another furious spurt. Perhaps this will come when the slogan of a car for every member of the family, with an airplane or two thrown in, is successfully impressed upon the American consciousness.

A city growing by jerks, too rapidly for planning, presents a curious pattern. Perhaps one should say absence of pattern or jumble of patterns. Old Detroit, hugging the river, had its slums, its business district, its middle-class residential areas, and its preserves for the aristocracy—the latter within easy horse-and-carriage distance of downtown. The automobile necessarily worked havoc with this arrangement. But the automobile with a million and more new inhabitants riding on the running board shattered it completely. It scrambled it. It made

an omelet of it. As soon as workingmen could afford to buy motor cars the autocracy of space vanished. Except at certain points along the waterfront, as at Grosse Pointe, the raw scenery in the metropolitan area is about as good in one spot as it is in another. The difference between the attractive portions of Greater Detroit and the unattractive portions is made by the greater amount of money and the larger degree of taste that have been spent in the first instance. Beginning with the downtown section of Woodward Avenue, which may fairly be classified as Detroit's main stem, one comes at irregular intervals upon the abandoned outposts of a retreating exclusiveness. Some quiet old residential sections were destroyed by retail trade. Others gave way with the advance of successive waves of newcomers—newcomers on wheels, who suddenly discovered that it was no longer necessary to live near their jobs or even near the car lines.

Poles, Negroes, Russian Jews, Italians, Belgians, Hungarians, they came in big and little waves, got a foothold, edged their fastidious betters out. Sometimes they encountered resistance and flowed around it, leaving an island to be conquered at leisure or in some cases to be left intact. The only generalization one can make about the social map of Detroit is that lots grow larger and houses more ostentatious as one goes farther out. Even this is a generalization with numerous exceptions. A great many Poles live in Hamtramck, an independent city entirely surrounded by Detroit. They live in ugly but comfortable-looking houses, on the porches of which they may be seen sitting in warm weather during their leisure hours, playing what is said to be a very tricky variety of contract bridge. But there is nothing but their innate gregariousness to prevent them from moving a few miles

north or west where they could get better dwellings and more open space for the same amount of money. Detroit has literally no tenement houses and only a few blocks which could be correctly described as slums. One is shown houses as good as those of the average small-town professional man or business man. They belong to foremen or skilled mechanics. In good times a man beginning as a sweeper in Mr. Ford's plant may look forward to owning a house costing five or six thousand dollars. If bad times come he may be unable to complete his payments; but that is another story. And this agreeable picture is the result of a happy combination of level or gently rolling land, the gasoline-propelled vehicle, and industries which demand skilled or semi-skilled labor and are able to pay a fair price for it.

Some skeptical reader may point out the fact that automobile ownership per capita in Detroit is not so high as it is in some other cities, and argue from this fact that I have overestimated the role of the motor car in the city's development. But this discrepancy is easily explained. The city has a considerable excess of men over women and, therefore, an unusually large group of unmarried men who are not under the same pressure to buy cars as are their married brethren. The typical Detroit family does, as a matter of course, own a car. Quite low in the economic scale it owns two cars. Let me give an instance of a professional man whose income, I fear, is by no means commensurate with his high degree of usefulness to his community. When he first came to Detroit eleven years ago the city was suffering from the post-war housing shortage. One or two landlords actually set their dogs on him because he ventured to knock at their doors in spite of the "No Vacancies" sign they had tacked up. Finally, by heroic efforts, he secured a

basement apartment. Now he lives seventeen miles out, in a brick house which would not lower the tone of the best sections of Pelham or Montclair. He owns two cars. He drives to and from his office. He cultivates his garden. I think he would need several times his present income to achieve the same degree of comfort in or around New York, Chicago, or Philadelphia.

I am not sure that another one of my Detroit friends is quite typical, but if he is not I suspect it is only because he is ahead of his time. I doubt whether he uses a bus or street car twice a year, and as he says, he "wouldn't be bothered with a train." He thinks nothing of driving four or five hundred miles for a little week-end fishing. If he is in a hurry to get to Chicago or Cleveland he flies. If not, he drives. Cleveland means less than an hour of flying. One hops over for lunch, hops home again after lunch. One drives over in five hours; one drives to Chicago in less than seven hours. Toledo is about fifty miles from Detroit. My friend often leaves his office at five o'clock, motors to Toledo for dinner and a game of bridge, and motors back the same evening.

Considerably lower in the social scale are those workmen in the automobile factories who club together to get an automobile to carry them to and from work. But they, too, are motor-minded. Air-mindedness develops more slowly. But Detroit is likely to be the airplane center of the United States, just as it is the automobile center. The kind of people who once dwelt around Grand Circus Park may be living a hundred miles from their offices before another quarter-century is past. Detroit has bridged the river to Canada; it is preparing to tunnel under it; it is considering a thirty-five-mile elevated highway over the Grand Trunk Railway to Pontiac; it has a municipal airport as well

as that laid out by Mr. Ford, and I think it must have more interurban bus lines than any other city in the country. I do not doubt that Detroit can adapt itself to any possible development in transportation.

II

So far our picture of Detroit is one which, if universally studied and believed, might double the population again in considerably less than ten years. We have here, evidently, a kind of gasoline Utopia, at least in the making. But facts and figures often lie. Let us first see how the city and its people appear to a casual observer. Then let us try to look behind the scenes. "The people of Michigan," I read in a handbook published by the *Detroit News*, "are a joyous folk." These lines at first struck me as incongruous. There is little that is joyous about Mr. Ford's factories or any of the other factories in and around Detroit which have been forced to imitate his methods. One hears of crowds of workingmen coming out at quitting time too drunk with weariness to talk. Detroit, for the reasons I have already suggested, is not a majestic or beautiful city. Certain imposing views there indeed are—the downtown towers as seen from the Ambassador Bridge or from the Canadian side; Belle Isle Park, which may well be, as Detroiters say, the most beautiful island park in America; Palmer Park, with its public golf course; the Art Center, with Cass Gilbert's library looking across broad Woodward Avenue toward Paul Cret's Institute of Arts; and many a quiet, tree-bordered street, with ambitious houses set behind spacious lawns and gardens. But architecturally the city is a jumble. It is a little more of a jumble than most American cities, which is a severe comment indeed. With the exception of the Detroit

River and a portion of the shore line of Lake St. Clair, there are no natural features around which a city might be composed. The boulevards and peripheral roads, symmetrical though they appear on the map, reflect no design in sticks and stones. The city, for the most part, is inordinately comfortable. But not for a single moment does it make one tingle. Pictorially, it is lamentably flat.

Yet, though the city is flat, the inhabitants are not totally devoid of a third dimension. Geographically, they are not remote from that section of the country referred to by some of our more sophisticated critics as the Pie or Bible Belt, yet—if I may be pardoned a convenient portmanteau pun—piety is by no means their dominant characteristic. It was the professionally good, indeed, who did most to put former Mayor Bowles into office; but the Mayor's affiliations with the children of light did not prevent him from being bounced into the street in the recall election of last July and kept out in the subsequent election in September. Mr. Bowles's downfall, to be sure, was not directly due to his piety. He had other and graver weaknesses. But this only goes to show that the best the Klan element in Detroit had to offer was a pretty shop-worn and shoddy article. On the whole, I should say that the city had escaped or outgrown the two-by-four Puritanism of earlier days and that it had avoided that suffocating smugness which is Southern California's great gift to the world. One reason for this immunity may be that it is, or has been, a city of youth and opportunity, and another may be the surplus of energetic unmarried males to which I have referred. Single men in factories are no more likely than single men in barracks to turn into plaster saints.

At any rate, Detroiters are as a rule not too good to have a good time. I

do not write this in a cynical spirit, for some of their diversions are as innocent as can be. Within five minutes' walk of the downtown business district one passes boarding houses and rooming places where in fine weather men and women sit quite idyllically as they wait for the dinner bell to ring, discussing I don't know what uplifting topics. Tom Thumb golf has flourished in Detroit, as elsewhere, but I am sure I saw more men and women who were frankly proletarian playing the game there than in New York. The Detroit proletariat should by rights be gloomily rebellious, for in good times it is under the thumb of more or less benevolent employers who refuse to permit it to organize labor unions, and in bad times it is often let out into the street with little or no warning. But it does not seem depressed. The Communist candidate in the September mayoralty election polled only two or three thousand votes, though if elected he was ready to set up a co-operative commonwealth, take over the factories and let the hated bourgeoisie starve. Downtown taxicab companies advertise "Three minutes to Canada." It does not take much longer than that to go over the Ambassador Bridge, and once one is over one can get liquor legitimately from the thoughtful government of Ontario or illegitimately from almost any number of Canadian blind pigs. Perhaps this easy accessibility of good booze helps to keep the common man cheered up and invigorated. A little while ago he did not even have to go to Canada, for the simple reason that Canada was then exporting large quantities of alcoholic beverages across the Detroit River. This practice has lately been frowned upon by the authorities on the Canadian side, the traffic has slowed down considerably, and the quality of the liquor available in Detroit is said to be as bad as it is in other

cities. But there Canada is—a land of bright, though modified freedom. If life in the United States grows unendurable one can always go over to the British Empire for dinner. There may be many other reasons for the aura of optimism which hangs over Detroit even in a year of dank depression. But whatever the causes, it is certainly true that the people one sees in the streets have a more cheerful and less nervous air than those in New York. Panhandlers are notably scarcer, or were when I was there. Motion picture theaters run all night—a practice which comes from the three-shift system which turns men loose at any hour in the twenty-four. Incidentally, one is told of fathers coming home from work at three o'clock in the morning, with wives and children running down to the front gate to meet them and a hot family meal waiting on the table.

On Saturday afternoon and Sunday during the open seasons of the year, and often on week-day evenings in summer, Detroit throngs to Belle Isle and the other parks. There are no keep-off-the-grass signs. As a friend said to me, "The people of Detroit are still not far from the village stage—they are used to having enough grass." On Belle Isle there are fireplaces. One buys coke from a concessionaire and cooks one's supper *al fresco*. During the long week-ends thousands pile into their cars and head for the northern lakes. There are all varieties of cars in the procession. Ingenious youngsters buy venerable relics for a few dollars and somehow contrive to make them go. Millionaires trundle around in Rolls Royces or in Fords as the mood takes them. One may see a dented Ford standing in front of a fifty-thousand-dollar house. Nobody wonders at that. Nobody worries.

In short, in this city of motor cars there is a genial carelessness toward

them. One is reminded a little of those bright early days in the Far West when entire populations were bowlegged with riding and nobody cared what happened to the animal so long as the saddle was safe. And this leads me to another aspect of Detroit. I do not know whether to describe it as symptomatic of democracy or of an autocracy so firmly seated that it does not have to bother about appearances. I was warned that the instance I am about to give was not typical. Yet it was related with so much relish that I believe it expresses something of the spirit of Detroit. A certain gentleman of large affairs maintains a chauffeur. It is his pleasant custom, however, on issuing forth of a fine morning, to hand the chauffeur a cigar, install him comfortably in the limousine, and thus drive him downtown in style. Once this man returned late at night with an ardent thirst. Disliking to drink alone, he knocked at his neighbor's door. The neighbor was out but the butler was in. He captured the butler and summoned his own chauffeur, and the three passed the time until dawn drinking and playing poker. It is true, of course, that the conservative spirit hangs on in certain quarters. One wealthy Detroitier of the pre-gasoline vintage still comes to his office every working day in the year. He himself is past ninety and he has two sons in the neighborhood of seventy, who are still, as he looks upon the situation, boys serving their apprenticeship. He does not allow them to open the more important letters.

III

The social life of Detroit is either very complicated or very simple, I am not quite sure which. It contains (1) descendants of the early settlers, most of whom profited by arriving first in a city which has always been a rapid

grower; (2) families who made their fortunes in land, chemicals, stoves, or seeds before the heyday of the automobile; (3) individuals who made their fortunes in the motor car industry or its subsidiaries; (4) the sons and daughters of those belonging to the previous category. Some of the newer fortunes are, of course, extraordinary. Consider the Fisher boys, that little band of devoted brothers who, instead of letting themselves be gobbled up by General Motors, in a manner of speaking, did the gobbling themselves. The Fishers, some say, could buy out the Rockefellers and still have a few pennies left. One might expect to see some distinction made in Detroit society between those who made their own pile and those who were farsighted enough to assign the job to their ancestors. And old families do count in Detroit. Any Detroitier would rather come from an old family and be enormously rich than merely be enormously rich. On the other hand any Detroitier would rather have money than family.

One reason for this attitude is, I think, that the new money has been made in a spectacular way by spectacular people. The process required imagination rather than grubbing. Mr. Ford, for example, would be too vast a phenomenon to snub, even though he put himself in a position in which snubbing were possible. As a matter of fact he does not yearn for what is commonly called society. He would rather yell into Mr. Edison's ear trumpet than play bridge with a duchess. When the new Art Museum was opened, a year or so ago, some seven thousand Detroiters jammed themselves into the galleries on the inaugural evening. The elder Mr. and Mrs. Ford were to be seen wandering about in the crowd, rubbing elbows modestly with great and small, like any private and unofficial citizens. Their son Edsel was more conspicuous.

He was then a member of the Arts Commission and is now its president.

The truth is that in Detroit practically anyone can have as much society as he can pay for provided he does not make himself positively offensive to those with whom he comes in contact. Wealthy Detroiters do themselves very well indeed in what has been called the wealthiest yacht club in the world. Buy a big enough yacht and keep the paint clean and the brasses shiny, and you will have no trouble in getting in. Why should you? a Detroiters would be likely to ask. A dollar is a dollar and a yacht is a yacht. Perhaps a newcomer wouldn't be able to get into the Detroit Club—"the one with the cobwebs on it," as someone described it to me—on first asking. Family helps there—one has to be able to trace one's ancestry back for two or three decades. As to the Detroit Athletic Club, no one who wants to be in the social swim can afford to stay out of it, but almost anybody who can pay the rather stiff initiation fee and dues and doesn't spill gravy on his vest can get in. There are almost innumerable country clubs—so many, indeed, that they threaten to hem the city in. One golf club is assessed at the rate of five thousand dollars an acre, and its dues are on a scale which tends to keep out the rabble.

But perhaps the playboy spirit among Detroit's men of affairs displays itself most appealingly in the Players' Club. This is not, like the club of the same name in New York, a place where authors, editors, publishers, lawyers, business men, and sometimes actors go in an effort to forget for a time the horrors and triumphs of the modern drama. It is quite the opposite. The Players' Club is a grown-up version of the circuses we used to hold in the barn when we were boys. The club-

house is built around one of the best-equipped little theaters (though members insist it is not a Little Theater) in America. Here shows are put on once a month. The audience sits in comfortable chairs, with room enough between each row to permit the insertion of a table. Quaffing their sarsaparilla, or whatever it is that they prefer and that is available, the members watch what are said to be thoroughly adequate performances. The stage is modern in all respects, the settings, costumes, and scene shifting done by professionals. Only the acting is amateur. Each year a committee selects plays and players. A member may be in California or Florida, or even in Europe. If he is cast for a part he drops everything and comes home. Such is the Players' unbending regulation—such, too, for all I know, is the Detroit spirit. Except perhaps once a year, women are not permitted within the club doors. Feminine parts are played by men, after the Shakespearean model. But the plays are taken seriously, and many a distinguished citizen known to the world as a man of awe-inspiring power and substance here unbends. I cannot imagine this happening in Pittsburgh. A ruling-class Pittsburgher who unbent would break. It might happen in Los Angeles, but I think the play would have to be "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Way Down East," or "Ten Nights in a Bar-room." One need not be a millionaire to get into the Players' Club. In some cases one merely has to be clever. The club seems to be saying to itself, as all Detroit does from time to time, like an incantation, "After all, money isn't everything."

And here we have stumbled upon something, I am inclined to believe, which points toward a diagnosis of Detroit society. The city came into its glory just as America was becoming self-conscious. A generation ago it would,

under the same circumstances, have been joyously and innocently vulgar, with solid gold spittoons, velvet hangings, and the biggest diamonds its shirtfronts could support. If it is vulgar now it is with that more subtle kind of vulgarity which consists in a fear of being vulgar. Its rich people try earnestly to do the things that other rich people who have had their money longer are doing. When they need expert advice in this field they hire it. And this irons out the superficial crudities in which the satirist delights. It is hard not to be ostentatious when for many years you wanted to be and couldn't. But on the whole Detroit society manages it. When it does make a splurge, as it really can't help doing occasionally, I imagine it looks at itself in the glass afterwards and grins a little sheepishly. And next day it is back at the office bright and early, for Detroit has not yet given birth to a leisure class.

IV

But if you want to be sure not to be vulgar the best thing you can do is to go in for Culture. Detroit is doing this. It began to do it in the old horse-and-buggy days. The Detroit Museum of Art, or as it is now called Institute of Arts, goes back to 1885. Since 1919 it has been the property of the people of Detroit, able and anxious to accept gifts from wealthy citizens or those not so wealthy, but legally dependent upon the public funds. It is almost the only municipal museum in the country. The Arts Commission which presides over it includes the richest and most public-spirited of Detroit's citizens. One may suspect that they were thus honored in order that they might realize and relieve the institution's needs. But most of them have given time and effort as well as money. This was true of Ralph

Booth, who headed the commission before he got to be an ambassador. It is true of Edsel Ford, Albert Kahn, Charles T. Fisher (one of the famous Fisher brothers), and Julius Haass.

There is no doubt that well-to-do Detroiters, guided in most instances by the tactful and well-informed art director, Dr. W. R. Valentiner, are doing their best to take art seriously. Two or three years ago it was said that within the space of two years five million dollars' worth of paintings had been sold to the private collectors of Detroit. No doubt this brilliant showing was exceptional, even for Detroit. No doubt most of the pictures bought were unimpeachably classic, putting no dollars in the pockets of any artist now alive and kicking. Still a beginning was made. Last winter the Institute put on a Rembrandt show, with eighty paintings on exhibition—perhaps the best of its kind ever seen in America. Over a period of twenty-eight days more than ninety thousand people saw it, a better attendance record than was made during a similar show at the Berlin Museum. As many as one hundred and eighty thousand people have looked in on a single exhibition. Obviously this carries us far beyond the private-collector class, even if we assume that some Detroiters went to the Institute more than once. Gabrilowitsch is the director of Detroit's excellent symphony orchestra, which sometimes gives outdoor concerts under the shell on Belle Isle. The city has a youthful but not unpromising civic opera. One of the best of American librarians, Adam Strohm, presides in Cass Gilbert's attractive edifice directly opposite the Art Museum. The average Detroiter borrows about three books a year from the library (in which respect he is about one book ahead of the average American), and the city spends on the library system not much less than a dollar per capita,

which is considerably above the American average. The schools are well managed, at least as far as their physical equipment is concerned—which is more than can be said for New York City. On the whole I think we may say that Detroit is above the average of American cities in the extent to which it exposes its citizens to civilizing influences and the degree to which they respond to them.

There is more that might be said about Detroit, much of which would be flattering. It has an admirable playground system. It has a Community Chest which last year lured \$3,750,000 out of the public's pockets. It has a gay and wholehearted interest in baseball, prize fighting, hockey, and most other sports on which bets can be laid. It is not conspicuously misgoverned, and when it conceives itself to be so it arises, in a rather unexcited fashion, and boots the offending job-holders into the street. Its police are far more gentle and considerate of the general public than is common in American cities, and they have a modern system of radio-equipped police cars which brings at least two officers to the scene of any alarm in an average time of fifty-one seconds after the alarm is given. It is a city which plans ahead to a certain extent, cutting boulevards ruthlessly through the heart of town to run far out into the country, buying up land ahead of population for future schoolhouses and police stations, turning down subway bonds but still toying with the idea. Its wealthy men—Senator Couzens, though not now residing within the city limits, is a conspicuous example—do not disdain to dabble in politics. Its only political boss, so I was informed, is a multi-millionaire whose yacht may be seen lying in great splendor in the basin of the Yacht Club. Believing that I was at last on the trail of something scandalous, I inquired if his slate al-

ways went through. My informant smiled indulgently. "Oh, no," he replied, "it hardly ever does. But he's the only boss we have." I suspect that entrenched capital can do a great deal in Detroit, even in politics, when it really wants to. But if entrenched capital took sides at all in the last municipal election, in which several candidates participated, it was not in support of Mayor Murphy, who was actually elected.

V

Here, then, is a city good-humored, pleasure-loving, law-abiding within reasonable limits—its homicide rate last year was only 5.5 points above the American average for large cities of 9.9 per hundred thousand—tolerant, and eminently comfortable. Its visible defects are largely due to the fact that it has outgrown its old suit of clothes and has not had time to make itself a new one. After a prolonged growing spell it is beginning to settle down. Observe, for example, that whereas in 1920 there was one child between the ages of five and nineteen to each 4.26 inhabitants, there is now one to every 3.68 inhabitants. If I say that this is a most unusual development in a one-industry town, the Detroit Board of Commerce will reply that Detroit is not a one-industry town—that it produces not only automobiles but heating equipment, drugs, adding machines, chemicals, steel and other metals, building materials, and machine tools. But Mr. Ford alone employs more than twice as many men as all these latter industries put together. When Mr. Ford moved his main plant from Highland Park to the River Rouge the assessment rolls of Highland Park dropped eighty million dollars in a few months. So I think we may safely say that although Detroit would be on the map if the automobile had not been invented it would

not be the considerable city that it is. One would then go there to rest and recuperate, which is not quite why one goes there now. No, Detroit must stand or fall—or perhaps I should say run or stall—as a 1930 Utopia on wheels. It is the result of three decades of intense progress in the most modern of the great industries. It is what the biggest of big businesses consciously or unconsciously assumes a city ought to be.

By that standard we can measure not only Detroit but also Twentieth Century industry, just as we have to measure Pittsburgh by the standards of the Nineteenth Century. Specifically, we might compare Detroit with one of Mr. Ford's factories. So measured it is still painfully incomplete. The city is at least a generation behind the Ford assembly line. But I find that my own fear for Detroit is not that it will

not catch up but that it will. I seem to foresee an eventual sorting out and grading of the inhabitants, so that each will be nearest to the machine he serves and each will have as neighbor on either side a man who earns precisely as much as he. I seem to see all those haphazard squares and rectangles arranged in a neat pattern, and human nature arranged in a pattern, too. I seem to see all that I complain of in Detroit scientifically eliminated. I see elevated to whatever Acropolis Detroit may erect the twin gods of Utility and Comfort. I see arising the beauty of perfect order, the Utopia of the machine. And I see the people of this future Detroit going rather wistfully to look at a reproduction of an early twentieth century slum which some future Mr. Ford will set up beside the famous Henry's Greenfield Village.





THE THREE R'S ON A MOUNTAIN TOP

SCHOOL-TEACHING AT A BOLIVIAN MINING CAMP

BY ALICIA O'REARDON OVERBECK

ONCE, at a lecture, I heard Bertrand Russell say that he would like the opportunity of educating a child on a very high and isolated mountain, far from the influence of man. The idea of removing any child from the influence of man is, of course, impossible on the face of it. Every habit he formed, every book he looked at, every thought you yourself expounded to him would have been fanned into life by the breath of men long dead. But I could satisfy Mr. Russell's craving for a mountain. I could conduct him to a splendid one—high and lonely—and I could tell him, too, that bringing up the young on said pinnacle, while it had certain advantages, was not altogether the merry lark he appeared to believe. I say this in no light spirit, nor with the thought of quibbling with Mr. Russell, for whose scholarship I have the deepest respect. I merely beg gently to set him right from the depth of my knowledge.

My two children arrived at what is technically known as the age of reason when they, their geological parent, and I were living in a small and obscure base camp called Sallutita, high up in the Bolivian Andes. Sallutita is dead now—Sallutita with its rows of shabby tents, its *calamina* staff house known to the boys as the "Astoria," its sickly eucalyptus trees, its gay, flaunting gardens of pansies and poppies and

white clover pinks, its scolding, devouring river—dead along with the mine that gave it life; and llamas and burros and sheep graze stupidly all day long in the walled inclosure; doors and windows sag in the rotting, empty tents; battered cans and broken bottles and discarded clothes litter the paths, and silence—palpable, thick, suffocating—lies over the deserted camp.

But in its youth Sallutita flamed with life. The mine was booming, the price of tin was high, everyone on the property, from the most lately arrived engineer to the *gerente*, was young. To us nothing seemed hard or dull or drab. The long muleback rides over unspeakable trails, the biting cold, the breath-taking altitude, the utter isolation were merely adventures, wonderful as fairy tales. The mine camp proper was close to sixteen thousand feet above sea level—a place of granite rocks and driving snows and thin, unsatisfying air. We women, therefore, along with the children and the office staff, made our home in Sallutita, which was but a little more than twelve thousand feet high; and our men came down to us, either by mule or by aerial tramway, only over the week-ends. But the glowing joy of those Sallutita week-ends! Greetings rang up and down the gravel path that we gaily called "Main Street"; people visited from tent to tent; laughter and music and the sound of dancing feet echoed

and re-echoed among the hills. Parties were the very breath of our nostrils, and we seized avidly on every possible excuse for a celebration—a *despedida* to speed a parting friend, a *bienvenida* to welcome one returning, a general burst of glory to show what Sallutita aroused could do when an occasional distinguished guest from the outer world dared the hardships of the long trip from the railroad to inspect our mine (the world's highest mine in operation), to gaze on our glacier (surely one of the world's most spectacular), to ride tremblingly on our aerial tramway (one of the world's longest and most perilous). We welcomed these rare invasions tumultuously and hastened to stand the champagne bottles on their heads in buckets of ice, to open with a magnificent gesture the choicest and most expensive canned goods, to pool our properties that our dinner tables, with their deceitful air of sophistication, might completely bowl over the visitors. Who would have guessed on observing the smooth elegance of one of our formal dinners that the exquisite embroidered linen was Cara's, the shining silver Beatty's, the green candlesticks and centerpiece mine, the china Min's?

Yes, for us grownups those days in Sallutita were vivid and gay and happy.

II

For children who had arrived at school age, however, it was not so much. Up at the mill village, a mile or so above us, was a school for the Indian children, founded and supported by the Company and presided over by one Bachegaloupe, lightly known as Bachie. But for the Gringo children, who in our halcyon days never numbered more than seven, and were often but two, there was nothing. I myself had been an itinerant scholar—to save my life, I can't remember spending an entire year

in any one school—and I hated to think of my children suffering the agonies of soul I had endured when, with scarlet cheeks and hunted eyes, I was annually inducted into a class already made up and going under full steam. Even now, through the years, I can smell the dry, stale smell of those many school-rooms—sour slates, blackboard dust, woolen clothes, warm young bodies. I can hear the little flutter that always ran round the room on my appearance, I can see the small girls look meaningfully at their chosen comrades, I can feel the boring of the boys' eyes. No, I thought shudderingly, my children must be educated evenly and without terror; and I made up my mind to do it if I burst a trace in the effort.

I talked the matter over with the other mothers in camp. The prevailing idea seemed to be that it was rather a waste of time to bother, as all the children must eventually be sent home to school and, when the time came, would doubtless, through some special dispensation of God, spring automatically into the classes suitable to their ages.

"But don't you realize," I wailed desperately, "that our children don't know a darn thing? Can't you see that they are missing all the little things that children at home get almost subconsciously? I bet not one of them could tell you anything about George Washington, or who discovered America, or what the capital of the United States is."

"Well, I can't see that any of those things are very important." As she talked Min, who had no children, knitted with swift, unerring fingers. "Stop worrying, Alicia, and leave the bairns alone. You have plenty to do with your housekeeping and your entertaining, and they'll learn all those things when they go home to school."

"Yes, and have their poor young hearts broken when the other kids find

out they can hardly speak their own language straight and never even heard of the 'Star Spangled Banner.' Children, I tell you, are little savages, and if they find anyone who is mentally or physically their inferior they'll hurt just for the fun of hurting. Those children of ours ought to be learning something, girls."

"Now, Alicia, for heaven's sake stop bothering. You've always got something on your mind. I shall be taking mine home in a couple of years, and they can learn then. Sit down and have a cigarette. It'll be time for a cocktail in half an hour." Cara leaned back contentedly in her morris chair and folded those lovely hands of hers, hands that always kept smooth and white despite altitude dryness and harsh mountain water.

Well, that was that. I gathered that there was nothing for it but to pursue learning alone and unaided. So on a pleasant morning I gathered together my two offspring, and announced to them that the time had come to put away childish things and seriously consider education.

"You mean lessons, I suppose." My Bob pushed back the five-gallon hat he always donned at rising, and scratched his head in thought. "I don't see how we could make it, Muddy. You see, in the mornings Fidel brings the mules for our rides, and in the afternoons Caesar and I have to make that dam up on the hill. No, I don't think we'd better have lessons."

Earnestly I expounded the value of learning and in sprightly phrase endeavored to captivate the youthful fancy of my listeners. My progeny were but palely interested. Finally Bob made a move to meet me half way.

"I'll tell you what we'll do. Polly doesn't need to know anything, because she'll only grow up and be a mother anyway; so you needn't bother about her. But I suppose I'll have to

learn on account of being a man. You just let me go up to Bachie's school. I can ride up on Pastora every morning when Raoul and Juana's Luis and Segundo's children go, and I'll learn heaps of things. I think that would be better than your teaching me."

"But, Bob," I expostulated, "Raoul and Luis and Hyacinth and Gregoria are native children, and their parents are *mozos* and *lavenderas* and *arrieros*. You can't go with them."

"Why can't I?" Bob frowned at me from under his hat brim. "Ain't I a Gringo? Don't they all know I'm a Gringo? A Gringo can do anything. And Bachie'd let me sit up on the platform with him so's I wouldn't get lousy. He said he would."

Although I could appreciate the advantage of escaping the omnipresent louse, still the proposition didn't appeal to me.

"No," I said firmly, "you and Polly are going to have lessons every day from now on. We'll start next Monday morning. I have to find some books and things, and then we'll settle down so that when I take you home you won't be ignorant little savages."

During the next few days I industriously skirmished for materials. The wife of the *gerente* produced a somewhat mangled but fairly complete first-year outfit of a very excellent home instruction course, the electrician made me a blackboard, the carpenter contributed chalk, the office staff made noble donations of ruled paper, rubbers, and pencils. I conned the book of instructions that came with the course; I arranged what was already living room and dining room to serve further as schoolroom, and I pondered in my few leisure moments how best to grapple with the new and momentous job. My ideas on pedagogy were what might best be described as virginal. I had never taught, and I knew nothing of psychology, nor of the dangers of re-

pression, nor of the many ghastly things that might happen were a child larruped. In fact, I shamelessly provided myself with a handy strap for use in emergency, and quite as shamelessly used it when the emergency arose. I had a single purpose—that my children should be prepared to enter school without handicaps—and I advanced on my goal with fire in my eye.

I shall always remember that first school day. It was raining in long slanting streamers, and the wind was tearing the cloud masses into shreds and flinging the shreds here and there like giant footballs. Indoors the electric stove hummed cheerily, the lights shone yellow in the murk, and our improvised schoolroom seemed cozy and pleasant. There was a knock at the door. I opened it, holding it against the wind. On the gravel path huddled four small figures and a dog. The rain glistened on their rubber slickers and sou'westers and hung in shining drops on their rosy faces. The largest child stepped into the room and surveyed it with satisfaction.

"We've come to school," he said.

"But . . ." I stammered.

"Yes, we've come to school. Bob and Polly told us about it, and how they weren't going to be ignorant little savages, so we thought we wouldn't either. We probably won't learn much—our father said we wouldn't—and we won't stay if we don't like it; but I think we'll like it all right. Will you tell Cæsar to take off our things?"

I gave Babycita, the youngest of the brood, a hand over the doorsill, and attempted to shut the door. A shudder of horror ran through the six assembled children.

"Why, Bogie, you're shutting Gypsy out. You can't keep Gypsy out in the rain." Sweet, round-faced little Cara spoke to me as woman to woman. "You know, Gypsy is going to have pups, and soon too, and it wouldn't be

healthy for her to stay out in the rain. She must sit by the stove and keep nice and warm."

So I opened wide the door, and Gypsy—unshapely, disheveled, dripping wet—waddled in and sank comfortably down by the stove. She looked at me with her warm, understanding, Airedale eyes and gave a gentle, deprecatory woof.

"That's right, Gyps." I stooped and patted her wet head and eased her off the stove a little. Gypsy was so nearly human that at times the inexpressible wisdom of her eyes almost hurt. "That's right, Gyps, old girl, I reckon we mothers'll have to carry on and run this school—no?"

And we mothers—Gypsy and I—proceeded forthwith to open our Academy of Learning.

III

I am not sure that I was ever in a position to refute the parent who said his children could probably not learn much, but I do know that the children themselves liked our school; and never once during the three years that I taught was I at a loss for willing and enthusiastic pupils. Indeed, many a morning after a party I have dug my head into my pillow and prayed for some miracle that would keep my young friends home; but always on the stroke of nine would come the patter of feet, the welcoming woofs of Gypsy, and the babble of shrill voices.

"We're here, Bogie. Hurry up, it's time to start school."

Starting school gradually evolved into a ritual. On that first rainy morning we discussed the matter in open forum and decided that voice music would make a cheerful getaway. So from my pile of frowzy school books I selected *A Book of Songs for Unison and Part Singing* and, turning to page 307, proceeded to instruct my class in the

"Star Spangled Banner." It was tough sledding. Babycita, aged four, spoke practically no English, having been brought up almost wholly by a devoted Bolivian nurse. Bob was apparently tone deaf, withal stirred by an earnest desire to please. Polly had the makings of a fine *basso profundo*, and always sang at least an octave and a quarter lower than the others. Red-headed Billito rose and fell with mathematical precision but with small regard to melody. Little Cara had a sweet, piping voice, but was completely drowned by her comrades' hearty but misdirected efforts; and Dicky was entirely too shy even to peep. We had no piano, nor even one of those instruments—I think they were called tuning forks—that were used by singing teachers in the days of my youth. We simply trusted to nature, and the finished result was enough to make poor, dear Francis Scott Key wish that the British had taken that flag before he had had a chance to write his ditty. But the children adored it, and when we advanced to saluting the flag their cup was full to overflowing. Little Cara suggested that prayer would lend tone to the occasion. Before we could discuss the matter or I could offer suggestions my six flopped down on their knees, blessed themselves, "*Nombre de Padre, Hijo, Espíritu Sanctus, Amen*"—with a smacking kiss on each small thumb—and with closed eyes and clasped hands burst into a long and rhythmic prayer that had been taught them by their native nurses. Considering that we were preparing ourselves for simple American schools, I felt that perhaps the homely and comforting Lord's Prayer might better suit our purposes, and I suggested as much to my friends. They were quite willing to accede to any reasonable request, although they evidently considered me rather finicky in my tastes—all but Babycita. She folded her small hands

firmly, and advised me—via Billito—that she had not the least thought of changing her prayers. She had learned them from her Aurora, and her Aurora would be *muy, muy enojado* if she prayed any others. So she continued to pray loudly in Spanish until, with the amazing facility of childhood, she suddenly spoke English as well as any of the others, and became a good conformist.

The high-water mark of elegance in our ceremony was not reached, however, until several weeks later, when one of the boys introduced Scout hats into our midst. Our benefactor had been to La Paz on a holiday, and I rather suspect in the rosy afterglow of a celebration, blew all the children—boys and girls alike—to Scout hats. Then Billito, who will no doubt grow up to be a great administrator, crystallized our ritual into sharp and definite form. On the dot of nine each morning the six would line up on the path outside my tent, Scout hats—some a trifle too large, several visibly too small—cocked nattily on their heads, and march around camp to the steady "Right-left, right-left" of Billito, who as organizer naturally led. Up the back path they'd swing, through the kitchen, and into our schoolroom. Before a small and very wilted paper flag—the only one we could find in camp—they would halt, click heels, raise right hands to hat brims, and boom out as one man, "I pledge allegiance to my Flag . . ." Then right about face, and all together and each in his own particular key, they would dash off the "Star Spangled Banner." Later we included "America," which was apparently better suited to our voices. Hats were doffed only in prayer, and then under protest; and it took all sorts of arguments before I finally convinced my scholars that the treasured things simply had to be laid aside during the sterner and less spectacular part of our school day.

This school day would, I feel sure, have made any orderly and well-regulated educator despair. There was so much to learn and so many things to unlearn. Babycita simply had to get a strangle-hold on her own language; Polly had to learn that the equivalents of "*Por Dios*" or "*Jesus Maria*" or just plain "*Jesus*" were not conversational English; the whole class had to be convinced that American children picked up their own pencils, put on their own overshoes, and washed their own hands, instead of calling on Cæsar, the houseboy, to perform these offices. It seemed we should never be in a position to tackle the three notorious R's, but after a few weeks of struggle we finally settled down to learning as is. I had a little book that dealt with the doings of Will and May, two very respectable children who had a sickening assortment of dolls and balls and tops and toys and jump ropes and guns—any old thing so long as it was in one syllable. I slaved over Will and May. Never during the three years that I taught was I without at least one child who was struggling with Will and his gun or May and her doll; and I longed passionately for the time when I could pitch the wretched, soiled old book away and never look at it again. Yet, such is the inscrutable manner of life that, after I had sent my own children back to America and was clearing out my bookcase, I came across Will and May—May with a goatee inked on her honest, pleasant face, Will with curled moustachios—and I wept bitter, scalding tears on the tattered pages, and I made a neat calico cover for the broken back, and I put the book away with my treasures, along with a woolly lamb and a baby's shoe.

Arithmetic I treated free hand, so to speak. We added and subtracted and multiplied and divided on our home-made blackboard, and we learned our tables fore and aft, a method which I

believe is not in high favor at the present moment. But I had learned my tables and had found them useful; so I could see no reason why my pupils should not tread the path made homely by their forebears. An old lady who had been educated in the public schools of San Francisco during the Gray Dawn period once told me that she had learned her multiplication tables very successfully and very permanently to the tune of "*Yankee Doodle*"; so, having an open mind and an abiding faith in music, I tried the experiment, and found that it worked like a charm. Daily we would carol forth, "*2 times 2 is 4, 2 times 3 is 6, 2 times 4 is 8*" until the welkin rang, and every *mozo* and *sereno* and carpenter and *arriero* on the property was whistling "*Yankee Doodle*." And those kids knew their stuff. Only the other day my son advised me with elegant condescension that "I had really done rather well with the fundamentals," and with eyes shut tight and ears strained hard, it seemed to me I caught faintly, as through thick glass, the hammer of rain on a tin roof, the wrench of an angry wind, the churlish grumble of a swift moving river, the ring of glad young voices shouting "*Yankee Doodle*."

History, composition, literature, and geography we lumped. My sole aim was to have my pupils know sufficient of the ordinary things of civilized life that they might not be eternally damned when brought before the high court of other children. As I had bewailed to my fellow-mothers, at the outset not one of my seekers for wisdom (and they ranged in age from nine down to four) knew who was president of the United States or that the United States had a president, knew the difference between a state and a city, knew the whys and wherefores of Fourth of July or Thanksgiving, knew about George Washington or his cherry tree, knew who discovered America.

"Who," I asked one morning, "who discovered America?"

"*Sud o norte?*" inquired Billito—a meticulous child.

I was rather nonplused, for I had never considered the matter so technically. I waved my hand nonchalantly and answered:

"Oh, just America."

There was a heavy pause, and even Babycita seemed to be giving the matter deep thought. Then Polly, who has a social conscience and realizes that conversation should never be allowed to hangfire, ventured somewhat dubiously:

"Santa Claus."

In an instant the room was a whirl of flying words—Spanish and English.

"There is no Santa Claus, so he couldn't have discovered America."

"*Mentiroso! Hay Santa Claus. Dice me, Aurora, hay Santa Claus.*" Babycita quavered on the thin edge of tears.

"George Washington discovered America. Don't they call him the father of his country?"

"Maybe it was just God who discovered it." In moments of doubt little Cara always found it restful to throw the onus on the Deity.

So each point was met and doubted and threshed out, points that children at home would have flatly accepted because Teacher said they were so, or because—well, because everyone knew that.

Poetry the children adored, and learning the weekly poem was never a burden, although hunting up selections sufficiently innocuous for the youthful mind was a task that engaged, and I think rather intrigued, everyone in camp. But geography was the subject in which we really shone. Travel was part of our job, and someone was always going somewhere—back to the States at the end of a contract, home to England for a vacation, down to Chile, into the Argentine, up to Peru. So to

these children of the wilderness geography was not a mere clutter of names, but something real and vital and stirring. Being somewhat short on text books, we collected maps from the office and borrowed steamship leaflets and railroad time-tables alike from our comrades and our occasional visitors; and our lessons were a series of cheerful junketings over the wide free face of the earth. It was pleasant on some dull day, when the mountains seemed to draw in so close about us, and home seemed so far away, to dig out folders and time-tables, to run down to Antofagasta on Tuesday's train (there were but two a week), to catch, say, the *Orita* on Friday (all boats leave Antofagasta on Fridays), to dock in Liverpool a month later, to dash up to London on the Great Western, to fly from Croydon to Paris. It was pleasant and it was real, and I think it stuck. At any rate, I know that my own children never have considered geography a task.

IV

During those exciting, adventurous school days I learned many things about my little savages, and discovered what their environment had given them, as well as of what it had deprived them. One thing I found they had entirely escaped, and that thing was standardization. We had no radios—reception in the altitude, fortunately, is absolutely hopeless—so we didn't all know the same things at the same time. We had only an occasional movie, brought in by some wandering showman, and that so old and torn and dim as to be hardly recognizable. Only when a "Charlie Chapleén," prime favorite in the most remote corners of South America, came along did the young Gringos deign to grace the performance. We had not the funny-strip habit, and so our sense of humor was not bounded by the narrow con-

finer of slapstick. We had few hard and fast social conventions to which we must conform. The children, therefore, developed along pretty individual lines, unhampered by the usual equipment of facts that the children of civilization seem to acquire almost at birth. And, if they were a little shy on hard facts, they certainly were not lacking in imagination, nor in a fine feeling for what was sporting, nor in a nice attitude towards things purely natural. I have stood with them in the doorway of my tent and watched the swaying flocks of sheep and goats scramble down from their mountain pasturage, the sky luminous turquoise, the dropping sun spilling wine-red stains alike on the woolly backs of the animals and on the circling snowcaps and throwing long purple shadows down the valley; I have tramped with them over the hills, the thin intoxicating air stinging our faces and quickening our breath, and have hunted for the tiny scarlet blooms that hide in the dry brown moss at incredible heights; I have danced with them by the blazing fires of Mid-summer Eve and watched the natives sportively dash flour and water over one another—the flour the pagan hope of fertilization, the water the Christian hope of purification. And I have listened to their unrestrained, unbiased thoughts on life and beauty and religion. These children, I truly believe, thought more clearly and more individually, were more appreciative than the average children of civilization, who view the world through the glass windows of an automobile, who listen in to the radio even while they are dressing in the morning, who pore over the funny strip twice a day, who are steeped in the stupid banalities of the movies.

And they were good sports, too. From the boys with whom they associated from babyhood they learned that their mere youth did not make of

them desirable friends or even playthings, and that if they wanted a reasonable amount of consideration they must not whine nor cheat nor tattle. The highest praise I could give one of my children was, "You're a good sport"; the quickest fillip to a lagging spirit, "Be a good sport, feller."

At the time of which I write football was a game high in favor among the native employees, and each camp—the base, the mill, the sorting plant, and the mine—had a team which struggled violently during the year for place in the grand final game on the *Seis de Agosto* (Bolivia's day of liberation), when a gold medal was presented by the Company to the winners. Just below our camp was one of the few even fairly level stretches of ground, and here the native boys, with much blasting loose of mighty rocks, hauling of earth, and rooting out of scrubby bushes, had painfully constructed a football field—*La Cancha Bolivar-Washington*. The children never missed a game. Seated on the most advantageous pile of rocks, they cheered their favorites, and politely, if a little coldly, encouraged the visiting team; and when their hero Fidel, attired in a lurid and truly Latin version of a football costume, made a good play, their enthusiasm reached boiling point. No Army-Navy game, no Thanksgiving struggle in the East or New Year's Day battle in the West ever caused such heated arguments or produced such thrills of clear delight. "Our team" was considered worthy to face the world.

To be sure, at times their sporting proclivities led the young folk into fields not recognized in polite social life at home.

"This," announced Polly, proudly exhibiting her gory pinafore, "is the blood that shot out of the eye of the cock that was beaten by the cock of Fidel."

"Where have you children been?" I looked from one beaming face to another, but there was no shame there nor any squeamish doubts.

"We've been to the *best* cock fight. Fidel took us, and it was on the football *cancha*, and the cock of Fidel fought the cock of Maximo, and the cock of Fidel picked one eye right out of the face of the cock of Maximo, and the blood jumped all over Polly, because she was on the front row helping Fidel sick on his cock; and Billito bet ten *centavos* on the cock of Fidel and won a bill."

Somewhat feebly, I essayed a slight moral discourse.

"Don't you children think it's horrible and cruel to see two poor chickens pick each other to death? I don't see how you could have looked at them."

"They're not chickens, Muddy. They're fighting cocks. And what's the good of fighting cocks, if they don't fight?" Bob polished his spurs with his pocket handkerchief and regarded me with patient scorn. "Ladies don't understand such things, I suppose, but it was a good, sporting fight."

Another time, when we were out at the railroad, waiting for the semi-weekly train to the coast, one of the boys took my two offspring to a bullfight. Apparently they were untouched by the ugliness and brutality of the affair, and nothing struck home save the glamour.

"It *was* sad," conceded Polly luxuriously, "when the poor old horse had its guts ripped out by the bull, but when the music played and the *matador* came in, all dressed so beautifully, it was just lovely. I think I shall marry a *matador*."

Yet these same children, so callous in the name of sport, were all tenderness where the animals of peace were concerned. They knew by name and character every mule in the corral—patient Buena Pastora, gentle Flor de

Quime, bad-tempered Carnicero, hard-gaited Correo, big, lumbering Cerro Azul, Rosita who was subject to "*ataques*" wherein she folded her forelegs and collapsed like a dewinded concertina. They were always nursing forlorn, featherless chicks, or puny kittens, or malevolent and profane parrots, or big-mouthed, squawking fledglings, or tottering lambs that their native friends brought them. Once one of the *serenos* triumphantly and innocently presented them with a lovely, furry little black and white animal, which the children received with raptures of delight and which they proceeded to make homey and comfortable in a pen in the corner of the room. But the lovely little animal was unhappy, and he expressed his woe in the way of all skunks; and it took many days and much hard labor to restore the room and the children to even a fair degree of sweetness.

V

One of the most amusing, and at the same time not entirely commendable, traits among camp children is their calm assurance that as Gringos they are entitled to right of way on every occasion. On their daily rides the little procession headed by Fidel took precedence over anything on the road. On their occasional expeditions to the Company *pulperia* at the mill camp all other customers stood back while the young Gringos selected with leisurely unconcern the *yapa* that it was customary for the *pulpero* to give them. When an occasional show straggled into camp the children expected not only to be admitted, but to have the front row seats. One of the most exciting episodes in our camp career was when Camacho the giant appeared on our horizon. Poor Camacho, he was so enormous that none of the undersized altitude animals could bear him,

and even El Capitaz, our enormous *carga* mule, who was reputed to carry a heavier burden than any beast in Bolivia, rolled up his eyes and reared in the air at sight of him. So Camacho must walk, and walking over the barren land he was so spectacular, so flamboyantly large, that he was seen by the entire countryside; and who would pay a bill to see what he had already seen in abundance? But his showman was optimistic, and led his prize right up the walls of camp, where he built a rude but spacious shelter; and then sat down to await customers. The children were charmed. Of course they had seen the giant. They saw him every time he, weary of captivity, rose to his full height and leaned over the camp wall, gazing with large and mournful eyes at the everlasting hills; they saw him every time he escaped his captor and sneaked into camp to squat on the ground by the cook house and gossip with the *maestro*. That wasn't the point. They wanted to see him in his shelter, they wanted to see the show, and the show was Camacho in captivity. After much arguing I gave them the necessary bills and watched them canter down the path with the maids—Aurora, Teresa, Natividad, Felicidad—in their wake. In a reasonable time they returned, looking pleased and satisfied. Apparently they had gorged themselves with just staring at the poor creature.

"It was pretty ripe," said Bob comfortably, "but here's your money, Muddy. I didn't think we'd need it, but I thought it was best to take it along."

"You don't mean to say that you didn't pay that poor man anything to see his giant?" I asked indignantly.

"No, I didn't have to. I just said to him, 'these'"—Bob waved his hand carelessly to embrace the six children and the four maids—"are the children of the *gerente*, and we've come to see *el*

gigante. *Pase no mas.*' And of course we went right in."

The common manifestations of nature, so often a matter of whispering and unwholesome secrecy among city children, were accepted with calm unconcern by our young savages and were often discussed with a somewhat bald frankness. The tiny white lambs that bleated so pitifully behind their mothers, the liquid-eyed, haughty baby llamas that trotted about on the hill-sides in the spring, the pups that Gypsy produced with such celerity and which had to be prepared for with a nice bed of soft rags—all these were everyday affairs and, therefore, not unduly stressed.

Death, as well as life, came very close to these children at times. A step beyond the confines of our little camp, and we were up against an elemental and primitive order. In Bolivia it is customary to carry the dead to the *panteón* in open coffins; and often when we were out on our daily tramps we would meet a wailing, drunken crowd of Indians, carrying unsteadily an unpainted wooden coffin, from which stared stiffly the waxen face of a man or a woman or a child. Our children would mutter the little prayer taught them by their nurses and pass on, apparently neither horrified by death nor scandalized by the unseemly behavior of the mourners. When little Petrona, who always played with them, was swept off the foot bridge by the cruel river they lamented; but there seemed to be none of the shrinking repulsion I had felt as a child toward death. Always on *Todos Santos*, early in the day before the crowd got drunk and riotous, the children, under the auspices of Fidel and the maids, would ride up the narrow trail, bearing flowers to lay with solemn prayer on the three Gringo graves that huddled close together in a corner of the bleak, adobe-walled cemetery. Once, during the

midwinter floods, a native office boy was carried off by the river. Late in May his body was recovered and brought to our Company hospital for identification. As I leaned over the camp wall and watched the eager, excited crowd toil up the hill behind a litter that bore what little was left of the boy, I observed my son stepping briskly along at the side of the Doctor. I was aghast and not a little angry. The Doctor surely would have sense enough to send the child back. In about half an hour they both returned.

"It was Jorge," my son remarked conversationally. "There wasn't much left of him, but the Doctor knew him by his shoes. His legs were just sticks, but the shoes had stuck on."

I glared at the Doctor, and the Doctor glared back at me.

"That's right," he snapped. "Start saying, 'how awful' and 'what do you mean by letting my child see a sight like that?' and in two minutes you'll have the kid sniffing and thinking he's seen something horrible. I tell you, Teacher, you haven't gone down to principles in this teaching business of yours. Stop bellowing the 'Star Spangled Banner' and 'Yankee Doodle' so early in the morning that no one can sleep. Instead, teach your kids to look clear-eyed at life and death alike, and neither will have so much power to terrify them later. Children aren't naturally afraid of anything. It's only when grownups point out what they ought to be scared of, that they begin to develop fear complexes."

And no doubt he was right, but I did hate to be called Teacher. The attitude of my fellow-campers, indeed, toward my self-imposed task was far from respectful. I was not regarded as a noble female, I never seemed to remind anyone of his dear mother at home, so far as I ever knew no one considered me a sweet and gentle influence. The boys looked on my

academy as a huge joke, called me Teacher, raised their right hands at public gatherings and craved my permission to leave the room, cackled with delight and begged for silence so that "Schoolmarm" might talk if I indulged in any small flight of fancy. But these small pleasantries were merely what anyone who would live contentedly in camps must accept calmly and without rancor. What really annoyed me from the very opening of my academy to its final day was a habit my comrades had of dropping in and taking a hand with the work or simply sitting and looking on while we toiled. My tent was directly opposite the "Astoria," and it was so easy to step from the path across my doorsill, sink down on the wheezy old couch, and say cheerfully:

"Now, don't mind me. Just go on with what you are doing, and I'll wait until you've finished." Or, "Alicia, let me sit with you and the children. I didn't get a scratch in this week's mail, and I'm as low as low." Or, "Alicia, I've come to help. I'll hear Bob and Billito their spelling, while you finish up the others; and then you'll be done in time to slip down to Min's for a gin and ginger."

One morning little Mr. Hawke appeared at our door with all the earmarks of a thorough and early start. His eyes shone, a patch of scarlet blazed on either cheekbone, and an irrepressible and rather wandering smile bared his large buck teeth.

"Haha," he cried, wagging his finger playfully, "the little people at work. A sweet sight."

He swayed visibly, and I hastily pressed him into a chair. The little people gazed on him with critical and appraising eyes.

"Good-morning, Mr. 'Awke," said the socially minded Polly. "Is this a holiday?"

"Say Hawke, you bloomin' Limey," expostulated Bob.

"Yes, Polly, my dear, say 'Awke. You must never, no matter what the provocation, drop a haitch. No, this is not a 'oliday, I am merely resting after the strain of getting off the monthly cable."

Billito had never for a second removed his gimlet eyes from the flushed face of our visitor. Now, as I vainly tried to divert Mr. Hawke's thoughts to the charms of a turn in the air, the wretched child addressed his fellow students in a loud, sibilant whisper:

"*Borraco* (drunk)," he said briefly.

"*Poco o muy?*" queried little Cara.

Billito again inspected Mr. Hawke, and issued his verdict.

"*Muy*. If Bogie doesn't get him out soon, he'll fall asleep, and then we'll get a holiday, because he snores something frightful. I often hear him."

For over an hour our guest sat in the doorway, slumbering lightly at times, then rousing himself with a smothered snort to join in the exercises and deliver stout advice to my scholars. At last the class burst into our daily round of "Yankee Doodle." Mr. Hawke, courteous always, rose waveringly under the impression that we were singing our national anthem; and I saw that swift action was necessary. I offered my arm.

"Come on," I said. "Let's go over to the staff house and have a game of billiards. I just saw Bill go in."

He accepted my arm, waved a trembling "toodleoo" to the children, and we tottered across to the "Astoria," where I placed him on a sofa and advised Modesto, the *mozo*, to keep an eye on him. When I returned to the classroom, I found the children busily discussing the case.

"He *was borraco*. He must have drunk an awful lot of *vino*."

"The trouble with Mr. Hawke is that he doesn't carry his liquor well." Little Cara folded her hands, and as-

sumed a judicial air. "My mother says that if ladies and gentlemen can't carry their liquor well they shouldn't drink at all."

"*Vino* makes noses *muy colorado*." Babycita removed her thumb from her mouth long enough to issue this gem of thought.

"Well," I said disconsolately, "he's ruined our day—hasn't he? We haven't learned a thing."

"No," agreed the children heartily, "we haven't. Not a thing."

"So you'd better find Fidel and go for your ride. There's no use starting again."

VI

Still, even with the ruined days and the marred ones, we managed to learn a little—all of us—and when the appointed time came for each child to return to the land of his fathers and take on education in earnest, I think he found the task less appalling for our struggles with Will and May, our lusty "Yankee Doodle" tables, our poetical bouts, our historical researches, and our imaginary journeys. I know my own children did. Bob put aside his five-gallon hat, his spurs, and his puttees, entered the fifth grade at nine years, forgot his Spanish, and became an honest American schoolboy in an impressively short time. Polly learned not to swear, to drop a curtsy when addressed, to be thankful she was in a class with children of her own age, to wish she looked like Joan Crawford, and to itch for the day when she would be sixteen and eligible to drive a car. But despite these obviously useful outgrowths of our higher education, I still feel that if Mr. Russell knew all the difficulties and sometimes even the very real heartaches it entailed, he would cease to crave that particular *milieu*, and in search of isolation rather pitch his tent in the heart of a very large city.



MISTAKES OF MORALISTS

BY RALPH W. SOCKMAN

WHY is it that moralists are so unpopular when morals are the subject of best sellers? The moralist is commonly thought of as a bother. To some the word suggests a person of puritanical temper prying into the motives of others and seeking to restrain them from doing things which he is afraid to do himself. In some minds it raises a vision of the man with anæmic desires who wants to frustrate the emotions of others.

Is all this a caricature drawn by those who love darkness because their deeds are evil? Or is it due to the mistakes of the moralists? In cases of criticism the manager of a store makes a principle of giving the benefit of the doubt to the buying public. It pays in the long run. "The sons of light" might well learn this bit of wisdom from "the sons of this world." If the styles of conduct offered by the moralists are scorned by the crowd, should they change their models and give the people what they want? Not necessarily. But they should at least be led to some searching self-criticism and to some intelligent study of the public taste. The naïveté of moralists is one of their mistakes.

A few years ago when Henry Ford found that his famous car was losing its appeal, he took a drastic step. At tremendous temporary loss he shifted emphasis from production and distribution to research. As a result he regained his market. Has the time come for the makers and distributors of

our moral models to take similar action? Certainly it is no secret that the sales are down. To be sure there is considerable contemporary re-examination of morals. In psychological laboratories and in sociological forums the modes of human behavior are under dissection; but the significant fact is that this criticism and investigation are going on mainly outside the precincts of the Church, which has been the traditional custodian of morals. The result is that outside research often serves to strengthen inside reaction. The Church's defense mechanism is aroused. It rallies itself to maintain the old standards of morality. Its temper and temperature rise with the effort. Over-zealous moralists, however, are incendiary rather than illuminating. Pulpit lightning and pulpit thunder are poor substitutes for the incandescence of intelligence. They presage a storm, but they are not a "preface to morals."

To continue our commercial figure, the situation among moralists to-day is that the research department has not a good working connection with the sales force. On the one hand are the professors and men of letters, the Bertrand Russells, Walter Lippmanns, and the others who from detached positions dissect the codes of conduct and diagnose the disorders of our contemporary morality. On the other are the preachers and teachers, the parents and social administrators who are engaged in the local and personal direction of moral attitudes. Morality is

not a subject which can be studied in academic aloofness or literary seclusion apart from concrete contact and practical interest, for the man on the street furnishes the raw material for ethical experimental study. Neither can it be promoted by "blind guides" or high-pressure propaganda, divorced from critical judgment and reflective thought. There ought to be better co-ordination between the theorists and the promoters. The lack of it results in mistakes within both groups. Is it not the difference in social data which largely accounts for the divergence in views between a Judge Lindsey and the average clergyman?

One set of errors is due to the fact that moralists have not understood how deep is the ethical disturbance of our time. During the years of theological upheaval, from Darwin down to the second decade of the twentieth century, it was generally assumed that our moral foundations were unshaken. Pulpits proceeded on the theory that while men might not know what was right to think about God, they at least knew what was right to do toward men. Now when they hear that the Ten Commandments have to pass an intelligence test in order to matriculate in most academic circles and that the moral principles of the Sermon on the Mount must submit to the canons of the sociologists, many moralists are inclined to blame the sudden change on the bumptiousness of professors and the godlessness of science. They do not realize that the temper of our teaching and our science is more the product than the cause of a general social attitude.

The Great War has been cited by many moral guides as the cataclysm which turned our generation aside from the paths of rectitude. It does seem that the minds of men released in the wildness of the World War have not been content to settle down into the

tameness of a traditional past. But the War did not change human nature; it revealed rather what an unchanged human nature was capable of doing in a high-powered changing environment. As Professor Coe says, the War was no meteorite dropped on our world from outside our system; it was a direct and entirely to-be-expected development from within the system. Our present moral revolution—and it is a revolution—began farther back than August 1914.

The "new psychologists" have also tended to shunt the moralists into superficial misunderstandings of our changing morals. Various schools have gained a hearing, each with a glib explanation of behavior based on single instincts. A generation ago, with evolution echoing freshly in mind, came the self-preservationists who offered that urge as the one law of life. Following this have come among others the Freudian school of psychoanalysis with sex as the one controlling instinct, the school of Trotter which demonstrates that our conduct is dominated by the "herd instinct," Adler with his emphasis on the "masculine tendency," and Jung's followers who admit the joint rulership of two instincts, "power and love." Strained and superficial have been the attempts to make the facts of life fit the formulas of the psychologists, as when the champions of self-preservation say that a mother's love for her child is due to the instinctive desire for protection by her child later, or when the Freudians asserted during the War that men feared the Zeppelins not because of their destructive powers but because of their phallic symbolism. With such shallow and discordant explanations in the air, is it any wonder that many moralists acquired a superiority complex toward the "new psychology" and attacked it as the foe of the intellectual and moral fundamentals? Others, however, sur-

rendered to some particular school. Some wrote popular books on why we behave and why we misbehave. Pulpits gave themselves over to the new psychology—as long as it was new enough to draw. And whether in denunciation or devotion, moralists have focused their gaze on these surface experiments and explanations.

Moreover, interest in current social problems has served to divert the moral guides from deeper questions. They cannot quite grasp the fact that the perplexity is now not so much in regard to the superstructure as to the foundation of morality. A British man of letters has pointed out the difference in emphasis between the older school of contemporary English writers and the younger. Wells, Shaw, Kipling, Galsworthy were concerned with problems like socialism, imperialism, and other matters of ethical application. The younger writers are raising more ultimate questions such as: What is the good life? Is there a purpose running through the universe? Moralists have not yet realized that they must talk to a generation of this mental temper. In the noble work of applying ethical principles to industry, racial adjustment, and kindred problems they must not forget the necessary and more primary work of explaining the existence of those principles.

In short, our moralists, looking on the turbulent stream of modern life, have made a common error of mistaking eddies for currents. They have seen local movements and thought they were general trends. They have been too immediate in their interpretations. They have not realized that "the acids of modernity" have been working for some four hundred years and that they have eaten away not only at the pictures of God given by the theologians but at the portraits of man as drawn by the humanists. They have not fully perceived the strange irony of history

that in this day of man's increasing mechanical power there are deterministic theories which reduce man's moral power and responsibility toward the low estimate placed by the medieval theologians; that the rise of the machine has been accompanied by a modern fall of man.

Moralists have not sensed the full implications of the industrial revolution which not only transferred our citizenry from the soil to the city but changed the patterns of thought from *laissez-faire* to economic determinism. The urban world refuses to be judged by the old moral code, which was based on an agricultural order. City minds which live amid the fluctuations of markets and the fickleness of fortune do not give the same heed to the moralists who talk about "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." The temper of thinking changes with the tempo of living. The half-mystical mood of those who wait upon the Lord of the harvests is not known to those who wait for street cars and watch ticker-tapes. However much we may generalize about the idea that human nature never changes, the fact is that "the man in the street" is not the same material for the moralist as "the man with the hoe."

A year or so ago Virginia Woolf essayed to trace the influences which make the modern mind and morals as those influences have been reflected in English literature. In her book *Orlando* she presented a young woman as living now but born over three hundred years ago as a male. With true imaginative insight the author followed the lad through the exuberance of his youth in Shakespearean England, his flirtations with Continental spirits, and then his change from male to female at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Orlando, donning skirts, has to endure the inanities and sterilities of the next hundred years only to be

saturated in the sentimental dampness of Victoria's nineteenth century and then catapulted into the dizzying maelstrom of twentieth-century traffic. Some day we shall turn to this book as we now turn to *Gulliver's Travels* and *Tristram Shandy* for insight into the moral history of our modern times. But did our moralists understand and appreciate this artistic personification of the Zeitgeist? No, most of those who read *Orlando* were shocked at her change of sex and advised others not to read it.

Failing thus to see how deep-seated are the causes of our moral symptoms, the moralists have prescribed too superficially. Thinking that our contemporaries were merely in a fainting fit following the War, our moral doctors have tried to brace us up by cold dashes of rebuke in our faces. Physicians, however, cannot cure pernicious anæmia with repeated applications of cold water. It is the blood stream of moral behavior which has to be built up, and that is not done by mere challenges to the will.

Moral treatment has been fragmentary as well as superficial. So many discussions of modern morals deal with mere segments of conduct. So central, for instance, has been made the subject of sex that immorality has come to be almost synonymous with a misuse of that single instinct. If life is more than meat and the body more than raiment, then immorality is more than lust of the flesh and indecency of dress. The moralist has too much conceived his role as a censor of surface manners and a fire extinguisher for flaming youth.

Moralists also have made the mistake of substituting militancy for intelligence. Preachers have too often been intent on flogging the wills of their parishioners rather than on feeding their minds. They conceive their function as being captains of their

crusading churches, marshalling them in campaigns against social evils. But hungry troops have a tendency to mutiny. The army of the Lord loses morale when led in the dark without proper mental rationing. And such is the situation to-day. Stirring appeals for national prohibition do not satisfy congregations which want to know about their personal inhibitions. Urging laws to make people behave is not an adequate substitute for interpreting the laws by which people do behave. In Biblical language, the shepherds are focusing their energies fighting the wolves, but the Church's moral problem is less the wolfishness of the wolves than it is the sheepishness of the sheep.

In short, the moralist's method to-day is predominantly one of attack rather than of examination and interpretation. Such tactics are temporarily more spectacular. Preachers know that there is a psychology which makes thousands of people come to see a fellow knocked out in a prize fight while only a few will come around to the hospital the next day to see him put together again. Likewise, if they can make their pulpits prize-fight arenas where they deal blows at the sins of the stage, the shamelessness of the modern woman, the lawlessness of the local community, they can usually fill the ringside seats. Almost every city or town has its favorite fighting parsons. But while the negative moral sentiments are more easily developed than the positive ones, they tend to make men irascible, censorious, and unsympathetic. It is with these qualities that the word moralist has come to be associated in the minds of men. He is considered a critic but not a creator.

II

A second type of mistake has been made by the moralists through their failure to welcome the empirical

method of science. The physical sciences collect their data by observation and experiment, and on the basis of these make new formulas and adopt new methods. But in the realm of morals such a method of procedure has been deemed dangerous, if not sacrilegious. Our moral traditions have been inherited. The stamp of divinity is considered to be on many of them. They are the foundation of our precious institutions. If examination or revision is begun at any point, may it not mean undermining the whole structure? Hence, while scientists have been proceeding from observation to principles, moralists have been proceeding from principles to observation, the object of which was to buttress the traditions. The result, of course, has been that the public has come to have more respect for the openmindedness of the former than of the latter. In fact the scientists are better accepted by many as moral guides than are the professional moralists themselves.

It should be admitted in defense of the moralists that it is very much more difficult to keep a cool and disinterested mind in approaching revisions of moral codes than in changing scientific formulas. One can be more dispassionate in regard to the Einstein theory of relativity than he can be in regard to the trial marriage of his relatives. Moral principles seem more a matter of life-and-death importance, occasionally at least, than do the findings of the laboratory. This is a fact which critics should remember when drawing their frequent comparisons between the cool accuracies of scientific discussions and the hot hypotheses of debates in morals and religion.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that moralists have given their energies to defending principles rather than to discovering data. They have been more devoted to talking than to listening. Only recently a prominent Protestant

minister was hailed as an innovator in ecclesiastical circles when he declared how much he was indebted in his preaching to a "confessional" which he conducts. What comparatively small proportion of time do preachers, parents, and teachers give to finding out the emotional reactions to their endeavors? It is within the last five years that religious education has taken systematic and scientific steps to ascertain the moral results of the vast volume of Sunday School instruction. And the findings have been rather disconcerting. During the current year Dr. Vernon Jones of Clark University and Teachers College, Columbia, has published the results of a most illuminating study of the moral judgments of secular school teachers. To eighty-two experienced teachers and thirty-six juniors and seniors in college who were preparing to teach, he submitted sixty-eight moral situations and asked an expression of what they thought was right or wrong according to their own "ideals," and also an expression of what they thought was considered right or wrong according to "generally accepted standards." The tabulation of answers showed a wide difference of opinion among the teachers. Character education should not be established in schools on the assumption that teachers always know the difference between right and wrong or that the learning of moral rules gives the solution in specific situations. But do moralists fully grasp these facts in their impassioned pleas for moral and religious instruction of youth? Do they not look upon morality as a set of fixed principles to be handed down by the elders in a patronage of wisdom rather than to be considered by them in a partnership of experience? The subject of morals has been taught too much as a multiplication table of abstract rules. But there are no abstract sins and virtues.

If moralists would share the public respect accorded to scientists, they must shift their focus from rules to results. This does not mean that they should run to the error of the Utilitarians who ignored motives and said goodness was entirely a matter of consequences. The intelligent moralist will study both the subjective and objective sides of behavior. He will recognize that disposition is the steady and controllable factor, and also that consequences give the only instruction we can procure as to the meaning of habits and dispositions. He will improve his methods of analyzing, registering, and reporting both motives and results. He will see that the good man must not only determine if his heart is right but also find out whether his head and hand are right. The moralist might even come to ask the question whether he himself is trying *to be right* or *to do good*.

This empirical method, if adopted, would serve to correct the irritating mistakes of judgment common to moralists. It is a human weakness to generalize too broadly on insufficient data. An American business man pays a milliner's bill in Paris and comes home with a complete philosophy on the fallacy of cancelling the French debt. A tourist talks to a bell boy in a Shanghai hotel and returns to say that foreign missions are a failure. Similarly, a moralist observes a single act and makes a classification as to character. Hence the hasty herding of characters into sheep and goats has made the judgments of the Church a joke in the eyes of intelligence. Until a few years ago, when research began to be made into the psychology of "transfer of training," we lacked means for understanding how opposite qualities could exist in the same character. Even yet there is a great deal of guesswork about mixed motives. There is the old Calvinistic idea that wrong can-

cels merit, and there is the modern theory that merit cancels wrong. But there is no cancellation in consciousness. There was a mathematical exactness about the old classifications which was anything but exact. What cruelty would be avoided if our moral cases were approached with something of the same completeness of clinical record which every competent doctor procures in dealing with his patients. Perhaps the practicing moralist will learn something from the practicing psychologist at this point. The latter at least gives the subject a chance to talk. The classic portrayal of Justice as a blindfolded figure with a scales in her hand is hardly adequate. To be just it is not enough to weigh impartially the facts before you. One must see if he has all the facts before him. The moralist if he would be just must take off the blindfold.

With a more scientific spirit of observation, morality would be delivered from its traditional error of sacrificing personalities to principles. Deeds done by men acting "upon principle" have wrought almost as much harm as those perpetrated by the unprincipled. Well-intentioned uplift work often serves only to upset. The Golden Rule practiced without intelligence and imagination frequently results in sheer irritation. Moral codes are made to seem alien to human nature. Moral conventions appear negative and restrictive. Seen as such they are bound to stir resentment. They are looked upon by the public, and especially by youth, as stereotypes put over *on* people by social censors, and not as aids put over *to* people by social servants. The doctors of divinity are regarded by many as social vivisectionists using the persons of contemporaries to demonstrate the truth of time-honored principles rather than as true surgeons of the soul working with scientific temper and curative purpose. It might be

added that a moralist may become a doctor of divinity by cultivating a single college president, but to become an accredited doctor of humanity he must be a comrade to all classes and conditions of men. Moral principles are much easier to learn in the abstract than in the concrete. Bernard Shaw's trenchant phrase, "the sacrifice of people to principles," has application not merely to the Puritans, the public reformers, the fanatics, but to the local practicing moralists of the home, the school, and the church.

To shift emphasis and put personality above principle does not mean that we should discard all moral rules and enter every isolated situation with an eye single to expediency. To do so would be as foolish as to throw away formulas when going into the laboratory or discounting medical experience when called into the sick room. Progress comes through capitalization of experience. Moral principles represent the findings of our forefathers through long experimentation. But the moralist's primary concern should not be the protection of that accumulated body of tradition but the service of the bodies and minds of men. That advice would be revolutionary in respectable circles but it is not new. It is as old and as radical as Jesus, for it was he who said, "The Sabbath is made for man and not man for the Sabbath." Respect for conventions must not go before reverence for personality. There is no goodness of God apart from the good of men. Morality is made for man and not man for morality.

Some nineteen centuries ago an eminent social diagnostician made a distinction which still merits pondering. He wrote, "Scarcely for a righteous man will one die: peradventure for the good man someone would even dare to die." Righteousness and goodness are not identical twins. In fact they are

not necessarily even sister virtues. They may be born of different motives. Righteousness springs from a love of principles; goodness from a love of personalities. For the good moralist some would die; the righteous moralist some would be willing to see die.

III

A third set of mistakes is made by moralists through their failure to appreciate how thoroughly the democratic spirit has tempered our attitudes.

Moral advice has to be served in cafeteria style. Men wish to walk up unsolicited and get what they want when they want it. People desire to feel that they are thinking for themselves. To be sure, there may not be much evidence that such mental processes are taking place, but the illusion at least has to be preserved. They wish to go for moral aid as they go to the doctor for bodily help or to the lawyer for legal counsel. The doctor who attempts to force his services on others, even by advertising, is discredited by the better public and ostracized by his profession. The lawyer who chases ambulances in his desire to extend his helpfulness comes under the ban of the Bar Association. These professions retain the public respect only if they are sought rather than seeking. If the moralist would wait to be consulted, he too might be held in high standing.

Such passive waiting is not the traditional attitude of the moralist. Nor is it a possible position for him. Sick souls do not send their possessors to specialists as do ailing bodies. A broken commandment does not call for help with the immediacy of a broken bone. The trespassing of a moral law does not prompt the retention of counsel as does the violation of a civil or criminal statute. Furthermore, the best physicians and lawyers do not confine themselves to private practice.

They are interested in public health and social justice. Just as the better type of medical practitioner gives himself to preventive medicine and the better type of attorney to the inculcation of law observance, so the moralist must devote himself to preventive as well as to curative morality. The Church cannot content itself with being a clinic for those who know they need it. The moralist must be aggressive if morality is to be progressive.

His task then is suggestion from above. His problem is to render this unsought service in a way that is inviting rather than intrusive or irritating. He must, for one thing, revise his conception of moral authority. The democratic temper of our time challenges tradition's right to rule in conduct as elsewhere. With many age does not win respect for moral rules but rather the reverse. Not what is behind a moral convention but what is before it, gains regard. The parent cannot rest his authority on the fact of his physical fatherhood or the necessity of preserving the institution of the home. The only tolerable parental rule will have to be based upon reverence for personality and ability to serve it. The pulpit moral guide can be convincing not on the ground that he is sent from God but that he knows how to get to people. Although some ecclesiastical institutions may stem the tide of intellectual inquiry for a time, the public will follow moral leaders on the basis of apostolic success rather than apostolic succession. The moralist's authority will have to work its way by the demonstration of its authenticity. He must convince since he can no longer command.

In morals free people want a "government of the people and for the people and by the people." The recognition of this does not mean that the moralist can posit nothing back of our moral codes but the changing choices of majorities; but it does mean that he

will find what is back of morality not by going over the heads of people to a transcendental divine lawmaker but by going through the minds of men to an immanent divinity. He does not need to replace the concept of a Kingdom of God by that of a United States of consciousness as the Humanists do, but he does need to see that the "Kingdom of God is within." It will be remembered that when Jesus stressed the inwardness of this divine rule, the people, even the common people, at once detected the difference between his method and that of the legalists, saying, "He speaks as one having authority and not as the scribes." The scribes had written authorities; Jesus had living authority.

If morality is thought of as rising democratically from within men, rather than as being handed down from an aloof divinity, it may seem more rational to the intellects of men, but will it have force over the wills of men? That question of course will arise. Humanism has already raised it—and answered it in the affirmative. John Dewey says, "In an empirical sense the answer is simple. The authority is that of life." From the Christian point of view the moralist can say even more, but not here. Let it suffice to say here that Christian ethics must not, and need not, be more fearful of the democratic spirit than is Humanism.

This revision in the concept of moral authority will have to be accompanied by a revamping of the moralist's methods. The word "service" has been jingling around in our pulpit and philanthropic vocabularies until, like a coin carried too long in the pocket, it is worn smooth. It is no longer socially negotiable. It connotes too frequently the taint of patronage. Service so often means the handing down of something from the strong to the weak, the educated to the ignorant, the rich

to the poor. Not seldom it is an activity by the party of the first part which does not stimulate a corresponding response by the party of the second part. The word service might well be reminted into the word partnership. Perhaps that expression would soon grow wearisome. But the idea is essential and lasting. It implies co-operation and mental comradeship. The moralist's aim should be partnership not service—in the hackneyed and professionalized sense.

The attitude of partnership will save morality from the iconoclasm of radicalism and the resentment against paternalism. Observe this in the home. The modern home must be democratic in spirit. The nursery, however, is hardly the place to put into practice the Wilsonian doctrine of pure democracy which guarantees the right of small bodies to govern themselves. Nor should family constitutions be amended by vote of the youngest constituents. Somewhere between a bolshevism of adolescents on the one hand and a paternalism of parents on the other there should be a partnership in which the experiences of the elders are blended with the experiments of the younger.

In education this democratic principle of partnership if applied would mark a transformation in character training. The old futile pointing of morals which is still practiced in many schoolrooms would be abandoned. Teachers and pupils would try to think together in terms of situations rather than of set rules. This project method in moral instruction would tend to give the student the feeling of first-hand discovery in place of his traditional distaste for moralizing. It also offers hope of keeping the adult guides

open-minded. The older generation almost invariably assumes that youth presents a problem of wildness to be tamed and forgets that age on the other hand presents a tameness to be disturbed. The research of Doctor Jones, referred to above, shows a wide gap in the teachers' minds between "ideals" and "generally accepted standards" of right and wrong. Adult minds need the continuous infusion of youth's fresh idealism. Moral education must be a co-operation of older and younger fellow-seekers.

And as for the Church this democratic theory would mean the substitution of the project method for the preaching method in moral instruction. The word "preach" carries most unpleasant connotations. It implies moral superiority on the one side and mental weakness on the other. Speakers seeking to win the favor of an audience always disclaim any intention of preaching. Churches, like colleges, must aim to teach their members how to think rather than what to think. Persons trained in the laboratory technique of progressive schools are not going to sit supinely on Sundays and be exhorted by sermons which show little sign of experimental study and offer no opportunity for refutation. The minister of religion must be a partner of his people in the progressive enterprise of moral enlightenment. His specialized training and spiritualized purpose should fit him to be a teacher and interpreter. His parish activities should be a combination of the lecture and laboratory methods in the proper proportions to encourage free inquiry and first-hand discovery. He will have attained true artistry as a moralist only when his parishioners shall say, "Our minister does not preach to us."



WATER NEVER HURT A MAN

A STORY

BY WALTER D. EDMONDS

HE TRUDGED with his hands tight fists in his pockets, his head bowed to the wind and rain. Ahead of him in the darkness, so that he could hear the sudge of their hoofs, the towing team bowed their necks against the collars. He could not see them in the darkness. When he lifted his face the rain cut at his eyes; and when lightning split the darkness he shut his eyes tight and pulled his head closer into his coat collar, waiting blindly for the thunder. Once in a lull he looked back. He could barely make out the bow lantern and the arrows of gray rain slanting against it. Between him and the light he caught glimpses of the tow rope, dipped slightly between the team's heaves, and the roughened water in the canal. Somewhere back of the light his father stood by the rudder-sweep, his beard curled and wet, his eyes slits, sighting for the bank. John wanted to go back, wanted to tie-by for the night, wanted to be in the bunk with his head buried in the friendly, musty smell of the blanket, where the storm could not reach him. He had gone back once, but his father had reached for his belt, saying, "Go on back. Watter never hurt a man. It keeps his hide from cracking."

John had gone back to the team. They did not need his guidance. But it was his place to keep the rope from fouling if a packet boat coming their

way signalled to pass. He was afraid of his father at night, afraid of the big belt and strong hands with hair on the fingers over the knuckles. He caught up with the plodding horses and let the rain have its way. At each stroke of lightning his small back stiffened. It was his first year on the canal and he was afraid of storms at night.

He had been proud that spring when his father said, "John's old enough to be a driver boy, he's coming along with me and the *Baconola*." He had showed his dollar to his brothers and sisters, first pay in advance, and his father had bought him a pair of cow-hide boots from the cobbler when he came to the village. Later, when the frost was out of the mud, John would go barefoot.

He was proud of his father. In Westernville, with other small boys, he had heard the dock loafers talking about his father, George Brace, bully of the Black River Canal. In some strange way they had news of every fight his father fought a day after it happened. "George licked the Amsterdam Bully Wednesday mornin'. Lock fifty-nine. It tuk nineteen min-its only." "George is a great hand. Them big ditch bezabors is learning about George." A stranger had said, "Wait till Buffalo Joe meets up with him." There was silence then. Buffalo Joe Buller, he was bully of the western end of the Erie. A pea-souper,

a Canadian, he fought the Erie bullies down one by one, and when he licked them he marked them with his boot in the Canadian style. It had a cross of nails to mark the beaten man's face. "You wait," said the stranger.

Little John, listening then, felt shivers down his back. But now, with the wind and rain, and the lightning tumbling the clouds apart, he forgot. They were on the long haul westward, to Buffalo, with plows aboard, full drafted in Rome. They had had to leave three hundred weight on the dock.

He felt his muddy boots slip in the towpath. He heard the squelching of the horses. Squelch-squelch, a steady rhythm as they kept step. Once the lightning caught his eyes; and he had a clear view of trees beyond the canal-side meadow, their budded twigs bent down, like old women with their backs to the storm, and the flat, sharp wall of a canal house, sixty yards behind him. He had not even seen it as he passed. The rain was finding a channel down his neck. It crept farther, bit by bit, with a cold touch. He could feel his fists white in his pockets from clenching them. His legs ached with the slippery going. They had had supper at six, tied up by the bank, and John had eaten his plate of beans. He had felt sleepy afterward, barely noticing his father's big body bent over the dishpan. It was warm in the cabin, with the little stove roaring red hot, and his small hat hanging beside his father's cap on the door.

He had been almost asleep when his father's hand shook him roughly, then tumbled him from his chair. "Get out, John. Them plows we've got has to get west for spring plowing. We'll pick up Bob in Syracuse, then we'll have a better chance to rest. Get out now," and he had reached for his belt.

What did John care for the old plows anyway? But it hadn't then begun to storm, and he had gone, with

a tired sense of importance. One had to keep freight moving on the old Erie. The old *Baconola* always made fast hauls. He had been proud and shouted in a high voice to the tired horses and kicked one with his new boots.

But now he did not care about the plows. He wished the crazy old *Baconola* would spring a leak in her flat bottom, so they would have to stop till the hurry-up boat came along and patched her up. He thought of her now, bitterly, with her scabs of orange paint. "Crummy old blister," he called her to himself and made names to himself, which he said aloud to the horses in a shrill voice. He was only twelve, with all the bitterness of twelve, and the world was a hateful thing.

"God damned old crummy bitch of a tub . . ." But the lightning caught him, and his throat tightened and he wanted to cry out under the thunder.

A water rat went off the towpath with a splash, and a frog squeaked.

He glanced up to see a team on the opposite towpath heading east. "Hey, there!" yelled the driver in a hoarse voice; but John was too tired to answer. He liked to yell back in the daytime and crack his whip. But he had dropped his whip a while back. He would get a licking for that in the morning. But he didn't care. To hell with the whip and the driver and Pa.

"Hey, there!" shouted the other driver, a voice in the rain. "All right, all right, you dirty pup. Eat rain, if you want to and go drown'd." The rain took the voice, and the boat came by, silently, noiseless as oil, with its bow light a yellow touch against the rain. The steersman gave a toot upon the horn, but the sound bubbled through the water in it, and the steersman swore.

They were still on the long level, alone once more. It must be mid-

night. If only the lock would show. In Syracuse Bob would come. He took turns driving and steering and cooking—a little man with a bent shoulder who had dizzy spells once in a while.

At the lock John could sit down and rest and listen to the tender snarling at his sluices while the boat went down, and heaving at his gate beam, while John's father heaved against the other. He was crazy, the lock-keeper was; all lock-keepers were crazy. John's father always said so. John had seen a lot of them in their week of hauling, but he did not see why they were crazy. They looked no different even if they were. He hoped the lock-keeper would be asleep, so it would take a while to wake him.

Squelch, squelch-squelch, squelch. The horses kept plodding. Suddenly John caught a break in the rhythm. One foot sounded light. He pushed his way up beside them against the wind and laid a wet hand against a side. He could not see, but the side felt hot and wet, and he got a smell of sweat. Yes, he could feel the off horse limping. Hope filled him. He waited till the boat came up where he was, a small figure, shrunk with cold. The boat's bow, round and sullen, slipped along, the bow light hanging over and showing an old mullein stalk in silhouette against the water.

"Pa!"

His voice was thin against the wind.

He saw his father's figure, rain dripping from the visor of his cap, straight and big, almighty almost, breast to the wind.

"Pa!"

The head turned.

"Hey, there! What you doin'? Get on back! Or I'll soap you proper."

"Pa! Prince has got a limp in his front foot. Pa!"

The voice turned hoarse with passion, "Get on back, you little pup.

Fifty-nine's just round the next bend. Take your whip and tar him. Or I'll tar you proper."

John sobbed aloud. For a bare moment he thought of staying still and letting the boat pass on. He would run away and join the railroad. He would get run over by an engine there, just when things went well, and they would be sorry. He started to draw himself a picture of his body coming home in a black box, and his mother crying, and his father looking ashamed and sorry, and then the lightning made a blue flare and he saw the straight figure of his father ahead, on the *Baconola*, which seemed struck still, a pill-box in the flat country, and he was afraid and went running desperately, hoping he could get back to the team before he was missed.

He caught the horses on the bend and, lifting his face to the storm, saw the lock lanterns dimly ahead. And even then his ears caught, coming up behind him, the harsh blast of a tin horn.

He looked back and saw a light, two rope lengths behind the *Baconola*. Even while he watched over his shoulder, he saw that it was creeping up.

"John!" His father's voice beat down the sound of rain. "Lay into them brutes and beat into the lock!"

He could imagine his father glaring back. If only he had not dropped his whip. He would have liked to ask his father for the big bull whip that cracked like forty guns, but he knew what would happen if he did. He shrieked at the horses and fumbled for a stone to throw. But they had heard and recognized the note in his father's voice, and they were bending earnestly against the collars. A sudden excitement filled John as his father's horn rang out for the lock. The wind took the sound and carried it back, and the other boat's horn sounded a double

toot for passing. John yelled shrilly. The horses seemed to stand still, and there was an odd effect in the rain of the canal sliding under them inch by inch laboriously, as if with his own feet he turned the world backward.

Minutes crept at them out of the rain, and the lights of the lock did not seem to stir. Then John heard the squeelching of the team behind his back. Little by little they were coming up, past the *Bacconola*, until he could hear them panting through the rain, and saw them close behind, behind dim puffs of steamy breath. He watched them frantically. Then the lightning came once more, a triple bolt, and the thunder shook him, and when he opened his eyes once more, he saw the lock lanterns a hundred yards ahead.

At that instant the driver of the boat behind yelled, "Haw!" and the following team swung across his towrope, and they were snarled.

The horses stopped of themselves, shuddering. They were old hands, and knew enough not to move, for fear of being thrown from the towpath. The boats came drifting on, placidly as water-logged sticks. The light of the following boat showed a dark bow coming up. John heard his father roaring oaths, and saw by the bow light of the other boat, a tall, clean-shaven man as big as his father crouched to jump ashore. Then both boats came in by the towpath, and both men jumped. They made no sound except for the thump of their shoes, but John saw them dim against the lantern light, their fists coming at each other in slow, heavy swings.

The strange team was panting close beside him, and he did not hear the blows landing. There was a pushing upward in his chest, which hurt, and his fists made small balls in the pockets of his trousers. The other boater and his father were standing breast to

breast, their faces still, cut, stonelike things in the yellow light, and the rain walling them in. He saw his father lift his hand, and the other man slip, and he would have yelled, for all his cold, if the lightning had not come again, so blue that his eyes smarted. He doubled up, hiding his face, and wept. . . .

A hand caught him by the shoulder. "A little puny girly boy," said a voice. "I wouldn't lick you proper! Not a little girly baby like you. But I'll spank you just to learn you to let us come by!"

John opened his eyes to see a boy, about his own height but broader built, squinting at him through the rain.

"Take off your pants, dearie," said the boy in a mock voice, digging in his fingers till John winced. "Joe Buller can handle your Captain smart enough. Me, I'll just paddle you to learn you."

John, looking up, was afraid. He did not know what to do, but without warning his hands acted for him, and he struck at the square face with all his might. A pain shot up his arm, making his elbow tingle, and the boy fell back. John could feel the surprise in that body stock still in the rain, and had an instant of astonished pride.

Then panic laid hold of him and he tried to run. But the other boy jumped on his back. They went down flat in the mud, the older boy on John's shoulders, pummeling him till his head sang, and forcing his face into the track, and crying, "Eat it, you lousy little skunk. Eat it, eat it, eat it, eat it."

John could taste the mud in his mouth, with a salty taste, and he began to squirm, twisting his head to escape the brown suffocation. He heaved himself behind, throwing the boy unexpectedly forward, twisted round, and kicked with all his might. The boy yelled and jumped back on

him. And again they went down, this time the boy bent seriously to business. And this time John realized how it was to be hurt. At the third blow something burst loose in his inside and he screamed. He was crying madly. The other boy was heavier, but John squirmed over on his back, and as the brown hand came down on his face he caught it in both his own and bit with all the strength of his jaws. The hand had a slippery, muddy taste, but in a second it was warm in his mouth, and there was a sick, salt warmth on his tongue. The boy struck him once in the eyes and once on the nose, but John held on and bit. Then the boy howled and tore loose and ran back. There was another stroke of lightning, and John saw him doubled up, holding his hand to his mouth; and he got stiffly up, turned his back to the thunder and saw his father bent over the other boater, taking off his shoe.

John walked up to them. His father's face was bleeding a trickle of blood from the right eye into his beard, but he was grinning.

"I'll take his boot for a souvenir," he said. "How'd you come out, Johnny?"

"Oh, pretty good. I guess that other feller won't bother us no more," said John, examining the fallen man. He lay half stunned, by the water's edge, a smooth, big man, with frightened, pale eyes. And one crumpled arm was in the water. John's father looked at the man and then at the boot he had in his hand.

"I'd ought to mark him by the rights of it; but he ain't worth the work, the way he laid down. Who'd ever know his name was Buller?"

Buller. . . . John gazed up admiringly at his big father and studied how the blood ran from the outer corner of the eye and lost its way in the black beard, which the rain had curled. His father had licked the western bully proper.

"Hey, there!"

The hail came in a thin, cracking voice. Turning, they saw the lock-keeper, white-bearded, peering at them from under the battered umbrella he held with both hands against the wind. The tails of his nightshirt whipped round the tops of his boots.

"Hey, there, you. There'll be some down boats by pretty quick, so you want to hurry along now, while the level's right."

John was aware of his father standing looking down at him.

"Shall we tie-by where we be?" asked his father.

John felt pains coming into the back of his neck where he had been pummeled, and his knuckles ached.

"We can stay here a spell," said his father. "The storm's comin' on again. There'll be bad lightnin' I make no doubt."

As he spoke there came a flash, and John whirled to see if the other driver boy was still visible. He was proud to see him sitting by the towpath, nursing his hurt hand. John did not notice the thunder. He was elaborating a sentence in his mind.

He made a hole in the mud with the toe of his boot, spat into it, and covered it, the way he had seen his father do at home on a Sunday.

"Why," he said, in his high voice, eying the old *Bacconola*, "I guess them poor bezabor farmers will be wantin' them plows for the spring plowing, I guess."

"Me, I'm kind of tuckered," said his father, raising his shoulders to loose the wet shirt off his back. "And the rain's commencing too."

John said importantly, "Watter never hurt a man, it keeps his hide from cracking."

His father jumped aboard. He took his horn and tooted it for the lock. John ran ahead and put back the other boat's team and cried to their own

horses to go on. They took up the slack wearily, and presently little ripples showed on the *Bacconola's* bow, and the lantern showed the shore slipping back. On the stern, George Brace blew a blast for the lock. The old lock-keeper was standing by the sluices, drops of water from his beard falling between his feet.

The boat went down, and the horses took it out. Ahead, the team and the boy left the lantern light and entered once more the darkness. The rope followed. And once more the *Bacconola* was alone with its own lantern.

Presently, though, in a stroke of light, George saw his son beside the boat.

"What's the matter? Hey, there!" he asked.

"Say, Pa! Will you chuck me your bull whip here ashore? Them horses is getting kind of dozey. They need soaping proper."

"Where's your whip?"

"I guess I left it a while back. I guess it was in that kind of scrummage we had. I guess it needs a heavier whip anyhow. I guess a man couldn't spare the time going back for it."

"Sure," said George.

He reached down and took it from its peg, recoiled it, and tossed it ashore. The boat went ahead, slowly, with a sound of water, and of rain falling, and of wind.

THE ROOM

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

THEY told me not to go back to your desolate chamber.

"Now that she is gone and is laid away and is dead,
The terrible silence will pour into your spirit.

There is nothing more to be done. Do not go," they said.

But I returned to that sealed room under the moon and stars.

*There was no silence there for me, but a voice that I one time knew.
I found no aching emptiness. "They were mistaken," I said.*

For the room breathed and whispered and sang. It was full of You.



BLIND ALLEY

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

THE purely critical age in American thought is drawing to a confused and dusky close. With what joy did they who were then young wake up on bracing mornings of the year 1915 to discover that they could and would rebel against the massive dull democracy and all its ways, that a new freedom was a banner and a trumpet-call, that art and hard critical thinking, allied for the first time upon this continent, would burn new pathways through the jungle of barbarism. Nor were these hopes and enthusiasms vain. Despite an evil war and an evil peace, despite mechanization and prohibition and jingoism both racial and cultural, the "Presidentziads," as Whitman would have called them, of Harding and Coolidge produced a body of art and thought so forceful, effective, and essentially homogeneous that historians of more than one future century will celebrate an age in which the intellectuals and artists of America sat in severe and impartial judgment upon their country and their people, in which they effectually touched and wrought upon the thoughts and ways of life of millions of their countrymen. Who except barren and hence irritable youngsters will be able to accord less than that to the thinkers and writers of the middle generation in America? Yet the dusk, though still faint, is surely gathering about these men and their works. In half the number of years that is usually counted toward a generation the critical period of modern

America is fainting and failing, not before the blaze of some nobler creative development but in weariness, in surfeit, in feebleness, amid petty rancors and the revival of hoary claptrap.

To say after the manner of the old-fashioned critic that what is happening is a change in taste is, of course, to beg the question. Changes in taste are the expression of moral and philosophical revolutions. The lads that worshipped Wordsworth and despised Pope did so because they were seeing a new earth and a new heaven; they saw man set free from kings and priests, and nature quick with God; they saw government as the voluntary delegation of natural rights and human relations as dictated by love not law. They read the "Lyrical Ballads" and ceased reading the "Essay on Man" on account of certain tremendous new affirmations in regard to man and nature and human life which did indeed usher in a new age and almost a new race. No, we are not witnessing a change in taste. Mere technical innovation is a way of marking time because there is no vision, and an exact, ultimate, philosophical equation could be established between Mr. Mencken's *Americana* and the experimenters in *transition*. And, therefore, *transition* too was ingloriously extinguished the other day. There are many ways of expressing one's mere dislike of human folly within a given civilization; the lusty and humorous way makes better reading than the feeble and con-

torted way. The meaning is the same. The young romantics of Wordsworth's day could no doubt have gathered *Angliana* as laughable and as scathing as possible. They had no time for that. They were bent upon the business of saving the world. If, like Shelley, they were poets, they wrote the gospels of the new salvation. But the young men in American literature and thought, literature and *therefore* thought, are doing no such thing. Mr. Hemingway's disgust for life lacks precisely the critical joy and vigor that characterized the works of the middle generation. Brilliant and able as he is, he tells us nothing new; Mr. T. S. Eliot makes the romantic escape into the past that is a constant mark of weary periods; the feebly elegant fables of Mr. Thornton Wilder represent another well-known type of flight into the remote and the exotic. Taste has not changed. That is, precisely, the symptom of the hushed disaster that is overtaking our letters and our thought. The closing critical age of America buried no seed in any soil; nor did it build—to change the figure—any ramparts to storm; Mr. Mencken, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Cabell, Mr. Masters, and now both Mr. Hemingway and Mr. Callaghan have all agreed that life is, in the words of their final philosophical spokesman, "ridiculous and disgusting." Hence, for all false signs of blare and business, twilight is upon us—twilight and stagnation.

I do not, heaven forbid, sit in judgment on these friends and contemporaries. There was in the America of our youth no affirmation that was not puerile, no dogma that was not worm-eaten, no popular belief that was not an absurd delusion. We could not ally ourselves with the yea-sayers about us—with orgiastic religionists or belligerent saviors of the world for democracy or driveling new-thoughters or nativistic patriots or anti-saloon leaguers.

The spiritual level of affirmation had fallen so low that every noble word was soiled and every idealistic monition discredited. Who will dare even to-day to use, for instance, the word *service*? Yet every great writer is a servant of mankind or he is nothing. Who will risk an appeal to ancestral forces only to be accused of supporting the defense-program of the D.A.R.? Who, to rise to a slightly higher level, will venture to assert that the universe of the practical reason is in fact dualistic and be confounded with the new disciples of Dr. Paul Elmer More? No wonder that the writers and thinkers of the critical age were so shy of any affirmation and cultivated an almost frantic modesty in the matter of any positive values in ethics or politics or religion. They could not have done otherwise than they did. Yet fate is having its revenge. Isolated intellectuals, substituting work for human satisfactions, may live not unjoyously on with the conviction that life is "ridiculous and disgusting"; mankind will not and cannot. Great literature affirms life to be tragic; it implies the acceptance of life as tragic; but both that affirmation and that acceptance represent a triumph of the human spirit. Nor is this less true, as has been falsely argued, of great modern literature than of the works of other ages. For if modern tragedy often represents the gods as hostile and the universe as dead and uncaring, it likewise represents man as triumphant over the hostile gods and the blind universe through his ability to create the very concepts and feel the accompanying emotions of liberty, of righteousness, of justice, and if need be to suffer and to die for these.

II

To use the words liberty, righteousness, and justice is to be forced at once to re-state the whole problem. The

thinkers of the critical age dared not use these words, for the simple reason that their opponents, from the late Stuart Sherman in his belligerent years to the so called humanists of to-day, were constantly using them as the names of things dangerously near the liberty of our immigration laws, the righteousness of a Baptist patriot, and the justice handed out by the government department of that name. So these thinkers blushed and derided and grew hard; they forgot, excusably enough, that man is a valuing animal, that he lives and breathes literally by the active affirmation of values, that they themselves cannot and do not carry on the common business of life in any other way. In this spiritual modesty and flight from Philistinism they went to childish lengths. They no longer distinguished but grew actually muddle-headed, as when the other day the eloquent and sagacious J. W. Krutch permitted himself to say that the modern temper discredits "patriotism, self-sacrifice, respectability, honor." Now no spiritual-minded person has ever, or hardly ever found it possible to be respectable, that is, to keep his conduct wholly on the level of contemporary majority *mores*, nor has belligerent and exclusive patriotism ever been thought of as anything but a menace and a shame among the enlightened from Goethe to the present. No one, on the other hand, but a hermit or a castaway on a desert island can sustain life without disaster for three consecutive hours without the exercise of self-sacrifice and honor. For without the practice of these all human relations would break down, all traffic between man and man would become impossible. Doubtless the modern self negates its hungers and curbs its impulses according to another moral pattern, and doubtless the honor of a modern man is radically different in both theory and action from that of

a mediæval knight or his spurious contemporary descendant. All accidents have happily changed; the core of the permanent remains—the self recognizes limitations for the sake of the other selves in the world; honor commands and forbids, though the content of its monitions may have wholly changed.

Here are the crucial facts which the contemporary American critical radical, the "hard-boiled" thinker or writer, refuses to admit even to himself. In his own person he will be seen to live a life of order, however original in plan; he successfully sustains all the major human relations; he, therefore, obviously practices in their new and more intelligent form all the fundamental virtues. He must be, upon principles however new, capable of self-sacrifice and honor. But instead of investigating the ultimate meaning of the principles upon which he acts every day of his life and seeking to ally this existing moral world with its necessary philosophical background, he feigns a negation of all values and continues to write as though all moral concepts were the discredited ones of the blind mass and as though he and his fellows lived lives wholly unguided from within. He continues in forms ever wearier and more sterile to deride the sordid and narrow lives which, after all, he sees only from without and refuses to use creatively the moral and, therefore, metaphysical experience which, in the nature of things, he must possess. The youngest of the critical realists, Mr. Morley Callaghan and Mr. Nathan Asch, write in this respect quite like the men old enough to be their fathers. The human scene in America fills them with loathing or impels them to jeer. Well, there is enough in that scene to justify both impulses. But so there is in every human scene. I will wager to match the items in Mr. Mencken's *Americana* with items from all the most enlightened countries of Europe.

The masses of men still live amid brutalizing and heart-breaking delusions. To have pointed out that the American masses do so too, that here as everywhere superstition and dullness and cruelty are rampant, and that neither democracy nor the machine has changed essential, perdurable human ills—this was the high and necessary function of our critical age. This and above all the liberation of a saving minority from the worst pressure of the mass. But here no more than elsewhere can this method suffice. Once more men must look into their hearts and write; once more they must fix their minds not upon the repellent masses under a given civilization but rather upon mankind in its permanent and, if one likes, abstract aspects.

The problem, though it finds its outer expression in literature, is not, of course, a problem of literature but of life. What is true of writers is true of readers. What is true of America is true, *mutatis mutandis*, of other lands. New values, new affirmations out of which to create and guide both life and art are not easy to come by anywhere. But in Europe the necessity for such values is recognized, and at least one great writer, Thomas Mann, has transcended his own critical-realist past and written the first epic of the modern spirit. The trouble in contemporary America is that the necessity for new values and a new literature embodying these is not recognized. For the so-called new humanists do but practice the old, romantic policy of flight into a past which they mold arbitrarily to suit themselves. How childish and petulant a gesture to feign to repudiate all human civilization, with the exception of certain eighteenth-century moments, since the Renaissance! A new idealism and a new idealistic literature are in truth needed. They are not to be found amid the cruelty and dirt and groveling superstitions of the past.

They must include and put to use all we have learned and know: our hard-won moral liberties, our dearly bought experiences concerning the old iniquities of intolerance, of oppression, of war. But the difficulty of the momentary American situation is well illustrated by the hesitancy and slight secret shame with which one uses such words as "idealism" and "idealistic" literature at all. Yet both *Job* and *Faust* are idealistic in this sense; a new master, were he to appear, would seek like all his predecessors, however new his terms, however different his interpretative ground and method, "to justify the ways of God to man."

III

Am I setting up a man of straw for the pleasure of knocking him down? Let us not forget that literature is life grown articulate. It is the speech of art not of stock-company reports that expresses the temper of every civilization and of every age; it is by the articulateness of the arts that we know the past; by it, no less, we gauge the mood of the present. The primitive man's chant of sorrow or cry of victory or moan of supplication has become the poem, the play, above all, the novel. What writers are impelled to write and readers equally impelled to read—that is the essence of life and experience, more real, more representative than the crude happenings of men's common day, for it includes their reactions, their disillusionings, their wish-fulfillments. Consider the American scene from this exacter point of view. The joyous zest of the early days of the critical age is gone. A bitter pleasure exhaled even from the graveyard of Spoon River. For there were valor and freshness in the act of making the American dead speak thus and in hearing their speech. Where are that valor and that freshness now? Where,

in this higher sense, is the joy of baiting anti-saloon leaguers or showing up Babbitts? Could anything, in fact, be drearier? Mr. Mencken tells us with all his undiminished vigor that there are no gods. The message does not thrill us; we knew it long ago. But in our heart of hearts all of us, even Mr. Krutch, are anxious about God, about good, about values whereby we can live affirmatively and with the human dignity of old. Ah, it is Mr. Mencken himself who has helped to clear the road for the so-called humanists. For he has told us what he dislikes and despises; he has never told us what he lives by and what his metaphysics are. But man is, among other things, a metaphysical animal and if you do not give him a new and reasonable metaphysic he will flee from you as far as the Middle Ages and St. Thomas Aquinas and addle his easily addled brain. But he will have his metaphysic and cannot live exclusively even on the best bread of Coolidge prosperity. Now even that is cracking; unless the articulate spokesmen of the nation change their tune, all reason and moderation will be drowned as they have been drowned in many parts of Europe, and we shall be left between the devil of Communist passion and the deep sea of black reaction.

All signs point in one direction. The expression in literature of America is fast becoming the hardest and brassiest since the plays of the Restoration. The melancholy Jewish jeering of Mr. Hoffenstein and of Miss Parker are but parallel phases of the "let's have another drink" school of fiction; so is the contemptuousness slightly tinged with compassion of Mr. Elmer Rice; so is, on a higher plane, the classical ferocity of disgust of Mr. Ring Lardner. From this hard implicit denial of values there will be flight. Flight with Mr. Wilder, a more massive flight with Mr. Van Dine and his innumerable colleagues.

If literature is written from the shallowness of hollow souls, readers will flee to sub-literature; if men are not given reasonable values to live by they will go to camp-meetings or feed their children to Moloch; from the pornography of impotence and disgust of Mr. Joyce and the late Mr. Lawrence the reaction is not, alas, toward a healthy honoring of the body and a civilized use of its functions, but toward the bosom of Mr. Paul Elmer More. Debauchery leads to monasticism—not to love and beautiful begetting. The petting-party sustained by boot-leg liquor has in all ages been a forerunner of some Great Awakening and preaching of hell-fire. We must get out of this blind alley, if we can. One can, at least, warn the moral and spiritual nihilists that they are playing into the hands of all whom they hate and dread, of all the forces of darkness and intolerance.

The word nihilism for this temper and this movement is not mine. It is Nietzsche's. He described and diagnosed it long before it had reached our shores. All our hard-boiled thinkers and writers should re-read those terrible early pages of *Der Wille zur Macht*. "The attempt to escape from nihilism without trans-valuing historical values produces the contrary effect and intensifies the problem." To create new values, then—that was Nietzsche's aim. We cannot accept his new values; they are the fruits of a too angry and exorbitant reaction against the democratization of the quality of modern life. But not even he, the arch-revolutionary, the destroyer of all tables of the law, dreamed for one moment that man could live without tables, however symbolical, without inner laws, without values to be made flesh in lives that shall be, upon some interpretation, however new, heroic lives. It has remained for contemporary younger America to believe

that we can live in the void, aimless, unguided, unfeeling, nourishing ourselves wholly on disgust and disillusion.

It is an old futility to reply that the universe as at last revealed by science gives us no hope or comfort. That "at last" is at least as old as Lucretius; the plaint concerning the uncaring gods almost as old as human history. But human history remains. Is history the record of the crimes and follies of mankind? Yes, but only mankind in all the hollow universe has been capable of crimes and follies, that is, of action and conscious experience in the light of values, of ideals, of principles of action; men have lived and died by and for ideas and they will continue to do so. To have them live and die by saner and more humane ideas is the only rational purpose of mature minds; the querulous lapsing into nihilism is both feeble and foolish. If the universe is continuous, ideals are phenomena as natural and inherent in the eternal so-ness and order of things as rocks or stars or trees; if the universe is discontinuous, man's history, evil and foolish though it be, is still, by the strangeness and uniqueness of its quality, by its apparent utter difference from nature, a miracle and a triumph. Thus values—not these values or those values—but values and the valuing instinct of man are valid, historically and metaphysically, on either hypothesis. They are either a natural fruit of the order of the universe or a triumph over it.

The quick and, therefore, shallow question will at once be raised: what values do you expect American literature and life to embody? This is no

place for a concrete answer to that question, which I have done my humble best to supply in more than one book. Here the general answer must suffice: not values by mere convention or tradition but a selection of such values as are inherent in actual life, in history, in the biological process as these manifest themselves to us in our time and place. Beyond that answer one need not go. For what, to sum up, was at last crying to be pointed out, was that the rapid decline of a purely critical literature, the expressive barrenness of the moment, the flight of the pseudo-intelligent into outworn follies and of the naïve into the realm of crime and mystery, were all phenomena explicable by an appeal to history, to experience, to the changeless nature of man. We shall not return to the soggy self-complacency and rosy optimism of, let us say, Ruskin. Nevertheless, the man had hold of a fundamental truth. Sound art requires strong affirmations; great art stands in the service, however interpreted, of man and God. We have now got rid of the stealthy shames and mean proprieties of the nineteenth century. It is time to seek fresh fields and pastures new. Babbitt has been taught to know himself for what he is. He reads, I strongly suspect, *The American Mercury*; he and his children begin to demand the bread of art; they will not long rest content with gin and saccharine; if they are denied the nourishment of sound ideas and sound creative works they may turn to delusions more menacing than those from which the writers of the critical age succeeded in rescuing them in the past fifteen years.



THE SEX TABOO AT PUKA-PUKA

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

SITTING on the veranda of the Puka-Puka trading station, I can see the panorama of atoll life moving drowsily beneath me. It is true that the main portion of the village is behind me, but there are a half dozen huts scattered along the beach fifty yards away; and it is here that the fishermen paddle in from the lagoon, the children splash about the shallow water, old women sit in the shade and breeze to plait their pandanus hats, and the wild youth of the three villages meet to wrestle, play marbles, make intricate cats' cradles, or discuss the coming love fests on the outer beach.

Some evenings the canoes of Leeward Village come from Frigate Bird Islet. I can see them from afar, their sails bellying to a beam wind; twenty or thirty of them moving so rapidly that it seems no more than a moment before the spray from their torpedo-shaped bows is visible; then they have dodged among the coral heads of the bay and beached in full view from my veranda. They are loaded high above the gunwales with fern and *pukatea* leaves—green manure for the main islet's taro beds. And there are husked drinking nuts, long strings of brown ripe ones, and a hundred or more young boobies, tied by their feet like a bunch of onions, squawking raucously.

A procession of laughing, shouting Puka-Pukans passes on either side of the trading station, carrying the bundles

of leaves and nuts on their heads; the children run before them with the birds, swinging them over their heads with the unconcerned cruelty of young savages, to me appalling. I turn my head, half sick at the sight. I have tried to stop them, even asked Sea Foam to preach a sermon against cruelty to dumb animals; but he could not find a text, nor could I. And when I have mentioned diffidently to my neighbors that animals feel pain the same as men they have laughed at me for a sentimental fool.

Before long the leaves and nuts are stacked in the outhouses, and now all the men help, turn and turn about, carrying one another's canoes to the shoring logs. They bail them out, dry them with masses of coconut fiber, and pile plaited fronds on top of them. It requires a year or more for a Puka-Pukan to build a canoe, so he appreciates its value and takes great care of it, making it last a lifetime.

The men stroll back to their houses. The sun has set, and the tropical night is deepening by perceptible degrees; in a half hour it will be dark. A flash of light falls from the sky as a cloud, still aglow with the sun, passes over the lagoon, diffusing its radiance on the rippling water in kaleidoscopic colors. But in a moment it has gone, the coral heads have vanished, the distant reef has dissolved into the sea. A cricket sounds his strident love call from under the veranda; a rooster crows from his perch in a coconut palm. It is eve-

ning, the hour of reverie and of melancholy.

Newly married Mrs. Wail-of-Woe leaves her house and walks to the beach, followed by her younger sister. Both are as naked as the day they were born. A few moments later the sandy stretch between the houses and the beach is dotted with the figures of my neighbors, all quite nude, old and young alike, on their way to the lagoon for their evening bath. Men and women intermingle, naked urchins jump whooping about, young Mr. Chair puts his arm around his sweetheart's waist and they run to the lagoon and jump in. No one is self-conscious, for they have done this since they were babies, and to them there is no mystery in sex and no consciousness of its exposure. Visually, their sexes interest them no more than the sexes of animals; psychically, it is otherwise, for they are an ardent race.

And now I, who have traded on this atoll for years, am becoming indifferent to nakedness, though at first it was quite disturbing. But still I have not attained the healthy incuriousness of my neighbors, for when pretty Miss Tern runs from Sea Foam's house, a hundred yards from the station, and trips gracefully down the beach, the innocent and lovely creation of a fairy wand, I am not nearly enough of a Saint Anthony not to feel a warm tremor pass over me.

At such times I rise from my steamer chair and, leaving the veranda, open the station for the evening trade. I am piqued with myself because I cannot show the impassivity of my neighbors. One evening it was especially disturbing. I had opened the store, and though it was still quite light, was touching a match to the lamp when Miss Tern came running in, dripping wet and still unclothed, her hair clinging to her tawny skin.

"Sea Foam wants some perfume

quickly, for baby is sick!" she cried, out of breath, her panting agitating her breasts.

When I gave her a bottle of the favorite Puka-Puka remedy, she clutched it and ran out of the store, unaware of her nudity and unable to understand that she had left me very much shaken and greatly aggravated with myself. Why could not I look upon a live nude figure in the same way the natives do? The answer was easily found: it was because I was brought up to consider sex both shameful and desirable—a vice to be indulged in clandestinely, while the Puka-Pukans look upon it as a religious ritual, and certainly anything but shameful. With them it is spoken of casually in the family circle, and no child of five is puzzled as to how the race is propagated.

Night has come before the people leave their bath, for they are playful, and the old grandpas and grandmas enjoy splashing and ducking, turning somersaults and playing porpoise in the water as much as do the youngsters. When at last they return to their homes, the older people clothe themselves in *pareus*, dungaree pants, and grass skirts; but the young fry seldom worry about such things. Then tiny coconut-shell fires flash through the villages, revealing groups of squatting natives cooking their evening meals. The fires subside, the villages are obscured in soft shadows, the old folk and the married attend to their own affairs; but the young unmarried slip unhindered through the gloom of the coconut groves to the moon-gleaming outer beach, in the eternal quest of love.

II

I had not been long on Puka-Puka before I wondered why, if the natives are not ashamed of their bodies, they wear clothes at any time.

I knew why they wore European clothes, and why they attended church dressed in the heterogeneous costumes of many nations, professions, and sports. It was the self-same silly vanity which makes a woman paint her face and a man spend hours over his selection of neckties. But the natives wore clothes before the coming of the whites; they were a part of the ritual of the primitive Puka-Pukan life. They were given to him when he reached maturity, but were forbidden before that time. The age of maturity was decided by a council of the village fathers. The youth or maiden was taken before this council, and if it was thought that he or she was old enough to look upon the opposite sex, clothes were decreed and nakedness forbidden except at stated times, such as when bathing in the lagoon or turtle hunting at sea. These garments consisted of a loin cloth of pandanus matting bound around the waist with senit for the men, and a grass skirt or girdle of fern leaves for the women.

But why any clothes at all?

My retainer, the old heathen William, answered this question one day while we were strolling through the islet, deciphering the tombstone symbolism in the little graveyards among the groves. As I stood in one such clearing I caught sight of Miss Tern passing on her way to the taro beds. She was dressed in a girdle of frond leaves and was quite as conscious of it as a boy with his first long pants. She tripped along with a pretty movement of her hips that was accentuated by the girdle, and as her eyes dropped to the garment a smile of gratification played on her lips. She gave me the impression that, now her sex was hidden, she was conscious of it for the first time.

Only yesterday the council had decided that Miss Tern was mature—or to be more accurate, had reached puberty—so they had “made her into

a woman,” or “*akawawine*,” as the ceremony of bestowing the first clothes is called. Unless Sea Foam’s Christian notions had kept her indoors last night, which is improbable, she had gone to the outer beach where some wild youth of another village had initiated her into the meaning of sex.

“William,” I asked the lone heathen of Puka-Puka, “why do the natives start wearing clothes when they reach maturity?”

The old retainer has always looked upon me as an inordinately ignorant young man and, though I feed both him and his garrulous old wife, Mama, he shows me little respect. Now he clutched my arm and led me off into the groves to stop before a heavily laden coconut tree.

“You see,” he cried, pretending to be exasperated, “this is a coconut tree.”

“Yes,” I replied readily.

“Hm,” grunted the old man, as though to acknowledge that I had some intelligence after all.

“Well, you see that she has been tabooed?”

“Yes,” said I. “The village fathers have set this tree aside for one man’s use; and to warn anyone from accidentally taking its nuts, they have wrapped a coconut frond around its bole.”

“They have wrapped a coconut frond around its bole!” William repeated my sentence with irony. Then he shouted, leaning over until his sparsely bearded chin nearly touched my face, “Hell and damnation! What a way to say that they have put a grass skirt on her!”

I glanced up at the tree. The frond wrapped around its bole did look like a grass skirt tied about the slim body of a girl. I began to see light.

“Oh, so that’s how it is!” I cried. “The grass skirt around the girl means that she is taboo, or the property of one

man, just the same as the frond around this tree means that it is a single man's property."

"My son," William said in a gentler tone, "that is it exactly."

"But," I went on, "how did it all start? Is the grass skirt on the tree copied after the old method of tabooing a woman?"

The irascible old heathen flew off the handle again. "God damn," he cried. "What ignorance! Of course not; the coconut tree came first, and the tabooing of the woman was a copy of it. What does a woman amount to in comparison to a coconut tree?"

I wanted to ask William why a woman wore the taboo garment before marriage, for certainly she was anything but the property of one man; but I saved my question for a later date, for the old man was in a fiery humor. When I did ask him, over a bottle of home-brewed ale, he replied vaguely that she was the property of only one man at a time, and that is as much as I was able to learn concerning this slightly contradictory detail.

III

With the exception of old Bones, the local voluptuary, there is no sex morbidity at Puka-Puka; but if these happy-go-lucky, half-god, half-animal people come in closer contact with the civilized world the result will be disastrous. Already the missionaries have made havoc with their morals. Narrow-minded and self-seeking, in their myopic way they have insisted on the maidens clothing themselves at twelve and the youths at thirteen. The Puka-Pukans have taken this as a permit to sexual relations at these ages, for, as has been explained, clothes are considered a tacit permission to enter the love fests. A coconut tree reaches the age of fructification; it is claimed by a man; tabooed by being

"clothed," and the fruit is used by that man. The parallel is the same with a woman; but though one must wait until a coconut tree comes to maturity before he can harvest its fruit, it is otherwise with a girl—much to her detriment—and this the missionaries have blindly brought into existence. Rather than see a naked adolescent body, they have made child mistresses and lovers of the youngsters of this atoll. Perhaps the missionaries are not as clean-minded as the natives who look upon a naked body with indifference.

It must be said that the missionaries are unaware of the harm they are doing. They come to such islands as Puka-Puka only for a day at a time; they turn topsy-turvy the traditions, customs, and religion of the islanders, and then rush off to write articles about their uplifting work; but they do not remain to witness its disastrous results. It is my conviction that they have, more than any others, contributed to the injury of the Polynesians.

But here the injury has been slight, for the people are too natural a race to feel sexual inclinations before their bodies have matured. The meetings on the outer beach are not an orgy of lust; probably much less actual intercourse exists than would among our civilized youth under similar conditions.

I recall two illustrations in a volume about John Williams and his torch-bearing voyage through the South Seas. One was of Puka-Puka before, and the other of the same island after Williams' visit. The first picture depicted a night scene on the beach, with savages dancing by torchlight. They were clothed in grass skirts and fantastic headdresses, their faces were tattooed, they had strings of shark teeth around their necks and war clubs in their hands. In the background idols of extraordinary ugliness stared

from the shadows of gnarled atoll trees. The scene was alive with the abandon of savage islands and, though the artist had done his best to make it repellent, one felt that here was a virile race with a tradition of its own, full of the love of life, independent, flourishing.

The other picture showed a potential Puka-Puka under missionary rule—far from what it actually is, thank God! There was the same stretch of beach, but across it walked an upright, godfearing Puka-Pukan dressed in clothes suitable for Sunday services. In one hand he held a leash attached to a fat pig; in the other a Bible. Behind him, the gnarled atoll trees and the idols had given way to straight rows of coconut palms, where other natives, also properly dressed, split and dried coconuts to help supply the world's margarin. What bathos! A civilization had been destroyed to make Christians and margarin! Happily, the artist was a false prophet; but such conditions have come to pass elsewhere in the Pacific.

IV

A Puka-Pukan seldom marries his first love—or his second, third, or twentieth, for that matter; but when he does marry it is almost invariably successful. Unfaithful husbands and wives are such a rarity here that one may as well say that they do not exist. The reason is evident: there is no grab-bag luck. Before marriage they know one another intimately, know dozens of others intimately; there is no mystery to be disillusioned away; they settle down in married life satisfied, through actual experience, that they have the mate who is best suited to them.

Several reasons would forbid such a practice in civilized countries. We have a heritage of jealousy which makes the thought of marrying a woman

who has been loved by another objectionable. This heritage has been developed through ages of ego assertion, when the attainment of food, shelter, safety, and a mate has been consummated by our proving ourselves superior to others. It has been a strife in which the lineage of the weakling has been exterminated. We have idolized personal property; "this is mine" has become a religion to us, and our pride has been injured when others have conquered our property.

The Puka-Pukans have little personal property, for all the land is communally owned. They have no fear of losing their wives to another, for the precedent has not been set—the fear has not been created. All the wives of this island are faithful to their husbands, so there has been no call for jealousy. As to jealousy among the young unmarried, it exists only in the mildest form. Probably they avoid it unconsciously, for it would disorganize their premarriage promiscuous intercourse, and this would be a great evil indeed.

A second reason for chastity in civilized countries is because an illegitimate child is given an opprobrious name, incurs disgrace from the accident of his birth, and in some cases even loses his right to inherit. The mother is designated by a still more opprobrious name and has little chance of living in respectable society. Her future is hopeless and her child an outcast.

But on such a primitive island as I write about an unmarried mother is honored; and what is more, she has a better chance than a maiden to find a good husband. The sane-minded Puka-Pukan desires a child to carry his name and tradition beyond his grave. When he finds a woman who is both congenial and of proven fecundity he marries her at once, happy in the prospect of an offspring.

Whether they be illegitimate children or gray-haired deacons of the church, each Puka-Pukan has an equal interest in the land and all it produces, and in all the fish, turtles, and birds taken in the community catches. Hence, the mother's pre-marriage child is no problem at all: he belongs to the village, a taro bed is set aside for him, ten coconut trees are tabooed, and he receives his share of the village copra before, figuratively, he is out of his swaddling clothes. And finally, the Puka-Pukans are a child-loving race, so if the mother does not wish to take her baby to her husband's home there will be a score of families fighting for him. After all, he brings no expense or disgrace upon the adopting family.

In most countries the economic status of a woman makes her dependent upon a man, especially when she has reached middle age and borne children. This is the rule; there are many exceptions, but it will never be changed until women cease to bear children, or the government takes them and their children under its care—as do the Puka-Puka village councils. But all this and all it implies is too much of an everyday experience to be expatiated upon; yet, when I told some of my native friends about the situation of an unmarried mother in America, they could not believe that a country so superior to their atoll should allow any member of its community to suffer from want.

The Puka-Pukan mother is actually better off than when she was a maid, for she has her own share of the island's wealth as well as her baby's, and a native baby requires little more than its mother's milk. Thus it can be said that a premium is given to motherhood.

V

William and I discussed the relative merits of the sex taboo in civilized and

primitive societies one night while we were fishing on the reef. There is a coral boulder on the north reef, high and dry during southeasterly trades, when very little sea washes over the coral barrier. To one side a deep crevice leads to the sea, an excellent place to catch *malau*, a red, big-eyed fish, fat and unsurpassed for flavor. They bite a white fly on the fourteenth to the seventeenth nights of the moon; and on these nights, when the sea and weather permit, William and I fish until well into the morning hours.

One evening we crossed the main islet, waded through two hundred yards of shallows, and took our customary places on the boulder. The moon had risen with the setting sun, and the trade wind died to the memory of a breeze. Along the shore the coconut trees stood stately and mute, gleaming faintly above the white glare of the beach. We could see the coral patches in the shallows outlined like shadows on the water. The reef lay ahead of us, a dark-red highway dotted with glittering pools of water where spotted sea eels lay coiled, and crabs and lobsters stared into the night with eyes like coals. The outer side of the reef was aglow with a fringe of surf, phosphorescent and unearthly, washing sibilantly across the coral and sobbing deep down in the caverns. At our feet was the crevice with its black water surging back and forth slowly; but at times, when a heavy sea poured over the reef, the break in the coral would whiten with foam. Then we would set our poles aside waiting for the water to clear and the red *malau* to dart about the surface again, dissolve into the deep black, magically reappear and leap at our flies, or more likely smell them and fin wisely away.

Presently two figures appeared on the beach; others followed until a score or more were sitting on the sand

in pairs and fours, strolling along the water's edge or into the obscurity of the *ngangei* bushes beneath the palms.

A girl's voice rose in the still night air, wild and piercing, chanting one of the old song-legends in tones of savage abandon. Soon other voices joined, girls carrying the leading refrain, while boys sang a counter melody or chanted deep rhythmical monotones like the beat of kettle drums:

"Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye!
Aye! Ah! Aye! Ah!"

Sometimes they sang in a minor key, a melody of two or three bars, weird and beautiful. Then I felt a quickening of my pulse and a gust of emotion sweep over me—an emotion I could not define; but at the moment of its being I found myself trying to recall some place I had never seen, or some experience which had never taken place. A lone voice rose above the others to sing a hymn to the stars—a refrain of but a score of notes which told of the past glory of the Polynesians, the loneliness of remote islands, the joy of living, the tragedy of death, the passion of sex. A girl voice broke in, shrilling her call like an old crone wailing over the body of a still-born baby; the others joined with a clamor of voices, soon to languish to a chanted Lydian measure, soft and sensuous, then end abruptly, as though a surge of emotion had swept over them, choking their voices.

A cloud rolled before the moon. When it had passed, the beach was deserted.

William and I fished vigorously, for now the *malau* were biting well. As I pulled out one fish after another and dropped it into my basket, my mind was far from the sport. I was wondering what would happen if the Puka-Puka love fests were permitted among the youth at home.

"William," I said presently, "I've been thinking about these wild youth

on the outer beach at night, and it has occurred to me that it is a pity that such natural love-making cannot be practiced in civilized countries. But it is impossible. We have diseases which make chastity a health measure. You have sailed in whaling ships so you know what I mean. Have any such afflictions ever reached this island?"

"Once," William replied as he jerked his fly through the water; "but the Puka-Pukans were too smart for him. A ship came here when I was a boy. The captain was a big man with a black beard, so we called him 'Huru-Huru.' You've heard the chant about him:

"Akatu 'u tet'i waka pei Huru-Huru,
Akatere 'u e anere maire ki Rapanui.

"I shall build a canoe like Big-Beard's
And sail a hundred miles to Easter Island.

"Well, one of the girls of Yato was sent out to him to show that we were friendly. A few days later she was ill, and then one of the Roto boys found he had the sickness. They told their fathers about it and a general council was called. Oh! the old men of Puka-Puka were a wise set. Believe it or not, they put the girl and the boy in a canoe, gave them some food and water, and pushed them across the reef, warning them never to return. From then on the Puka-Puka girls had good reason to keep away from sailors. When I came back from whaling I couldn't get a wife for two days; then I went out and took one whether she liked it or not, and that ended the trouble."

"That was a hard fate for the boy and girl."

"Damnation!" cried the old heathen, expressing a sentiment he did not feel. "There were plenty of youngsters on the island, so what did those two amount to?"

"Is that the only case?"

The old man nodded his head in affirmation.

I knew that nowadays the danger is slight, for the captains of the trading schooners see to it that no harm of this kind will reach such outposts as Puka-Puka. Few sailors are allowed ashore, and strangers are not carried as passengers. For a European to reach Puka-Puka he would have to sail in his own ship, and even then it is unlikely that the port officials at Rarotonga would give him permission to land on the outlying islands.

"It would never work on the outer beach of San Francisco or New York," I said. "The whites are a highly strung race of extremists, and they would react differently; they would become voluptuaries, as have some of the European people to whom greater sexual license has been allowed. These people have developed to a state where perversion is the rule; where prostitution is commoner than marriage and

seldom leads to marriage. There is no parallel between the sex life of the civilized and the primitive man. It resolves into no more than an interesting contrast."

I had been talking to myself more than to the old retainer. Now I turned to him, and asked, "William, you have seen something of the world. Who do you think meets this sex problem most effectively and logically, the white men or the people of this island?"

"Hell and damnation!" William roared. "What do the white people know about such things?"

"You mean," I said, paraphrasing Laurence Sterne, "that they handle matters much better at Puka-Puka?"

The old man agreed with a grunt, and as the smoky light of morning was rising above the eastern skyline we rose from our boulder and waded back to the main islet.

FINALITY

BY JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

I *IF THIS thing must end at last,
Tell her so;
She will take it quietly,
None will ever know.
She will take it hard and still,
None will ever know.*

*(You have seen wild cherry cuts
Where amber sap is shown?
They will heal beyond a doubt
Hard as amber stone;
They will heal transparent, clear,
Hard as amber stone.)*

*Let the end be scissored, sharp;
Use no fumbling knife,
Leave no hanging threads of hope
To tangle up her life—
Hope is worse than lies or fear
To tangle up a life.*



THE LIMITATIONS OF THE EXPERT

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

THE day of the plain man has passed. No criticism of democracy is more fashionable in our time than that which lays emphasis upon his incompetence. This is, we are told, a big and complex world, about which we have to find our way at our peril. The plain man is too ignorant and too uninterested to be able to judge the adequacy of the answers suggested to our problems. As in medicine we go to a doctor, or in bridge-building to an engineer, so in matters of social policy we should go to an expert in social questions. He alone, we are told with increasing emphasis, can find his way about the labyrinthine intricacies of modern life. He alone knows how to find the facts, and determine what they mean. The plain man is simply obsolete in a world he has never been trained to understand. Either we must trust the making of fundamental decisions to experts, or there will be a breakdown in the machinery of government.

Now much of this skepticism is a natural and justifiable reaction from the facile and romantic optimism of the nineteenth century. Jefferson in America, Bentham in England did too easily assume not only an inherent rightness in the opinions of the multitude but also an instinctive wisdom in its choices. They did tend to think that social problems could be easily understood, and that public interest in their solution would be widespread and passionate. From their philosophy

was born the dangerous inference that any man, without training in affairs, could hope usefully to control their operation. They did not see that merely to formulate rightly the nature of a social problem is far more difficult than to formulate rightly a problem in physics or chemistry. No one assumes that the plain man is entitled to an opinion about the ether or vitamins or the historicity of the Donation of Constantine. Why should it be assumed that he has competence about the rates of taxation, or the validity of tariff-schedules, or the principles of a penal code? Here, as in the fields of pure and applied science, his well-being, it is argued, depends essentially upon accepting the advice of the disinterested expert. The more elbow-room the latter possesses, the more likely we are to arrive at adequate decisions.

No one, I think, could seriously deny to-day that in fact none of our social problems is capable of wise resolution without formulation of its content by an expert mind. A Congressman at Washington, a member of Parliament at Westminster cannot hope to understand the policy necessary to a proper understanding of Soviet Russia merely by the light of nature. The facts must be gathered by men who have been trained to a special knowledge of the new Russia, and the possible inferences from those facts must be set out by them. The plain man cannot plan a town, or devise a drainage system, or

decide upon the wisdom of compulsory vaccination without aid and knowledge at every turn from men who have specialized in those themes. He will make grave mistakes about them, possibly even fatal mistakes. He will not know what to look for; he may easily miss the significance of what he is told. That the contours of any subject must be defined by the expert before the plain man can see its full significance will, I believe, be obvious to anyone who has reflected upon the social process in the modern world.

II

But it is one thing to urge the need for expert consultation at every stage in making policy; it is another thing, and a very different thing, to insist that the expert's judgment must be final. For special knowledge and the highly trained mind produce their own limitations which, in the realm of statesmanship, are of decisive importance. *Expertise*, it may be argued, sacrifices the insight of common sense to intensity of experience. It breeds an inability to accept new views from the very depth of its preoccupation with its own conclusions. It too often fails to see round its subject. It sees its results out of perspective by making them the center of relevance to which all other results must be related. Too often, also, it lacks humility; and this breeds in its possessors a failure in proportion which makes them fail to see the obvious which is before their very noses. It has, also, a certain caste-spirit about it, so that experts tend to neglect all evidence which does not come from those who belong to their own ranks. Above all, perhaps, and this most urgently where human problems are concerned, the expert fails to see that every judgment he makes not purely factual in nature brings with it a scheme of

values which has no special validity about it. He tends to confuse the importance of his facts with the importance of what he proposes to do about them.

Each one of these views needs illustration, if we are to see the relation of *expertise* to statesmanship in proper perspective. The expert, I suggest, sacrifices the insight of common sense to the intensity of his experience. No one can read the writings of Mr. F. W. Taylor, the efficiency-engineer, without seeing that his concentration upon the problem of reaching the maximum output of pig-iron per man per day made him come to see the laborer simply as a machine for the production of pig-iron. He forgot the complexities of human nature, the fact that the subject of his experiments had a will of his own whose consent was essential to effective success. Business men prophesied the rapid breakdown of the Russian experiment because it had eliminated that profit-making motive which experience had taught them was at the root of Western civilization. But they failed to see that Russia might call into play new motives and new emotions not less powerful, even if different in their operation, from the old. The economic experts of the early nineteenth century were fairly unanimous in insisting that the limitation of the hours of labor must necessarily result in a decrease of prosperity. They lacked the common sense to see that a prohibition upon one avenue of profit would necessarily lead to so intense an exploration of others as to provide a more than adequate compensation for the effort they deplored.

The expert, again, dislikes the appearance of novel views. Here, perhaps, the experience of science is most suggestive since the possibility of proof in this realm avoids the chief difficulties of human material. Everyone knows of the difficulties encountered by Jen-

ner in his effort to convince his medical contemporaries of the importance of vaccination. The Royal Society refused to print one of Joule's most seminal papers. The opposition of men like Sir Richard Owen and Adam Sedgwick to Darwin resembled nothing so much as that of Rome to Galileo. Not even so great a surgeon as Simpson could see merit in Lister's discovery of antiseptic treatment. The opposition to Pasteur among medical men was so vehement that he declared regretfully that he did not know he had so many enemies. Lacroix and Poisson reported to the French Academy of Sciences that Galois' work on the theory of groups, which Cayley later put among the great mathematical achievements of the nineteenth century, was quite unintelligible. Everyone knows how biologists and physicists failed to perceive for long years the significance of Gregor Mendel and Willard Gibbs.

These are instances from realms where, in almost every case, measurable proof of truth was immediately obtainable; and, in each case, novelty of outlook was fatal to a perception of its importance. In social matters, where the problem of measurement is infinitely more difficult, the expert is entitled to far less assurance. He can hardly claim that any of his fundamental questions have been so formulated that he can be sure that the answer is capable of a certainly right interpretation. The student of race, for instance, is wise only if he admits that his knowledge of his subject is mainly a measure of his ignorance of its boundaries. The student of eugenics can do little more than insist that certain hereditary traits, deaf-mutism, for example, or hæmophilia, make breeding from the stocks tainted by them undesirable; he cannot tell us what fitness means nor show us how to breed the qualities upon which racial ade-

quacy depends. It would be folly to say that we are destined never to know the laws which govern life; but, equally certainly, it would be folly to argue that our knowledge is sufficient to justify any expert, in any realm of social importance, claiming finality for his outlook.

He too often, also, fails to see his results in their proper perspective. Anyone who examines the conclusions built, for example, upon the use of intelligence tests will see that this is the case. For until we know exactly how much of the ability to answer the questions used as their foundation is related to differentiated home environments, how effectively, that is, the experiment is really pure, they cannot tell us anything. Yet the psychologists who accept their results have built upon them vast and glittering generalizations as, for instance, about the inferior mental quality of the Italian immigrant in America; as though a little common sense would not make us suspect conclusions indicating mental inferiority in the people which produced Dante and Petrarch, Vico and Machiavelli. Generalizations of this kind are merely arrogant; and their failure to see, as experts, the *a priori* dubiety of their results, obviously raises grave issues about their competence to pronounce upon policy.

Vital, too, and dangerous, is the expert's caste-spirit. The inability of doctors to see light from without is notorious; and a reforming lawyer is at least as strange a spectacle as one prepared to welcome criticism of his profession from men who do not practice it. There is, in fact, no expert group which does not tend to deny that truth may possibly be found outside the boundary of its private Pyrenees. Yet, clearly enough, to accept its dicta as final, without examination of their implications, would be to accept grave error as truth in almost every depart-

ment of social effort. Every expert's conclusion is a philosophy of the second best until it has been examined in terms of a scheme of values not special to the subject matter of which he is an exponent.

Everyone knows, for example, that admirals invariably fail to judge naval policy in adequate terms; and in Great Britain, at any rate, the great military organizers, men like Cardwell and Haldane, have had to pursue their task in face of organized opposition from the professional soldier. The Duke of Wellington was never brought to see the advantage of the breech-loading rifle; and the history of the tank in the last war is largely a history of civilian enterprise the value of which the professional soldier was brought to see only with difficulty.

The expert, in fact, simply by reason of his immersion in a routine, tends to lack flexibility of mind once he approaches the margins of his special theme. He is incapable of rapid adaptation to novel situations. He unduly discounts experience which does not tally with his own. He is hostile to views which are not set out in terms he has been accustomed to handle. No man is so adept at realizing difficulties within the field that he knows; but, also, few are so incapable of meeting situations outside that field. Specialism seems to breed a horror of unwonted experiment, a weakness in achieving adaptability, both of which make the expert of dubious value when he is in supreme command of a situation.

This is, perhaps, above all because the expert rarely understands the plain man. What he knows, he knows so thoroughly that he is impatient with men to whom it has to be explained. Because he practices a mystery, he tends to assume that, within his allotted field, men must accept without question the conclusions at which he

has arrived. He too often lacks that emollient quality which makes him see that conclusions to which men assent are far better than conclusions which they are bidden, without persuasion, to decline at their peril. Everyone knows how easily human personality becomes a unit in a statistical table for the bureaucrat; and there must be few who have not sometimes sympathized with the poor man's indignation at the social worker. People like Jane Addams, who can retain, amid their labors, a sense of the permanent humanity of the poor are rare enough to become notable figures in contemporary life.

The expert, in fact, tends to develop a certain condescension towards the plain man which goes far towards the invalidation of his *expertise*. Men in India who have become accustomed to the exercise of power, cannot believe, without an imaginative effort of which few of them are capable, that the Indian is entitled to his own ideas of how he should be governed. Civil servants tend easily to think that members of Parliament or Congress are an ignorant impediment to their labors. Professional historians, who cultivate some minute fragment of an epoch's history, cannot appreciate the superb incursions of a brilliant amateur like Mr. H. G. Wells. It has taken professional economists more than a generation to realize that the trade unions have a contribution to make to the understanding of industrial phenomena without which their own interpretation is painfully incomplete.

There is, in fact, not less in the expert's mind than in that of the plain man what Mr. Justice Holmes has termed an "inarticulate major premise" quite fundamental to his work. I have known an expert in the British Foreign Office whose advice upon China was built upon the assumption that the Chinese have a different human nature

from that of Englishmen; and what was, in fact, an obvious private prejudice was, for him, the equally obvious outcome of a special experience which could not brook contradiction. Judges of the Supreme Court have had no difficulty in making the Fourteenth Amendment the embodiment of the *laissez-faire* philosophy of the nineteenth century; and few of them have realized that they were simply making the law express their unconscious dislike of governmental experiment. The history of trade-union law in England is largely an attempt, of course mainly unconscious, by judicial experts to disguise their dislike of working-men's organization in terms of a mythology to which the convenient name of "public policy" could be attached. The attitude of the British High Command to the death-penalty, of lawyers like Lord Eldon to the relaxation of penal severity, of business men to secrecy in finance, of statesmen to proposals for institutional reconstruction are all revelations of the expert's dislike of abandoning premises which, because he has grown accustomed to them, he tends to equate with the inevitable foundations of truth.

The expert tends, that is to say, to make his subject the measure of life, instead of making life the measure of his subject. The result, only too often, is an inability to discriminate, a confusion of learning with wisdom. "The fixed person for the fixed duties," Professor Whitehead has written, "who in older societies was such a godsend, in the future will be a public danger." In a sense, indeed, the more expert such fixed persons are, the more dangerous they are likely to be. For your great chemist, or doctor, or engineer, or mathematician is not an expert about life; he is precisely an expert in chemistry or medicine, engineering or mathematics. And the more highly expert he is, the more profoundly he is

immersed in his routine, the less he is likely to know of the life about him. He cannot afford the time or the energy to give to life what his subject demands from him. He restrains his best intellectual effort within the routine about which he is a specialist. He does not co-ordinate his knowledge of a part with an attempt at wisdom about the whole.

This can be seen from many angles. Lord Kelvin was a great physicist, and his discoveries in cable-laying were of supreme importance to its development; but when he sought to act as a director of a cable-laying company, his complete inability to judge men resulted in serious financial loss. Faraday was obviously one of the half-dozen outstanding physicists of modern times; but in the field of theological belief, he retained convictions which no man of common sense could accept. Mr. Henry Ford is obviously a business man of genius; but, equally obviously, his table talk upon themes outside his special sphere reveals a mentality which is mediocre in the extreme. Charles Babbage rendered immense service to the development of statistical science; but when he came to judge one of Tennyson's most famous poems he missed its beauty through an over-vivid sense of its failure to conform to the revelations of the census returns.

The expert, in short, remains expert upon the condition that he does not seek to co-ordinate his specialism with the total sum of human knowledge. The moment that he seeks that co-ordination he ceases to be an expert. A doctor, a lawyer, an engineer who sought to act in terms of his specialism as President or Prime Minister would inevitably fail; to succeed, he must cease to be an expert. The wisdom that is needed for the direction of affairs is not an expert technic but a balanced equilibrium. It is a knowledge of how to use men, a faculty of

judgment about the practicability of principles. It consists not in the possession of specialized knowledge, but in a power to utilize its results at the right moment, and in the right direction.

III

My point may perhaps be made by saying that *expertise* consists in such an analytic comprehension of a special realm of facts that the power to see that realm in the perspective of totality is lost. Such analytic comprehension is purchased at the cost of the kind of wisdom essential to the conduct of affairs. The doctor tends to think of men as patients; the teacher sees them as pupils; the statistician as units in a table. Bankers too often fail to realize that there is humanity even in men who have no check-books: Marxian socialists see sinister economic motive in the simplest expressions of the universal appetite for power. To live differently is to think differently; and to live as an expert in a small division of human knowledge is to make its principles commensurate with the ultimate deposit of historic experience. Not in that way does wisdom come.

Because a man is an expert on medieval French history, that does not make him the best judge of the disposition of the Saar Valley in 1919. Because a man is a brilliant prison doctor, that does not make him the person who ought to determine the principles of a penal code. The skill of the great soldier does not entitle him to decide upon the scale of military armament; just as no anthropologist, simply as an anthropologist, would be a fitting governor for a colonial territory peopled by native races. To decide wisely, problems must be looked at from an eminence. Intensity of vision destroys the sense of proportion. There is no illusion quite so fatal to good government as that of the man who makes his

expert insight the measure of social need. We do not get progress in naval disarmament when admirals confer. We do not get legal progress from meetings of Bar associations. Congresses of teachers seem rarely to provide the means of educational advance. The knowledge of what can be done with the results obtained in special disciplines seems to require a type of co-ordinating mind to which the expert, as such, is simply irrelevant.

This may be looked at from two points of view. "Political heads of departments are necessary," said Sir William Harcourt, "to tell the civil service what the public will not stand." That is, indeed, an essential picture of the place of the expert in public affairs. He is an invaluable servant and an impossible master. He can explain the consequences of a proposed policy, indicate its wisdom, measure its danger. He can point out possibilities in a proposed line of action. But it is of the essence of public wisdom to take the final initiative out of his hands.

For any political system in which a wide initiative belongs to the expert is bound to develop the vices of bureaucracy. It will lack insight into the movement and temper of the public mind. It will push its private nostrums in disregard of public wants. It will become self-satisfied and self-complacent. It will mistake its technical results for social wisdom, and it will fail to see the limits within which its measures are capable of effective application. For the expert, by definition, lacks contact with the plain man. He not only does not know what the plain man is thinking; he rarely knows how to discover his thoughts. He has dwelt so austere in his laboratory or his study that the content of the average mind is a closed book to him. He is at a loss how to manipulate the opinions and prejudices which he encounters. He has never learned the art of persuading

men into acceptance of a thing they only half understand. He is remote from the substance of their lives. Their interests and hopes and fears have never been the counters with which he has played. He does not realize that, for them, his technical formulæ do not carry conviction because they are, as formulæ, incapable of translation into terms of popular speech. For the plain man, he is remote, abstract, alien. It is only the juxtaposition of the statesman between the expert and the public which makes specialist conclusions capable of application.

That, indeed, is the statesman's basic task. He represents, at his best, supreme common sense in relation to *expertise*. He indicates the limits of the possible. He measures what can be done in terms of the material at his disposal. A man who has been for long years in public affairs learns the art of handling men so as to utilize their talents without participating in their experience. He discovers how to persuade antagonistic views. He finds how to make decisions without giving reasons for them. He can judge almost by intuition the probable results of giving legislative effect to a principle. He comes to office able to co-ordinate varied aspects of *expertise* into something which looks like a coherent program. He learns to take risks, to trust to sub-conscious insight instead of remaining dependent upon reasoned analysis. The expert's training is, as a rule, fatal to these habits which are essential to the leadership of a multitude. That is why, for example, the teacher and the scholar are rarely a success in politics. For they have little experience of the need for rapid decision; and their type of mental discipline leads them to consider truth in general rather than the truth of popular discussion. They have not been trained to the business of convincing

the plain man; and modern government is impossible to those who do not possess this art.

Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable in a great public department than to watch a really first-rate public man drive his team of expert officials. He knows far less than they do of the affairs of the Department. He has to guess at every stage the validity of their conclusions. On occasion, he must either choose between alternatives which seem equally balanced or decide upon a policy of which his officials disapprove. Not seldom, he must quicken their doubts into certainties; not seldom, also, he must persuade them into paths they have thus far refused to tread. The whole difference between a great Minister and a poor one lies in his ability to utilize his officials as instruments. His success depends upon weaving a policy from the discrete threads of their *expertise*. He must discover certain large principles of policy and employ them in finding the conditions of its successful operation. He must have the power to see things in a big way, to simplify, to co-ordinate, to generalize. Anyone who knows the work of Lord Haldane at the British War Office from 1906 to 1911, or of Mr. Arthur Henderson as Foreign Secretary in the last eighteen months, can understand the relation between the statesman and his expert which makes, and which alone can make, for successful administration.

Its essence, as a relation, is that the ultimate decisions are made by the amateur and not by the specialist. It is that fact which gives them coherence and proportion. A cabinet of experts would never devise a great policy. Either their competing specialisms would clash, if their *expertise* was various in kind, or its perspective would be futile because it was similar. The amateur brings to them the relevance of the outer world and the knowledge of

men. He disposes of private idiosyncrasy and technical prejudice. In convincing the non-specialist Minister that a policy propounded is either right or wrong, the expert is already half-way to convincing the public of his plans; and if he fails in that effort to convince, the chances are that his plans are, for the environment he seeks to control, inadequate or mistaken. For politics by its nature is not a philosophy of technical ideals, but an art of the immediately practical. And the statesman is pivotal to its organization because he acts as the broker of ideas without whom no bridges can be built between the expert and the multitude. It is no accident, but an inherent quality of his character, that the expert distrusts his fellow-specialist when the latter can reach that multitude. For him the gift of popular explanation is a proof of failure in the grasp of the discipline. His intensity of gaze makes him suspect the man who can state the elements of his mystery in general terms. He knows too much of minutiae to be comfortable upon the heights of generalization.

Nor must we neglect the other aspect of the matter. "The guest," said Aristotle with his homely wisdom, "will judge better of a feast than the cook." However much we may rely upon the expert in formulating the materials for decision, what ultimately matters is the judgment passed upon the results of policy by those who are to live by them. Things done by government must not only appear right to the expert; their consequences must seem right to the plain and average man. And there is no way known of discovering his judgment save by deliberately seeking it. This, after all, is the really final test of government; for, at least over any considerable period, we cannot maintain a social policy which runs counter to the wishes of the multitude.

It is not the least of our dangers that

we tend, from our sense of the complexity of affairs, to underestimate both the relevance and the significance of those wishes. We are so impressed by the plain man's ignorance that we tend to think his views may be put aside as unimportant. Not a little of the literature upon the art of government to-day is built upon the supposition that the plain man has no longer any place in social economy. We know, for example, that he does not understand the technicalities of the gold standard. It is clear that it would be folly to consult him upon matters like the proper area for the generation of electricity supply, or the amount that it is wise for a government to spend in testing the action of pavements under changing temperatures and variations of load. But the inference from a knowledge that the plain man is ignorant of technical detail and, broadly speaking, uninterested in the methods by which its results are attained, is certainly not the conclusion that the expert can be left to make his own decisions.

For the results of the gold standard are written plain in the life of the average man. The consequences of an inefficient electricity supply are apparent to him every day. It is his motor car which uses the roads, and he makes up his mind about the quality of the road-service with which he is provided. Every degree by which he is separated from consultation about decisions is a weakening of the governmental process. Neither goodwill in the expert nor efficiency in the performance of his function ever compensates in a state for failure to elicit the interest of the plain man in what is being done. For the nature of the result is largely unknown save as he reports his judgment upon it; and only as he reports that judgment can the expert determine in what direction his plans must move. Every failure in

consultation, moreover, separates the mind of the governors from those who are governed; this is the most fertile source of misunderstanding in the state. It is the real root of the impermanence of autocracies which fail from their inability to plumb the minds of those by whose opinions, ultimately, they must live.

The importance of the plain man's judgment is, in short, the foundation upon which the expert, if he is to be successful, must seek to build. It is out of that judgment, in its massive totality, that every society forms its scheme of values. The limits of possible action in society are always set by that scheme. What can be done is not what the expert thinks ought to be done. What can be done is what the plain man's scheme of values permits him to consider as just. His likes and dislikes, his indifference and his inertia, circumscribe at every stage the possibilities of administration. That is why a great expert like Sir Arthur Salter has always insisted upon the importance of advisory committees in the process of government. He has seen that the more closely the public is related to the work of *expertise*, the more likely is that work to be successful. For the relation of proximity of itself produces conviction. The public learns confidence, on the one hand, and the expert learns proportion on the other. Confidence in government is the secret of stability, and a sense of proportion in the expert is the safeguard against bureaucracy.

At no time in modern history was it more important than now that we should scrutinize the claims of the expert more critically; at no time, also, was it more important that he himself should be skeptical about his claims. Scientific invention has given us a material power of which the possible malignancy is at least as great as its contingent benefits. The danger

which confronts us is the quite fatal one that, by the increase of complexity in civilization, we may come to forget the humanity of men. A mental climate so perverted as this would demonstrate at a stroke the fragility of our social institutions. For it would reveal an abyss between rulers and subjects which no amount of technical ingenuity could bridge. The material power that our experts multiply brings with it no system of values. It can only be given a system related to the lives of ordinary people to the degree that they are associated with its use. To exclude them from a share in its direction is quite certainly to exclude them also from a share in its benefits; for no men have been able in the history of past societies exclusively to exercise its authority without employing it ultimately for their own ends. Government by experts would, however ardent their original zeal for the public welfare, mean after a time government in the interest of experts. Of that the outcome would be either stagnation, on the one hand, or social antagonism, upon the other.

IV

Our business, in the years which lie ahead, is clearly to safeguard ourselves against this prospect. We must ceaselessly remember that no body of experts is wise enough, or good enough, to be charged with the destiny of mankind. Just because they are experts, the whole of life is, for them, in constant danger of being sacrificed to a part; and they are saved from disaster only by the need of deference to the plain man's common sense. It is, I believe, upon the perpetuation of this deference that our safety very largely depends.

But it will be no easy thing to perpetuate it. The expert, to-day, is accustomed to a veneration not very

different from that of the priest in primitive societies; for the plain man he, like the priest, exercises a mystery into which the uninitiated cannot enter. To strike a balance between necessary respect and skeptical attack is a difficult task. The experience of the expert is so different, his approach to life so dissimilar, that expert and plain man are often impatient of each other's values. Until we can somehow harmonize them, our feet will be near to the abyss.

Nor must we forget that to attain such harmony immense changes in our social habits will be necessary. We

shall have to revolutionize our educational methods. We shall have to reconstruct the whole fabric of our institutions. For the first time, perhaps, in the history of mankind, we shall have, as a civilization, deliberately to determine what kind of life we desire to live. We must so determine it remembering that the success of our effort will depend upon harnessing to its fortunes the profounder idealism of ordinary men and women. We shall appeal to that idealism only as we give it knowledge and persuade it that the end we seek is one in which it, too, can hope to share.

WHITE CHRISTMAS

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

T*his is December, and zero weather;
This is the season of less, not more.
But better get ready the empty manger,
Pitchfork straw on the draughty floor.*

*A pretty time for a cow to be calving.
What does she think will become of her young?
But bolt the door from the flying snowflakes,
Slam it to where the sill has sprung.*

*Am I to fetch clover as I fetch water,
With ice on the pasture, ice on the sedge?
But though cold as a barn, this needn't be colder.
Stuff an old shirt in the window ledge.*

*You'd think she'd know there was nothing to grow on;
That frosty hay is poor fodder for milk.
But lift the oil lamp to the furthest corner—
Eyes like stars and a coat like silk.*

*Where has the heart of winter a warm spot
For any creature so newly born?
But look at the milk-white breath of the cattle,
The warm white breath of the lowing cattle,
Taking the chill off of Christmas morn.*



MEN IN WOMEN'S COLLEGES

BY AGNES ROGERS HYDE

A SIGNIFICANT change seems to have come over college life in the large Eastern colleges for women in the past ten or fifteen years. That in itself is to be expected, considering that they are American institutions and still in existence. Nor is it surprising to find a tendency toward vocational training running parallel and, in some cases, supplanting the older notions of education. The thing that astonished me on a recent visit to my college—the first one since graduating some fourteen years ago—was the fact that the vocational training was in the hands of the students rather than of the faculty and that there was a definite concentration on one vocation—being popular with men.

The condition which I observed is not peculiar to my college. A similar phenomenon exists to a certain degree in all the other colleges of its kind.

An English girl once told me something which struck me as curious. She was talking about American women whom she considered interesting, spirited, and charming. "But," she went on, "they have one quality which depresses me frightfully. One of your countrymen explained it to me. He was a very good sort, married to a neighbor of ours. I asked him why he hadn't married an American, and he said, after some complimentary remarks about his wife, that they were too damned practical."

They are practical. There's no denying it. But then we Americans

esteem practicality so highly. We honor it as one of the cardinal virtues. It is associated with that admirable condition known as "feet on the ground" as opposed to the more flighty and consequently less desirable "head in the clouds." Not that the modern American woman has any corner on that quality. Women have always been practical, but in other countries and at other times they preferred to veil it. The English Victorian mother was quite as practical in her cunning method of calling attention to her daughters' accomplishments as is the modern parent who pays for special trains from Cambridge, New Haven, and Princeton at the time of her daughters' debuts. And under those shining Victorian curls, the daughters' thoughts were revolving about men just as busily as daughters' thoughts do to-day. No weapon could have been more practical than the time-honored helplessness with which they trapped the unwary male.

Such a line of action, however, is scorned to-day in this country. The modern American woman has abandoned—except for dinner parties—the technic of sighing in admiration at man's competence, strength, and general glory. She prefers to admit openly that man is a very useful animal, and proceeds without subterfuge to get what she can out of him.

This very business of selecting man as the central figure in her scheme of life is a most practical procedure.

Even a "slightly tired feminist," as Lillian Symes termed herself, admitted in "Still a Man's World" that society is still ordered according to man's rather than woman's demands. Surely the practical way is to admit a situation and then see how much you can get out of it.

It is not surprising to find this practical approach to life with man as the central figure among young women. They see it as the most satisfactory working arrangement—at any rate, the least unsatisfactory one—for getting on in the world. Moreover, this concentration on the opposite sex is entirely natural. Few normal girls prefer spending the evening curled up with a good book to enjoying the society of a personable young man. It is natural enough for girls to think about, talk about—and play about with—young men to the exclusion of almost everything else.

What surprised me was to find them doing it in college.

II

I do not believe that the girls who were in college when I was there were abnormal. It so happened, however, that before we came to college we had not acquired the habit of depending upon the society of young men to any great extent, and while we were there we had no opportunity of forming it. Fourteen years ago it was not fashionable in college to be concerned with men. We did not talk about them, and what we thought about them we kept to ourselves. I remember the jeers that overwhelmed one little girl named Jane who confessed to having spent the evening talking with her roommates about love and marriage. It was a flagrant breach of etiquette, a lapse of form that branded Jane forever as—in the language of the day—a sad bird.

A few girls were engaged to be married while they were still in college, but they won no glory from that condition. Even the weekly arrival of the American Beauties which were sent them by their fiancés aroused no envy in the rest of us. We were, instead, more than a little sorry for them, for they were eternally mooning around, trying to put in the time until they would graduate. We couldn't understand what they were doing in college anyway.

I firmly believe that for most of us the four years of college marked a period of peculiar and intense happiness. I am talking about the average girl who was in college in my time. I am not considering the few who were animated by a spark of genius. They are always outside the rules. Nor am I thinking of the "sad birds"; I mean the large number of girls who may be regarded as typical, whose thoughts and actions set the tone of undergraduate life.

Free from the competition that spontaneously springs up when men come into the picture, we developed—unnaturally perhaps—according to our individual temperaments. College was so vast to our inexperienced eyes, so full of new and delightful opportunities and grave responsibilities. There were so many people to know, so many fields to explore, so much to learn in every direction. For most of us, coming from the strict discipline of boarding school, the simple liberty of being able to sit up all night gave an intoxicating sense of freedom.

It was good form to be at least on speaking terms with a great many girls, not only in one's own class but in all the classes. One had one's particular friends, of course, but most girls did not confine their friendships to any particular group. Kinship of interest was the usual basis for friendship, not similarity of background. If you liked

music, or French poetry, or climbing trees, it was fun to be with someone else who liked the same things. There was another element, however, that led to a wide circle of acquaintances—a genuine curiosity about different kinds of people. Without any intention of forming a lifelong intimacy with the Japanese who sat next you in chemistry, you at least wanted to know what she had to say, and what kind of daily lives girls led in Japan.

As far as studies went, we studied the subjects which interested us—that is, as soon as we had got out of the way the courses which were required. The college at that time followed the system of closed marks. No one knew until Senior year what marks she had received since her arrival. The benefits or evils of that plan I am not prepared to discuss. I only know that we were not greatly concerned with working for marks, and I am sure that most of us got a great deal of fun out of our studies. Perhaps we did not work with the zeal that we should, but we enjoyed ourselves. We had a good time while we were working. A friend of mine who was handy with her pencil turned in for Philosophy, not the usual conscientious and unimportant paper, but a series of cartoons that illustrated the theories of Berkeley with zest and humor. I, myself, was feeble at parsing and most uncertain about the Greek accusative, but I had a feeling of intimacy about the week-end parties up at the Sabine Farm; and one girl who never could remember dates is to this day roused to a passion of indignation because Hannibal was such a grand person and had the cards so stacked against him—an emotion that I believe to be of more cultural reality than a record filed somewhere noting honors in history.

Studying was not only work; it spilled over into play. I well re-

member an impromptu party in honor of Ovid where we draped ourselves in togas composed of sheets and, after a classical if limited menu of olives, cheese, eggs, and milk, put on a topical revue of the grandeur that was Rome which reduced most of the company into convulsions of laughter. Not quite so funny, perhaps, as Mr. Bernard Shaw's excursions into classic fields, but entertaining enough.

This playful attitude towards the study of Latin may not produce many A's, nor is it in any way a scholarly attitude, but I maintain that for the average person it gives something which lasts. I have long since forgotten how to read Latin, and so, I venture, has many a better Latinist than I, but I shall never lose a certain friendly feeling towards Roman boys and girls.

It is conceivable that we might have spent more time in study of a more solid sort had it not been for non-academic activities. With the utmost enthusiasm we played games, ran magazines, put on plays, sang in the glee club, and busied ourselves with self-government. Our sports were entirely intra-mural. Our college teams never played another college, but the feeling that attended the inter-class contests ran high, and the honor of being chosen for the Varsity team was in no way diminished by the fact that it never went into action. The plays that we directed and acted were not performances of finished artistry, but they had a quality of freshness and verve and were a source of great pleasure to the actors and the audience. For one great factor in college life was an honest co-operation. Those of us who did not play basket ball cheered the team passionately. If we could not act or paint scenery, we applauded those who did. And that applause had mixed with it very little envy. With very few exceptions, the success

of the girls prominent in these activities was won to the accompaniment of frank good will from their fellow students.

Even more important, as I see it now, than the organized activities of college life was the manner in which we spent our free time. For in those intervals the real temper of any method of living shows itself most plainly. The casual amusements of the period were almost invariably marked with a touch of creative imagination or artistic appreciation simply because those habits of thought were an integral part of our daily life.

Long walks in the country were very popular. One started out with an apple in one pocket and the *Oxford Book of English Verse* in the other without self-consciousness or pose. Picnics were another favorite diversion, simple affairs enlivened by feverish discussions as to what Shelley really meant, or by part-singing of ancient songs. There we would sit with torn stockings and untidy hair, comfortably full of doughnuts and a delicious melancholy over the fate of the four Marys.

Considerable time and effort were put, moreover, into activities for which no credits were given, no acclaim won, things that were merely fun to do. Nobody thought it peculiar that certain girls gathered every Sunday night to read Greek with one of the instructors because they liked to read Greek, or that others met regularly to play chamber music for their own pleasure, or that still others enjoyed reading plays aloud. It was thought a waste of time to go to the movies or play bridge because one could do that anywhere. The general opinion was that college offered an opportunity to do things you couldn't do in other places.

There was, to be sure, a certain amount of talk, even then, that college

should be made more like the outside world. That quaint old phrase has not been heard, I'll wager, for some time on any campus. The liberals, whose war cry this was, were a fiery few who kept pretty much to themselves, with an occasional sally into town to attend the meetings of the Socialist Club. Their arguments, although intense, had very little effect on the majority of the undergraduates. We were having too good a time with the inside world. These dissenters were forever demanding the abolition of compulsory chapel, of required courses, of compulsory everything. And, above all, the students should be given more outside life. It was an outrage that men should not visit the college whenever they pleased, that the girls should not have an unlimited number of weekends. They stoutly upheld the theory of co-education where young men and women mingled daily in earnest work. In fact, they held to the Utopian belief that when young men and women mingled daily they would do nothing but work. College was so *unnatural*, they insisted.

So much for undergraduate life as it used to be. It was far from perfect. There was no doubt a tinge of the blue stocking about us. We were certainly unsophisticated; we should now be thought incredibly childish. It was an unnatural existence if a fondness for intellectual adventure, a capacity for enjoying oneself without the aid of the opposite sex is unnatural. I, for one, do not regret it. There are so many perfectly natural things that are not entirely praiseworthy, why shouldn't a few unnatural ones have some merit? After all, a system that produces independent, serious-minded women who will take responsibility and stand on their own feet, who are not wholly dependent on conventional amusements for their pleasures, cannot be laughed off.

III

Not long ago I went back to college for a visit. I knew a few undergraduates, and I looked forward with considerable pleasure to mingling in a world that was familiar to me in retrospect—a world of ideals and illusions.

I thought the campus much more beautiful than I had remembered it. And so it is. In thirteen years several new buildings of imposing appearance have improved the looks of things, and the donors have erected them in loving memory combined with better taste than that which marked an earlier period. The older ones couldn't very well be pulled down, but careful planting has done wonders in concealing them.

There weren't many girls in sight. As I had remembered it, the campus was always full of girls, crowds of untidy gangling young creatures. Instead, there seemed to be only a few young women, and these were very smart, very *soignée*, attended by young men, rather in the manner of people strolling in a park. Motor cars were clustered at each building.

"Where's everybody?" I asked at teatime.

"It's Saturday," explained my hostess, a little surprised. "They're all away, except the ones who have men up."

"But how many week-ends are you allowed?" I asked, somewhat astonished.

"Five a semester with two leaves of a day each. But if you're smart you can wangle more," I was told; and one girl added complacently, "I'm going to be away every one this term."

Somewhat confused, I settled into my cushions to wait until my alien presence had been assimilated and normal conversation should be resumed. Not that the girls were shy. There

was plenty of talk. There were reminiscences of the past week-end spent at Princeton, New Haven, or New York; there were plans for the coming one which was to be spent at New Haven, New York, or Princeton; there was an outburst against a certain mother who was just plain dumb not to know that evening clothes have to touch the ground all the way around. But there was no talk of college life, of studies, or hockey or rehearsals or meetings or even college gossip. Except for one expression of languid curiosity as to the punishment of two girls who were caught motoring after ten o'clock at night with some men, the conversation might have taken place at Sherry's.

All of these girls were intelligent, their conversation was amusing and entertaining. They were pretty and attractive. They were obviously enjoying being alive. They were flourishing happily under a system that was different from the one I had known.

I protest that I did not feel the resentment supposed to be common to the old graduate who comes back to college and finds things changed. I was distinctly surprised, however, and filled with curiosity. I was eager to know why these girls were talking about Princeton instead of Samarkand.

They appeared, for their part, to have some curiosity about the interesting old customs in the college of long-vanished days. One girl asked me, "Is it really true that when you were here you had to take Math and Latin Freshman year?" She spoke in the manner of one who inquires into the habits of the early Britons. I admitted that it was indeed so.

"Oh, how awful!" they chorused.

I added that chapel was compulsory at that remote date, that we had to take either Physics or Chemistry, and threw in for good measure the appall-

ing item that there was only one dance a year to which men could come.

That was too dreadful. The conditions of the Congo rubber plantations under the sinister Leopold were gay in comparison. Cries of pity and horror arose. "But, whatever did you *do*?" they exclaimed.

I mentioned a few of the occupations with which we had beguiled the time. They listened to my ingenuous recital as your mother's friends used to receive your account of the fun you had at the Sunday School picnic.

Thinking that possibly all this worldliness had been assumed for the benefit of an outsider, and an elderly one at that, I asked my friends later what the girls talked about when there were no strangers around. They looked at one another and burst into shouts of laughter.

"Men!" they cried in one breath.

"What do they say about them?" I asked. That brought on more giggles. Honestly! Of all the absurd questions!

"Oh, technic and things like that—or else the men they're crazy about," was all I could get out of them.

"Don't they ever talk about what they're going to do after college?" I asked, remembering our endless discussions.

"Everybody expects to get married," was the candid reply. "Lots of girls think it's a disgrace not to be engaged by the end of Sophomore year."

I discovered later that most of the girls expect to go to work, if only for a time; but now that jobs for women are taken for granted, they have not the importance they had even ten years ago. Then it was still something of an effort for many girls to take a job. Parents had to be persuaded, friends of the family had to be pacified, if possible, employers had still to be convinced.

"But what about college affairs,"

I persisted, "nonacademic activities—they still go on, don't they—dramatics and athletics, and student government and magazines—who goes in for them?"

"Yes, they still go on," they replied without enthusiasm. "The girls who go in for them are the ones that don't go away week-ends." And there was in their tone a note of dismissal.

IV

There are girls now in colleges who busy themselves without the aid of men, who are more interested in the events of the week than in the week-ends. There are many who dream of distinguished careers after college. I am simply reporting a phenomenon that did not exist when I was in college—a phenomenon that is sufficiently widespread to be recognized. I am reporting evidence that I saw and heard, that I collected from observing and talking to a number of girls and teachers. And the subsequent conversations that I have had with people who are directly connected with undergraduate life in other colleges have produced only confirmation of these impressions. It is easy to say, "Oh, but you saw only one side. The same thing went on when you were in college and you didn't know anything about it." My point is that I most certainly should have known about it if it had existed then in the same proportion that it now exists, for, disregarding the numbers of these girls, the fact remains that they are the ones who set the fashions for undergraduate life. The celebrity—the girl who is active in college affairs—is no longer the fashionable figure she once was. The fashionable girl now is one who lives in a flood of telegrams, long-distance telephone calls, letters—preferably special delivery—and visitors.

Not that these girls embody a Victorian ideal in spite of their long skirts.

Nor do they cleave to the earlier belief that love is woman's whole existence. Love has very little to do with it. They are not looking for a strong arm to lean upon or a noble man to cherish and serve. They are after men for what they can get out of them, which seems to mean a certain amount of excitement politely called "good times" and the acclaim of their fellow students.

The more I saw of them, the more I was struck by their tenacity of purpose, their single-mindedness, their extraordinary efficiency. I realized how ruthlessly they have stamped out any qualities in their own characters that might interfere with the scheme of life they have adopted, and with what relentless precision they have organized their college life to one end. This concentration is particularly interesting in contrast to the diffuse unorganized course that we pursued. We were forever casting about in new directions; they are steadfastly true to one.

By a curious paradox, the week-end seems to be the focal point about which college life revolves for these girls. Everything—friendships, amusements, sports, studies—is organized with that end in view. Social life consists of small groups. Six is the correct number. The girls in one's crowd must be girls with whom one wants to go away on week-ends, girls who will fit in with the men one knows. One of the instructors told me of a foreign student who entered college Junior year after a distinguished record in a European University. In the dormitory in which she roomed no member of her class bothered to speak to her. They had no interest in her experiences, no curiosity about her point of view. She was not week-end material.

The same practical attitude applies to sports. There is great interest in golf, tennis, riding—the sports that

are useful after college, and during week-ends. Basket ball and hockey may be fun, but there is no particular demand at Southampton for a girl who can shoot a basket from the center of the field. So, why bother with basket ball and hockey? Why even bother to look at them? The time might be much better spent improving one's bridge game. Hockey and basket ball still are played, but the eager crowds of cheering onlookers have dwindled considerably. Skating and skiing may come in useful after college, so it is well to practice them, but do not waste time on the childish sport of sliding down hill on a tin tray. It may be fun but it doesn't get you anywhere.

These girls study, and they study hard. They take their courses seriously. It is doubtful if they take them adventurously. One instructor told me, beaming with satisfaction, that the standard of scholarship was higher than ever. The girls said, "You have to get good marks or you lose your week-ends." They spend more time on studies—from Monday to Friday—than we did. Besides the powerful incentive of keeping one's privileges, they have fewer distractions in the form of extra-curricular business. They approach their courses with the same cool efficiency with which they form their friendships and choose their sports. It is more sensible to select courses in which you can learn the subject by rote than to venture into more hazardous fields that demand original thought. In the latter, you never know just where you stand, whereas in the former, by working you can be assured of good marks. I even heard teachers classified as those who gave A's and those who did not. Certain instructors because of their personalities always arouse enthusiasm among their students. That is true now, but there seems to be no interest in members of the faculty

beyond those under whom the girls are actually studying. What's the use of knowing teachers if you don't work with them? It was thought very peculiar that I wanted to see several instructors for whom I had a lively friendship although I had never been in their class rooms. There is no more interest in the faculty as people than in the foreign student.

V

I asked what these girls came to college for. "Oh, it's a good place," they said cheerfully. "You meet a lot of nice people. Besides, you have to do something." That, I take it, means that you might do much worse than putting in the time until you are married in the company of congenial companions who widen your circle suitably and profitably, not to mention the great advantage of getting to know more men than the home town affords. It is not a glamorous point of view, but it has much to recommend it, practically speaking. For it is a very definite preparation for the life after college that these girls have elected.

It is a truism to define education as a preparation for life. Moreover, it will be a long time before the relative merits of present-day undergraduate life and that of ten or fifteen years ago can be accurately weighed. However, there may be something to be deduced from a comparison of the two products at the time of their graduation. What equipment has one that the other lacks? Wherein is each one the stronger? On which would you place the odds for future happiness?

These girls who are graduating to-day have a clear-cut notion of the kind of life they want. Each one of them has a sound working knowledge of social life of a precise kind, a careful technic for dealing with most men, a good training in the accepted amuse-

ments of her kind—tennis, golf, bridge—and a choice circle of carefully selected friends. She has a mind that is well trained, that can concentrate, select, and reject, and is not cluttered with hazy, ardent convictions about the rights and responsibilities of women and what art is. She will avoid the bitterness of disillusion because she has forsworn illusion. She is prepared to take the world as it is and make the best of it according to her requirements. She is determined to find for herself a comfortable, secure place and dig in. So far, everything appears to be in her favor. She has turned every moment of her undergraduate days into practical account for the next step.

That is, I suppose, the main difference between her equipment at graduation and that of her sister of thirteen years ago. When my contemporaries graduated, their education had no immediate application to the next step. Many people thought the whole business a supreme waste of time. First of all, college was dangerously likely to unsettle girls for home life. You had to expect that. It was all very well for girls who were going to teach to march out into the world armed with an A.B. A college degree was necessary for a job. But as for business (and the idea of women in business was still felt to be somewhat far fetched!) well, a diploma from a good business school was a more reasonable entering wedge.

Moreover, when we actually went to work—as most of us did—we had ahead of us bitter surprises. Our college *esprit de corps* was so genuine that we were not prepared to face the self-seeking people who get ahead at the expense of someone else. (Not that these people are confined to the world of business.) College was a democratic spot. There the girls had made their own places without regard to their

spending money, their clothes, or their parents' addresses. The absence of world standards of wealth and position simply meant that we had a great deal to learn after June of Senior year. Our lack of knowledge of men did not argue a brilliant social career. We knew nothing of the technic of the small, fierce battles among women where men are involved.

Our notion of the world was naïve in the extreme. We vaguely expected a larger college where the opportunities would be vaster, the adventures more thrilling, the contests keener—a larger arena, in fact, with more hazards but fair play.

We were certainly not prepared to fit into place. Our greatest strength lay in our ignoring the necessity of fitting into place. Moreover, we had an idea that our duty was not to accept things as they are but to improve upon them. Admitting that we had little practical equipment, I believe that we had something more valuable. We had courage, eagerness, and self-reliance. Our carping critics could—and did—attribute the first two qualities to ignorance and the third to self-satisfaction. Perhaps they were right. I cannot see that it is important. It is quite true that we received bad knocks, worse ones possibly than the young women who are graduating now will have. The knowledge that life does not always conduct itself according to one's notions of fair play is dearly bought, but I do not think that our equipment for living was so fragile that we crumbled under it, and I believe that our system contained a better preparation for *enjoying* life than does the present one.

VI

It is quite possible that the girls to-day know more about life—certain aspects of it—than we did. But those

aspects one cannot help learning. The simple process of growing up teaches it. The important thing is what you are going to do with it. And that is where the priceless value of our four cloistered years comes in.

The girls now in college who find enjoyment in association with men are following the most natural course. Prohibited as we were from these normal pleasures of adolescence, we turned to other enjoyments—the enjoyments of educated people. There is no need to describe the difference between the pleasures of the educated and those of the untutored. Everybody knows what it is. In spite of the cult of lowbrowism, we all recognize that reading, listening to music, contemplating pictures, not to mention a more active participation in the arts, have a necessary part in the lives of most people of consequence. Nor do I have to define what I mean by consequence.

The odd thing is that when girls begin to think seriously about men they automatically stop thinking about these subtler pleasures unless they have already formed the habit of enjoying intellectual pursuits. The kind of fun that we had at the Latin party is at once pathetic and embarrassing to girls whose only idea of a good time is a night club. At college now a play produced by the girls is important as an event when you have men up.

When I was there visiting, my polite hostess took me to a concert. It was given by a string quartet that played beautifully. Afterwards we stopped in a girl's room where we discovered a small group lying about on cushions. As we entered the room one girl fetched a great sigh. "I'm simply gaga," she moaned. "He's *so* sweet." Then she added triumphantly, "I got my telephone call. The one I'd been waiting for all day." There was some talk about the concert and of the beauty of

Brahms. The lovesick one turned to me and said point blank, "Honestly, which do you think is more exciting—listening to a telephone call from a man you're crazy about or listening to Brahms?"

Of course she had me there. For excitement, the telephone call wins hands down. There's no argument about that. The only trouble is that once your ears are attuned to telephone calls they do not hear Brahms. The telephone calls, moreover, will come of themselves, but you have to concentrate to catch the vibrations of music. Moreover, the minutiae of living so clouds the issue as you get older that you seldom turn to music later on.

I am not so silly as to advocate carrying into later years the kind of life we liked so well at college. I do not advise a replica of Philemon and Baucis's little party when one's husband's business friends come to dinner, nor the suggestion of a jolly hour of folk-dancing when things are slow on the house party. There is nothing more deplorable than the woman who doesn't get over college ways when college is over. But that is not the fault of college. Those women would have the same trouble in any circumstances.

It seems to me that the law of diminishing returns is at work on this new system. I doubt if it is, after all, more practical than the old one. Wherein lies its superiority—what does it offer that the old one lacked? The old one was criticized as being so unlike the outside world that the adjustment to the latter was bound to be a task of huge proportions. Looking about me, I cannot see any wrecked lives as a consequence of this ordeal. The adjustment was a hurdle that most of my contemporaries took in their stride pretty successfully.

The lack of specific social training that the class of 1915 has had to strug-

gle along with does not appear to have been an overpowering handicap to the enjoyment of human society. Perhaps the members of that class do not play bridge or tennis as well as the graduates of this year, but they have one great advantage. The old system, after all, trained women to regard other people as individuals. And that, when you stop to think, gives one the edge on a person who regards women as natural enemies and men as natural prey.

At any rate, college life as I knew it did not act as a deterrent to matrimony. The proportion of my college friends who withered on the parent stem is somewhat less than it is among those who did not go to college. My classmates received rather more than the usual allotment of attention from men as soon as they left college.

There is one great drawback to association with men as measured in terms of excitement. It definitely precludes the pleasures of companionship—pleasures that last throughout one's life. Flirtation is one of the worst possible foundations for friendship. Moreover, there is a kind of behavior that is piquant at eighteen, permissible in the early twenties, but acutely tiresome in the thirties, and after that—well, isn't it kinder not even to consider that?

Carrying the argument still farther into the field of the practical—what do men think about the new system? Do they invariably prefer the women who are concentrating hard on them? I am inclined to believe that the perverse creatures get a little bored, that the best of them, the ones who are worth bothering about, are more interested in the women who think that life holds more than being popular with men. As a matter of cold-blooded technic, it is not a bad idea occasionally to be busy listening to Brahms instead of waiting for the telephone.

The Lion's Mouth



OPUS FOUR, NUMBER SEVEN

BY ROBERT P. UTTER

THE radio sounded off with what the announcer said was Kahm's "Opus 4, No. 7," popularly known as the "Wet Asphalt Sonata," played by the National Lipstick Company's Symphony Orchestra. I have reason to think that they played it relentlessly to the finish, but I heard not a note of it for I was trying to remember something I read once on a concert program in Fort Dodge. Before the end I got it almost word for word: "Kahm's 'Op. 4, No. 7' is a naturalistic representation of a southeast wind in a grove of mushroom sycamores (*platanus agaricus*) on the east coast of Crete."

Accordingly I led what I thought was a conversational ace:

"Doesn't it sound for all the world like a south wind in a grove of sycamores on the Mediterranean?"

Mrs. O'Brien-Finkelstein promptly trumped it. She speaks as one having authority in musical matters because she has a brother who works in a jews-harp factory.

"Impossible! Everybody knows that it was written to express a pack of Russian wolves attacking a fleet of crocodiles in Kensington Gardens, and I think it is wonderfully realistic."

When I got home I looked it up in the *World Almanac*, and found that

Kahm's wife (as she called herself) said after the composer's death that he told her when he wrote it that it was a lullaby sung by a mother humming-bird to her young in Stamboul. I pushed my researches farther, and found that Mrs. O'Brien-Finkelstein's hypothesis originated in Smith's *Pronouncing and Biographical Dictionary*, Leavenworth, 1878. Seventeen concert programs on file in the Public Library printed it; eighteen others quoted the theory I had advanced, and nineteen followed the humming-bird-lullaby hypothesis. No other solution of the problem has ever been brought forward.

The range of these suggestions seemed to me narrow. I read the rest of the concert programs; I read the literature that comes with my albums of phonograph records; I read critiques of concerts. All showed the same ratio: three artists to fifty-four copyists. Clearly another artist is needed. Suddenly I felt my calling and election. Certainly I have the qualifications to write concert programs—abundant assurance, and a large and exotic vocabulary. I set myself at once to the experiment. I twisted some knobs on the radio and sat down at the typewriter. What I got was Blimski's "Opus 4, No. 7 in G minus," popularly known as the "Gas Pipe Symphony." On the typewriter I proceeded as follows:

"You recall, of course, that at the time Blimski was working on this opus he was living in the Pension Noiski at Bangni-Whangaroff, which, as everyone knows, is next door to a boiler factory. At this period he writes to his friend Blimpovitzch, 'I know I shall be

able to work here. Only this morning a dray loaded with steel bars went by over the cobblestones. It has given me inspiration for my symphony, which I am sure will knock 'em cold.'

"The first movement opens with an intrepid motif on the strings, which is forthwith echoed in black darning-cotton, preliminary to its being etched on burlap in blue worsted. The second motif, though somewhat pavid, comes as a heavy tone in reinforced concrete embellished with impish arabesques of arpeggios in pressed brick adroitly executed by pouring sand into the bass tubas. At this point it is taken up by the brass where it resolves into a tinkling repoussé effect in hammered lead. Its recrudescence is delimited by a series of heavy detonations among the gas pipes which die away in delicate crashes and jangles from the cut glass. Thus the first movement ends on a note of sadness connoting the evanescence of iridescence.

"The second movement sets out adventurously with an airy phrase on the sole-leather double basses which is eventually taken over by the hand-knit piccolo and embroidered with dainty webs and fringes by a running obbligato on the buzz-saw. It does not run free, however, for it is caught in a pizzicato on the barbed wire and expires in a concatenation of shrieks from the shoe horns. It is revived immediately by the klaxons, but is halted by an abrupt interpellation of the police whistles reinforced by squeaks on the brake drums. The passages that follow are buoyant, sustained to the end of the movement on the vulcanized rubber."

That was all I got of the Blimski, for the typewriter had fallen behind the radio. It was finishing the second movement while the announcer was intoning an epilogue to the fifth in the form of some gratuitous observations on Wrightseyes Underwear ("It gives you fits"). I twirled some more knobs

to get better synchronization. What I actually got was Scarlatti Febre, "Opus 4, No. 7," "Theme from the Tragic Flute" with variations, scored for 16 shoe horns, 4 brake drums, 16 ear trumpets, 1 respiratory organ, 2 isosceles triangles, 3 Homeric sirens, and 8 down and out hoboos. The typewriter opened intrepidly—or set out adventurously—or something—anyway, it got away for a good start:

"The opening theme is an inane little melody on the oboe depicting the village idiot weaving homeward on a lonely road at twilight intrigued with the hope of grafting another shot of vodka from the speakeasy at the cross-roads. A little later we learn of his success as the vodka registers with a splintering crash on the anvils . . ."

At this point the radio blew out its inner tube and fell silent, but the typewriter haughtily took no notice of the fact, and kept on with a penetrating analysis of Sobski's "Silent Symphony" (Opus 4, No. 7), like this:

"The work adumbrates the brooding unheard voices of earth and sea. The opening theme introduces the sweet and imperceptible melody of the angle-worm, which swells into the full silent harmonies of a chorus of clams. In exquisite contrast is the ensuing cadenza for the cockroach, a silvery little flurry of sixteenth rests, in the same rhythm as the succeeding tracery of inaudible arpeggios for the boll-weevil. This is broken abruptly by the masterly silences of a choir of snails. Next we are treated to the myrmidonic operations of a horde of ants, and the whole closes with the vivacious inaudibilities of a quartet of potato-bugs, undignified, slightly salacious, casting an ironic light back over the austerity of the earlier passages."

I have compared these experiments with the work of other craftsmen, and feel fully justified in offering them as samples of my dexterity, and announc-

ing myself as open to engagements to write musical analysis or criticism for any purpose, and to teach the practice as a conversational asset.

Anyway, I am loaded for Mrs. O'Brien-Finkelstein, and will get her the next time she springs any of her "Impossible!" stuff on me!



THUMBS UP

BY JAMES THURBER

EDGAR ALLAN POE in a volume called—at least in the edition I picked up in a Fourth Avenue second-hand book store—*Extravaganza and Caprice*, relates the history of one Robert Jones, the chief end of whose existence was the study of Nosology, the science of noses. The nose has always had a great deal of attention from writers; Poe mentions Bartholinus as an early authority on the subject, and among moderns the names of Cabell and Rostand come to mind offhand. Oddly enough, the thumb, a protuberance of even greater interest and far greater versatility, has been shamefully neglected. I might even say that it has been ignored and disdained. This attitude may doubtless be attributed to the ancient superstition—to which I myself but lately subscribed—that the thumb is an awkward and well-nigh dispensable unit of the hand, a monstrous vestige which has outlived its primordial and forgotten purpose, a sort of overgrown pup disturbing the fine precision of the fingers.

The gross unfairness of this old notion I discovered during a period of two weeks when, because of an injury to the thumb of my right hand, I was forced to go about with it bound up in a great bandage. My discomfort was

equalled only by my astonishment when I discovered that virtually the only accomplishment the four fingers are capable of without the assistance of their more preaxial colleague is the comparatively minor feat of lifting up a rabbit by his ears.

The theory that the thumb is clumsy and practically useless goes back a long way. The dictionary tells us that the original meaning of the word was probably "big" or "strong." Power the thumb has indeed. But it is also more skillful than the fingers—it is, as I proved to my complete satisfaction, even more skillful than the forefinger, which is commonly regarded as the most adroit of the digits of the hand. That this distinction properly belongs to the thumb is readily demonstrable. Pick up a pin. Observe that, in so doing, the forefinger instantly calls upon the thumb for help. Now try to pick up the pin without using your thumbs: use only your first and second fingers. You will discover, greatly to your amazement I daresay, that the simple little act is practically impossible. If now you again bring the thumb into play you must be convinced by the ease with which the task is accomplished that compared to the thumb the fingers are gropers and bunglers.

The trouble is that one's fingers are, alas, all fingers. If one's fingers were really "all thumbs" one could attain to an exquisite skill now undreamed of in working with fine tools and delicate instruments. The thumb has far greater freedom of movement than the fingers, being apposable to each of them. The fingers cannot touch one another face to face, and therein lies the secret of their comparative inferiority as workmen and as artists. Denied the assistance of the thumb, the forefinger, for all its vaunted deftness, would be reduced to such mean occupations as poking around in a box of buttons, and pointing.

The thumb has been neglected like a stepchild in the family of its slim and admittedly more handsome brothers. Doubtless the man who first fashioned thimbles and thumb-rings for swords, believed he was contriving devices necessary to protect the stupid and blundering member of the hand family from harsh contacts with the world. The truth is that the thumb has most of the courage, and takes all of the initiative for the family. In gripping a sword the fingers merely fall into a clinch, shut their eyes, and hang on like small bulldogs. The thumb advances along the handle, alert, sure of itself, and not only holds the weapon firm but directs the battle.

Pick up a pair of scissors and examine the interesting division of work between the fingers and the thumb. The little finger and the third finger (in the case of some persons, the little finger and the arrogant first finger) have nothing to do and are actually in the way. The thumb plans the campaign and carries it out. It can depend upon only two fingers for help, and that help is unskilled labor (the little finger, by the way, is the least gifted of all). Attempt to cut something with scissors held only by the fingers and see how ridiculous they become. They are as helpless as they would be in trying to roll a cigarette by themselves. That art—the folding of a flimsy rice paper about stubborn flakes of tobacco—is a nice one, and its masters always use their thumbs predominantly throughout the whole operation. Makers of certain cigarette papers emphasize the importance of this in diagrams which go along with the package of papers and illustrate how it should be done: thumbs up, outward, dominant, never paralleling the fingers and working on their level. Show me a man who cannot roll a cigarette and I will show you a fellow who does not have the proper respect for and understanding of his thumbs.

The list in the dictionary of misconceptions regarding the thumb is a long one and stands as a monument to man's curious ignorance of the sweet uses of one of his greatest allies. "To thumb" means to handle clumsily, whereas "to finger" connotes skillfulness or at least ease. Having tried when my thumb was bandaged up to turn a latch-key in a lock, using only my fingers, I read such definitions with amusement marred by a certain fine indignation. Had I not thought of my unimpaired left thumb when I was trying to let myself into my apartment I should have been forced to sleep in a park.

The thumb has received very scant praise. Only in its application to a certain dark spot on each foot of a finely bred black-and-tan terrier does the word "thumb-mark," for example, receive any mention in the dictionary which can be called flattering—and that how faint! Usually "thumb-mark" is applied to ugly and useless things: a disfiguring depression on the side of the comb of a fowl, an unsightly pit on the exterior of a meteorite. One must go to the argot of the machine trades, where men appreciate the excellence of the thumb, to find a real tribute to it. There is a nut called a "thumb-nut" described as "any nut designed to be turned by the thumb and finger"—not a "finger-nut," you will observe. Thus do machinists give the thumb the credit it deserves by naming in its honor, without mention of the subsidiary forefinger, all nuts save those upon which, presumably, a wrench must be used. This appreciation on the part of machinists is natural. Every one of them must, at some time or other, have injured a thumb and discovered that all one can do in a case like that is to go home and lie down or, if the injury be a permanent one, retire to the country and raise rabbits.



Editor's Easy Chair

GUESSING THE FUTURE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

FORTUNE Tellers Thrive in This City: New Yorkers Pay \$25,000,000 Yearly to Gypsy Soothsayers, Seers, and Other Frauds." So ran a headline in the news columns of the *New York Times*.

"Do you believe that, Publius?" said I. "Do you believe that fortune tellers get \$25,000,000 a year out of New York City?"

"No! not unless the stockbrokers are included!"

The article thus headed did not include stockbrokers but did include mediums. It quoted one Lindley Cook as deposing that there are more than a quarter of a million fortune tellers in the United States, and John Mulholland, another expert, as saying that New York City spends twenty-five millions a year on inquiries into the future.

New York does spend something, of course, on guessing the future and supports a large number of persons who practice to reveal it, but that they collect twenty-five millions a year out of us seems to an uninformed observer an over-liberal estimate. However, some of the astrologers, and also some of the mediums, are high class in their line and have clients who value their disclosures and are well able to pay for them. Astrology is a very old and tolerably respectable art, and a case can be made out that it really has a

basis in fact. And as to mediums, their profession has unquestionably gained in respectability in the last fifty years. Psychological Research societies, of which there is one in New York, one in Boston, and others elsewhere in this country, depend on mediums for their laboratory practice, and the usual complaint about them is not that there are too many but that there are not enough good ones.

People who think all mediums and all traffickers with the invisible are swindlers are apt also to believe that the employment is very profitable. They seem to think that gypsy fortune tellers roll in money. Oh, no! Communicating with the unseen is an ill-paid trade. Some mediums of steady habits can live by it very modestly, but the best of them prefer to live mainly by something that is more profitable and less exacting, and to sit for spirits on the side. A valid trance medium cannot work at that employment all day but only for an hour or two at a time, and the times must not be too close together. Gypsy fortune tellers may not be so much restricted, but if they can tell fortunes all day and to all comers the wonder is that the five-and-ten-cent-stores have not taken them up—five cents for children and ten cents for adults, and all done under sanitary conditions and the eye of the police.

But there does seem to be a fairly large and steady appetite about the future—what is going to happen and especially what is going to happen next. That is an old-time desire. Astrologers ministered to it and do still. Kings were often among their customers, also bankers, and many, many others. Just now the future is especially perplexing. Betters do not know what to bet on. Prudent observers are uncertain which way the cat will jump next. Stock-market forecasters forecast about as usual, it is true, but their conclusions do not carry conviction. Unusual factors are involved in the present consideration of human destinies and incidentally in business. At the opening of Columbia the other day President Butler warned his student body that the world was facing “not ordinary depression” but “one of the most troubled and disturbed periods that history has ever known.” He found the present world-wide unemployment a new problem which everybody discusses but for which no one has a solution. He saw in it something very threatening to the existing social order. Two million men unemployed in Great Britain, as many more in Germany, and four million in the United States looked to him very serious. He found uncertainty and questioning of the adequacy of present methods of dealing with the problem of everyday existence, both growing out of the feeling that the world lacks leadership. Nevertheless, he considered that it is not a time for wise men to lose confidence in the social order with a historical background, but rather a time to see how we can make that order more just and more attractive.

Really the world's present predicament is producing a good deal of concern, much more than ordinarily appears in print. Ambassador Dawes, computing from mere terrestrial ob-

servations and comparing the present pinch with past ones, thinks matters in business ought to go better in about a year. What the astrologers say can be learned on payment of a fee and may be worth it; who can tell? The British-Israel people have the next four or five years mapped out in red ink. Some of the spiritists get alarming predictions. But on the whole we have to fall back on what we know because it is “in the paper”; and perhaps most of us will do just as well or better to abide by scriptural injunction and put limits to our thoughts about to-morrow. There is still money in circulation hereabouts. The supply of postage stamps is ample. There seems to have been a good yield of potatoes, and one may almost get paid for eating up a little wheat and helping the market. Hereabouts and in most countries the means to support life and embellish it with contemporary comforts (so-called) are superabundant. The trouble is in getting them into circulation. A little more of everything is manufactured than can be sold at a profit; a little more grain is raised than can find a ready market, and that makes a business depression. It is curious to see large-scale suffering from over-supply of commodities. But that is what is going on and, though it is not entirely a novelty, its present scale and magnitude are novelties.

Bad times make for thought. When people are busy getting and spending money most of them think of that to the loss of meditation and reflection on other matters. Perhaps if the world gets poorer it will think more and deeper and better. It certainly needs to.

THE Earl of Birkenhead (F. E. Smith), that extraordinary man, died in London on the last day of September at the age of fifty-eight. In that comparatively short term of

life he seems to have got out of himself what there was in him, and if life is measured by accomplishment it can hardly be said that he died young. Mentally he was a notable force, highly successful as a lawyer, a newspaper writer, and a business man. At forty-three he was Attorney General of England, Lord Chancellor at forty-seven, and later Secretary of State for India. He was untrammelled in speech, a Tory scornful of most of his fellow creatures, enormously industrious, a great money getter and vastly extravagant in spending it. A newspaper says of him that "a brilliant mind and an intensely industrious nature were the bases of his success." Birkenhead would probably have explained it by saying that he had first-class brains. So he had and was constantly deploring the preponderance of second-class brains in the British government. Nevertheless, to say he had a brilliant mind or to say he had first-class brains does not really tell the story. Brains are just the mechanism of the mental machine, and how much their quality varies is a matter for experts to expound to us. Apparently, however, it is not the brains that make so much difference as what their possessor is able to get out of them; and the real case with Birkenhead and men of such prodigious energy may have been that he had by nature the power of getting the jump on his glands, of stimulating them so that they would run at high pressure.

He lived apparently a highly stimulated life in that he smoked many cigars and was fond of brandy. He was of the earth earthy. He liked this life and what it gave. His domestic relations seem to have been good and, in spite of his immense abusiveness, he seems to have been likable, popular, and to have inspired deep affection and warm friendships. At any rate his early death is lamented as the loss of a

strong man and an exceedingly able mind at a crisis in England when he could ill be spared. He would not have made a good Methodist, yet he and Bishop Cannon seem to have some qualities in common, though Bishop Cannon is much less developed. He made a distinct impression on law. "He was an orator in an age of the mutterers," said the *Daily Express*. Lloyd George said: "He had an unquenchable courage of a very high order, had loyalty and had also in public matters a superb judgment."

What a character! How very different from anyone of importance in political life at present in the United States! How far from the standards of the W. C. T. U. or even of the Y. M. C. A.! Nevertheless, Daniel Webster was fond of brandy, General Grant smoked a good many cigars, and neither George Washington nor Ben Franklin was an abstainer, though they lived healthy enough lives, far more so than Birkenhead who had used up his physical outfit at the age of fifty-eight. And yet who shall say how far the greatness of Britain has been due to audacious men of his caliber and rudimentary views of life? No public man could have talked in these States as Birkenhead did in England, and yet undoubtedly first or last he said plenty of things that needed saying and which no one but he had the audacity to let out. Alexander died at thirty-three; the younger Pitt at forty-six; Napoleon at fifty-one. Some of the highly stimulated lives have been very notable, but Franklin and Edison at eighty-three, Justice Holmes at eighty-nine, and Hindenburg, far on in the eighties and still invaluable, argue for timely consideration of the perishable nature of the human body.

But this matter of the glands and how they are to be stimulated and why some people are so much better able to do it than others—all that seems to

belong to contemporary knowledge, and people who aspire to be up-to-date will have to inquire into it. Yet whether our powers derive from brains or glands is only something that concerns our bodily apparatus, and the big thing is behind both.

IN INTERESTING and rather amusing contrast to the all-too-short career of Birkenhead is that recorded in the *Harvard Graduates Magazine* of a Vermont lawyer, William Brunswick Curry Stickney, "a scholar and wit, leader of the Vermont Bar," who died last July at the ripe age of eighty-five. His father was a clergyman. He entered Harvard in 1861 well fitted in the Boston Latin School, led his class in his freshman year, was rusticated in his sophomore year, again in his junior year, and in his senior year dismissed from college. It was not until 1905 that he got his degree as "of the class of 1865." Meanwhile he had received a couple of LL.D.'s from colleges in Vermont. He read law and became a member of the Massachusetts Bar, but practiced in Vermont, where he had a distinguished success which left him time to serve as a member of the legislature and also as state's attorney for his county. He was also a bank president, a railroad director, and warden and lay reader of his church. For thirty years he was regarded as the leading lawyer in Vermont, and credited also with being one of the most perfectly educated men of his time. He read Latin and Greek in the original text, and habitually on his railroad journeys. "Singularly attractive," his obituarist says, "he never failed to charm his hearers, and young men particularly, on all sorts of occasions, convivial and otherwise, delighted in his company and invariably came under the spell of his fascination."

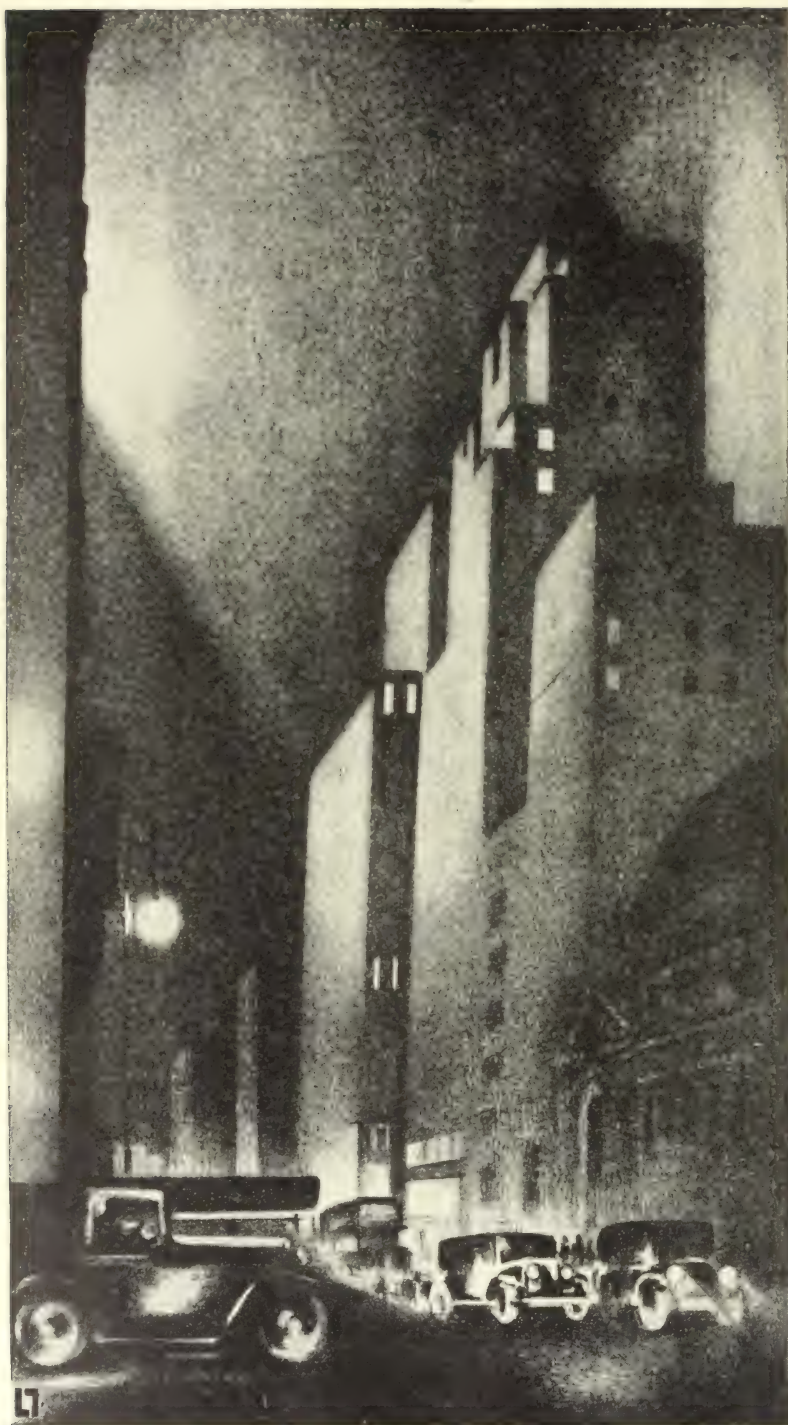
It is amusing that Mr. Stickney should have attained so successfully to education in spite of the efforts of his preceptors to shut the doors of knowledge in his face. Vermont, that small state, produces interesting men out of proportion to its population. A manner of life seems still possible there that bears an advantageous resemblance to the best life of colonial times.

FATHER PARSONS, of *America*, has kindly pointed out in a radio speech that brief remarks in the *Easy Chair* for September about Malta and the row there contained inaccuracies as follows: A friar who was the subject of contention was spoken of as a monk; Lord Strickland who was mentioned as the Governor of Malta is not the Governor but the Prime Minister; it was not the Archbishop of Malta who ordered the friar to Sicily but Father Carter, head of the Franciscan Order of Malta.

Perhaps these errors were transplanted from the newspapers to the *Easy Chair*; perhaps they were home grown. They don't much affect the main contention at Malta where Church and State are at loggerheads, and there exists a very complicated situation in which anyone who takes pleasure in squabbles should be able to find enjoyment. It is set forth in sufficient detail in *Foreign Affairs* for October.

Malta is seventeen miles long and has a population of about two hundred and twenty-seven thousand. One of its troubles is language. Another is the conviction which obtains in certain minds that it should become a part of Italy. But it has belonged to Great Britain since the treaty of Paris in 1814, and is a handy post in the Mediterranean for a ship to tie up to, and the prospect of its going back to Italy does not look very good.

See following pages for Personal and Otherwise



FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET, MANHATTAN

By Louis Lozowick

Courtesy of Roland Galin



Harpers *Magazine*

YES, BUT RELIGION IS AN ART!

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

ONE of the most fascinating movements afoot in religion to-day is the renaissance of interest in beauty. For a long time now religion has been so absorbed in adjusting itself to science and to the new social life created by its inventions that conscious concern about beauty has been practically nil. Every generation tends to have some dominant idea which subjects all others to itself—holds, as it were, a pistol to the head of every aspirant for attention, and asks one categorical question. In thirteenth-century Florence one would expect to hear on every side, "Is it artistically excellent?" or in Russia to-day, "Is it orthodox Bolshevism?" There can be no doubt what question has been pointed at the head of the Western world in these recent generations: "Is it scientific?"

The century from 1830 on was lighted in by tallow-dips and out by electricity; rode in on horseback and

out in an airplane; came in talking as the Neanderthal man did and went out using a microphone; commenced with a quill pen and finished with a linotype; began with hands for labor and ended with the powers of the universe in harness. Along with such visible evidences of scientific achievement has grown up a new set of ideas, so demonstrable and so effective both for theoretical explanation and practical consequence that everything is being tested by them. As a result one peremptory challenge now brings all our thinking to heel: "Is it scientific?"

No area of human life has been more deeply affected by this question than religion. The men of faith might claim for their positions ancient tradition, practical usefulness, and spiritual desirability; but one query could prick all such bubbles: "Is it scientific?" That question has searched religion for contraband goods, stripped it of old superstitions, forced it to change its

categories of thought and methods of work, and in general has so thoroughly cowed and scared religion that many modern-minded believers, acting like frightened citizens of New York and Chicago, instinctively throw up their hands at the mere whisper of it.

The result is that many modernists are desperately trying to reduce their religion to its scientific elements. Some preachers even trim their language to scientific terms, and endeavor to talk about the eternal spiritual values as though they were reporting laboratory experiments, or debating Einstein's relativity. Whenever a prominent scientist comes out strongly for religion all the churches thank heaven and take courage as though it were the highest possible compliment to God to have Eddington believe in him. Science has become the arbiter of this generation's thought, until to call even a prophet and a seer scientific is to cap the climax of praise.

The service rendered to religion by this ruthless application of the new categories is incalculable. Not only in detail have great doctrines, like the reign of law, and revolutionary facts, like the new astronomy and evolution, calcined old fables and cleaned up a mess of rubbish in religious tradition; the whole method of science, its scrupulous care for facts, its painstaking, impersonal, objective insistence on getting at facts and their implications, has been inestimably beneficial. Beyond all computation, science has improved the moral tone of religion.

When all this is freely conceded, however, it still remains true that the loveliest things in human experience are not adequately covered by the word "scientific." We have been hoodwinked and hypnotized by the prevalent insistence that everything must be subsumed under this one category, whereas art, music, poetry, love, religion can never be crowded within its

limits. They belong as well to the realm of beauty. That realm has standing in its own right; and religion, in its central meanings, is far nearer to being a fine art than to being a science.

To be sure, all realms have somewhere an aspect on which science can speak with authority. Helmholtz, the German physicist, published a learned book in which he explained exactly what different lengths of sound waves and vibrations per second are necessary to produce certain qualities and quantities of tone. It is an erudite, scientific treatise on music, which one could learn by heart and accurately comprehend without understanding music in the least. For, while music *has* a scientific aspect, it *is* an art. Its scientific tangencies are important; in a way they are even basic; but they are not central. Music is Palestrina, Bach, Beethoven; it is Toscanini, Kreisler, Gabrilówitsch; it is the soul of man rising up to create beauty through sound; and when one enters into music as an art one finds a range of experience far wider than science can describe, explain, or understand.

Few things that concern either art or religion need more to be said than this. We have been so bulldozed by the question, "Is it scientific?" that, as Paderewski has lately been complaining, "this age is not propitious for art." "There are fewer poets and fewer musicians," he says. "Those who would come in contact with art are obliged to live on what the great masters of the past left us." Important as the service of science has been, the persistent pressing of the question, "Is it scientific?" into every realm has depleted our living; and our hard-headed factual thinking, with its hard-headed and often hard-hearted factual results in a highly mechanized and commercialized civilization, is proving to be starvation diet. In consequence, many like Paderewski feed their souls

by going back to unscientific generations where men were asking the towering question, "Is it beautiful?"

No wonder, then, that wide areas of religion are reactionary, that Roman Catholicism has irresistible allurements for minds like Hilaire Belloc and Chesterton, and that religious modernism is often as noisy and thin as jazz! Religion reduced to its scientific elements is as desiccated as the Fifth Symphony reduced to the mathematical formulæ of its sound waves. Religion is nothing if it is not beautiful; and much old religion, knowing nothing of science, did at least understand beauty, clothed itself in external loveliness and often made lovely lives. No religion which forgets that has earned its right to survive. Even life itself is not so much a science as an art, a very difficult and at its best a very fine art, and religious living is no exception.

II

Protestantism, in particular, needs to take this fact to heart, for unhappily the dominance of scientific categories, of which we have been speaking, has only accentuated a tendency already afoot in the historic Protestant tradition. Beautiful buildings, music, rituals, stained glass, festivals, and processions were close to the heart of the old Catholicism; but the Protestant Reformation, distrusting them, at its worst stripped them off as though they were the unclean garments of the Scarlet Woman. Some of us remember rumors of great grandsires who would not keep Christmas—it was Papist. They would not celebrate even Easter—it was Papist. Of such were the iconoclasts, who smashed images, stripped the cathedrals, stopped the holidays, made churches plain and worship bare. To be sure, the love of beauty is too imperious to be utterly repressed, and many a Puritan church,

austere as it is, is delectable; yet there is no mistaking the underlying Protestant distrust of beauty in religion.

Of the three realms of spiritual value, truth, goodness, and beauty, Protestantism has specialized in the first two and has neglected the third. She has been strong for the true, and has expressed it by dogmatic insistence on doctrine. She has been strong for the good, and has borne down heavily on duty. Doctrine to be believed, duty to be done—that is good Protestantism. But she has had no commensurate interest in the beautiful.

The most obvious illustration of this fact is the hideous, degenerate, Protestant architecture of this country. For its worst exhibitions—unpainted wooden boxes, set in unlandscaped lots, presenting within or without hardly a single item to relieve the uniform ugliness—poverty may be a partial excuse. But there is no excuse for the expensive horror of hundreds of our churches with their amphitheatrical arrangement, sloping floors, high platforms, with a man on a red plush chair as the center of attention, a speaker's desk in front of him and painted organ pipes behind. Such churches may be fit to proclaim doctrine and duty in, but they are not conducive to worship; and anyone who goes out from them cleansed and uplifted by a vision of the beautiful has triumphed in imagination over an adverse environment.

To-day Protestants, although for generations inured to such ecclesiastical ugliness, are beginning to rebel. They cannot stand their æsthetic starvation. On every side one feels a rising impatience with glorified lecture halls, sermon-ridden Sunday mornings in which worship is only "opening exercises," trashy hymns, anthems bawled from under the latest millinery, and casual prayers through which the minister strolls into the presence of the Almighty with indecent carelessness.

There is an insistent demand that, if we are to worship at all, we do it beautifully, for beauty subdues, integrates, and unifies the soul, washes the spirit clean, and sends one out with a vision of the Divine, not simply believed in but made vivid. We are discovering once more that nothing in human life, least of all religion, is ever right until it is beautiful.

III

This truth as applied to religion, however, goes far beyond the externals of architecture and worship into the very essentials of religious thought and life. Liberal Christians, alike inheriting the old Protestant neglect of beauty and absorbing the new scientific attitude, have been doubly tempted to forget this. If religion seems to be losing ground to-day, one reason is that so many religionists, desperately anxious to validate their position, are absorbed in efforts to prove religion scientific. One might almost as well defend the "Ode to a Nightingale" on the major ground that Keats is scientifically accurate in his ornithology. Let us hope he is accurate; there is no reason why he should not be; beauty and science ideally need not conflict; but if he were as mistaken in details about the nightingale as he was in putting Cortez instead of Balboa on that "peak in Darien" his ode would still be beautiful.

So religion should certainly try not to be unscientific, but the vital meaning of religion is in another realm. For example, religion does not naturally speak the language of science at all. Some doughty propagandists of the faith, trying to run Jesus into modern molds to save his credit in a scientific age, have endeavored to show that, after all, he was very scientifically minded. Upon the contrary, he was not in the least that; he was an artist rather, and used artistic speech. "The

kingdom of heaven is like unto," he began, and then he sketched a drama, told a story, drew a picture. A boy leaves home, a widow pleads with an unjust judge, improvident attendants come late to a wedding, flowers are more gorgeously arrayed than Solomon in all his glory—the media of his thought and the vehicles of his expression were dramatic, poetical, symbolic, picturesque. That is, he spoke the native language of religion, which always at its best is the language not of science, but of art.

So tyrannical are scientific categories in our time that to say this about Jesus lowers the estimate of him in many minds. Just so! they think; Jesus was not scientific; he merely used artistic speech. So stupid a judgment is one of the penalties we pay for our lopsided minds. The plain fact is that the language of science changes beyond recognition from one generation to another. If Jesus had used the jargon of his day's scientific speech he would have been utterly forgotten. If we can comprehend him at all it is because he did use the language of beauty, for that alone has timelessness and universality. "All things change: art alone endures."

Ancient Greece is fallen, her armies and empires, business and politics, her science even, marvelous as it was, long gone now and far overpassed. What is left of Homer, however, of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, of Phidias and Praxiteles, of the prose poetry of Plato is still among our priceless treasures, and we would sacrifice much to find more. Only what Greece put into the language of beauty is assured of permanence.

No folly of religion, therefore, could be more ruinous than the endeavor to jam itself within the categories and vocabulary of contemporary science. What religion most wants to say must be put into artistic vehicles. When

religion speaks freely its native tongue it says that the Eternal Spirit is most like a father and that we should live like brethren; that deep within us are spiritual resources like wells, whereof if a man drink he will never thirst again; that behind the race is an eternal Purpose, like the hills from which our help comes, and ahead of us hope, like a sun forever rising and never going down; that life need not be ugly like a boy feeding husks to swine, but can find its spiritual home; that "strength and beauty are in his sanctuary."

This obviously is not scientific language. Like Paderewski, the man of religion often finds that in using it he is speaking a tongue not tuned to a scientific age. Men talk to him like the woman who once said to Turner, "I never saw such sunsets as you paint," to whom Turner gave the inevitable answer, "Madam, don't you wish you could?" Yet, in the end, as always, beauty will prove to be timeless and when Einstein is as outmoded as Ptolemy this native speech of religion will still be the language of the soul.

IV

One protest inevitably to be made against such a statement is obvious. This emphasis upon the artistic elements in religion, someone is sure to say, plays directly into the hands of those who claim that religion is altogether subjective, that no objective cosmic reality corresponds with our similes, that, like poetry, religion is loveliness which we ourselves create and is not at all a report on the truth about the universe. To be sure, the protester says, religion may be just as beautiful as we have art enough to make it, but so far from being true to cosmic fact, it is subjective finery hung like a tapestry to cover the bare, stark walls of a ruthless world.

Once more, in this familiar protest,

we see our generation being hypnotized into believing that only the scientific report of the cosmos represents the truth. To a religious mind, however, eagerly accepting that report but refusing hypnosis, it seems clear that a scientific description never tells the whole truth about anything; it gives only a partial, abstracted aspect of the truth. John Smith may properly be listed in the telephone book as Riverside 2693, and one may gladly accept this as a valuable piece of information, but it would be sheer bulldozing to endeavor to persuade us that it tells the whole truth about Smith. So, from the scientific description of a symphony in terms of its counted air-waves to the pointer readings of modern astrophysics, science gives us a description of reality which, however accurate and marvelous, covers only part of the truth.

Water is more than H_2O . Water is rainbows and cataracts, dew and stormy seas; Tennyson's brook and Byron's "deep and dark blue Ocean" are water; and no strictly scientific description deals adequately with that rich and varied totality of which hydrogen and oxygen are the measurable base.

The point at issue here is crucial, not only for religion but for art. Art at its highest has insisted that it was not simply beautiful but was also telling the truth. Take from the supreme artists in any realm the conviction that their beauty is the fruit of genuine vision, that they are seeing and reporting something eternally true, and their art will be despoiled. Great art, like great religion, never has surrendered to the idea that it is subjective only; it always has been convinced that no one can know the whole of reality without seeing what the artist sees.

Science runs headlong into conflict with both art and religion, therefore, not in its special doctrines—only obscurantists are permanently troubled

by them—but in its exponents who claim an absolute monopoly of all paths to truth. An automobile road-map of the Barbizon country may be scientifically exact; but no one could hypnotize Corot into believing that the picture which he painted of a Barbizon roadway was not also true. His would be another aspect of the truth phrased in a vehicle of expression that could not properly be called either scientific or unscientific, but it would be true—to some of us, if we had to choose, the more important part of the truth. In denying monopoly to scientific categories, therefore, the artist has as much at stake as the religionist, as Shelley clearly saw when, not in the name of religion but of poetry, he vehemently protested against the new obsession that the heights of truth can be reached by any “owl-winged faculty of calculation.”

At this point, Elmer Davis, in his vigorous, fine-spirited article in HARPER'S on “God Without Religion,” seems to me to miss the mark. He takes Eddington to task for superimposing on his scientific world-view another way of getting at reality—the mystic route of insight and intuition. Now, Davis is entirely at liberty to raise serious question as to Eddington's mysticism and its unverifiable subjectiveness, but Davis really ought to take more seriously than he does what Eddington is driving at. Like many another who knows science thoroughly, Eddington is convinced that when everything in the universe reachable by the scientific method has been discovered a large part of the universe has not been reached at all. We may dispute with him his way of putting this matter, but the matter itself still remains—his basic certainty, namely, that we can no more exhaust reality by scientific pointer readings than we could exhaust the Sistine Madonna by a chemical analysis of its paint. Nor will it do to

toss this extrascientific remainder aside as merely subjective. The beauty of the Sistine Madonna is not so accurately verifiable but it is as objective as the chemical analysis is; neither of them can be got at without the operation of mind but both are there, genuinely discovered and not subjectively concocted by either analyst or appreciator. It is inadequate dealing to call that overplus, in picture or in universe at large, mere intuition, and to dispose of it with a wisecrack that when it comes to intuition “every man must roll his own.”

Nor does Davis fare better, so it seems to me, when, thus disposing of the extrascientific realm of spiritual values, he faces the necessity of explaining how that realm came to be in our experience at all—so much the noblest thing in us, the essence of whatever dignity our human nature has. He is too clear-headed not to see that the nub of his problem lies at that point, and too straightforward not to say frankly what his position forces him to think. The telltale sentences inevitably, though I should guess reluctantly, are written consenting to the idea that life may be merely “a disease which afflicts matter in its old age.” Which is to say, in effect, that human life with its rich and growing experience of spiritual values is an utterly fortuitous affair: that at one stage in the planet's cooling the heat happened to be just right, and from that unique befalling of chemical good fortune life emerged, and out of life personality, and out of personality the world of values which we know as art, music, poetry, knowledge, love, religion. Behind everything spiritually valuable, from a laughing child to a table of logarithms, from Joachim's Hungarian Concerto to the character of Christ, the original, primary, causative factor, then, is simply the fact that once, while the planet cooled, the heat happened to be

right. I maintain that to believe that is to believe in magic, and that the chance of its being true, as Professor Montague of Columbia says, would be represented by a fraction with the numerator 1 and a denominator that would reach from here to one of the fixed stars. Indeed the wildest devotees of magic in history never got much farther away than that from serious dealing with the law of adequate causation.

When, therefore, we see the central meanings of religion in terms of art rather than of science, it does not mean that we are careless about truth. We seriously think that the realm of spiritual values is a revelation of something eternally so. Great art itself never is careless about truth. It is part of our present scientific obsession that on one side our generation thinks of art as mere prettiness, and on the other interprets it in terms of pictures which take prizes when hung upside down. The supreme artists, however, have always thought that they were the supreme truth-tellers. They have regarded as incredible the supposition that the language of metric description can compass reality. Like Shelley, impatient of conventional religion, they may write themselves down "atheist," but like Shelley too, believing in

"That Beauty in which all things work
and move,"

they have, at their best, thought that the spiritual values which they have seen and loved have a cosmic meaning, that artistry is really in the structure of the universe, and that their insights are a report on something everlastingly so.

V

Though religion is interested in truth, then, often with a fierceness that science cannot surpass, it is inter-

ested rather as art is; and in a scientific age this leads to all sorts of misunderstanding. Harry Elmer Barnes, for example, with good-natured lustiness, has recently been laying out the devotees of the "Jesus stereotype." He sees the danger of trying to solve modern problems by appeal to a first-century Palestinian, whose conditioning environment and ways of thought were utterly incommensurate with present needs. He wants the conscience of to-day free to operate without that ancient stencil through which so often Christians merely paint over a present moral issue with the name of Christ. In all this Barnes is saying something that Christians ought to heed. There is a deal of dodging in the churches, where a text from Jesus or a vague appeal to his personality is made to do duty for the serious facing of contemporaneous questions. But the man of religion never would agree that the solution of that problem is to withdraw our devotion from Jesus.

The underlying difficulty with Barnes and his like is simply that they are scientifically minded, and that no science ever treats its creative personalities as religion treats Jesus, Buddha, and other founders of religions. Science abstracts from Copernicus the ideas of Copernicus, keeps such as remain valid, throws the residue away, and leaves the matter there. Copernicus, the individual, science does not adore. Barnes is really telling us to treat Christ like that, to take the few permanently valid and basic ideas of his thinking, forget the rest, let his personality sink into ancient history, and move on. All of which shows that, while Barnes and his like may understand science, they do not understand art or religion.

It is entirely possible to abstract Copernicus' scientific ideas from Copernicus, but no one can abstract Tosca-

nini's art from Toscanini. Toscanini's art *is* Toscanini.

When we move over from science to art we pass from the realm of general and abstract propositions to the realm of creative personal values, which far from being general and abstract are intensely individual. Put a dozen scientists at work on the same problem and, if they are accurate, they will get a dozen identical results. Give a dozen artists the same task, let us say to paint a Madonna, and we shall happily get a dozen different results. This does not mean that the artist's work is whimsically intuitional and merely subjective; the spiritual values, and even the historical setting which they are painting, are as objective as the laws of nature; but it does mean that while science works for a general and abstract formula, art works for an individual, differential beauty.

When we study even sonnets scientifically, we get the laws that cover all sonnets; when we turn to sonnets artistically, we fall in love with some special sonnet like Milton's "On His Blindness." When we study love scientifically, we seek the physical and psychological factors that enter into all love; when we think of love artistically, we turn to some special love like Elizabeth Barrett's for Robert Browning. While, therefore, for the purposes of science one can reduce Copernicus to Copernicus' ideas, when Rodin, the French sculptor, talks of his art he rises into rapture about Phidias and says that he never can be surpassed.

Religion, then, being always at its center closer to art than to science, will only ruin itself if it takes Barnes and his like too seriously on the "Jesus stereotype." We may well learn from such honest and able critics to shun the misuses of Jesus, which he himself would be the first to condemn; but to abstract Jesus' religion from Jesus is to make a cold formula out of a vivid

personality. So William James, when asked once to define spirituality, hesitated and finally said that he was not sure that he could define the quality but he could point out a spiritual personality—Phillips Brooks. William James understood religion; he knew its native speech. It never wins the world by general propositions but by concrete embodiments of spiritual beauty. It knows that Jesus' religion is Jesus. This should no more enslave us to a "stereotype" than Rodin's admiration of Phidias enslaved him or even lessened his exuberant originality, but whether religion uses this method of procedure well or ill it inevitably uses it. It thinks in symbols of concrete personal life.

VI

This symbolism of art and religion leads point-blank to one of the chief difficulties that a scientific age has with both of them—their vagueness. Science is all for accuracy; its measures must be exact, its terms clipped and concise, its definitions meticulous, its propositions demonstrable. With such metric exactitude as the beau ideal of procedure, a prevalent type of scientific mind turns to religion or art and finds itself in a strange land. Here men are using similes and metaphors, are adumbrating truths they cannot define and capturing in symbols fugitive glimpses of realities which forever elude their understanding. It is no wonder that in an age obsessed by science art and religion face an uncongenial climate.

Nevertheless, religion and art will make the mistake of their long existence if they capitulate. Even science to-day all along the line is sacrificing definiteness to get at truth. Physics, which a few years ago was dealing with little, hard, round, solid atoms, is now dealing with "fields of force"—losing somewhat in clarity of outline and gaining much in adequacy of statement.

Astrophysics, also, which hardly a few months ago was using absolute measuring rods, is now telling us that a yardstick's length is relative to the speed with which it is traveling through space and, to the mental horror of us mid-Victorians, advanced scientists are bringing back chance into their worldview and teaching that the once rigid laws of nature are merely approximations of statistical averages. The new science itself is likely to be the death of those little minds which lately have been rolling the cosmos into a formula and swallowing it. Our new knowledge is getting out into depths where vagueness is difficult to avoid and where, as Jeans says, "The ultimate realities of the universe are at present quite beyond the reach of science, and may be—and probably are—forever beyond the comprehension of the human mind."

Now, art and religion always have known that these rigid definitions of reality were insufficient. They have always known that adequate thinking must have fringes, and that when the deepest truths are to be spoken only a symbol can do it. To be sure, religion has often sinned against its best nature, trying to beat science at its own game, and defining God, as Leslie Stephen put it, with an accuracy that modest naturalists would shrink from in describing the genesis of a black beetle. But such theological dogmatism has nearly been the death of religion, and only by outgrowing its strangling constrictions has religion managed to survive.

By all means, let a man in his religious thinking be as clear-headed and precise as possible, but let him remember that even Einstein, dealing with a metric matter and having mathematics for his language, resorts at last to the approximation of a picture, and says that "Space now is turning around and eating up matter."

Much more, then, religion, dealing not so much with things as with values, must go beyond its definitions, and, like art, speak its truest word in a simile.

I owe Walter Lippmann a debt for long continued amusement. In *A Preface to Morals* he lets fly this: "No painter who ever lived could make a picture which expressed the religion of the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick." As a matter of fact, the real trouble with the school of thought to which I belong is that often one cannot make much of anything out of its religion *except* a picture. We probably are not theological enough, have artistic rather than philosophic minds; we are immensely interested, indeed, in attempted definitions in religious theory, but have the less confidence in them the more precise they are; and, when we say what religion really means to us, we talk in symbols. Strangely enough, Walter Lippmann's criticism applies less to us than to himself. He says with repeated iteration throughout his book that the essence of his religion is "disinterestedness." May I suggest that some day he try persuading an artist to paint a picture of *that*?

As for us, a definition of God seems an absurd thing to ask. We have no definition of God—"Dieu défini est Dieu fini"; we have only a roadway that leads out toward God. We are convinced beyond peradventure that he who travels merely the path of electrons, atoms, molecules toward a vision of the Ultimate misses it, and that he who travels the road of spiritual values, goodness, truth, beauty finds it. The eternal and creative Power cannot be adequately approached through the metrical world alone; the innermost nature of the Ultimate is revealed also in the personal world of spiritual values—of that we are confident. When, however, we talk about God so approached, trying to utter what lies at the end of the roadway,

the beginning of which alone is within our reach, we have only symbols for our speech. Now, as always, they are the native language of religion. God is like something—a rock, a fortress, a high tower, a father or a friend, a Buddha or a Christ.

That this process is full of danger is obvious. Many who use the symbols of religion do not know what they are doing. They read poetry as prose, take similes with deadly literalness, make a dogma from a metaphor. They call God a person, and to hear them do it one would think that our psychological processes could naïvely be attributed to the Eternal. It is another matter altogether, understanding symbolic language, to call God personal when one means that up the roadway of goodness, truth, and beauty, which outside personal experience have no significance, one must travel toward the truth about the Ultimate—"beyond the comprehension of the human mind." Of course, that is vague; no idea of the Eternal which is not vague can possibly approximate the truth.

I confess, then, that when a man like Walter Lippmann, hearing God interpreted in terms of spiritual values, exclaims, "But certainly this is not the God of the ancient faith. This is not God the Father, the Lawgiver, the Judge. This is a highly sophisticated idea of God," I am dumfounded. Would he say that, because the pointer readings of modern astrophysics which Eddington insists are merely symbols of the truth are immensely more recondite and elusive than the old flat and stationary earth, there is, therefore, no truth in them and we must keep the old flat earth or else give up the cosmic problem altogether? Yet what Lippmann says about God is precisely as sensible as that. Of course, the approach to God in this new universe does not give us the pictures of God belonging to 1000 B.C. or even 1000

A.D. Of course, the hard outlines of old definitions have given way to ideas much more comprehensive and much less rigid. But this ultimately means neither intellectual vacuity nor spiritual loss. As well tell Eddington to get back to the flat earth or else surrender cosmology altogether. What we have in the new approach to God is the conviction, immeasurably sustaining and enriching to life, that this cosmos, which created personal spiritual values and sustains them, cannot be adequately interpreted without reference to them, and that the road which leads out to the truth about God begins in the goodness and beauty that we know.

That men like Davis and Lippmann, however, have just ground for protest at this point is clear. They charge us, who thus interpret the Eternal in the symbols of beauty, with conveniently forgetting that the world is also full of ugliness.

"Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign,
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine,"

sings Oliver Wendell Holmes. Well, as a young woman once wrote me after hearing this hymn in a church service, this is letting God off altogether too easily. No honest religion can so hide behind its symbols of beauty as to forget the dual nature of the world. Righteousness and rottenness, fine homes and insane asylums, glorious creative work and unemployment, the laughter of children and three hundred burned to death in a prison, forget-me-nots and earthquakes—it's a queer business. From "the beauty and the terror of the world," as Stevenson called it, to pick out the rainbows as symbols of the Eternal and forget the clouds of ugliness and sin will never do.

While, however, I deeply sympathize with Davis on this point and, like himself, often feel baffled in trying to perceive goodness at the heart of crea-

tion, I do not see that, even intellectually speaking, he is in any better case. He sees so much evil in the cosmos that he thinks man is the sole possessor of all the goodness there is, and is persuaded that in the fight for the progress of goodness there is no conspirator beyond ourselves. That is, he surrenders to ugliness as we religionists do to beauty. He puts *that* into the center of his picture of the cosmos, makes that creative and beauty fortuitous. *Tu quoque!* We are all in the same boat in this mysterious world. In the long run if we think about the cosmos at all, we surrender either to its beauty or its ugliness, making one basic and the other ephemeral. Theists and non-theists alike, we all are artists; none of us has a formula that touches bottom; we have only pictures. Some of us choose as symbols of the Ultimate a ruthless, purposeless mechanism, producing ugliness by its very nature and casual beauty by accident, and some of us choose the artistry of the cosmos, its law-abiding, regular procedures, its emergent evolution of higher structures, its personalities at last with spiritual life, creative power, and social progress, as the significant revelatory facts. Nor is this choice a whimsy, a wish-fulfilment, a throw of volition's dice; it has behind it too great a weight of philosophic opinion from Plato to Whitehead to be treated thus cavalierly. To surrender to the ugliness of the world our cosmic outlook seems to me as irrational as it is disheartening. Doubtless, the final truth takes both the beauty and the terror in and, in that comprehensive view which no human mind is large enough to grasp, I am confident that the secondary element will not be beauty.

VII

The most serious peril in this modern renaissance of beauty is moral. *Æsthetic* sensibility has always been used

by some as a place of retreat from ethical seriousness. Masson in his life of Milton calls his hero a standing exception to the common rule that poets and artists generally "are and ought to be distinguished by a predominance of sensibility over principle." Let psychologists explain it as they will, it is biographically obvious that the *æsthetic* and ethical temperaments are commonly disparate and the Miltons who combine them few and far between.

In any age, therefore, when religion becomes consciously a fine art we are likely to see beauty made a substitute for righteousness, with the result that some Puritan reaction will later have its innings. So the Greek Church under the Tzars, largely shut out from ethical expression in social life, created the most gorgeous ceremonials and the most moving religious music of the Christian Church.

Of course, art deeply understood is not thus aloof from life but itself takes life with consuming seriousness. Music approached as a theory or a diversion may make the dilettante, but music approached as an art is fearfully demanding. The devotee must take time, practice, acquire technic, achieve skill, and in so doing make sacrifices that would put most moralists to shame.

Whether the *æsthetic* approach to religion can be made thus ethically earnest is a crucial problem in certain areas of churchmanship to-day. Our present civilization is too inhuman and unhappy to be much helped by a religion which provides in beauty a mere escape from moral problems. A religion which does not build dependable personal integrity, which does not assist in clearing up our profoundly immoral economic situation and our international difficulties, where war is as insane as it is wicked, cannot by any *æsthetic* appeal make up for its ethical failure. That, however, is a problem by itself.

The inadequacy of this article most likely to call out protest is, I should suppose, its injustice to science. For while it is possible, as we have done, to distinguish the attitudes of science and art and set them down in contrast, the resultant statement does not represent the actual experience of scientists. To them science also is beautiful. In the picture of the cosmos to which it leads, in the delicacy of its measurements and the marvel of its disclosures, in the ventures of imagination by which it pushes out its hypotheses, science is beautiful. Moreover, all science is crowned in art, as medicine is fulfilled in the art of the physician's practice, anatomy in the surgeon's skill, psychology in education and psychiatry, sociology in measures of reform, electricity in illumination, and in the art of flying more sciences than one can count. Even the humdrum commercialized results of science take on artistic forms, so that railroad stations, once grossly utilitarian, are now made

as monumental as possible, skyscrapers, once eyesores, are now an emergent order of new architecture, and, with the coming of giant power, the hope rises of cities freed from present ugliness and made lovely to live in. For science, as for all the rest of man's experience, artistic expression is the crown of life, and nothing is right until it is beautiful.

I myself am persuaded that, unless some new débâcle of human folly, like the Great War, wrecks our chance, we are moving out into a renaissance of beauty all along our civilization's line. Undoubtedly religion feels the stir and recognizes in it the opportunity to reclaim some of its lost heritage. It may use the opportunity merely to bring in a new day of ceremonial pomp and circumstance, with processions substituted for convictions and sacraments for moral seriousness, or it may succeed in making beauty for multitudes an allurement to goodness and a pathway to God.





IN LOVING MEMORY

A STORY

BY ROLAND ENGLISH HARTLEY

THERE had not been so many people in the flat in all the years that he and Clara had lived here. For Clara was never much of a one for company. Now that the flat was full of people, Mr. Scotten felt himself growing strangely excited. All his other feelings were being absorbed in this one. For he wasn't used to people. No more at work than at home. His little office at the hardware store where he was bookkeeper was on a mezzanine in the rear. Looking up from his desk he could see, through the wall of glass, people coming into the shop and going out again. But since he never heard their voices, but only saw their gestures, accompanied by silence, they were more like pictures than people.

Then, at home, after dinner, he always sat in the front room and read his paper while Clara cleared things away. One day, a year or more ago, one of the boys at the store had said, "Say, Joe, I pass your house at night when I'm going down to get the street car; and I can look in the window and see the back of your head and your hands holding up the newspaper; and, by God, no matter how often I go by, there you are, and your head's never an inch north or south of the regular place!"

The fellow had laughed as heartily as if there were something to laugh about; and Mr. Scotten had grown

unaccountably angry. That night he had moved his chair to the other side of the bridge lamp; but the moment Clara came into the room she insisted the chair would have to go back; and while he stood there guiltily she set it at the exact angle with the edge of the rug that seemed most effective to her. Clara was always particular about such things. "I don't like chairs just stuck around any old way," she said.

On the next night when Mr. Scotten went into the front room after dinner he pulled down the shade as soon as he had lighted the lamp. But Clara, coming in later, was even less patient with this innovation. "Nobody can really look in," she told him; "and I do like to have the place looking cheerful from the outside."

Mr. Scotten could never understand Clara's concern for the opinion of neighbors she had next to nothing to do with; but of course if she wanted the shade up he wouldn't pull it down. For a night or two he tried reading in the dining room. "What in the world's got into you, Joe?" Clara demanded. "How can I get things cleared up with you sitting here? Now you go on into the other room."

So Mr. Scotten's head appeared thereafter in its usual place—his head that was growing quite gray these last years, with the hair a little thin on top. For a while he sat down each evening

in a mood of defiance. Let that brainless fellow laugh if he wants to, he was thinking. . . . But after a few months he quite forgot about it.

Once in a long while he suggested to Clara that they might go out for the evening. But Clara was a thorough homebody. "I'm on my feet just about all day," she said, "and when night comes I'm satisfied just to get into my slippers and sit and take things easy."

On Sunday afternoon, if it was sunny and not too windy, they sometimes went to Golden Gate Park to hear the band play. They sat on one of the benches near a walk where they could watch the people passing. Clara liked to notice what the women wore. Leaning close to Joe and speaking from the corner of her mouth, she remarked on their costumes as they passed before her. Joe was more interested in people's faces. "I wonder what some of them are *like*," he often said. For as long as they sat there he might keep his eyes on some man or woman sitting near. "They look kind of interesting," he explained if Clara rebuked him for the steadiness of his gaze. Sometimes he even added, "I think I'd like to *know* those folks," and an eager note, almost of wistfulness, crept into this. It seemed too bad, in a world so full of people, to live too much to oneself and know all the others only as passers-by. But Clara always said, "Oh, people are all just about alike." And perhaps they were. Mr. Scotten had had little opportunity of knowing.

And that is why it was so exciting, now, to have all these people coming. The neighbors had been very good to him, considering how little friendliness Clara had ever shown. The Braggs downstairs, for instance. Clara had always said, "We mustn't be too friendly with people so close or it

might get to be a terrible nuisance." And now the Braggs had just about taken charge of everything for him and Mr. Scotten didn't know what he could have done without them.

As often as he went into the front room, Mr. Scotten had a feeling that Clara would be greatly disturbed if she could see the chairs "all stuck around" this way. He would go quickly over to Clara on some vague impulse to reassure her; and at once when he saw her face he would know that Clara was not disturbed. Through all the twenty-three years of their life together he had never known Clara so calm as this, so unconcerned as to what went on in the flat. Standing there beside her, the horror of having her lying here like this came flooding again over Mr. Scotten. He could feel his arms beginning to tremble and his knees growing weak. If he were alone it would be very easy to kneel there. . . . But he was never left standing alone for long. Almost at once someone would come up to him. A hand would come under his arm and a voice would begin talking about Clara. Mr. Scotten wondered that people who had known her so slightly could find so many things to say about her. Listening to them, answering their questions, he would feel the excitement coming over him again.

The last day, the day when Clara went away from the flat, was the busiest and most exciting time of all. It was hard for Mr. Scotten to remember the names of all the people who came, but he did his best.

The front room looked very splendid. There was hardly room to put all the flowers and still have space for getting about. Clara had never had more than a few blossoms in a vase, because she thought they made the air too heavy. Mr. Scotten now had to fight down the impulse to open wide all the windows;

he knew that is what Clara would do. Clara would say, "Goodness, I can't breathe in here!" . . .

As the slow, heavy words droned on and on, more like music than words with any seizable meaning, Mr. Scotten, sitting there between Mr. Bragg, whose collar looked very white against his brown, rough neck, and Mrs. Bragg, who breathed now and then in sudden long, deep sighs and then seemed to forget for a while the need of breathing—Mr. Scotten was thinking of the beautiful place they were going to take Clara. It wasn't hard at all to think of her going away to a place so beautiful as that. He only hoped it was what Clara would have wanted. He couldn't be sure; they had never talked of this. Why should they? How could they know that all at once, right at the onset of their middle years, one of them would lie down and say, "I don't know just what's the matter; I don't feel very well" . . . and never get up again.

No; they hadn't ever talked about it; and when Mr. Scotten was suddenly told, "Now, you *must* decide which it is to be," he could only remember that Clara had always exclaimed at the neglect of the cemetery they sometimes passed on the ride downtown. "To think of lying there forever in that *mess!*" Clara had once said.

He had gone with Mrs. Bragg on one of these last days to see the columbarium. Mrs. Bragg showed him first the niche where her sister's ashes lay, in the older part of the building, and then led him on into the newer wing, where a series of courts, on slightly different levels, were roofed over by glass that left them as sunny as if they were open to the sky. Only a light screen of slender Gothic columns stood between one court and the next. Canaries sang in cages that hung beneath the pointed arches. Bright

flower-beds filled the center of each court. Fountains tinkled in the middle of miniature lawns. It was all so neat and orderly that he thought this was surely the place where Clara would wish to be. It had, moreover, a spaciousness, a suggestion of luxury, that pleased Mr. Scotten's fancy. Except in the moving pictures now and then, he had never seen anything so beautiful as this. It made him proud to think of bringing Clara here.

When Clara's sudden illness came he had arranged with Mr. Gilbert to take this as his vacation time; and even now he still had a week more before he must go back to his glass cage on the mezzanine in the rear of the hardware store. He was glad to have these days to be with Clara in the beautiful new place. On the first morning after Clara's going away from the flat Mr. Scotten was there early. He went at once to the niche he had chosen—a niche low down above a flower-bed where now some yellow snapdragons held up their stiff stalks of bloom, and close beside a fountain that dripped slowly into a basin where goldfish were swimming. The niche was still empty. Mr. Scotten had a momentary feeling of dismay.

But at the office they told him they were only waiting for his coming. Bells were rung, messages were sent along the halls, and presently Mr. Scotten met in the court beside the fountain a young man bearing an urn of bronze. This was gently placed in the center of the niche and a glass window set before it, while Mr. Scotten looked on. All this seemed to him to concern Clara no more closely than if it had been one of the preparations for her coming here. The young man finished screwing in the panel of glass, wiped it carefully with his handkerchief, nodded to Mr. Scotten, and went away. Mr. Scotten stood looking through the glass at the burnished

bronze urn, and suddenly he knew that Clara was here. He felt a little qualm of uncertainty and suspense, as if he were waiting to know Clara's judgment. One of the snapdragon stalks came up rather far in front of the narrow window. Mr. Scotten stooped and bent it aside, so that Clara should not be shut away from any of the beauty. A feeling of sureness and peace gradually came over him. He knew that this was the sort of thing that Clara had always liked. He stayed there a long while that morning, and when at length he was leaving he said in a low voice, "Good-by now, Clara. I'll soon be coming back."

In the afternoon he was there again. Just to be here was comfort closely akin to happiness. The low tinkle of the fountain and the gay twittering of the canaries was the fit music to blend with the brightness of the flowers in the sunny courts. And now the organ was being played in the chapel, and its deep, rumbling tones seemed to filter through all the walls, like the immanent voice of the place.

And in the afternoon there were more people. Their constant coming and going, in quiet little groups, brought back to Mr. Scotten the excitement of those last days at home with Clara. There was something like a holiday mood to be drawn from the presence of all these people.

When the manager from the office passed through the court with a group of visitors and greeted him with a quiet smile, Mr. Scotten felt a glow run through him. He turned quickly to share the triumph with Clara. They belonged here now; were recognized and greeted.

The sense of being at home here took hold so strongly on his spirit that when five o'clock came and he was told that the doors were to be closed, Mr. Scotten went out onto the street with a

momentary feeling of utter desolation, as if there were no place else in the world he could turn to. The flat was tenantless now save for paling memories. The only home with *life* in it was here.

But at the flat that night he found ample to do in setting things to rights, for a thorough cleaning had been a further expression of the friendliness of good Mrs. Bragg. Even the heavy scent of flowers was almost gone from the rooms, replaced by the pungent odor of driven dust. All evening he went about restoring the familiar order. He knew exactly where Clara had kept each chair standing, each vase. In the front room, when he pulled the wide-armed chair to its proper angle with the edge of the rug, he remembered for a moment how that fellow at the store had laughed at seeing him sit here night after night. Mr. Scotten felt a tightening in his throat. When he sat here now in the evening Clara would not come out to him from the kitchen, no matter how long he waited. . . . No; Clara was in the new bright place with the birds and the flowers. He could hardly wait for morning to come, to go back to her there.

All through the final week of the vacation time Mr. Scotten lived his hours in these courts that he had never seen until a few days ago. He wandered from one court to another, he bent over the ferns and the flowers, he went to sit in the chapel when the organ was being played and watched the colored rays from the windows move along the gray-stone columns as if they had a life of their own, like this of the trembling notes. And from all these wanderings he came back to Clara.

Each day his sense of being utterly at home here was strengthened. The men who cared for the gardens and the cut flowers at the niches came to know him and always had a nod or a word of

greeting for him now. It seemed to Mr. Scotten that even some of the canaries recognized him.

The week went by very quickly. Almost at once Sunday was here. But Sunday was a day of climax, a festival day. The courts were full of people as Mr. Scotten had never seen them before. And everyone brought flowers. The narrow room where the flowers were arranged was so crowded that one must wait one's turn. Before almost every niche the metal cornucopia held new blossoms, so that the walls grew to be like upright gardens, where every minute new bursts of bloom came forth. There was a mood of brightness over the scene that Mr. Scotten shared in fully. He even had somewhat the sense of being a host here; for many of these people were coming for the first time.

The memories of this day went with Mr. Scotten back to his tasks over the books in the office. When Mr. Gilbert offered his condolences and the boys said, "Too bad, Joe," it was hard to connect this mournful tone with the brightness of his thoughts that were constantly wandering back where Clara was. Every angle of these courts, every narrow stairway from one level to the next, every bend of the lawns and droop of the shrubs and flowers was as familiar now to his inner vision as the rooms and furniture of the flat.

He had always looked upon Sundays in the past only as days when one might sleep a little longer, and could perhaps go without shaving, and sit around in old clothes. But now Sunday was a day of rich delights. Sunday was the day that all the rest of the week hung waiting for. On Sunday Mr. Scotten was out among people, in a place of beauty. He was here of right, with no need to feel apologetic. He was here because Clara was here. This place was theirs.

As the months went by, Mr. Scotten's feeling of proprietorship deepened. Once in a while he could get sufficiently ahead with his tasks to take an hour from his books in the middle of the week and get to the courts when work was going forward. He liked to watch the gardener setting out new plants in the narrow beds. He would bend above the kneeling man and discuss with him what plants were likely to do best, although he had no knowledge of gardening. All the members of the staff knew him well by now. They said, "Howdye-do, Mr. Scotten," when he came. He spoke to them about any changes that he noticed. "That's a very handsome urn up there by the stairway," he would say; or, "That side of the Court of Palms is filling up quite nicely."

Sometimes he took an hour to walk about, through the old parts and the new, reading the names and dates on the urns. He read these names so often that many of them had a ring of familiarity for him now; and when in his slow wandering, his mind attuned to the dull progression of names, he came to an urn that bore the name Clara Lloyd Scotten, there would be an instant of mental groping before he connected this with himself. Clara was slowly becoming one of the others here. She was only a part now of the meaning of this place. Life and death were growing inextricably confused.

With the people who came regularly to the court, those who had niches near his own, Mr. Scotten felt himself on terms of growing intimacy. Often they told him something of their lives, and he in turn found much to say of his own. Life had never seemed so full before, so various and rich.

In the year and more since Mr. Scotten's first coming to the court its niches had become densely populated. There were left now but few more opportunities of entrance to this fellow-

ship. The second niche above Clara's, in the tier to the left, was the last to be tenantless near at hand; and one Sunday when Mr. Scotten came there was an urn bearing the name John Maurie, with a final date already several months old.

Later in the day Mr. Scotten saw a woman come and stand before the niche. She was a short, rather plump little woman, with a round face and quick-glancing eyes. In one hand she carried flowers, with a florist's twist of paper about them; with the other she reached up for the empty metal cornucopia; and then stood looking rather helplessly back and forth from one hand to the other.

Mr. Scotten after a moment went up to her, holding his hat in his hand, and spoke in the low voice that was usual here.

"The flower room . . . where we arrange the flowers, you know . . . is around on the other side."

She gladly accepted his offer of guidance there, and in the narrow little room he stood beside her at the shelf while she set the iris one by one in the metal vase and took endless care arranging the asparagus fern. Then he went back with her to the court by the fountain.

"I'm all mixed up in this place," she said. "It seems so sort of complicated."

"It doesn't seem so to me," Mr. Scotten said. "I know it very well."

She turned to him with a gentle glance. "Your . . . your . . . ?" she began questioningly.

They were back by the niches now, and Mr. Scotten pointed to the urn with Clara's name. "My wife . . . Clara," he said.

"That's a lovely place," she murmured, "right there by the fountain."

"Yes . . . Clara always kind of liked to hear water running."

His companion had bent nearer to

read the dates. "My husband's been gone nearly eight months," she said as she straightened up. "It's hard, isn't it?"

The ring for the vase at her niche was above her easy reach, and Mr. Scotten set the flowers in place for her, though he himself was far from being a tall man and had to go up on his toes to do it without spilling the water.

"It's so beautiful here," Mrs. Maurie was breathing beside him. "It's just the sort of place that John would like."

They walked about a little in the court, to see the different kinds of flowers set freshly everywhere; and then they sat for a while in the wicker chairs in the wide place of the path, where the lawn is indented. Mrs. Maurie talked of her husband, who had died in one of the Valley towns. They had almost always lived in country towns, but this last one they had hated, and only business held them there. She knew that John wouldn't even want to be *buried* in that place; and as soon as affairs were settled, she had come away. But being a stranger in a big city was not so pleasant, either—especially now.

"I used to be lonely too," Mr. Scotten told her, "but coming here Sundays there are always people to talk to, and people coming and going like this all the time, you see . . . and the flowers and birds and all . . . but especially the people . . . it makes it kind of nice."

Mrs. Maurie sent a volley of her quick little glances about the court but made no other answer.

On the next Sunday Mr. Scotten waited rather eagerly for her coming. He had brought some especially handsome roses for Clara's vase and he hoped that Mrs. Maurie would think them beautiful too.

It was late afternoon when she came. Mr. Scotten had almost given her up.

She could come *any* day, he was thinking. But about four o'clock she hurried in. He was watching and he saw her cross the wide entrance hall by the chapel, with her quick little steps.

Mr. Scotten went with her again to-day to the room where she arranged her flowers. Back in the court she admired Mr. Scotten's roses. She rearranged the maidenhair fern that he had so carefully set about them.

To-day they sat once more in the wicker chairs and talked a while. Mrs. Maurie was finding it very hard to grow used to the city—not knowing a soul, feeling lost in all this hubbub. When she spoke of this, Mr. Scotten found himself pleased by the thought of her loneliness; for now she would be willing to sit here and they would each have this companionship.

To-day when she was leaving she said, "I expect I'll see you here next Sunday." And Mr. Scotten answered, "Certainly! Of course!" with a fervency quite unusual to him.

After a number of Sundays he felt that he and Mrs. Maurie were friends. Though she never stayed for long there was time in their repeated talks for much give and take of personal reminiscence; and when she was not there he was thinking so much of what she had told him that it was almost as if they were longer together.

He introduced Mrs. Maurie to the other people who came to the court. He felt proud to act as host here. He hoped that this bit of social life might reconcile her somewhat to the barrenness of the city. One day he even tried to tell her what coming here had meant to him. He wasn't used to explaining himself and found it difficult; but he brought out fumblingly some account of the narrowness of his life before and the remarkable richness given it by his coming here.

Though Mrs. Maurie listened attentively and nodded in a friendly fashion,

she didn't seem wholly to understand. "Maybe I'm different," was all she said.

Mr. Scotten felt quite unhappy on the day she told him that she was going away. She *couldn't* stand the empty city any longer; even the Valley town had gained a charm in retrospect; and she was going back.

Mr. Scotten felt a little brighter when she added, "Of course I'll take a run down here once in a while, on account of John."

He eagerly offered to keep flowers in her vase while she was away. "I'm here so much anyway," he said; "and just a few little daisies or lilies or something . . ."

Mr. Scotten enjoyed having the two vases to fill and care for. It was interesting to plan different combinations of flowers, so as to make the two bunches a little unlike, yet without too great an expenditure.

Mrs. Maurie was gone for just nine weeks. On the Sunday of her return she and Mr. Scotten greeted each other like old and warm friends. He had already put dahlias in her vase that day, and it was only with much reluctance that she replaced them with the asters she had brought.

Mrs. Maurie was willing to stay longer than usual this time, to tell of her trip. It had been a great disappointment, she frankly admitted. The little country town had seemed to her as distasteful as ever; her old acquaintances had very quickly wearied her. It had been an effort to stay there these nine long weeks; but she just couldn't go running back and forth all the time. "I don't seem able to get hold of myself at all," she ended hopelessly. "I don't know what's going to become of me."

Mr. Scotten felt an impulse to reach over and touch her plump hand that lay in her lap. He didn't yield to the impulse, of course; but when Mrs.

Maurie got up to go he went with her. It was the very first time that he had ever gone away on Sunday before the closing hour. But now it seemed an obligatory act of common friendship not to let Mrs. Maurie go away alone in this mood of depression.

It was a long street car ride out to the part of town where she lived. Repeatedly on the way she told Mr. Scotten how badly she felt that she couldn't offer him dinner. If she just had a place to cook she would be so happy! But she had only a *room* in a lodging house . . . oh, a very nice house and very nice people . . . but just a *room*. It gave her such an uprooted, *temporary* sort of feeling.

Mr. Scotten thought he could understand. He had kept the flat, through all this year and a half, because he had dreaded being cooped up in a room somewhere. He had heard the boys at the store talk of their rooms and he knew he could never stand *that* way of living. . . . He told Mrs. Maurie of this as they rode far out on the street car. "Oh, you were wise!" she said ardently. "You don't know how *wise* you were!"

He left her at her door, at the top of the long, high flight of steps; and all week his memory was harassed by the lonely expression in her eyes as he turned away. It wasn't right that a woman should be alone like that. It was bad enough for a man; much worse, he thought, for a woman.

The next Sunday, even though it was much earlier when Mrs. Maurie came, and though she stayed a very short time, Mr. Scotten went with her again. Outside, as they were waiting for a car, he said, "I was wondering . . . I was thinking . . . maybe . . . couldn't we have a bite of dinner somewhere . . . together . . . before you go home?"

Mrs. Maurie was so happy that he was filled with a great glow of pleasure.

"I've been wishing all week," she said, "that we had done that *last* time."

The little restaurant that Mr. Scotten chose was crowded with returning Sunday motorists; they couldn't even have a table to themselves; but they enjoyed it none the less and told each other so quite abundantly afterwards. They did not separate without a plan for meeting for another of these pleasant dinners one evening during the week.

The next Sunday morning Mr. Scotten arrived at the court unusually early. As he arranged the flowers at Clara's niche, and talked to acquaintances, and did all he could to be helpful to strangers, in the way that had always given him so much pleasure, he felt quite happy and excited; and he was more sure than ever that this place was the most interesting, wonderful place in all the world.

In the afternoon Mrs. Maurie came, and then the day was quite complete. She was scarcely there before she spoke of going; and though Mr. Scotten would have been glad to stay a little longer, he did not suggest it.

Their meetings between one Sunday and the next grew more frequent, and more important to them both; and after several months it seemed the only natural thing that they should marry. Mr. Scotten had the flat and Mrs. Maurie had her need of a home; they were both alone; they liked to be together; and so, Mrs. Maurie said, it seemed foolish even to hesitate longer about it. She was quite sure in her mind from the first day they spoke of it, and Mr. Scotten gradually grew more sure as they talked on other days.

When this much was settled there seemed no reason whatever for waiting longer. They would never be any younger, Mrs. Maurie said. And Mr. Scotten, looking into his glass and seeing how white his hair had grown and how deeply the lines were cutting in

about his eyes and mouth, realized that she was right. He had not before thought of himself as growing old; age, one way or the other, had meant very little to him. But now he agreed wholly with Mrs. Maurie that what was left of life was a thing to be prized and exalted to all high uses.

They were married on a Tuesday and Mrs. Maurie . . . no; Ella . . . it was very hard to think of her except as Mrs. Maurie . . . Ella came at once to the flat. Anything like a trip was out of the question, as he had already had his vacation for the year.

It was pleasant, having a companion in the house again. The Braggs, downstairs, thought he had done very wisely in marrying; they liked Ella from the start. She moved things around a little, and that was disturbing; but it was nice to have someone to talk to at meal-times and in the evening.

On Sunday morning Mr. Scotten got up not very much later than his usual week-day rising hour. He got up very quietly, so as not to disturb Ella. But she was awake.

"You don't have to be up so early this morning, do you?" she called after him.

"I usually try to get over there by about half-past nine or ten," he explained.

She made no answer to this. As he shaved, Mr. Scotten was feeling a little sorry that Ella wasn't getting up too, so that they could go over there together. He knew that now she wouldn't be ready to go out much before noon. He remembered how long it took women. . . . But he would go over for a little while in the morning, then come home for lunch, and in the afternoon they would go together. The thought of their going there together made him happy. It was such a beautiful place. Maybe now that Ella felt more settled, she'd be willing to stay there a little longer.

When he went back into the room, to put on his collar and tie, Ella spoke to him from the bed.

"I've just been thinking, Joe. . . . I don't believe we ought to go over there to-day."

Mr. Scotten turned and faced her, his two hands held out from his throat with the ends of the tie.

"You see," Ella went on slowly, "now that we're married, it seems to me it would look kind of funny, our going there."

"But I . . . I *always* go," he brought out.

A slight note of sharpness came into her voice. "We've been married just five days, Joe, and it seems to me you owe more to *me* than wanting to go over *there*."

He let his hands fall slowly to his sides and with the ends of the tie dangling at his shoulders went out into the kitchen.

It was quite a while before Ella came out too. "I hope you aren't one of the sulking kind, Joe," was the first thing she said.

A little later, as she was busy about the gas range, she said, "I don't mean to say that we shouldn't *ever* go. Of course we'll want to go once in a while. But just now I certainly don't think either of us ought to spend as much time there as we used to. To say nothing of just about *living* there, like you did! It wouldn't look right."

"I'm just sort of used to going there," he said dully.

"That's just because you didn't have anything else to think about," she told him.

He found it very hard to think of anything else all day. He sat in the front room with the mass of newspaper in his lap, but he couldn't read it. This was the first Sunday in more than eighteen months that he hadn't been over there. He sat thinking of the birds singing in their cages, and the

water falling in the fountain, and the way the light fell through the Gothic arches onto the flowers. . . . And all the people. . . . It was very hard to sit here quietly, with these thoughts; but if he began to go nervously from room to room, Ella said, "Don't be so fidgety, Joe."

In the middle of the afternoon, when the restlessness was growing almost unendurable, he suddenly thought that perhaps Ella might like to go somewhere else. He eagerly suggested all the places he could think of: the Park, a moving picture show, a walk about the streets.

But Ella went on quietly with her sewing. "I'm a good deal of a home-body, Joe," she said. "You remember I kept telling you how much I missed having a home. And now that I've

got one again, I'll be good and content to stay right in it."

Toward evening he had become a little quieter. After dinner he even felt that he might be able to read. When he lighted the lamp and dropped into the chair beside it, a memory flashed back to him: that long-legged fellow at the store who had laughed at always seeing his head there, night after night. He scrambled violently out of the chair and took a few quick steps toward the door.

"Why, what's the matter, Joe?" Ella asked anxiously.

He halted there. "Nothing . . . nothing," he mumbled.

He came back slowly and let himself into the chair again and took up his paper. Let that fool laugh if he wanted to . . . let him laugh.

SONNET

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

WHEN we that wore the myrtle wear the dust,
 And years of darkness cover up our eyes,
 And all our arrogant laughter and sweet lust
 Keep counsel with the scruples of the wise;
 When boys and girls that now are in the loins
 Of croaking lads, dip oar into the sea,—
 And who are these that dive for copper coins?
 No longer we, my love, no longer we—
 Then let the fortunate breathers of the air,
 When we lie speechless in the muffling mold,
 Tease not our ghosts with slander, pause not there
 To say that love is false and soon grows cold,
 But pass in silence the mute grave of two
 Who lived and died believing love was true.



GREAT BRITAIN IN SECOND PLACE

BY RAYMOND GRAM SWING

IT DOES not happen often that a nation which has led the world in wealth, trade, and power slips into second place. The event has occurred in the lifetime of this generation, as everyone in America knows, since it is America which has superseded Great Britain in first place. The event will be worth all the study it receives. Its effect on Western civilization, its alteration in the individual lives of Americans and Englishmen, and to some extent of all Europeans, will make exciting research when the time arrives to explore these questions. The time is much too early to come to any but preliminary conclusions yet, though certain psychological changes can already be noticed. Is not the inferiority sense of Americans diminishing, in its one form of exaggerated deference to all things foreign, or in its inversion of empty boastfulness? American influence on European habits and thought has already produced marked effects, noted and usually deplored in Europe as "Americanization." And for his part, the Briton has stopped talking of the white man's burden, has stopped thinking imperially (except in terms of trade), and has stopped wishing to dominate the high seas, or to play a decisive role in the drama of international affairs.

That is not to say that a Little-England has taken the place of Kipling's pre-war state. Though the English are a curious people of self-deprecation, somewhat unhappy under any

circumstances, seeing ominous signs rather than the world as a whole, they are not resigned to slow decline. Having come into second place, they are not headed for still lower rank. But to live and listen in London is undoubtedly to question the British ability to survive. Ever since the War have come warnings upon warnings; trade has declined, unemployment figures have soared, revolution has once threatened; the empire has changed to the nearly hypothetical British Commonwealth of Nations; and as to Europe, Britain has become almost an outsider, rather than its chief arbiter. The wide public has not noticed it much, but that in itself adds to the disquiet. A German journalist, who settled in London last summer, told me that he grew daily more apprehensive as he talked with politically-minded Englishmen, but also constantly more alarmed at the complete refusal of the British public to face the serious facts of their decline. In Germany the "Krise" would have crammed every newspaper. My colleague was baffled. Then came the day he sighed with relief; for on opening his afternoon newspaper the headline screamed across the page: "England in Danger!" It turned out, however, that the endangered England was the English cricket "side" that day playing for the "ashes" with Australia.

Indifference of the British public, and utter pessimism among almost all the thinking British, these are two

characteristics which make it difficult at first to gauge the extent of British decline. If it was difficult in the years after the War, it becomes many times more so this year, with the added effects of the world slump. Only an expert can distinguish between the hardships inflicted by a world-wide condition and those due to inherent weakness. The Englishman out of work may not even know that someone is similarly unfortunate in Germany or the United States; and absence of orders is not more tolerable to the business man because foreign rivals are equally paralyzed. The slump to the British is just a part of the bad times that have been bad ever since the brief post-war boom. No one ever openly admitted that times were in the least good at any period since then; now they are worse, that is all. Your banker and exporter, of course, are not fools about simple economics and know there is a world slump; but the evil effect to them and their business is not mitigated by its being part of a widespread disaster.

To hear the British is to think dolefully of the future of Britain. Few of them are reassuring, even the innumerable crusaders who are going to save the country. Some of these are going to save it by making a new economic empire surrounded by a tariff wall. Others will reduce the cost of production with import boards and national bulk purchases of food and raw materials. A small school of left-wing socialists is confident of the benefits of a little inflation as part of introducing "socialism in our time." But crusaders are somehow not convincing; by nature, crusades for economic reforms have to ignore part of the facts. One can argue anything if he leaves out enough economic truths, and one can do very little crusading if he sees too many of them. The crusades have their followers because times are bad.

The crusaders themselves are symptoms of disorder, material and mental.

The English do not go in so much for evil forebodings as for general dismalness in their public utterances. Cheer and confidence in the future are seldom expressed. The chairman of a national organization, let us say, of chambers of commerce, or of accountants, or of insurance brokers has to make an annual speech. He mounts the podium in a cloud of solemnity and relieves himself in more or less this vein:

"I feel that we have gone far beyond the limit of safety with regard to social services in comparison with our neighbors. If the position should become worse, we shall see our more successful Continental neighbors possessed of more resources on which to draw than we, because, according to the theory of many people, we have been living on capital to a certain extent for some considerable time. At any rate, the fact that over two million people are unemployed, and living on a country which draws its income from industry, is a very serious menace to our wellbeing. The great qualities, including self-reliance, which helped build up the British character, have in a single generation been eradicated."

A dozen speeches expressing sentiments like these, couched in the same lengthy sentences, are to be found in any month of the files of any serious British newspaper. Now and again someone will have the courage to utter a caution against pessimism. But it will not be a hearty caution, and it will not turn the British from their hopelessness. Being timid about good fortune is part of their philosophical technic. It is their perpetual defense against disappointment.

II

The excerpt quoted above is worth examining, as a starting point in finding

where the British do stand economically. It makes four familiar assertions: The British have gone so far with social services in comparison with their neighbors that their competitors will have greater resources on which to draw; two million unemployed are living "on the country"; the nation is living off its capital instead of its income; and the great qualities of British character have been eradicated in a generation. If the speaker had added that the British are the most heavily taxed nation in the world, hence the most unfortunate, and then had lamented on the fall of exports, as speakers usually do, it would make a fair symposium of the characteristic British judgment on Britain.

To begin with, three of the statements are simply not true in fact. Great Britain's chief competitive neighbor is Germany, which maintains quite as elaborate social services as those in the United Kingdom, and is, besides, much poorer. France at the moment is increasing social services by introducing unemployment insurance. But even if France spent nothing on social services, and Britain continued at the present rate, British resources would still be nearly double those of France.

The two million unemployed are not living "on the country" but for the most part are drawing relief benefits from a fund to which workers, employers, and the state contribute one-third each. Some one hundred thousand of the unemployed have been admitted to benefits by the present government who have made less than thirty contributions to the fund. What they receive is correctly called a "dole." All the remainder are drawing insurance benefits. The government share of this total levy for unemployment relief in the financial year ending March 31, 1929, was two-thirds as large as the British debt annuity to the United States.

Nor is it true that Great Britain is living off her capital. In only one year since the War (if then) have the British imported as much in goods and services as they have exported. And last year their surplus of exports over imports was larger than that of any other country in the world, not excepting the United States.

It is undeniable that Great Britain is a heavily taxed country, and her exports have declined. But the gloomy speech-makers never remind their listeners that heavy taxation is not a proof of poverty, and can well be a proof of wealth. Per capita taxation in Great Britain is about double what it is in France. But the percentage of the national income taken by the state is very nearly identical. The British have twice as much to tax, and in fact British wages in actual purchasing power are about double the wages in France. One is reminded of one of the late Lord Dewar's epigrams: "Only one thing is worse than paying income tax, and that is not paying income tax."

As to exports, the pessimists have the figures on their side. But usually the cited figures give no guidance as to Britain's relative position, which is the important consideration. Now, and then the relative status of the country comes to light, as in a speech of J. H. Thomas at the Imperial Conference this autumn. The trade of the world, he said, had increased about twenty per cent since the War, and the share of the dominions in it had increased by about the same amount. But Britain's share had declined about twenty per cent. Even this statement might be more clear. In 1913 Britain supplied 15.2 per cent of the world's export trade, in 1928 this had fallen to 12.5 per cent. In 1913 Britain ranked first, in 1928 she ranked second. The United States, on the other hand, ranked second in 1913 with 12.3 per cent and had come into

first place in 1928 with 15.6 per cent. What the figures tell is the story of an exchange of positions by the two countries. The trade captured by America is not the identical trade lost by Britain. The British fell behind because of losses in European and Asiatic markets in which America was no great factor; losses, for example, in coal, iron and steel, shipbuilding and textiles. Even where the two countries competed most directly—in South America—the United States made gains and then lost some of them again toward the end of the decade. But the really significant thing in the figures is the fall from first to second rank. How were other countries faring? At the time that American trade was expanding in relation to the rest of the world's trade, only two other great export countries were gaining in the same way, Canada and Japan. And Canada's gain was almost as great as Britain's loss, and nearly twice as much as Japan's. France, despite the possession of former German industries around the Brie Basin, lost 0.5 per cent, and Germany 2.4 per cent. That was in 1928, and relative positions will have changed somewhat since then. Germany will have caught up on her losses, and so will the French. The American increase, too, will not have been fully maintained. But the significant fact will remain: America ranks first and Britain second in world trade, and there is no reason to expect Britain to forfeit that second rank, except possibly to a Germany whose exports include enforced reparations payments.

The speaker already quoted said most forthrightly that the great qualities, including self-reliance, which helped build up British character had been eradicated in a single generation. The charge is so often made that it cannot be disregarded. Unfortunately, there are no moral calipers for

measuring a nation. But it can be said that a generation of compulsory education has already worked wonders in the British slums, not merely in the increase of knowledge, but in health and general well-being. The standard of life in the British working-man's home is higher to-day than at any previous time in British history, and higher than in any other European country. Fewer children are undernourished. Fewer mothers die in childbirth. Drunkenness and disease are subsiding. These are all physical signs, but it would be a paradox if the moral qualities were declining in a nation which had made such a distinct effort to increase its standard of life.

Those who make this charge are thinking first of all of the "dole." Many persons honestly question a system by which two million unemployed can draw support without producing anything for it. They deplore the growth of the idea that the state will provide, whether by doles or other insurances and pensions.

But so far as unemployment is concerned it would be artless to suggest that two million unemployed, if deprived of other support, would turn on the spigot of self-reliance and go out and find work. During the last century it may have been more plausible to expect this than to-day, for the hard-pressed could emigrate to the undeveloped empire and carve out new fortunes. But to-day British emigrants are no more welcome in the Dominions than in the United States. They simply have to stay at home. Without insurance, wages would fall, and with the fall the standard of life would sink as well. The British working population as a whole would drift back to the starvation point of earlier eras, when self-reliance was certainly no assurance of success.

Many of those who advocate this kind of self-reliance may not have

more than a hazy idea of how the figure of two million unemployed is made up, since the British government advertises it in the worst possible way. It includes all the casual, seasonal unemployed, and a substantial number of women, boys, and girls. Only a million at any given time have been or will be drawing relief for more than six weeks. And of the million out of work for longer terms only about one hundred and fifty thousand have been completely unemployed for a year. Of this group it might be suitable to say that they live on the country, and that they have less self-reliance than if the insurance fund and the state did not help them. With the insurance fund they would be relieved in any case under the Poor Law. But it does not follow that the character of a million workers is debauched if they are tided over a six weeks' lay-off, or that the system is bad because of the one hundred and fifty thousand who are in the way to becoming permanent state pensioners. Without the system, with wages tumbling, with standards slipping away, the British worker might choose to fight before accepting the loss, and the Communist party, which has fewer members in Great Britain than in the United States, would be swollen with recruits. The dole may not always be insurance in the correct use of the word, but it undoubtedly has been and remains insurance against revolution.

III

What ails the British, speaking economically, is too much rather than too little self-reliance. The broad tendency of the modern world is to do things co-operatively rather than individually, and the move toward state insurance for the poorer nine-tenths of the population is in the line of this tendency. In business, the bloc functions better than the person; and re-

liance is decidedly not so much on self as on combination. It is on the industrial side of this development that the British have held back. The younger industries, which could use new methods and new machines from the outset, have prospered, and the credit belongs to them that Great Britain as a nation continues to increase in wealth. That the increase is not greater is the fault of the Victorian industries, which have clung to old methods and old machines. If the four great key industries of Britain in the last century had kept abreast with progress after the War it is doubtful whether the country would have yet slipped into second place, though America's more intense production and greater resources in population and raw materials would undoubtedly bring the United States ultimately into the lead.

Two of the key industries, coal and textiles, supply well over one-third of the total unemployment, and last summer were adding two out of every three new names to the unemployment register. The fall in the exports of coal and cotton goods makes up the greater part of the decline in total British exports. The other two, iron-steel and ships, do not employ so much labor, but they now are weak points in the British industrial structure instead of towers of strength.

Characteristic of each of these industries is the Victorian individualist system. To some extent both coal and cotton remain family businesses, handed on more or less intact from the last century. The grandfathers found their markets because they were pioneers. Their costing was simple, direct, and honest, and competition was slack. They thrived in the air of *laissez-faire*, and no air could have been a better tonic for them. But now competition is severe, and individuals dealing with great organized industrial

communities are helpless. The War reduced both the coal and textile markets; hydraulic power and oil took the place of coal, and the great Eastern cotton market was fed for the first time by native or Japanese supplies. These Victorian individualists, fighting for these once limitless markets, turned on one another, and the industries began a slow process of self-destruction.

In the iron and steel industry the lack of co-ordination has been similar, though the problem is different. The War had led to an abnormal expansion of productive capacity; while the output of steel continued above the pre-war level, the competition of Germany, France, and Belgium, paying wages in depreciating currency, was severe. But it would not have been insuperable had the British steel industry been able to act as a unit and reduce costs by the devices of rationalization. So, too, in the shipbuilding industry. Here internecine competition between individualist firms was as much a disaster as the overproduction of ships during the War.

Now the coal industry is being shaken down into a unitary mold by the strong hand of the law. Coal marketing is to be compulsorily rationalized, and this in itself will lead to a rationalization of production. The cotton industry is awake to the wastefulness of its disorganized character, and here, too, rationalization is the theme, if not the deed of the hour. In the steel industry the process of combination has set in regionally, and may within a few years become national. The shipbuilding industry has actually combined, and has announced the closing of the first two superfluous yards.

But the resistance to rationalization is almost pathetically strong. Every expert knows that rationalization in other countries is reducing the foreign markets of British goods. But when

it comes to rationalization as an answer, and with it the sacrifice to the traditional independence of earlier times, every other remedy seems more tolerable, a fact which explains some of the present feverish interest in protection.

Though rationalization is not financially simple, it is not the shortage of money that explains why the key industries are not more completely rationalized. The money is there, the Bank of England has seen to that. It has established a company, of which the stock-banks are chief shareholders, which exists for the sole purpose of advancing money for schemes of rationalization. Now the establishment of this company, The Bankers Industrial Development Company, ought to be a romantically exciting piece of contemporary news, illustrating the rapid change of industry from private to group control. It is the first institution of its sort ever to have been set up by a central bank, with the full backing of the government. On its face, it appears to be a concerted national effort to set the basic industries of the country on their feet, and it seems to testify to a national will not to be outdone by foreign countries. But from the date of its establishment in May until the end of October, so far as the public knows, this company did not finance a single scheme for rationalization. There the company stands, with the combined resources of all British banking behind it, and nothing happens.

The reasons for inaction are not hard to find. Rationalization means defeat for a great many individuals and interests, those who have conducted companies in the past, and those who have lent money to them. When companies are merged and recapitalized the fresh capital earns the first profits, and old creditors must wait for their returns. Rationalization in

such cases is a concealed form of failure. Business has been bad, but it has not been bad enough to make the temptations of this form of safety widely alluring.

Another reason for the delay is that the industries cannot agree to pool their individual interests and leave it to experts, guided by the science of efficiency, to decide what form the reorganization shall take. The expert would say: this plant must close permanently, that one must concentrate on one part of the manufactured article, that one on another part. The individual manufacturer stands to lose his very existence for the good of the group. So long as he has any assets left, so long as the dream of a revival of trade beckons beyond the horizon, he holds on grimly, and his creditors encourage him in doing so.

But other kinds of rationalization have been promoted in Great Britain. The amalgamation of the railways after the War is a classic instance of one. Electric supply companies are undergoing a fifteen-year program of compulsory standardization which will bring rationalization in its train. But the rationalization of the key industries will be a slow process. Time, of course, is against the individualists. They will have to admit the death of Queen Victoria, just as the Bishops of the Church of England were forced to do in mentioning birth control in the encyclical letter of 1930. And in due season the British key industries will be earning profits once more. British industry has been like a family of brothers, the elder four of whom at one time supported the brotherhood, then aged and grew bewildered in a changing world. In the meantime the younger brothers had learned new crafts (making automobiles, gramophones, wireless sets, electrical machinery, artificial silk) and could carry the brotherhood forward, despite the burden of the lag-

ging senior workers. Now these seniors are slowly adapting themselves to the new conditions. They probably will never renew the strength of past years, but they will contribute gains instead of losses to the family resources, and the brotherhood will be far more vigorous in maintaining itself in the competition with the world's great families.

When that season comes, it will not have wiped out unemployment. Unless new uses are found for coal the British mines will never employ as many workers as in the past. Cotton markets, too, are undoubtedly curtailed permanently, and the effort of rationalization will only help retain those already held and permit a slight expansion. Some textile workers are certain to remain unemployed; indeed, rationalization if it amounts to anything, will make sure of maintaining the present level of production with fewer workers. But gradually the population of the British Isles is adjusting itself to changed conditions. The birth rate is falling, and the number of recruits which industry must absorb each year is annually smaller. Despite the two million unemployed, as many men are at work in Great Britain to-day as in 1913, the most prosperous year in the history of the nation. The balance is being naturally achieved, and may be reached in ten years. By then a small section of the community, perhaps two, three, or four hundred thousand, will be drawing a permanent maintenance grant from industry or the state, relics of the transformation of British industry to twentieth-century methods. The rest will have been slowly shifted from their Welsh mines and their Lancashire looms to the new factories that have sprung up. Or the permanently unemployed by that time may be planted on small holdings on the land, farming on a small scale, with state help; and then

the dole will be called a farmer's subsidy, and gloomy chairmen probably will stop making speeches about the degeneration of British self-reliance.

A view of ten years is not a long view in terms of a nation's history, but it is long enough to indicate Britain's consolidation in her second place. Her new industries already thrive, her older ones by then will have been modernized. British investments will continue to accrue in all corners of the world. By then, too, the markets of the Empire will be expanding, giving Britain a preferred place. In a decade China may have become pacified, and Russia may be in the world's market, with goods to sell and, therefore, with wealth to buy. As the purchasing power of the East rises, Britain is certain to solidify her industrial strength.

IV

By that time, too, the stalwart national morality of Great Britain since the War may stand out clearly enough to give even the reluctant Britons themselves comfort. For during the past decade they have fared far better than other nations in Europe. Not only have they raised their standard of life, they have avoided the two most serious dangers of the post-war period, inflation and dictatorship. Great Britain is the only one of the European allies to have averted both. She has paid her debts and returned to the gold standard. She has not restricted democracy; her most conservative government even extended it by enfranchising women on the same terms as men.

The financial probity of paying debts was not a mere reflex, and must have resulted from a good deal of quite refined moral thinking. The settlement with America, of which so much has been said, is not the case in point. The debt of the State to

British individuals is vastly greater, and has been a far heavier burden. "A little breath of inflation" would have made it incalculably easier. And the policy would not have been so immoral as it might have appeared; for much of the debt was contracted at a high price level, and the return to gold and the decline in prices had the effect of enormously increasing the debt. How the Chancellors of the Exchequer must have paced their dingy workroom in Downing Street wrestling with the nicer shades of a policy of taxation by inflation. They must have yearned to initiate the era in which debts were to be measured by purchasing power rather than by gold, and to save the exchequer the increasing dead-weight of debt service, an annual sum of a billion and a half dollars a year. Which particular reasons finally operated to defeat inflation are not known, and may not be until historians have before them the confessions of these post-war chancellors. Whatever they were, they were reasons of financial ethics, and they won despite the fact that strong pressure against them from the country would have defeated them. England's statesmen, and behind them English voters, held to the costlier and more unpleasant course of financial orthodoxy. Even if this course in future years should be judged misguided and unnecessary, it will always stand as a decision which required character.

More noteworthy still has been the success of Parliament since the War. It is far from a perfect legislative assembly. The strength of the House of Lords is not in accord with popular desire, and the Lords have been anything but shrewd and cautious in exercising it. Nor has the House of Commons enjoyed propitious conditions. First there was the reversion to party government after the much easier scheme of coalition. In the meantime

a third party, Labor, had grown up, so that the nice efficiency of the two-party system was impossible. In 1924 came the first minority government. It was followed by a conservative government with too strong a majority, almost as dangerous for democracy as a minority government, and this in turn was followed by a second minority government. Both minority governments were socialist, yet they were able to govern without panic and without bringing into existence a fascist reaction. The dignified system of democracy somehow managed to include and dignify them. Socialist ministers became His Majesty's servants, honored as such like their predecessors.

Impatience with Parliament is expressed from time to time. Probably there is more now than usual, for no doubt the House of Commons stands out to-day as a clumsy instrument for making laws, and it could well be reconstructed. But this is the impatience of individuals and experts, conservatives as well as socialists, and it does not indicate any important tendency toward dictatorship.

Parliament lives on because in Great Britain, more than in any country in the world, differences of opinion are recognized as essential to wise political decisions. In some lands, the man who thinks other than oneself is an enemy, or at best a fool; and if one is in power he becomes an enemy of the state. Men in England can disagree and remain friends. This is more than tolerance, it is the recognition of the political truth that opposition is essential to good government. Conserva-

tive newspapers, quite as often as Liberal and Labor organs, deplored Baldwin's overwhelming majority in the last Parliament. If a majority is too great, arguments in the House of Commons cease to change votes. And the people still depend on the House of Commons for arguments.

In its reliance on democracy and on financial integrity British character has made a record since the War that Europe envies. But such views of the greater performances of post-war England are not seen in London, nor does an appreciation of them rise like an aroma from talks with Englishmen. If the theory of debt is discussed it will be by critics of the gold policy; if Parliament wins a word in the abstract it is certain to be a word of complaint. Those who knew England a generation ago can say whether then, too, a similar pessimism prevailed. It is my impression that it did not. Such pessimism may well be a psychological response, in part, to the loss of first rank in the world. When things went wrong a generation ago, there still could be the solace that Britain undeniably was ahead of the rest. That particular solace is gone, and it is not comforting enough to say that Britain is ahead in Europe. The loss of rank does make a difference, since it affects the tone of the nation's thinking. The British have lost first place, the only place that counts emotionally in a race. But modern industrial life is not a race. If it were, the material disaster would be greater than the emotional one. The material disaster, relatively speaking, has not occurred.



THE PERFUME

A STORY

BY HENRI DUVERNOIS

Translated from the French by Jacques Chambrun

ON LEAVING the bank where he was employed, André Hornut would jump into a taxi and say to the chauffeur, "To the Tuileries, quick as you can." Once there, he would hurry across the wide driveway in the hope of meeting Lucienne Gattières, coming from the opposite direction on her way home from work in a library on the Left Bank. Two or three times a week his heart would leap at sight of her. The young man tipped his hat. The girl blushed slightly. She would consent to stop for a little chat. One day she caught sight of André standing under a tree, apparently scanning the horizon. She acknowledged his bow but walked on stiffly.

"You must not wait for me," she told him two days later. "A man who waits looks ridiculous; also he compromises the girl he is waiting for."

After that he dared not loiter. If Lucienne was five minutes early or five minutes late they did not meet. But he discovered that she loved him. One day she asked the time and set her wrist watch by his. That was all; but it was enough. From then on they never missed their daily meeting at the Tuileries. Once, when he was caught in a traffic jam, he noticed that she began to walk more slowly.

"I'd like to kiss the leaden shoes that held you for me!" he told her.

"I did not want to miss you to-day," she began.

"That's very nice of you."

"To tell you that we must not do this any more."

"What harm is there in our meeting?"

"That is exactly the little question that causes all big catastrophes."

"I am not a stranger to you. Haven't we been introduced, in accordance with all the conventions, at a tea given by a mutual friend?"

"I know that very well . . . moreover, I don't have to account for myself to anybody except my mother, who trusts me implicitly."

"Well, then? My parents trust me, too. They are very broad-minded. But my grandfather—he still is the head of the family—they tremble at his word."

"You tremble at it, too?"

"As a matter of tradition, yes."

"Under the circumstances we had better shake hands and try not to meet again. I like you, but there's my pride. I should be very happy to marry you, but I can see it would be impossible. You will marry, according to the customs of 1778, a bride chosen by your grandfather. Don't misunderstand me, I'm not discussing your family, but I beg of you not to cross my path again. If we should chance to meet, please do not recognize me."

Twilight was now bathing the Tuileries in a rosy mist. The conversation of André and Lucienne was getting heated. André had replied with vehemence, while Lucienne, although in terms both measured and polite, came near to accusing him of cowardice. But the dying day was so beautiful, the Tuileries so enchanting, the sky so limpid as they walked side by side that words seemed of no importance. They continued to talk merely to hear each other's voice, and never had they been so close to each other as now, when everything seemed to point to the parting of their ways.

"Give me a week," pleaded André.

"Why, of course, my dear boy, I'll give you all the weeks you want."

"In one week, then—here?"

"Perhaps!"

"Promise me or I shall kill myself!"

The sturdy bourgeois blood in Lucienne's veins had given her an innate horror of scandal. André's desperate state of mind alarmed her; she bowed her head in promise, turned and lost herself in the uproar of the rue de Rivoli.

André rushed home to his parents like a whirlwind and dramatically described his love for Lucienne. He was referred to his grandfather, upon whom he pounced impetuously. He found him dining alone.

"A rather peculiar time to come and bother people, isn't it?" growled M. Legorchin. "At dinner time?"

The butler was serving the old man barley broth in a silver bowl. Stewed fruit came after this, then M. Legorchin sipped a cup of linden-blossom tea before giving his grandson permission to speak. By this time André had lost a great deal of his assurance. Fifty years of diplomatic business dealings had taught M. Legorchin the art of calming fever with a glance, discouraging requests with a gesture. He merely shrugged his shoul-

ders upon hearing André's threat of suicide.

"Will you send this person to me here, next Monday at five o'clock?" he interrupted, ending the interview. "I want to see her."

These words were pronounced in such a cold and final tone that the young man shuddered, but he asked Lucienne to comply with the old man's request.

"It's rather strange, isn't it, after all?" was her comment. "I'm asking nothing of you. It is you who persist in this talk of marriage. And now you wind up with the proposal that *I* go to plead with this old gentleman! . . . No; not plead with him? . . . But my going would amount to the same as pleading. Anyhow, it would be humiliating and quite useless. What could I say to him?"

"Nothing; let him do the talking."

"Then I am to be cross-examined? A charming prospect!"

In her preoccupation she had not noticed that André had grasped her arm. Again she realized that something beyond their control bound them. A feeling of tenderness swept over her; she consented to this absurd interview. Being intelligent and, what is rarer still, a clear-thinking woman, the very difficulty of the undertaking attracted her. She thought the matter over all night. With dawn came inspiration—one of those sudden flashes. One of those luminous and elusive ideas that few people seem able to capture.

The next day she went to a famous perfumer's shop and asked for the manager. "I have been invited to a fancy-dress ball," she told him, "at which the costumes will be of the period of sixty years ago. I have an 1868 costume, perfect in every detail. I shall carry a little round bouquet and a handkerchief edged with lace, and, as I wish to have everything in keeping, I have come to see if you have

a little bottle of the perfume most in vogue with the ladies of 1868."

"The easiest thing in the world, Mademoiselle," said the manager. "Fortunately, we still have a pint. May I offer you a little vial? All I ask is an autographed photograph of you in your Second Empire costume."

"If any photographs are taken I shall certainly send you one!" Lucienne promised.

On Monday, at five o'clock, accompanied by André, she presented herself to the terrible grandfather.

"As for you," he said to his grandson, "go to the other end of the apartment and see if I'm there."

"And you, my poor child," continued M. Legorchin, "I do not have to inform you that this young fellow is an idiot. Come closer. . . . Listen carefully to what I am about to say. . . ."

Lucienne drew near and took out her handkerchief. M. Legorchin had prepared the following speech: "If you do not let this young cockatoo alone, and if you insist upon dragging him into a marriage I look upon as grotesque, you will have to deal with *me*. . . ." But, for the first time in his life, he hesitated. He hesitated because a

whiff of perfume made his heart flutter. A delicate perfume, almost oppressive, which seemed to come from the depths of the past.

"Where in the devil did I once know that?" mused the grandfather. . . . Oh, yes! Marie . . . his fiancée, when he was bending over her vowing eternal love!

The silence deepened. The perfume had been identified. M. Legorchin struggled to finish the speech he had prepared; but an unseen power had overcome him. The spirit of sweet remembrance was hovering about. . . . Lucienne was so charming, eyes lowered over tears.

"Don't forget what I tell you," stammered the old man. "You'll have to be smarter than André. I have warned you, now!" He opened the door. "You may come in now, you young idiot! I have seen what I wanted to. You have won! Run along, both of you. . . ."

M. Legorchin closed the windows, thoughtfully drew the curtains, sank into an armchair, then slowly, very slowly, so that it might last longer, drank in a perfume that had left him helpless in the presence of young love.



BISCAY GALES

A SEVENTY-FOOT YACHT IN A GREAT STORM

BY LEONARD OUTHWAITE

This is the story of a single episode in an unusual cruise. Mr. Outhwaite and his wife last year sailed their seventy-foot auxiliary schooner from New York to the Azores and England, thence to Spain and the African coast, and finally home by way of South America and the West Indies—completing a circuit of the Atlantic Ocean. On their way south from England they met one of the unusual storms which swept the European coast in the fall of 1929. Though the owner later brought his vessel to New York with an amateur crew, at the time of the storm he was assisted by a captain and deck crew of three.—*The Editors.*

WE HAD a slight feeling of uneasiness as we slipped our mooring at Falmouth early on October 4. The captain who had brought us over from America had died, and we had had difficulty in replacing him. We had had to organize a new crew and bend a suit of winter canvas, which was delayed in delivery. Only such accidents kept us on the English coast in October; only the fact that we had to sail our ship south or abandon her thousands of miles from home justified a Biscay crossing at this late season.

But there was little visible justification for this uneasy feeling. The new captain was beside me on deck, the weather fine and clear, and the barometer hanging quite steadily around 30 as we stood out. We brought the Manacles abeam at ten o'clock, and here we set our log and took our departure. There was an easy swell and a light wind out of the west as we ran past the Lizard and Wolf's Rock and dropped the English coast behind. We hoped that the week of gales we had encountered in the Channel had now blown itself out. I had determined to

make our westing early in the passage, so that we should have sea room in case of bad weather and an opportunity to keep clear of the dangerous cliffs and currents of Finisterre.

As the day wore on, however, it was clear that this was not going to be an easy matter. By evening the wind out of the southwest had already reached force 4 on the Beaufort scale and was freshening. The short chop of the Channel had given place to a succession of long, sweeping Atlantic gray-backs. The barometer was dropping.

Climbing the companionway to a midnight watch, I passed the barometer and saw that it had moved down two-tenths. On deck, one quick glance showed me that we were carrying all working canvas and charging westward, but the going was heavy. Overside, the first impression was that of a rather heavy sea, broken waves sending a lop of spray aboard. Gradually I was aware that something else something fundamental, was giving us our peculiar uneasy motion. The waves we saw were just surface waves. They were simply riding over the top of great even, mountainous swells that

came piling up out of the southwest. Such swells are created by storms at a distance; they travel faster than the storm; they are sometimes the precursors of bad weather.

I remember thinking this as I turned to take the watch from the Captain. We stood looking overhead, where hung a high, gray pall against which dense, dark masses of clouds were moving rapidly. As these dark clouds swept over us, squalls of wind hit us. *Kinkajou* bent to them and shook and leaped ahead, climbing for long moments up a gray slope and then sliding, sliding, down an interminably sinking hill.

"Captain, it looks as though we are in for some bad weather."

"I don't like the look of it much. But the worst of it may be blown out before it reaches us."

"Need we shorten sail before you turn in?"

"I don't think so. It's only the squalls that are heavy and they don't seem to have the weight in them that they did an hour or so ago."

"All right, Captain, I'll call you if it gets worse."

It did get worse, and by morning we were under shortened canvas, making a few painful miles to the westward whenever the gale let us, and finding ourselves all but hove-to when it was blowing its worst. There was a dull, gray surface over the whole of the sky, and the even, unearthly light fell on fantastic moving mountains of water.

Yachtsmen talk about their vessels being dry in a storm—going through a blow without taking a drop of water. I'm sure that this is just a relative term which seamen use. In a full gale or in a hurricane dryness is impossible. I know that once the gale was well established, *Kinkajou* was wet, though at that time we had taken no solid water aboard. The force of the wind was now such that it seemed

to flatten out the crests of the waves. It shaved the tops off them and sent a horizontal volley of drops over our decks that stung like bullets. High above our deck our sails were soaked with spray, and runnels of water blew out of the leeches. All about the ship vision was obscured by spindrift and gray water fumes.

The air was full of sound. At first the sound is impossible to analyze. You are simply conscious that many noises are blended in one great uproar. This uproar accompanies you wherever you go. The wind, of course, has already choked up all ordinary utterances. Even shouted orders are taken out of your mouth as they are formed and carried aloft with the spindrift. Your voice is painfully weak, lost in this vast symphony. It is only later, crouched in the lee of a deckhouse, waiting your trick at the wheel, that you have opportunity to observe the components of chaos.

There is, of course, the howl and scream of the wind about the rigging and the hull, something like the sounds about a house during a high winter storm. But, in addition to this, there are the special noises of the sea: the low, heavy thrumming noise, set up by the vibration of the rigging. Our taut-set backstay runner had an insistent ominous note of its own. All during the gale it kept up a low moaning, and when the worst of the squalls hit us, its pitch would rise into a weird chant.

From the sea itself there come two sorts of sound: the slap and thunder of the waves that strike along her side; and behind these the continuous roaring undertone of the waves that break about us without reaching us.

Then it's your watch below. You must shove back the hatch slide, duck down, and close it again as rapidly as possible. At first you feel that you have come into peace and quietness,

but you have merely exchanged one order of clamor for another. The tumult of wind and waves is dimmer, and the whistling and shrieking winds sound distant as in inner rooms of a house. But the thrumming of the masts and rigging is carried down into the hull and reverberates there as the sound of the strings echoes in the body of a violin. There is some noise from the motor turning slowly to improve our steerage way. But its rhythm varies in speed as the vessel labors up the side of a wave or plunges rapidly and distressingly into a valley. There is added also all the noise from the body of the ship herself. For no vessel, no matter how well built, can stand this buffeting without speaking her mind about it. There is a great, dull boom forward, sensed as a concussion rather than as a sound, as an unusually heavy wave strikes her on the weather-bow. There's a momentary shock, and the vessel shakes herself as she gathers headway again and begins nosing over the crest. "That shook me up, but we'll go on," she says. Just after you think she has come dry through that attack, there is a drumming of heavy drops on the cabin top, a thunder of falling water on the deck, a sloshing about as she clears through the freeing ports.

We took some that time!

We had reckoned on storms but nothing of this magnitude.

"I'm all right," said my wife, "but this seems more than we bargained for. Can't we get out of it for a while? Isn't there a port we can run into?"

"There isn't, I'm afraid. We're beyond the British Isles. We've made a good deal of our westing and we're two hundred miles from Falmouth, but I'll call the Captain and we'll take stock of the situation."

In oilskins and dripping sou'wester, Captain Carter came and sat on the companionway steps. He was quiet

and slow of speech and relatively cheerful.

"Captain," I said, "these are your home waters. What do you think of the weather? Should we run for a port?"

And the Captain replied, "There is no telling about the weather. It may hang on, it might blow out even before we can run back to port. There is nothing good in the Scillys and they are almost as far as Falmouth. I don't like the French ports; there are dangers off them, and the tides are terrible, particularly in bad weather. And then you're worse there, for there's more westing to make when you start again."

Georgia asked, "Is the ship all right? Shall we get through this?"

"Oh, the ship's all right. She can stand it. How about you, madam? We'd be easier running."

Georgia looked at me and shook her head. "No, Captain, we don't want to do it all over again, and it may blow out soon."

So that was settled. Even while we were talking, sunlight began to come through the cabin ports. I went back on deck with the Captain. Unexpectedly the sky had cleared now, but the wind was still blowing with great fury. We entered the wind in our log as force 8, for both the Captain and I had a feeling that the tendency in a small ship was to exaggerate our estimates of wind and sea. Later we learned that another ship near at hand gave a conservative estimate of force 10, and that the English and Irish coasts close by us recorded full storms and wind speeds varying between 70 and 90 miles an hour.

II

Do you know what wind speeds of even 60 miles an hour mean at sea? They choke the breath in your nostrils.

You have to turn your head or shelter your face to breathe freely and deeply. In heavy clothes and oilskins you make a great target for the blast. Even at 40 miles an hour you can fairly lean against the wind. Every movement is an exertion, yet has to be made with precision and caution, for the deck is heaving, and a misstep may send you lurching toward the lee-rail. A bit of canvas or rope not made fast becomes a lashing menace, and a solid bit of gear like a block takes charge and goes bulleting about the deck till it breaks somebody's shins or is mercifully washed overboard.

For some hours that day it stayed clear, and the sea and sky made a monstrous spectacle. The sky was a deep, hard, vivid, intense blue, and the sudden sunlight was dazzling after so many gray days. But all this seemed unreal and incongruous with this fury about us. The changing blues and greens of the waves were translucent. Behind their outlines you could discern other moving, mysterious shapes. The great mountains of water went marching by the ship like warriors in white plumes.

I suppose we all intellectually knew that the blue of the sky was too deep and too intense to presage real clearing and milder weather. Yet we all irrationally took heart. It was a game that was worth playing. Though many of us aboard were periodically sick and often uneasy, we turned up promptly for our watches and carried on. The fo'c's'le was wet, the galley a roaring, rattling confusion of pots and pans. Though the cook was sick and the fire failed and no water for dish washing would stay in place and though even the pot of coffee had to be held on the stove, we still managed to get irregular bites to eat. Little Henry, the steward, was white-faced and wobbly-kneed but he smiled wanly and managed somehow to dis-

tribute rations. We all caught something from the determination and the fury of the weather and turned this spirit to our own account in going about our duties.

But it was my watch below. No matter how much beauty or wonder was to be gathered from the scene on deck, sleep was better. I lumbered down the companionway steps, and as I passed the barometer noticed with a start that our glass stood at 29°5'. That wasn't too cheering. Still . . .

"Look here, dear, it's bright and clear on deck. There's probably still some wind coming, but it looks a little better. I've got to get some rest but I want to watch the barometer. I'll lie down here and if I don't wake up you call me every hour and I'll take a reading."

I thought that we might be encouraged by a mounting glass.

We were on the starboard tack, and my bunk was to windward. It seemed too much of an effort to crawl way up there. Anyway I had to get up each hour, so there was no good shedding clothes. I pulled together a few deck cushions, braced my feet against the drawers of the leeward bunk, and wedged my back against the entry to the wash-room. "Let 'er pitch and roll."

Pitch and roll she did, and I tried faintly to sleep. First a suitcase that had been stowed behind the companionway steps escaped and came charging down on top of me. Then a square wooden box with a spare four-inch compass in it jumped out of its cuddy and struck in the middle of my back. The catch of a door sprang and the door went fanning back and forth, creating a terrific uproar with each roll of the ship. I got it locked and had just settled down again when a drawer in my bunk broke from its retaining catch and shot across the cabin. It made a dent in the woodwork just an inch or so above my head.

Before I knew it the hour was up. The barometer had fallen a tenth. Then I did some fitful sleeping.

Every hour for the next four hours it had dropped a corresponding tenth.

"Shall we run for it now?" I would ask Georgia.

And she would say, "No, we might as well stick it through."

She was right in this, for it was now our only course. *It was too late to run.* Our safety lay in working off to the westward and southward and heaving-to when we had to.

III

My memory of the sequence of events through the succeeding days is vague. The whole orderly routine of ship-life was cluttered with extra duties and fractured by emergencies. I was too sick and harassed to keep a record of what happened other than the notes that went into the log. There was a lot of work, and of course we must have taken food and done some sleeping, but the order of these events is difficult to follow. We went through them mechanically, and my memory is hazed with the tumult and fatigue.

Even the familiar ship took on a fantastic, sodden, bedraggled air that made it hard to associate with the orderly vessel she had once been. Yet certain scenes and details come to mind with great vividness and I set them down here as I recall them.

It's midnight of the 5th. I am coming down the companionway from a trick at the wheel. We have been underway with a slow motor and a foresail set for steadiness. We have been making slow progress to the west and south, and my back and arms are numb from the labor of holding the wheel steady against the bucking seas. My hands are cold and it's almost

impossible to open them. My fingers feel as though they still gripped the spokes of the wheel. The barometer is rising now as rapidly and steadily as it dropped. It goes back to 29°5' and hangs there. The gale is blowing colder now out of the northwest. I grope my way into the cabin and fling my short oilskin coat in a corner. My clothes beneath it are soaking wet. I am conscious that my toes are squunching water out of the heavy socks in my sea-boots. The effort of struggling out of those boots is more than my tired will can cope with and I just drop into a dull sleep on the floor in the cabin.

An explosion rings in my ears. It carries even above the noise of the storm and is succeeded by rolls of thunder. As my eyes come open I can see by the cabin clock that it is 1:30. Without being told, I know that I am wanted on deck and must somehow get up there. As I come on deck the man at the wheel jams his body against the spokes and gropes about at his feet. He comes up with a curved bar of metal. It's a bit of the fore-sheet traveler that has carried away. This ring of metal holds the sheet-block to the boom and thus keeps the whole foresail under control. It's gone now, and the foresail with its boom and gaff are swung outward and are crashing about in the fury of the storm. That confusion must be subdued or the sail will tear itself to pieces and the gaff and boom shake loose from the mast.

I take the wheel while the seaman and the Captain wrestle with that task. As the men are grouped forward, the lop of a great wave sweeps across the deck, and their forms disappear in a welter of water and spray and foam. There is a little flat following a great comber like that, and I take this opportunity to bring the ship up into the wind. Her deck rises steeply as

the next wave comes up under her but she takes no more water, and the water on deck clears rapidly out of the scuppers aft. Twice the sailors throw a bight of rope around the boom and twice it breaks away from them before they can get a turn. Once two of them get catapulted across the deck and nearly go overboard. I rush forward and grab one of the men and push him toward the wheel, and we re-order our attack. Two of us go to the peak and throat halyards and slack away a good bit. For a while the flapping and confusion seems increased but we make fast and creep back to the waist of the ship. Then we watch our chance and jump simultaneously for the leech of the sail as it bellies over our heads. We smother it and can hold fast just long enough to get a hold of a reef-kringle. We heave this down, and the wild waving of the boom is damped. Now it, too, can be lashed amidships. Now we can lower away smartly and smother the canvas as it comes down. It seems a long, slow job getting everything made up and secure. Then there's the fore-staysail to set. I find myself swinging to a halyard beside the old Norwegian. He has always been saying that we haven't seen real heavy weather yet. I shout in his ear, "Blowing now?"

"Ya! Plenty."

I have just taken an amazed look around before dropping below. It's a wonder to me that we are still all sound and all aboard. The gale from the northwest has been running for some hours now, and a new sea is working up from that quarter against the undercurrent of the old one. The waves have changed their shape. They are no longer orderly successions of crests and hollows, but confused pyramidal structures that tower up and collapse suddenly, so that you are

conscious of the solidity, the weight, and the impact of great masses of water. The ship is behaving beautifully, but we can't dodge all of them, and every once in a while part of a crest comes aboard and sweeps the deck. This seems to me more dangerous than anything we have had yet. The exhilaration is gone out of us now and we just face dull, hard work. I'm too tired even to worry. I just drop to sleep again.

I see in the log that during his watch the Captain reports "continued gale and heavy hail-squalls." One or two large stones are still melting in our scuppers in the morning and a heavy oilskin has been cut by their impact. . . .

I think it's the morning of the 6th that the Captain has a weak moment. He comes to ask if we don't want to try running off, taking a chance of working our way out of the Bay in more favorable weather. We shake our heads. Our decision seems justified. It moderates in the afternoon. The wind entries for successive two-hour periods run 6-5-4-3. There's still a terrific sea running. The cook has pulled himself together and got the rudiments of a hot meal, and Georgia and I are wedged together in the lee bunk eating in celebration of our respite.

But the 7th is just a long, bad day, the storm resuming. We take in everything and set a storm trysail on our foremast. Instead of swinging around to the north and east and blowing clear, the wind is back into the southwest, and we seem to be starting all over again. We are close hauled on the port tack. Somebody is pounding on my hatch cover. Even in my dull weariness I know this is my signal to turn out. By a glance at the clock I see that my watch below is but half up. "My God! What is it this time?" At least I don't have to

struggle into clothes, but my legs in my heavy sea-boots are leaden, and it seems an effort even to raise my arms. "Why do things always happen when I'm below? Can't those fools on deck take care of the ship?" I'm too tired even to swear. These curses just shape themselves in my mind and even as they shape I know that they are unjust for all hands have been called repeatedly. Something, maybe fear, has even galvanized our laziest sailor into willing action. After all it's my responsibility and I've got to get up that companionway. After a roll and a lurch the ship steadies for a moment. Now for it. As I step over the companionway doors and combing, my boots splash into a surge of water. The Captain is at the wheel. He is yelling something in my ear and waving his arm at the darkness, where the light from the engine-room fore ports just shows some of the men huddled in the waist of the ship.

"See . . . broke aboard. Fo'c's'le hatch carried away . . . washed out below."

I shout back. "Have to run off."

He just nods. "Watch chance . . . ease foresheet."

We are into the wind, but the trouble is that the wind and the sea aren't coming from the same quarter. Even as Captain Carter is working his way forward, a great wall of water rises on our starboard bow. With water still on our deck it seems to me that we shall never rise before that wall collapses on us. And the hatch cover off! Won't our bow ever come up? In my anxiety I stamp on the deck, "You've got to come *up*! *Up*! *Up*!" The base of the wave is under us now, and I can feel the whole hull heaving. Then the stem begins to rise, and forward I can see the crest curling mast-high, its foam a spectral green, like witches' fire. It's toppling towards us, but our bow is rising wildly

now. The crest is sweeping rapidly aft towards us, but it breaks short, and only the boiling of its collapse comes aboard amidships.

Another giant goes by harmlessly. There seems a momentary lull in the wind and just a vague, confused heaving of waves about us. Now is the time!

I turn around sideways to the wheel to get a better grip, and tug on the spokes to bring her about. At first she responds slowly and then comes around nicely. Amidships I can see the vague shapes of the men, their oil-skins glistening. The foresheet is eased and now it is filling. There's a strain on the mast, and the ship gives a lurch as she feels the sudden impact, but it's only for a moment. She eases as we gather headway and now we are off before it, tramping white water under foot.

It suddenly seems quiet. Where has the sea gone? Our motion is easier and our deck is dry. The engineer has rigged our gangway light that we use in port, so that it sweeps the foredeck. The men have gathered most of the hatch from about the scuppers. They are fitting it together, improvising other board coverings, lashing down, covering all with spare canvas. At last the weary job is done, our ride is over, and we must come about to the seas again.

It's the morning of the 8th, and our gale is still holding. The fo'c's'le is washed out. I have just been up and have moved the men all back into the saloon. It's pathetic to see their efforts to find bits of half-dry clothing. And to see their cherished mementos of brief trips ashore floating around on the wash that is still slopping about across the floor. The galley, too, has taken its share of salt water, and the fire has been put out and rekindled half a dozen times this morning. The men are spread around the saloon

floor now, wrapped in extra blankets. Some of the wash forward has swept under the doors, the carpets are soaked, and with each lurch of the ship little puddles of water are chasing themselves across the floor. The men have wedged themselves between overturned chairs to prop them against the rolling. They are too tired out to notice the noise and the discomfort. They are sprawled in awkward attitudes, mouths open, while the runnels of water slop back and forth about them.

We haven't had a clear shot of the sun since our bright hours, days before. We have changed canvas and course so much that we have no particular confidence in our dead reckoning. The Captain is for a direct southerly course, and I am still for keeping up to westward. After all this to run down and find that we were still inside the line of the Cape and caught in Rennell's current, which sweeps into the lower end of the Bay, would be too discouraging. All morning we have been waiting with sextants ready, hoping for a shot of the sun, however murky. Georgia knows that we badly want our position and when we don't get it this seems to her the last straw.

"You know, Len, I'm just miserable. I don't think I can stand any more of this. If we ever come to port, I think we'll have to lay up the ship and take the steamer home." Then after a little pause, "Do you think we shall get to port?"

It is pitiful to see her weariness. I must whisper her something encouraging. But how can you whisper when even a raised voice becomes lost in the insistent roar of the gale and when you have to jam yourself in a door frame to keep yourself from being pitched across the cabin? How can you be encouraging when you have just come from looking at that appalling ocean? There is no beauty in it

now: it is gigantic, gray, sickening. I must say something. I grip the lee board of her bunk and kneel down beside it.

"Of course we'll make port; and this northern weather will be all behind us. Now, look here, dear, I know this is tough, but we've got to stick it. There is no other way. We've had as bad a time as comes to people even on a small ship, but it's going to be better. We figure we have good sea room around Finisterre. Even if the gale holds, we shall be edging around to the southward to-morrow. Now, let's forget it for a while!"

I grope my way forward and in a succession of trips carry aft some fresh biscuits in a sealed tin, a can of salted nuts, and a bottle of champagne. It's impossible to bring glasses, but we share the drink out of a thick, china cup and, though we eat literally hand to mouth, things begin to look a little more cheerful. We fall to reminiscences of the summer and to speculations as to what is going on at home. By the time it's my turn on deck again Georgia is ready for an easier sleep.

It's the night of the 8th. The barometer is rising now and for some hours the wind has been gradually shifting. It is blowing now from the northeast, and we are plowing along through a heavy, confused sea. It's still mean going, but we'll clear the Cape and how glad we'll be to see the high cliffs of the Spanish coast!

It's the afternoon of the 9th and we have been driving south by east. There is still a fresh gale, force 8, blowing out of the northeast. We have had no sun and, on the chance that we were on soundings, I have let go the lead—130 fathoms and no bottom. We are all feeling that things are going easier and that we'll come in

now and pick up the coast, but chance still holds a trump against us.

With a weight of water in our hold, the engineer suddenly reports that the electric bilge pump has stopped working. We had taken a good deal of water forward during the time that the fo'c's'le hatch had been off. This must be got rid of. We man the hand bilge pump on deck, only to find that the suction pipe is somehow obstructed. This suction pump is now deeply submerged in icy water, but hurried search reveals that the shipyard that had this matter in charge had never provided a proper strainer, nor had they removed all of the wood chips after fitting our new engine bed. It is these that are now making trouble for us.

We dismantle the hand bilge pump and clear its upper section, then we pour buckets of water back down the pipe. We break into laughter! It seems a mad thing to do, standing there in the driving rain with the wild sea about us and the wash slopping about our feet—pouring water back into our ship. But the mad thing works. The head of water washes away the obstructions from the pipe and for a time, pumping furiously, we throw a good stream. Then it clogs again and the operation has to be repeated, until finally the bilge begins to clear.

IV

In the gray morning of the 10th we sound—100 fathoms, no bottom. Wind still from the northeast and strong, though possibly diminishing a little. The Captain reports that we have passed shipping in the night. We must be near the coast. I insist on getting a definite position before we come in on it. The early morning light is gray and cheerless, but the sky has a kindlier look. Then on our port hand and up to windward of us

we spy two black dots, tramps bound south, and beyond them a gray shape on the horizon. Can that be land? And those ships—can we come near enough to exchange signals? At least we must try. We select one of them and then make up to cross her path with all the speed that motor and sail can give us. I haul out the signal flags and begin to arrange our hoist. We watch carefully how the bearing of the freighter alters and how she increases in size. She's a big fellow and coming down rapidly with the force of the wind behind her. She's going by us! No! We're closing on her. Up goes our ensign at the main peak and our code flag beneath it. She's moving fast now and, to save time, at our port main spreader we run up the number of our ship:

M F N W

Bracing myself against the wheel-box, I hold the binoculars to my eyes and wait for the flutter of flags from her rigging. The hoist of our message is all ready laid out on our deck:

Q I B

What is your latitude brought up to the moment?

It's a wonderful thing, this international code that cries the needs and the news of a ship in a universal tongue.

But does it? We've closed with the other vessel now and we're running along beside each other in clear sight. She looks very solid and efficient plodding along. On her deck we can see a few deckhands moving slowly about the last duties of the morning watch. Probably putting in time until they can flog eight bells. But she flies no ensign. Nobody is running toward the signal halyards, and there is no sign that she recognizes our existence. Thinking we may be misunderstood, we lower our ensign and code pennant and hoist them again.

There's no sign from the other vessel. Then the door of her chart-room opens, and an officer in blue coat and white cap steps out on the wing of the bridge. Now he sees us. He has raised his glasses and is looking our way. We wave but draw no response. For a little while he stands in the wing, quiet, casual, and all the time his vessel is drawing away from us. Then he moves in from the wing, in a leisurely fashion and, leaning on the high rail, he looks down on his own foredeck. And that is all. The ship has drawn well away from us now and we can just make out a name that seems to be *Santa Therese*, but the port beneath it is a blur.

We're quiet, stunned. So this is all there is to the code of mutual assistance at sea. I look around the horizon again and see that in the meantime the second vessel, farther on our port hand, has also drawn ahead of us. There's nothing further to do so I go below.

Now the Captain is calling, "Please come up here, sir. The other ship, she's put about and is coming back."

I rush on deck and sure enough it is true. The other ship is growing now every minute in our sight. And though she is a heavy work-a-day tramp, the sight of her is good. In great haste we run up the hoists we have previously set and immediately add the

Q 1 B

in our port fore-spreader. We know time is valuable to her and this is no occasion to hang on formalities. She is quite close now, and already the flags are fluttering from her halyards.

B S

The Captain calls the letters off, Georgia, now sitting in the companion-way, writes them down, and I dig into the international code book.

B S	D D	P G
latitude 41°	longitude 9°	30'

Then I run for the chart and prick off the position, 25 miles off the Portuguese coast; Leixoes, the harbor of Oporto, lies some thirty miles to the north and east of us.

Hurrah! I rush for the deck. There's another hoist of flags now, but there's no need to dig it out for she's come around and we're running along together, the *Kinkajou* hanging close aboard her starboard quarter. Somebody with a megaphone is standing in the wings of the bridge. At first we don't hear and then the voice comes louder and clearer:

"Are you all right? Can we help you?"

She is gaining a little distance on us now but catches our answer: "All right. No thanks."

Men are crowding along the after-rail in nondescript costumes, some from the deck, some from the engine-room, and even the steward's department is represented. They are waving as they draw away from us. There's her name now:

M A R G A R I T A
LONDON

Nice ship that, and good fellows! We hoist a final signal.

X O R
Thank You

As she draws slowly away from us in the growing light there's no doubt that the wind is moderating. Could that be a touch of sun showing on the water down there?

Then I bring the chart aft. "There we are, dear. It's a day's run to Lisbon but it's only a few hours north and east to Oporto." Georgia thinks for a moment, but only a moment.

"Oh, if we're all right let's go on. I don't like to turn back even a little bit."



THIS BUSINESS OF PARENTHOOD

ANONYMOUS

FOR the past few years whenever I have had occasion to mention the fact that I have four children, three different classes of women with the unanimity of a Greek chorus have variously cooed, gushed, and proclaimed, "But how wonderful! What a lucky woman you are!" These three classes are: the unwed, the elderly women who have brought up their infants in that glad era when strong and nerveless girls were apparently happy to labor in the kitchen and nursery for a mere pittance, and the leisured and prosperous wives who have spent their young years sedulously avoiding the possibility of acquiring a wonderful family themselves. Such mothers as are present when I mention my children are, I notice, strangely silent; and they look at me with something like deep sympathy.

I myself have been wondering for a long time what is to be done about motherhood in the intellectual and financial middle classes of this country. For there is no doubt that something will have to be done—and that shortly—if we are to expect the majority of intelligent women to bear and rear children, and to give them that serene and happy background which is so essential to the proper development of the coming generation.

Up to the present time women have allowed biological needs and the lies on the subject of babies and parenthood which society has fed to them to induce them to commit themselves to what

amounts to a life sentence in a prison of responsibility, drudgery, and incessant demands upon them.

To speak of my own case—I was brought up in great comfort and a moderate amount of luxury. I was never trained to be a general servant or nursemaid because there seemed to my parents no likelihood that I should ever be drawn to either profession. Instead, I was educated at excellent schools both at home and in Europe. I traveled very widely. I was encouraged to enjoy books, to go to concerts, opera, and to art galleries. I had a profession which I enjoyed. And I had a possibly reprehensibly frivolous side which led me to dance late of nights, to sleep till noon the next day, to love pretty clothes and the admiration of pleasant young men.

In my thoughts and plans for the future, marriage played an important part. I had the usual desires for love and a home. I was not particularly sentimental or romantic, but I had a good many ideals of what marriage should mean. And I certainly expected to have children.

My husband's profession involved a good deal of moving about, so I had to give up my profession. I did this gladly. For the first year of married life the work was not difficult, and I got a good deal of amusement out of the depressed-looking cheese soufflé I served at my first formal luncheon and out of the time I laboriously waxed the floor with a rapidly drying varnish.

But each of us was an only child, and of course we wanted a family. We believed that brothers and sisters were the finest gifts which parents could make to their first-born. The children of my friends in France and England were restrained and made presentable by efficient "Nanas"; and I dimly recollected a frilled and ordered childhood of my own under the patient care of an adored Irish Nellie. I had not known childhood in the rough. True, I had spent one or two harrowing days in small suburban houses on this side of the Atlantic and a few painful afternoons in apartments where whining and incessant children seemed literally to swarm. But I attributed this to mismanagement, to bad training, to lack of breeding—to anything and everything except to the maternal exhaustion and discouragement which were really responsible. I had never considered a nurseless nursery.

Then, too, my husband and I, with an innocence and simplicity which seems incredible in two moderately mature and sophisticated people, believed almost everything we were told about this business of parenthood. We were told that with each child there sprang into being an inexhaustible fount of love which contained all the elements of perfect patience and unselfishness; that there was no home possible without children; that childless women were invariably unhappy, lonely, and frustrated; that a normal woman found perfect pleasure and a fully rounded life in the society of her young; that a man and woman were drawn infinitely closer together by the clinging of tiny hands and the prattle of childish voices. And, finally, we were told again and again that these helpless little beings repaid a hundredfold any small sacrifice it might be necessary to make for them.

At that time we knew very few young parents, and so it was that we sum-

moned the stork with real lightness of heart and a thrilling feeling of anticipation. Then in the next few years the dratted bird, with utter insensitiveness to any lack of welcome on our part, became a fairly regular visitor. And in those years I learned the truth about being a mother on a limited income, in a country where both the cost and the standards of living are not only high but inflated. My private opinion on the subject is that Dante should have written about this problem instead of wasting time and energy creating an imaginary inferno.

My children arrived just at the time when space and servants—two essential commodities for the proper rearing of a family—were practically unobtainable for any reasonable sum. This meant that I was suddenly burdened with responsibility, with a great deal of work, and with the problem, in my small and expensive apartment, of too little space. This brought into my hitherto calm life a confusion and strain which I bore very badly.

The incessancy of children appalled me. I could, when I was able to afford them, get vacuum cleaners, electric washers and irons, fireless cookers, electric orange squeezers, and other short-cuts to domestic comfort. But I could not mechanize my babies; nor might I, even for a day, ignore their demands. I was, therefore, entirely at the mercy of my children unless I could in some manner obtain regular relief from my job.

The working people, of course, solve this problem to some extent: first, by living in those neighborhoods where rents are cheaper; and second, by a kind of community give-and-take in this matter of caring for the children. The neighbors take turns at the movies; sisters of high-school age look after broods of smaller children, and frequently there are elderly relatives who live sociably with the younger

families and who take it for granted that they shall mother the babies when it is necessary. Wealthy people can hire governesses and nursemaids. But we unhappy middle-class women who cannot pay large wages, who lie awake at night over the rent, and who hesitate to deposit two or three children with an acquaintance for the afternoon are really in a very sad state.

I have a very strong sense of responsibility and, although love for my children was a gradual process, I did learn it thoroughly. I wanted to give them all that physically and mentally was necessary to them. I wanted my children to be happy, and I really wanted to enjoy them and to be happy with them. I also wanted to make home pleasant for my husband. That ambition I renounced with great regret the year my fourth baby was born.

And why? Why can I not systematize my duties of wifehood and motherhood so as to fulfill them adequately? Why, when I am living in the midst of the very beings I most deeply and passionately love, can I not be happy? Why can I not make them happy?

II

Two excellent reasons why I cannot do this are: that I am only one human being; and that, despite Mr. Einstein's best efforts to do something about it, the day still has only twenty-four hours. With a family of young children, even with the intermittent untrained maid to clean and wash dishes, there are meals to be ordered and cooked, diapers and other clothing to be washed and mended; telephone and doorbell to answer, some attempt at social life to be made, and a husband whom one would like occasionally to consider. And there are children—always, incessantly, unremittingly, unmercifully, children. Children who have to be washed and dressed and undressed and

put out and taken in and answered and comforted and reproved and directed and amused, and who are so often, poor mites, at the end of a long day really hated.

Also there are money worries. I live in a suburb where our income comes just between the moderate salary of the bride and groom on the right and the comfortable interest on securities of the young couple three doors away. The average family in the community consists of one or two children. With our four my husband and I run, worn and panting, on a treadmill trying to give the children even half of what they have a perfect right to expect in the sphere to which we voluntarily brought them.

Clean clothes and smart shoes, "bikes," skates, doctors, dentists, an orderly and tastefully furnished house, and all the other thousand things which make up middle-class life in this prosperous country of ours cost money, and lots of it. Although we have, of necessity, steeled ourselves to endure the wondering pity of our friends and possess neither radio, car, nor ten-dollar bottles of "great stuff just off the ship"; although my husband denies himself clubs and cigars and decent lunches and almost everything else he wants; and I am, without exception, the worst dressed young woman I know, still both ends gap wide each month, and we are struggling under a moderate load of debt, no part of which was contracted for luxuries.

Nor is it a solution to go simple; to move across the tracks; to substitute a bandanna for a collar and a lunch pail for the cafeteria which my husband frequents. It would mean at best a shifting of nervous strains; since in such an environment we should all be lonely and badly adjusted. Also, there would soon be no income, because my husband's business success depends, to a large extent, upon our social contacts.

We cannot move farther out into the country, because we must be within commuting distance of New York and my husband's office.

I frankly admit that I am a bad servant. If I were stoutly built and loved my mop and pail; if books and the outdoors and contact with the world meant nothing in my life; if I could contentedly fold my work-worn hands upon a shortened lap at night and brood serenely upon the biscuits rising in the pan, we should, no doubt, all be better off. But I detest the composite drudgery so prettily known as "home making." Activities with broom or stove or washboard do not interest me. I am one who can see grapes hanging on the vine or peaches warmly luscious upon a tree and revel in their beauty without ever once even mentally associating them with glass jars, paraffin, and boiling sugar. I love old furniture and brasses, but polishing them appeals to me exactly as much as washing a car in a garage would appeal to my husband. Nothing bores me much more than reading or discussing recipes, and the mere idea of consecrating two sunny morning hours to the preparation of revolting raw meat, grimy vegetables, and a stuffy and wholesome milk pudding makes me shrewish.

I take my sleep seriously, too. Eight or nine consecutive hours of it are necessary to me if I am to be an efficient citizen. To affect my disposition fundamentally it requires but very few nights of rising from a warm bed to distribute drinks of water, to allow a feverish and pathetic last-born desperately to cut teeth upon my collar-bone, or to say soothingly, "There is no tiger there, darling. It was only a dream. For heaven's sake stop that noise, you'll wake the baby!"

Now if I were the only woman—or even one woman in a hundred—who felt this way, while all the others sang

over their dishpans and beamed with delight upon their little broods, I should sadly accept the fact there was something abnormal and deficient in my make-up and say no more about it. But I ask searching questions of my friends, I delicately pump comparative strangers, I use my eyes and ears at the homes of acquaintances, and what do I find? I discover numbers and numbers of attractive young women who go dully or protestingly through their days, bitterly resenting the too heavy burden motherhood is to them. I meet by the dozen, it seems to me, women in the middle or late thirties who tell me with tears in their eyes and voices that, having given up long years, sometimes health, and always personal preferences for their children, they now find themselves at cross-purposes with the adolescent sons and daughters who have taken from them everything they valued.

We all know that there is a mental hygiene of childhood and that there are helpful and inspiring books on the subject. But how many of us have time to read and assimilate them, or, having read them, have the energy, mental and physical, consistently to apply the theories they contain?

And what has been the effect of all this upon the young women of to-day who have hopefully, bravely, and ignorantly walked into the maternal trap?

III

I maintain that, compared with the frustrations of the average young mother, the neuroses of thwarted spinsters are as mere surface irritations. I have, for example, one friend who married—at twenty-five—a widower with three young children. She is an English girl, eldest of a large family. They lived in an adequately staffed country house; and their family relations, not being cluttered up and ob-

structed with every hard and uninteresting job on earth, were stimulating and harmonious. Kathleen learned early to adore children. They were to her actually flowerlike and lovely. She found their development fascinating, their playing the greatest possible fun, their naughtinesses endearing and amusing. She herself was a pretty thing, small and fine. She played the piano beautifully; she was a natural landscape gardener; she had an alert and sensitive mind and a charming gift of gaiety.

She and her husband came to America. His salary from the English point of view was a generous one, and she promptly had two babies of her own. Suddenly and pathetically she found herself in the midst of four or five full-time jobs for no one of which she had either training or native ability. They could afford only one inadequate servant. For weeks on end they hadn't even that. Her husband was a professional man, and there were appearances to be kept up. There was entertaining to be done. She tackled the proposition with amazing courage and good will. But she was helpless and bewildered. Day after day she worked and worried and did badly, with an infinite effort, a thousand tasks she hated; and one by one she had to give up the things she did well, which were the things for which her husband first had loved her, and which would have been incomparable gifts to her family. I have never heard her complain, but I have seen all the sweetness and brilliance and talent which were Kathleen's die before my eyes. At thirty-five she is worn and depleted, with taut nerves and an uneven temper. She loves her children, but, except for rare moments, without joy. The community has exchanged an able musician, a gifted teacher and entertainer of children, an accomplished hostess and a well-read and

well-informed citizen for a very poor scullerymaid, nurse, and general houseworker.

One could multiply these cases indefinitely. There is the girl I know who, as her husband is an underpaid member of a university staff, has permitted herself only one child; but as they can afford no help at all, is—like a duck with its duckling—never for one moment free from this solitary infant. She is the type of woman who requires long hours of solitude to be at her interesting best, and this continued imprisonment is slowly warping her nature into strange and unpleasant psychological shapes. There is the relative of mine who adores her three little sons but who has broken down physically with the labor involved in making her husband's salary meet their needs. There are hundreds and hundreds of these perfectly wholesome women who are hating the relation which should be one of the most beautiful and happy things in life.

For my own part, more than anything else these years have brought me resentment—and continued and stifled resentment is an acid which curdles the cream of any nature. Vanity is no doubt a surface trait, but the self-respect with which it is intimately connected is a fundamental quality. There are large rents in mine from always looking my worst. I am no Helen of Troy, but dressing and grooming help; and it is a continual pricking annoyance to have just four children and the lack of a few dollars keep me from looking at least as well as the average woman of my age.

I am still young, but to feel the years slipping drably by and to be able to do nothing about them except to minister inadequately to the physical needs of five persons oppresses me. I have never longed for a steam yacht or yearned to fling a bomb at those more generously endowed with material

benefits. But it angers me beyond words to have to be blue and sleepless over the dairy and grocer's bills, and to have the doctor who performed an essential minor operation on my son perfectly within his rights when he writes me a discourteous letter over the unavoidable length of time I am taking to pay his reasonable bill.

The situation controls even my thoughts. While I once had ideas and ambitions, I now reflect almost exclusively upon the pressing necessity of getting some more money somewhere at once. While my husband and I used to study and read together; while I used to help him with his work; while we used to have interesting and stimulating discussions, our conversation now consists almost entirely of how much shall we pay off on this bill or that, and how are we, either of us, going to get a winter coat; and will one of us please look and see if it's possible that that's another cavity in that left-hand downstairs molar.

I used to be a sociable person. But having a family has made me afraid of my neighbors. I cannot afford fencing for the garden, so sooner or later when the maid is out and I am bathing the baby, my two-year-old will probably make hay in Mrs. Anstruther's tulips. If my oldest son breaks three windows in Mrs. Jones's garage it will almost inevitably come at a time when I simply cannot offer to have the panes reset. So I must bow my head before her righteous wrath. There are weeks when I can't keep up with the children's legitimate and changing needs for constructive toys and tools; and the younger members will then probably amuse themselves in various harmful ways at the expense probably of the least sympathetic person on the block.

And in this connection I must say that there are few immediate neighbors in smart suburbs who, in spite of all

their fair words about children, have much real sympathy or helpfulness to offer a struggling young mother. For instance, the lady who lives in the next house to mine took the time when I was snatching half an hour's rest after a peculiarly trying night and morning to call me to the front door and tell me indignantly that my son was saying "Shut up" to her across the drive. And the wealthy young woman from across the way came just as I was trying to answer the telephone, cook dinner, and soothe my oldest daughter, to confide to me how ruined her afternoon had been by the sight of my year-old baby having a sunbath in shameless nudity upon the front porch. Also, one night as one of the children was indulging in a particularly agonizing fit of tummy-ache following an illegal orgy of green apples, a dear old lady two doors beyond telephoned to say that we simply must stop the child's crying. It was evidently her impression that it was our idea of a pleasant evening's entertainment. And I admit that even during my sincere apologies to the three it crossed my mind that the first lady might have withdrawn from four-year-old repartee, that the second could have looked the other way, and that the third might have used a modicum of common sense before reproaching me.

IV

I do not wish to give the impression that I have surrendered without a struggle to the odds against me. I studied Child Psychology between confinements, measles, whooping cough, and mumps. I held down a part-time job until my maid left, and I had to give it up just as it was getting interesting. I plot and sneak and lie to achieve half hours in which to read even when I am so tired I can't understand what I am reading. Two or three times a week I am serene enough

to use logic and intelligence in bringing up my children. After two nights' sleep I get flashes of the delight those same children and I might be to each other if we were allowed.

I entertain firmly, even when I am so stupid with fatigue that no one has a good time. And I use ten-cent-store perfume, the worst cold cream on earth, and do setting-up exercises two or three times a month, when I can find time and energy; so that if eventually I lose my husband's love no one may say I made no effort to retain my charms.

But always and always and always there is the dreadful thought, the thought which should never be permitted to exist in the world: I love my children to distraction; I would not lose them for all the good things on earth—but *if they had never come* I should be far happier, far more efficient, and materially far, far better off.

And in contrast to the happy mothers, what is happening to the starved, frustrated, tragic, childless women who are presumably consumed with gnawing envy of us?

Well, I go to see one couple whose income is about the same as ours. They have a lovely little country house, artistically and completely furnished. The wife has an interesting job. She is smartly dressed, slender, and looks ten years younger than her age. They have no debts; they have a decent reserve in the bank, and a few modest investments. They can afford books and magazines, a reasonable cultural background, and they thoroughly enjoy each other. I go to tea with a woman who lost her only baby fifteen years ago, and she confides in me shamefacedly that, heartbroken as she was at the time, she has since thanked heaven that she has not been tied down nor had to struggle as her friends have had to do. A successful and charming young friend of mine, twelve years married, tells me frankly that at no

time has she ever had the faintest desire to change her freedom, and her success, for the confusions and sacrifices of a family. She adds only, "Of course, if things were different here . . ." Another friend says honestly, "My dear, I think you must be feeble-minded to bring four complications into your life!"

It is true, of course, that probably these women in the long run would have been physically better off if each had had a child or two. It is equally true that they might gain spiritual and mental assets, like tenderness and sympathy and tolerance, if they were mothers. It is certain that they would have loved their children devotedly had they had them; and love can and should enrich one's life. But as conditions are to-day, they are happier, more comfortable, and in many cases more useful as they are.

This may be a deplorably selfish attitude. There may be women who have such a sense of responsibility and duty toward the race that they are willing to give up everything which means life to them just to increase its numbers. There may be such women, but I am not one of them, and I have never met one. Also, although I hear on all sides how womanly and thrilling it is to do household tasks, I have yet to hear anyone say:

"What a manly, happy man Doctor Brown is! Never content unless he's sifting ashes or shovelling snow." Or, "How fully developed is dear Professor Jones. He carried fourteen hods of coal yesterday for the living-room fire, and he can hardly bear to leave the woodchopping long enough to go to the office." Or again, "Mr. Smith is a truly fine man. Just a *natural* plumber."

V

The saddest thing of all I have left until almost the last. That is the

effect of the discontented, overburdened, worried mother upon the children. More than anything on earth children need a serene and stable foundation for their universe. The mother must supply that foundation even as she must, for all the early help-less years, be the universe itself.

And how can any woman give serenity to her children when she is nervous and anxious and tired-out herself?

My oldest girl is unkind to the younger children simply because they have become associated in her mind with a mother who, nine times out of ten, has to care for a baby just when Mary most needs sympathy and attention. One of my boys lacks good study habits because I have not had the time or the energy consistently to help and direct him. One of my little girls is negative and disobedient because I have been irritable and inconsistent in my discipline. Yet the fatigue and the nervousness which are responsible for my attitude have been beyond my power to control. My children, in general, have not been a pleasure to me, but a continuous and too difficult job. Once I have done the necessary things for them, my usual desire is to escape from them, so that they have heard day after day, "Run away and play, darling, mother wants to rest." "*Please* don't bother me now, I'm busy." "Yes, take what you want, but leave me alone for half an hour!" instead of having the games and talks and agreeable and constructive contacts which should be an important part of their home life.

I am not naturally cruel, but when even the noise of ordinary playing is a last straw and I am preoccupied and driven, I know that I am frequently unjust—with resulting sulkiness and bewilderment on the part of the family. It is heartbreaking to realize that not only in spite of giving up everything

for them, but *because* I have had to do so, I am actually hurting my children.

There is the material aspect, too, which in a different way is as hard on children as on their elders. My little girl came back from school crying because her desk-mate had said to her, "Your mother must be poor. You never have nice clothes, do you?"

At seven one does not readily assimilate the idea that externals are unimportant, and the episode was responsible for the beginnings of a self-consciousness which it is now difficult to eliminate. The small critic was an only child whose parents had no larger income than ours but who were able, obviously, to do more with it.

My oldest son for a long time much wanted a bicycle. With a good deal of effort we managed to buy him a second-hand one. When it came home he actually cried with pleasure and excitement. He started off to school the next morning full of joy and pride. At noon he came back to me utterly crestfallen. Several children had laughed at his treasure and had pointed out that it was not new at all but had rust on the handle bars and wheel spokes. We discussed the matter reasonably with him and suggested that since he had the bicycle and could enjoy riding it it was not very important what other people thought about it. But although he agreed with us, his first joy in the bicycle had gone and it has never returned.

Possibly one or two incidents of this kind do not matter much. But when they occur frequently, as they have in our family, they are apt to cause a feeling of inferiority which is really detrimental to a child's social life.

I do not feel that I know my children at all. It seems to me that I am seeing them from a great distance. I should like to have leisure to spend a great deal of time with them. I should love to read with my oldest girl, to take her out

with me more, to be able to afford concerts for her and the better children's plays. My oldest son has a great aptitude in the use of tools and shows tremendous interest in machinery. It would give me pleasure to provide him with adequate material to develop this skill of his and to have time to encourage and direct him when he finds it difficult to finish the task he has started. It would be valuable to my obstinate younger daughter if I had time and tranquillity patiently to find out just why she is so antagonistic and help her to eliminate or control it. I have a knack of story-telling which we should all enjoy. And I think picnics and walks combined with a certain amount of nature study are a lot of fun.

But I have too much to do. Too much to worry over, too many difficult adjustments to make; and I am too tired to have time for the realities of life. And those of my friends who are trying to bring up a family are in the same position.

I have painted a very dark picture. It is impossible to do otherwise when one of the most important of human relations is so shadowed by unhappiness. But I do not think it need always be so dark.

It seems to me that since it is generally admitted that it is important for intelligent people to have children, the community will have to help them to do so happily and constructively. The visiting mother's helper might be one solution to this problem. She would have to have a certain amount of training, preferably a course in high school; but she would presumably divide her time between several families so that each mother's share of her wages would not be prohibitive.

Community kitchens have been suggested. Reasonably priced nursery schools are another possibility. There could be more co-operation between the mothers in small towns and suburbs, more sharing of burdens.

The standards of living will doubtless have to be lowered. One individual cannot make herself and her family entirely different from the people around them, and achieve anything by doing so except humiliation. But a group of people could simplify life for themselves, with comparative ease. Such a group would have to decide just what were the essential things for the happiness and best good of the family, and ruthlessly eliminate the waxed floors, finger bowls, expensive bedroom suites, and imported children's clothing which were left over.

And most of all the young women who wish to have children must know truthfully and exactly what they are undertaking. They must be told that mother love has an ugly side called hate; that it is all wrong for a mother and her children to be always together. That patience is more a question of sufficient sleep than of affection. That for every sweet and rewarding moment a child gives you there are ten of boredom, irritation, or self-sacrifice. They must face the fact that when they bear children they are bringing into their homes individualities who need space and harmony in which to develop, and that if they are to be happy themselves and are to make their children happy they will have to be sure of some release from their job—some way of living which they can afford without undue worry, and leisure really to know their families.

And when all this comes to pass I shall weep, because I shall be too old by that time to have four more babies.



OUR INSTITUTIONAL HABITS

ARE THEY PROGRESS OR SLAVERY?

BY FLOYD H. ALLPORT

A GREAT deal has been said and written about the machine age. Modern civilization has its protagonists as well as its critics. But both, it seems to me, have laid their emphasis in the wrong place. A shrewd observer may not be so much impressed by modern machinery as by the way in which we work together in using machinery and submit ourselves to habits of uniform and regulated action. An eminent philosopher has recently recounted the evils which modern technology has forced upon mankind. Two of its most serious results, he said, were competitive business enterprise, or production for profits, and modern warfare. It is true that neither of these consequences could be what it is without the development of engines of super-human speed and power. But it is equally certain that they could not exist at all without those widespread habits which we call our economic institutions. If the workers' earlier habits of household industry had not been broken up and newer "factory" habits substituted, the operation of rapid and powerful machinery would have been impossible. Without our attitudes of incorporated financing there could be no great machines to operate, and consequently no mass production, and no aggressive salesmen to force upon the public a standard of competitive consumption. It is useless, therefore, to rail against modern

technology unless we are willing also to face the deeper, psychological problem. We must envisage ourselves, our most firmly rooted habits, as inseparable parts of the machine system. Or again, in the case of war, we contemplate with horror the possibility of the next world-conflict, with its perfected aerial bombing and its poison gases which will wipe out cities. Yet there is no mystical fatality about these contrivances. If we were to unlearn our co-ordinated system of military habits, our nationalistic manner of thinking, and our emotional attitudes regarding patriotism, these engines of destruction would be as harmless as children's toys. It is foolish to vex ourselves about mechanical contrivances such as battleships and dum-dum bullets while we forget our own habits which are as essential to modern warfare as the weapons by which it is waged.

No fair-minded observer can deny that our habits of organized industry have conferred substantial benefits upon human living. They have placed us in a position where most of the drudgery, fatigue, and unpleasantness of work may soon be abolished. Many of the sufferings and terrors of disease are being eliminated and the span of life increased. At the same time new facilities for travel and communication have greatly enriched the experience of the average person. Scientific knowl-

edge of the universe can now become the possession of the common man. We have a social organization and machinery which protect us from hazards and provide for our wants even before they arise. Food, clothing, and many of the niceties of life are laid at our doors without our having, personally, to plan or produce them. Institutional habits have organized us against the impotent scattering of our efforts, and have made us masters rather than slaves of our physical environment. We ought, in short, to be free.

But *are* we? Has organization really liberated us for complete and happy living? It seems to me that while our economic habits have given us, upon the one hand, the power of subduing our outer environment, they have created, upon the other, new and perplexing difficulties of their own. We still have poverty, unfair distribution of the wealth of industry, hardships due to unemployment, bitter industrial struggles, racial conflicts, and international warfare. There is the monotony of machine labor and the pressure exerted upon all to maintain a rising standard of living; while the possibility of leisure time and the means of profiting by leisure when we have it seem increasingly remote.

In spite of these evils the advocate of our economic order is optimistic. Such conditions are due, he believes, to the lag between our mechanical and commercial genius on the one hand and the discovery of new patterns of collective behavior upon the other. All problems will be solved when we have perfected the institutions which make up our social structure. It seems to me, however, that the troubles which beset our age are not merely incidental defects which can be eliminated as we harmonize our social arrangements; they are dependent upon the very nature of institutions. In the end we

may have to admit that the evils of modern society lie not in our failure to find the right kind of organization but in the fact of organization itself.

This matter can best be understood by comparing two philosophies which, throughout the ages, have competed for human allegiance. The first is the point of view from which one envisages the structure of society as a whole. The co-operative forms of behavior which we have been describing are to the social scientist not merely psychological realities but elements in the great societal pattern. They are not institutional habits, but institutions. Not only are they expressed through individuals; they control individuals as if from without. Those who are committed to this theory regard economic forces, supply and demand, labor, capital, legislation, and judicial power as so many objective forces which must be harmonized in order to keep society going. Such persons would concede, of course, that the purpose of these functions is, ultimately, the welfare of human beings. Nevertheless, in their actual plans for the ordering of the social scheme the individual is largely forgotten. It is assumed that a smoothly running society always means efficient and happy individuals.

It is this view which has become the creed of those responsible for building up our business civilization. Great industrial operations, which call for exactly similar and complementary movements nicely adjusted into a single pattern, inevitably draw attention away from the individual to the pattern of activities by which the machines are run. The individual in a business or an industry plays the part of a cell in the "body politic." He is surrounded by thousands of other cells all performing a given function which fits in with the functions of other groups of cells combined in other organs. Con-

sciously or unconsciously, our captains of industry have adopted the working philosophy that men and women serve essentially as units in the super-organism of economic society.

In contrast with the exponent of the social organism and objective institutions stands the observer who sees the individual as the fundamental reality. In his eyes consideration must be sought for every living person, with reference to his needs, his interests, his abilities in work and in play, his emotions, and the stresses and conflicts to which he is subjected. Our great industrial, political, and legal systems are, on this view, wholly secondary and devoid of meaning except as a method of individual adjustment. It is not the social but the human organism which is here the primary concern; and it is far from evident that the efficiency of the former will guarantee the welfare of the latter.

The institutionalist is bound to see all individuals as practically alike. For institutions, the organs of the Great Society, can function only when their component cells behave in a uniform and predictable manner. For him the only differences between people which are worth noting are those determined by the fact that some belong to one industrial or professional group, and some to another. The individualist, on the other hand, is interested not in the pigeonholes into which men and women can be classified, but in their strictly personal differences. In his view every human being differs from every other; and the goal is so to arrange the conditions of life as to give these differences their fullest possible expression. In considering a transaction between a merchant and a customer, for example, the institutionalist will see certain impersonal, stereotyped responses of buying and selling. The event is material for an economic index or a record of the

market. The individualist, however, will ignore the conventional aspects of the encounter and will attend only to those phases in which personality is revealed. Tradesman and purchaser will now be seen to call forth from each other expressions, gestures, and personal touches in the transaction which might occur nowhere else in the world than in the meeting of these two particular individuals. The individualist is concerned with the entire man. In order to give personality free play, interest, emotion, habit, and nuance of expression must be included in the picture. The institutionalist, on the other hand, is concerned merely with a part of the individual, those habits, namely, which keep the institutions running.

A worker in the shoe industry, let us suppose, is given a piece of leather. If the conditions have been set by the institutionalist, we may see the worker, at a given speed of movement, place the leather into a machine, manipulate certain levers, and remove a part of a pair of shoes. This exact process he will repeat indefinitely, or as long as material is placed in his hand. He does not produce an entire shoe; and there is no more variation in the parts he makes than in the movements by which he makes them. The institutionalist is willing to neglect that portion of the worker's personality which is not expressed in this performance. The important thing, he reasons, is for society to have shoes; and all the worker's needs will be satisfied by society providing he does his bit at this particular task. Under an individualized scheme, on the other hand, the worker will make all the parts of the shoe and will put them together himself. By virtue of this fact, he may make any one of fifty possible types of shoe; and within each variety there will be minor ways in which his personal touch can be revealed. Furthermore,

he may make the shoes to-day or to-morrow; and he may make them slowly or rapidly as he chooses. Under such a system, or lack of system, the social organism would be precariously and ineffectively shod. But the task itself would be to the worker a form of self-expression, and not merely his articulation within the economic machinery of society.

II

Before passing judgment upon the respective merits of these two views, let us examine their implications for the business world of to-day. Modern industrialists, laboring under the conception of a social organism, are obsessed by the desire to make that organism function as efficiently as possible. In order that the machines may be kept going at their maximum output, the human beings who operate them must, in a sense, become a part of the mechanism. Now it is a law of machinery (as it is also of organisms) that there must be economy in every part. No wheel or lever can be allowed to operate for its own sake; every activity unrelated to the functioning of the whole must be eliminated. But it is obviously impossible to include the entire human organism, with all its interests, in the machinery of economic production. The lives of workers, far from being bound up wholly and indissolubly with the aim of production or with social institutions at large, are endowed with private purposes and with a variety of interests which are often remote from the fields of manufacture and trade. The factory manager must, therefore, select only that limited portion which is directly related to the industry, that is, the movements of the eye and hand and their neural inter-connections. It is as though his aim were to isolate the eye-hand co-ordinations from the remainder of the organism and set

them to operating in a vacuum. It is at this point that the organic theory of society collapses. One cannot make a working organism out of parts of other organisms, because, in the organisms from which the parts are taken no one portion can function in independence of the rest. The eye-hand co-ordinations are affected not only by every other organ in the worker's body, but by such conditions as family adjustments, rest and fatigue, hurry and leisure, contentment and worry, and by the ideals and ambitions of the worker as a personality. No one activity can be kept going at its maximum in disregard of the remainder of the individual without the eventual breakdown of the individual as a whole. The conditions, therefore, which would render our economic institutions, considered as a social organism, most productive would destroy the health, if not the lives, of the individuals who do the work.

Obvious as these facts may seem, the proneness of industrial managers, under the stress of competition, to ignore them is astonishing. Instead of meeting the flagging of energy of the workers by retarding the wheels of industry, these devotees of the social organism discard the worker and employ continually younger and more vigorous individuals. The fact that even this recourse must come to an end when the speed of manufacturing passes a certain point seems not to have entered their minds. They have overlooked also the fact that nature has not endowed all persons with the same mental and physical capacity. Ignoring these differences between human beings, the directors of the "social" organism have set the pace of their machinery at one level only—and that as near the maximum as possible. This policy eliminates from employment those who are in the lower region of the scale and pushes the limit of employable capacity ever farther toward

the upper end. As the speed and volume of industrial output increase, the number of workers employed may, therefore, become smaller and smaller. The nearer the institutionalist approaches his goal of a social organism of perfect efficiency the more individuals are cast aside to perish. A point of diminishing returns will probably be reached; but with this selective process enhanced by the continual invention of machinery for replacing workers and further accelerating production, the number of unemployed may reach shocking proportions.

The first to go are those who are below the requirement of speed and energy because of age. In some industries it is already practically impossible for an unemployed person above forty-five or even forty years of age to find employment. There is, as a rule, nothing wrong with these older unemployed. They are normal individuals. In point of maturity of judgment and experience they are in fact superior to many of the younger employees. In a society built upon the welfare of individual life there would be found a place for them as readily as for the youngest and most vigorous. But though organically sound for their own purposes, they are no longer effective as units of the greater "social" organism. Business prosperity is based upon a part of human activity and not the whole. When that part lags behind the requirement the entire individual must be thrown away. Such is the logical outcome of a philosophy which is aimed at the success of institutions rather than at the integrity of individuals.

Another group of victims are those who, while they retain their employment, find the strain of keeping up with production and the conditions of factory employment increasingly hard to endure. For the average worker the loss of industrial employ-

ment means his complete failure to function in society and to support those dependent upon him. The only part he can play in the economic system consists of a specialized mechanical task. When he begins to fail at that all his other resources are without avail. Realization of his lagging energy increases his fear of unemployment, a fear which in turn renders him still less competent. A vicious circle is established, and the strain increases until the worker is actually incapable of filling his place in the factory. In the older days when some evil threatened fear and anger were aroused. The physiological effects of these emotions helped the individual to defend himself against his enemies. But in the present case, no matter how intense his feeling, there is no one against whom he can struggle and no refuge toward which he can flee. Instead of coming into personal contest with the forces which have deprived him of his job, he can only ascribe his difficulty to business conditions or to a system over which he has no control. The world has ceased to be a place in which a man can struggle and save himself by his own efforts. The individual is no longer the center of reference. If, through some minor shortcoming, one fails to find a place within the framework of economic institutions one is utterly and irretrievably lost.

III

The contrast between the societal and individual points of view gives new light upon a problem which is basic not only to unemployment but to many other evils of modern business. Let us picture a relationship which might have existed between two primitive men living before money or profits were known. Suppose that a prehistoric craftsman, A, made an agreement with a hunter, B, to manufacture all

the weapons, equipment, and clothing which the latter might require, provided that B, in turn, would furnish A with food and shelter adequate to his needs. In this simple arrangement there are no institutions of production and purchase whose adjustment need occasion concern. Each individual is at the same time the factory and the market. Now it is a law of the economy of organisms that in satisfying biological needs neither more nor less work shall be done than the supplying of those needs requires. A will not produce more goods than B can use because he will have nothing to gain by such a course; his own wants are already provided for. Nor will he become a salesman and seek a wider market for his wares. Other customers could repay him only with extra food and shelter, of which he already possesses enough. On the other hand, A would not produce *too little* for B's use or hoard his product to stimulate a demand. There can be no rise in prices where there is no money in terms of which price can be stated; and besides, A is dealing not with an impersonal "market" with which he can play fast and loose, but with a specific individual who would promptly hold him to his bargain. In this simple, face-to-face economy, over-production, insecurity of employment, and speculation would be practically impossible.

Turning now to modern economic society, we see a very different picture. The productive unit of this system is, for the most part, not the individual, but the incorporated business. The unit of consumption also is not the individual immediately, but some business of wholesale or retail character. For the face-to-face meeting of real personalities there has been substituted the indirect action of mythical "corporate" personalities which, by a legal fiction, are imagined to behave

like individuals. Such corporations are becoming, through mergers and consolidations, less like human beings every day. They are composed only of segmental business habits; and their purpose, if they have one, is not the satisfaction of the individual's varied organic needs but the acceleration of buying and selling and the accumulation of profits. The law of economy of effort which is true for biological organisms, therefore, does not hold for them. There is no corporate "body politic" which can regulate its production according to its needs.

As for individuals, who, of course, are the real movers behind business corporations, they no longer meet their fellow-workers face to face, nor gauge their labor by the amount of production necessary to fulfill their part in the economy of the group. Instead of holding his stock in trade like the primitive manufacturer, as something to exchange for the product of another, the modern entrepreneur regards it as an opportunity to make money. Individuals do not serve one another directly, but only through the screen of economic institutions, a cover which, while it shields and fosters "business," also hides the discrepancies between corporate prosperity and individual welfare. A business is no longer an economic activity in the fundamental sense, that is, a means of satisfying human wants through a minimum of effort. It becomes a device for stimulating further wants, an enterprise upon the vast, uncharted sea of potential markets. Of this lust of conquest through business habits, which has replaced the co-operation of men and women as individuals, ruthless competition, struggle for monopoly, over-production, unemployment, high-pressure selling, and speculation become the inevitable fruits.

There is, I think, little hope of our correcting these tendencies through

new forms of legislation and public control. It is even less likely that business men, headed in the direction they are going, can work out their own solution. The difficulty is not in some remediable defect of business institutions but in the nature of institutionalized business itself. It is not merely that our corporations are not properly working as yet; they probably never will work in an adequate sense of the term. For institutions imply, of necessity, a partial rather than a total inclusion of individual life. Business managers have been laboring under the lame analogy of an economic organism, capable, like all organisms, of self-regulation and intelligent self-control. They believe that, if we do not interfere with it, this organism will produce enough to satisfy its needs and no more, and that all the individuals of whom it is composed will be cared for in the process. This belief seems to me to be sheer delusion. The producer or seller does not give his commodity directly as the price of goods or services tendered him by another person. He has, therefore, no check upon the economic production of the individual who finally receives it. He casts his product, instead, upon the market. The circle of production, exchange, and consumption is not completed but is left hanging in the air. An act of manufacture or marketing ramifies into consequences passing far beyond the control of the person who initiated it. When a business man markets his goods he does not receive directly and use a commodity given in return. An abstract monetary reward intervenes between his production and his consumption, dislocating the latter from the former. Hence in every business transaction it is as though a part rather than the whole of the individual's personality were engaged. Corporate business, in effect, is operated by segments of individuals rather than by

individuals as wholes. And in the gap between the individual's giving and his receiving all intelligent control of the process is lost. Economic institutions are thus insensate affairs, incapable of any direction, solicitude, or insight of their own. Our business society is more like a machine than an organism. True to its machinelike character, it has no purpose of its own but can only follow the will of someone who exploits it. Or else, like a locomotive without a driver, it is destined to rumble on, producing for profits rather than for use, until internal failure or the hazards of the road shall bring it to an untimely end.

Because the behavior involved in commerce and industry is a one-sided affair, it tends to run away with the rest of the individual. Business must be stimulated and kept in a flourishing condition—this is the slogan of manufacturers, financiers, and presidential candidates. New markets must be found, consolidations must be made for wider control, new machines must be invented for mass production, and new luxuries manufactured to quicken the purchasing zeal of the public. The new machines throw thousands of men out of work and flood the market with unneeded goods. Salesmen are sent out to persuade people to invest and to spend far beyond the wholesome limit of their energies. A depression follows, and unemployment and suffering increase. Meanwhile speculation enters. We do not ordinarily gamble with our household equipment, our food, or our children—things with which our entire personalities are concerned. In securities and credits, however, we have invested only our economic habits; and we speculate at will upon a market consisting of the buying and selling activities of others. Presently someone shows signs of panic, and the whole senseless and misguided structure collapses. It is as though we were

walking in our sleep with but a corner of our faculties working. But every now and then there comes a shock as we awaken to the consciousness of where our business habits have been leading us.

IV

The patterns of stereotyped action which make up our economic institutions not only threaten the integrity and security of the individual but throw him into conflict with his fellow-men. The centering of the efforts of many persons upon a single objective brings into play enormous power; and such power may be used as readily for destructive as for wholesome aims. So that their economic activities may be protected, men have organized themselves into groups for concerted struggle. Thus while institutional behavior has made possible an unprecedented material progress, it has also brought forth organized competition between members of rival corporations, between workers and capitalists, between farmers and manufacturers, between sectional and racial factions, and between one nation and another. Our age is one of social conflict; and all our habits of a legal, political, and military behavior have been enlisted in the battle for economic control.

Physical combat, of course, does not in itself depend upon institutions—it is seen among the lower animals—but through institutional habits we have succeeded in making it more far-reaching and terrible than ever before. In modern warfare it seems as though nations, rather than men, were facing one another. As in the case of industry, the individual is disregarded. Except in rare occasions of close fighting, he has little direct opportunity either to attack his enemy or to defend himself. He digs a trench to shelter himself from an invisible foe. He

sights a gun whose work of destruction he will never see. He launches a torpedo from the compartment of a submarine which resembles a laboratory more nearly than a scene of battle. Meanwhile he waits in agonized suspense for the same lethal engines to be hurled at him. Human beings, whose physical and emotional nature has been evolved through personal struggle against a concrete, living foe must fight (even as they work) like emotionless cogs in an invisible machine. It is inevitable under such conditions that the devastation of physical combat should be augmented by the ravages of nervous and mental disease. Shell-shock has taken its place along with the occupational neuroses as a product of modern institutions.

In the meantime we should not neglect the influence of institutionalized warfare upon the moral aspect of civilization. Let us recall, for a moment, the prodigious organization perfected during the World War. What an array of technical disciplines, martial training, economic and transport organization, munition production, and national financing entered into our killing of a single German soldier! In so vast a network of economic and military behavior, involving nearly everyone in the nation, it is natural that the individual citizen should accept little responsibility. In every war we feel that it is our Nation which fights, and not ourselves. We seem to be struggling not for the economic interests of individuals, but for the security and the honor of the Nation. Such are the effects of institutional habits when organized under the fiction of a superhuman or corporate society. In order that the Nation may prosper, in order that new markets may be won, and the wheels of industry may spin more rapidly, individuals upon both sides must be ruthlessly sacrificed. We kill so impersonally and under so

respectable a slogan that we do not seem to be killing at all. Institutional behavior, which has built our magnificent civilization, has also made it possible for men and women who are otherwise moral to engage, without insight, in the most appalling slaughter of which human ingenuity is capable.

V

There are a number of social scientists who explain the perils of institutionalism as the conflict between human nature and culture. The biological individual, they say, has changed very slowly, if at all, since the remote age in which the species first appeared. The changes in cultural civilization, however, have proceeded at an enormous and accelerating pace. Many strains and frictions are, therefore, bound to occur as we strive to adjust our primeval organisms to the vastly altered social world. So far the diagnosis is undoubtedly correct. But sociologists of this school go farther. They speak of culture as though its basis were something more than habits, as though it were an order which, though embodied in human behavior, really develops by laws of its own. The most that we can do according to this theory is to equalize the development of its different portions so that the frictions resulting from uncoordinated social changes will be as light as possible. In the sphere of industry, for example, culture has been accelerated with regard to labor-saving machinery, but it has lagged behind in the development of institutions through which machine production can be regulated and adapted to the needs of the worker. When these social arrangements shall have been perfected, the problem, according to the cultural determinists, will be solved. Similarly, the methods of conciliation among nations have not kept pace with

the elimination of distance through modern communication, the evolution of national military organizations, and the materials of war. The solution lies in overcoming this "cultural lag" by the perfecting of the political machinery of international accord.

To me the doctrine of the cultural determinists seems faulty and misleading. The trouble is not that we have too few institutions but that we have too many—or rather that we have organized our lives so completely about their influence that we have lost our orientation as individuals. If this is true, the development of more institutions will be a poor solution of the difficulty. The modern industrial era comprises more than the machines; it is also a complex system of economic habits. That is to say, we have *already* developed our institutions of the machine age, institutions without which our present technological order would be impossible. But it is precisely this system of institutional habits which threatens to be our undoing. In order to solve the problem it will be necessary to unlearn and abandon many of our present methods, a course which, in part, may undermine our business civilization itself. This is a more drastic but, I believe, a more fundamental remedy than that which the cultural determinists are proposing. We may overcome cultural lag not only by trying to force men up to the pace of the machines, but by retarding and simplifying the industrial system to meet once more the needs of men. We can bridge the gap between man and his civilization more intelligently by controlling culture than by allowing our culture completely to control us.

And likewise in the field of international relations. New politics among nations are a doubtful expedient so long as a nationalistic economy holds sway, backed by the threat of armed national sovereignty. The present at-

tempts to abolish war seem to me to be based upon a misconception. It is assumed that aggressive warfare is an atavistic trait of human nature which we hope through education and newly invented institutions to eliminate. It is true that the impulses to loot, to conquer, and to found an empire have actuated certain despots in past ages. Aside from this, however, the struggles of the past have been mainly for self-defense. Men have always fought to ward off violence and depredation; and there have been many struggles of local groups old in culture but new in national organization, to wrest their freedom from some dominating political power. But the mission of such wars is gradually being fulfilled, and ultimately they will no doubt cease. The motive of personal conquest is also vanishing as kings and emperors are being replaced by democratic governments. The colossal military struggles of to-day, however, are of a different sort and of a new significance. They are fought not by individuals in direct combat, but through machinery, economic organization, and applied science. With a few exceptions, their participants are not engaged in a contest which is immediately personal and vital to them. Instead of attacking a hated enemy, each person "does his bit" and earns his livelihood through some share in the martial organization, while at the same time fulfilling what he regards as his patriotic duty. Modern wars, in other words, are fought through institutions. The motives behind the World War were not merely those of self-defense, in the sense of securing the essentials of biological existence, but the winning of a place in the sun, that is, the access to foreign markets and the control of transportation highways and natural resources. The struggle for political empire has been replaced by conflict for economic supremacy. Obviously we cannot attribute these

new causes of war to inherited human nature. Our problem deals not so much with an ancient passion or a pristine evil of the race as with a direct consequence of our own institutions. I am not, of course, denying the presence of natural impulses, as old as humanity, which sometimes lead men into battle. But it is doubtful whether such impulses to-day would carry men to that extreme if they were not given outlet through the nationalistic institutions embedded in the habits of the average citizen. Since institutionalism is the very ground from which modern war has sprung, the invention of new institutions to abolish it would scarcely seem a promising remedy. We can hardly hope for lasting peace through agreements and councils of nations when nations, as alignments for economic and political advantage, have developed through and for the purpose of war. When we have broken up these fictitious military organisms into the reality of living individuals—the true citizens of the world—international warfare will be no more. Here, as in the case of industry, cultural maladjustment can be better eliminated if we turn our attention away from the learning of new institutional habits to the unlearning of many which we now possess.

To assume that culture, economic laws, or institutions are things apart from human nature is to deceive ourselves. We have no evidence of any predetermined course of evolution, whether organic or social, and no inkling of any cosmic compulsion for accelerating manufacture and commerce or for inventing machines of destruction. All these things are, so far as human understanding goes, only acts which we, as individuals, do. We are not enslaved by the machine, but by the institutions through which our machine civilization is conducted. These institutions, however, are not

superhuman forces; they are ultimately only ourselves—or rather, a part of ourselves. They are special habits which we have developed for collective and concerted action, segments of behavior which, while they appear to function as portions of the “social” organism, frequently operate without regard for the biological organisms of which they are really a part. The “business” function cries for more rapid sales and greater production; the whole individual longs for moderation, rest, and freedom from advertising and installment buying. Business habits clamor for new inventions and luxuries to stimulate and bring passive amusement; the whole individual requires simplicity, direct contact with nature, and active participation. The urge for production demands machines to replace men, to stereotype performance, and to lessen costs; the whole individual needs continuous and assured employment, security in his plans for the future, and a personal task in which he can take some interest and pride. Our business segment seeks to expand itself under the protection of an armed nation; the whole individual craves for self-expression within a small, face-to-face community, remote from the pressure of industrial and political organization. The prosperity of business, the institutional portion of our lives, is running counter, at almost every turn, to the fuller satisfactions of our natures.

The cultural gap, therefore, is not between mankind and a realm of culture; nor is it between man and his institutions considered as objective realities. It lies, rather, within human beings themselves. Economic and cultural determinism of human conduct are, in rigid scientific logic, pure mysticism. For the natural scientist, laws or trends are not “forces” which coerce phenomena, but merely careful descriptions of situations as they exist

at the time when our investigations are made. Culture and institutions are, as far as human knowledge goes, essentially the habits of individuals; and like any habit, they can be changed or discarded if they no longer serve the organism of which they are a part. Our failure to adjust the machine age to human needs is due, therefore, merely to a lack of insight into ourselves, an indifference to the conflict between our partial behavior as members of institutions and the complete expression of our personalities. The remedy lies not in social engineering and organization, but in the appreciation of the significance of this inner conflict and the determination to restore ourselves, at any cost, to the full integrity of individual life.

VI

Such counsel, of course, is not intended as an argument for the complete abandonment of social institutions. A procedure of that sort, in the first place, would be impossible. Were we able by some magic to wipe out all forms of social organization overnight, new forms would probably begin to emerge as soon as waking life was renewed. Institutions, to a certain degree, are presupposed by the common life of all intelligent creatures. Habits of co-operative effort, moreover, have brought undeniable blessings to humanity and have given man a control over the physical aspects of his environment of which our ancestors could never have dreamed. And there is yet no limit in sight to the technological achievements which may be made possible through the institutional genius of mankind.

But it is still fair to ask whether, in spite of the apparent civilizing power of institutions, there is not here, as in all things, a point of diminishing returns. If human beings are to

survive, a rampant institutionalism, in which the entire individual is sacrificed for the economic value of a part, cannot become our final and most comprehensive philosophy. When we view individuals only through the organizations to which they belong, when we gauge and limit their value through the measure of institutions alone, we stifle their self-expression, thwart their needs as organisms, undermine their security and independence, and blind them to the responsibility for their own acts. Such a result may come to pass if the institutionalizing of behavior should continue without limit. It is possible that this stage already has been reached.

In spite of our alleged enlightenment and our control over nature, are we fundamentally any wiser or securer than our forefathers? The terrors of our ancestors were more acute, but they were for the most part short-lived and occasional. The evils which threaten us to-day are more continually near us, an unrelenting source of strain and worry. In pioneer days men feared the hostile savages about them; to-day we fear our civilized fellows and the contrivances which civilized men have made. Pirates and marauders hold no more terror for us; but we live in apprehension of riots and wars. Although wild beasts have ceased to harass us, the automobile takes an increasing toll in life and limb. We no longer face starvation through an inhospitable or a fickle environment; but the stock market is even less reliable than the soil or climate, and there is the continual threat of depression and unemployment. The anxiety of the modern business man lest he be unable to tide over a dull period or meet the competition of continually larger and more powerful organizations is a pitiful spectacle. This fear has infected everyone from the manager down to the office boy. It has placed

efficiency experts with stop watches in factories, made agitated machines out of office workers, destroyed the older amenities of commerce, and reduced nearly all who engage in business to a surly and oppressed condition. Turning to the question of hygiene, we find that, while smallpox, typhoid, diphtheria, and other epidemic diseases have practically vanished, the maladies which require rest and mental rather than physical sanitation have not abated and may be increasing. We must endure the nervous strain of working in skyscrapers and roaring factories, and the hurry and congestion of modern urban life. And through it all runs our tense effort to keep up with the accelerating pace of living with no assurance as to where the ceaseless struggle for new and grander luxuries is leading us.

In one important respect we are to-day in worse plight than were our less accomplished ancestors. Their early visions of subduing their environment and directing natural forces to man's benefit were amply justified by the later course of events. And in those days all the human qualities we have prized, the courage, industry, and intelligence of the common man, could play their part. Though not yet physically emancipated, men were free, at least, to struggle. They were traveling along the right road toward their goal. But to-day the entire front of civilization has changed. The problems by which men are faced are no longer primarily those of the natural environment, but of society. The new frontier, in Professor Dewey's phrase, is social rather than physical. The institutional habits which have made our material progress possible have themselves become our principal weakness and source of danger. Yet disregarding the need of examining our own lives, we continue headlong in our construction of machines and organiza-

tions to subdue nature. Instead of progressing, we are now traveling in circles, each material advancement leading only to a new social peril. We are upon the wrong track. Nor can the hardy virtues of an earlier day assist us. Integrity, fortitude, ingenuity, and pride in achievement—such traits to-day have little meaning for biological or social adjustment. An environment of institutional habits and machines offers no vantage point for human personality. Individuals have lost their freedom even to struggle. In placing man, as a race, in ascendance over nature we have subjugated men. This is a paradox for which I can find no answer.

But it is my faith that men and women, either through bitter disappointment or through catastrophe, will some day turn to a reconsideration of their manner of living. They will

question whether that control over nature is worth while which is gained through the loss of control over themselves. They will ask for a better guide than a system which, in building a colossal civilization, carries with it the power of thwarting and destroying life. In that day we may turn once more to the philosophy of the individual—not the present individualism of the entrepreneur, which is merely a license to exploit our business practices, but the ideal of self-realization for every human being. Institutions, no longer invoked as from above, will then be seen for what they are, the habits of men and women. The goal of a "great organic Society," whose members are but parts of human beings, will be rejected as a grim and monstrous illusion. The well-being of individuals will become the ultimate standard of life.

ACROBATS

BY HELEN MOLYNEAUX SALISBURY

HIGH up on that thin rope called Time,
Hung taut across eternity,
No walker of us all can tell
When his own turn to slip will be.

One foot before the other—so,
With arms wide out for balancing—
Who does not love the muscle-pull,
Or would quite miss the final fling?



STANDING AND TALKING

BY MURIEL DRAPER

STANDING and talking to people who sit and listen is a valuable experience. It is compounded both of dangers and delights. To feel a thought pass clearly through oneself into words and acts is a delight; the changes to which the thought is subjected during its voyage to other selves are a danger. The responsibility for both is so nicely balanced between the talker and the listeners that it is not only a valuable experience but a concentrated exercise. It is often intensely moving.

When I was first asked to give a lecture I was startled. Lectures and lecturers had always seemed to me to belong to another world. I knew that such things happened, but it had never occurred to me that I should participate in them. Indeed, I was so startled that I said "Yes." Not until I heard that "yes"—a second after uttering it—did I realize the enormity of what I had done. The person who asked me was a very dear friend, but at that moment, with the frightening bulk of the word between us, he became a strange person. What had he to do with lecturers and the lectured? I had known him for years; he had never mentioned this connection. Lecture where, to whom, what about, why? He told me. There were some ladies in Connecticut—in fact, there was a group of ladies in Connecticut, led by a single lady, who was his friend. He was mine, and so, as they wanted to sit and listen, would I stand and talk? Just a few of them

—very informal. He mentioned a date some seven weeks ahead and murmured something about decorating.

I had said yes. Caught like a fish on a hook, I squirmed and tried to get away. I had stopped decorating, to the considerable relief of my scattered and puzzled clients and my long-suffering and patient workmen—particularly the upholsterers. No one should decorate. It was a disease, spread and nourished by the manufacturers. It was not an art, it was an industry. Never before in the history of houses, chairs, and tables had there been so much activity concerning it, and never before such meager results. Decorating! No—that I would not and could not talk about. Very well, then, would I talk about *not* decorating? Yes, I would; and this time the "yes" was less automatic. I was interested. So it was arranged. It seemed so far ahead that the surface of life became calm once more; perhaps I should die before the seven weeks were up.

I did not die. I received a note from Connecticut in which trains, day, and hour of lecture, agreed subject (is agreed the word?), proposed fee, and other strange matters were recorded. The long and short of it was that three days later I was to get on a train, go to Connecticut, and stand up and talk to ladies. All because of that "yes."

I was in a panic, but the day and hour arrived just the same, and I found myself on the appointed train.

The train moved; I was being carried by it to my fate. Nothing had intervened. I had a friend; he had asked me to lecture; I had said yes, and consequently, I was going to lecture. Of course, I could simply stay on the train until it reached its final destination, where I could get off and live forever without fear of listening ladies. But that seemed an exaggerated device, even had I been able to divert the current of events from their destined course. I must have wanted to talk, in spite of evidence to the contrary.

I heard the name of the station called, and obediently got up, stepped off the train and onto a platform. I saw a woman standing there. She stood folded in dignity, her face carved out of grief by grace. She moved toward me in swift serenity and welcomed me with a voice and gestures of gaiety that only very brave people can use. I was glad I had not stayed on the train. She seemed to know all my fears and to divine my apprehensions. I do not remember what she said or what I answered, but I know that because of her I entered a calm little room in a hotel, and was given the promise of a blessed two hours to myself, and the lightest of instructions about a car that would call at the last—no, she did not suggest it would be the last, but the right—moment. She left me fairly composed. . . . But not for long.

I ordered a bottle of milk and an apple. A mysterious person answering to Room Service asked what kind of an apple I wanted, and I told him I wanted the kind of an apple I could eat. It came. I ate it and drank the milk, being temporarily distracted thereby. I had no watch, and no sure way of gauging time, so complete was my upheaval, but at least I could resist telephoning to the desk to ask. The fatal hour would come soon enough. Before the sun set I should have to get

up there and say something. That was the point I had been trying to evade. After all, I should have to say something.

What was I going to say? Should I try to write out an opening sentence? People did that, probably. I tried, but it was no use. It was better to wait and say it when I had to than to torture myself by trying to write it beforehand, and thus taint one of the few beautiful free moments I had left in this life.

I saw a Bible on a table. I picked it up and let it open where it would, feeling that God might know better than I what was going to happen next. It opened to a page upon which words were printed that I have never been able to find since, which were, more or less accurately:

And the eyes of the populace of the city pierced his bones like swords.

Certainly God was giving me fair enough warning. It was clear that I should leave at once, without explanation or delay. If I stayed it would be at my own risk. The image of the great lady who had met me at the train decided me to take that risk. An act of discourtesy toward her was inconceivable. So I sat and waited.

A telephone bell rang, and I knew the moment had arrived. Yes, the car was there . . . so I went downstairs and got into it. The lady was not in it. She knew. The chauffeur was as kind as could be and so respectful that I had to pretend to respect myself. He was treating me the way lecturers were treated, so I had to behave accordingly. The car moved away from the hotel. I lighted a cigarette . . . And then the car stopped in front of a huge red-brick church. I leaned forward inquiringly to discover the reason. The chauffeur had stepped down from the car and was opening the door, waiting for me to get out.

So this was it. A few women—very informal! Why, the church was big enough to hold all the women in the world. (And the eyes of the populace of the city . . .) Well, the chauffeur expected me to get out, so I got out, and walked as firmly as I could up a long path to a door. A nice old man opened the door and smiled. As a last hope, I asked him if anyone was expected there that day to lecture. (It might be a mistake.) No, a lecturer was expected; he even knew my name. It was the right place. I walked on into an empty room that smelled like a vestry. My throat went dry, and I asked the old man for a glass of water. He brought me one, still smiling, as if he had brought hundreds to people in a like predicament. I drank the water, but it did not wet the dryness.

A door in the wall opposite where I stood opened very gently, and a woman came through. Before the door closed, a solid mass of faces was visible, and a solid sound of listening came in to me. A few? There were thousands of seated women. But somewhere above them, and yet securely a part of them, I saw the grave face of the one who led them; so when the woman who had come into the room whispered to me, "It's time for you to begin now—they are waiting" there was no choice. I followed her. Through acres of faces, into forests of rustling, on to deserts of silence, I made my way along the aisle of a church in Connecticut, stepped up two little steps at the end, and was welcomed into momentary shelter by the gracious lady who had greeted me at the train. She said something to me: I have no memory of the words, but they were quiet and gay. Then she said something to her group of ladies—her solid army of ladies sitting in a church—something rather formal and important, but just right. Then she turned to me, said a few more words (I think

they were those of my name), stepped aside and sat down.

I had not died. Or at least, if I had, I did not recognize it. I was alive and up there, with other people sitting before me in rows of seats, waiting for me to speak to them. I remembered that it was to be about houses, and knew that there was a great deal I could say about houses. To begin with, I like them; that was something. In the meanwhile I must have been mouthing some automatic phrases, for I heard a voice speaking, though all the ladies were silent. At the moment of realizing that I liked houses I knew that I could catch up with myself, and suddenly, disregarding all concern for first or last sentences, I began to think out loud about houses, fixing my eyes on a distant spot between the balcony and the floor of the church.

Those women were very kind. They sat in still politeness during the first inanities. They must have really wanted to hear what someone had to say about houses and were willing to give me a chance to offer them whatever my experience had taught me. They gradually assumed individual separateness. Each one sent toward me some personal thing—agreement, conjecture, antagonism. They became approachable human beings; I became increasingly conscious of communicating with them, more and more sensitive to what obstructed this communication. I could look at some of them; they looked at me. I could perceive the changing expressions of understanding, boredom, surprise, curiosity, and amusement that fluttered in their faces, and I could feel the currents of resistance and eagerness, dislike and friendliness that flowed through them.

Above all, they convinced me that they wanted something from me, the person talking to them at that moment, that they could think about or feel or do—in this case about houses.

They certainly wanted me to catch up with myself. That in itself helped me to do it.

When I had told them what I could of houses, building them, adorning them, living in them, but not decorating them, I stopped. It was over. I had come in contact with hundreds of women (they had become hundreds as I calmed down) whom I had never seen before, and, in all probability, should never see again. What had they thought about? Was it because they had such confidence in the distinguished lady who led them that, having nothing else to do, they met together at her summons, and sat and listened? No, they were too alive and critical to be thus explained.

I had talked to them about things that were important to me, exposed the feeling that they aroused in me, and outlined the hopes that I had formed concerning them. At the time, I had no way of judging the effect of this save the collective reaction received from the immediate experience. I had had the exhilaration of overcoming fears, forcing myself to do a thing that seemed at moments impossible, the ego-indulgence of expressing myself, and the pleasure of meeting a rare person. She was saying good-by to me, thanking me, sending me to her motor as I thought these things. I should probably never see her again, either. What difficulties preceded this event, what facilities succeeded it!

Were all lectures like this? What was the significance of them? What was the matter with the scale of life to-day that such fleeting and irrelevant processes could hold anything of value? And if they did not, why were they so universal?

II

This was the first of many lectures and, though most of my questions remain unanswered, I can assert that it

has been a stimulating, valuable, and, at times, heart-wringing adventure, and entirely contrary to anything I had been led to believe by hearsay or casual reading.

In this country there are thousands of intelligent and sensitive men and women who need to know. I do not wish to imply that they are influenced by any such nervous and lazy impulse as led the hordes to storm the doors of the building in New York where the Einstein theory was being shown on the screen; for I believe that sprung from the most superficial desire to acquire very abstruse information in the shortest possible time and with the least expenditure of effort. I mean men and women who want to know about living. I have traveled only so far as the Middle West. The Pacific coast is still ahead of me. Some of the audiences were made up of a handful of women, some of hundreds of girls and boys, some of large groups of men and women; but as there are so few fundamentally different kinds of human beings, here, as everywhere, they could be divided into those who think, those who feel, and those who do, with all the interrelated and overlapping types between. The need takes different forms, according to type, and varies in degree of intensity, but I have never found it absent. With increasing susceptibility to the predominating type in a particular audience, I learned the dangers of the undefinable but powerful obstruction in the minds of others which can be aroused by breaking a cherished habit of thought too suddenly or evoking a negative emotion. This may sometimes be done deliberately and to great purpose, but it is also possible to do it quite inadvertently, and find oneself suddenly separated by a blank wall from the collective attention of one's audience. If one is there to be *with* them this is disconcerting.

After a lecture, a few individuals bring up questions about the specific writers, composers, painters, and architects whom I use occasionally to help me communicate some of the thrill of life. These few are as genuinely cultivated and truly interested as any people I have ever met. They ask about what is strange to them with an eagerness and refreshing curiosity which are not based on a desire for whatever prestige may be derived from familiarity with the current styles in such matters, but because they wish to enrich their lives by understanding those who have expressed theirs more fully, to widen the scope of their imagination by the exercise of tracing the complicated design of other imaginations, to discover new delights or problems by looking at life from a hitherto unconsidered angle. It was clear that many of them maintained a steady and flexible interest in one or more of the branches of the creative arts, solely for the pleasures of appreciation and discrimination. Their opinions are intelligently formed, sensitively cherished, and occupy an integral part of their existence. What might be considered their moral judgments are so compounded of tolerance, humor, and good sense that no divergence, however great, from customary standards of conduct shocks them; they may not accept them, very probably would not apply them, but they are interested.

Others question me about myself, or talk to me about myself. They tell me what I am, why I am, and how I am, in terms that are sometimes penetrating, and often justly critical—in any case, never flippant. They tell me I am an extravert, or introvert, or whatever drab psychological word comes most readily to mind. They tell me I am optimistic, pessimistic, emotional, cold-blooded, too depressed, or too gay. They ask why I live in America, what

I get from it, what I expect from it. They demand an expressed attitude about feminism. Have I found my two children a drawback to an independent life—"independent life" being a delicate term they use with unequivocal meaning. (May I state in passing that my two children have made it possible for me to live an independent life by investing me with certain powers of responsibility without which I might have remained forever dependent.) They tell me that my astral is blue flecked with gold, that I am a revolutionary, a patriot, an æsthete, a religious fanatic, a fool.

What I am is not really the point that is clarified in these questions, needless to say, nor is it of the slightest importance to them, but what does emerge is the fact that they have some idea of themselves and their tendencies, and a more or less vaguely defined scale of values that they are testing, an aim of right living that they are trying to accomplish, and guidance of a sort through the dark accident of life that they are seeking.

Again, others are eager for facts that would help them to hang a curtain, write a book, listen to music, and understand poetry, and they give the impression of rushing straight away to apply whatever information they have received.

They are perplexed by problems in decoration, and want to know if it is really wrong to put blue in a north room if blue is their favorite color. Is it right to allow a fourteen-year-old boy to put a ship model on top of a bookcase in his study if he likes ships? Are Boston ferns legitimate in a room with a "moderne" (horrid word!) note in it, or must it be cactus? Does stream of consciousness in literature mean you tell all, and if so—well . . . ? Is Gertrude Stein prose or poetry and how many times must one read her before giving it up? Is Virginia Woolf

as great a novelist as Jane Austen, and if you have never read Norman Douglas, what book had you better begin with? Was Marcel Proust influenced by James Joyce, and if you want to write, should you take a course in writing or just write? Why is Stravinsky the only living composer of any real value to music, and if your children are musical should they be sent abroad or kept at home? What is the best book on Chinese music? Is there a future for American Opera? Should the theater be educational or entertaining, and what magazine should they subscribe to? Are the negroes intellectual, and do I wind my own turbans?

They do not ask these questions idly. They want answers, and answers that mean something to them. It is part of their life. Of course, there were those who did *not* ask questions, who left their seats the moment I had uttered my last word (being too polite to leave them before), and whose attitude was doubtless the exact opposite of this, but I am referring now to the specific few whose reaction could be gauged separately from the collective one. And life everywhere, in small places or large, is influenced by the few.

III

The most provocative question about Henry James, the most serious question about literature, the most comprehensive attitude toward music, the most humorous evaluation of contemporary painting, the most enthusiastic enjoyment of a beautiful book, the most intelligent plan for a department-store (you see what the ramifications of lecturing lead you to!) I found in Indianapolis. I hope the next time I am destined to go to Paris I can go to Indianapolis instead.

The toughest resistance, the softest agreement, the most lavish hopes and

most cynical despairs, the quickest uptake and most violent downthrow, the most virtuous lie and vicious truth I found in Detroit. It is to me the most American city I had ever been in. I shall go there again.

St. Paul gave an audience of alert, balanced, cheerful, and extremely well-educated women, who took everything I said in their stride, rejected what they could not use, asked very frankly for more of what they could, and offered no obstruction of any kind. I have rarely been able to say as freely, and without fear of misinterpretation, what I did there. They were hard-working and gay.

I found everything at Grand Rapids—curiosity, emotional response, intellectual eagerness, understanding, hospitality, and humor.

In New York, with the exception of one audience composed entirely of men, I found nothing. This is not surprising. In the first place I gave little. My personal idiosyncrasies became exaggerated by the consciousness of being in a place where I was known. There was not the blending excitement of a city new to the senses, and a people new to the imagination, though I have addressed some kinds of people here whom I did not know existed. In addition to this, there was fear of criticism from which I could not escape by taking a train, and many other ludicrous vanities and weaknesses that hindered me. Also, it is safe to say that, in general, the people in New York who need the kind of nourishment I have indicated do not extract it from a lecture. They are doubtless getting it in some other form, or keeping it to themselves. New York is New York. I cannot leave it.

In a very few cases, a sterility, lethargy, and fear on the part of those listening brought about a mutual loss. Though the reasons for this made these cases as interesting and valuable to me

as those more fruitful experiences already recorded, this is not the place to expound them: discounting my personal limitations, I believe I am justified in tracing them to a partial extinction of that desire to know about living. I should have had an Einstein film in my bag, but I had only a cherry-colored chiffon handkerchief, so I waved it and went away. They will never ask me to return.

The two most noticeable and least variable attitudes of all the audiences were those pertaining to God and sex. The separation of the men and women in this country is too extensive a problem to formulate here. Their desire to cross the desert that has grown up so surreptitiously between them, the fears and atrophies that overtake them, and the curious combination of brutality and sentimentality that hovers over them is too universal to be touched on as an exclusive attribute of lecture audiences. The inadequacy of life to the totality of living, and the sly prestidigitating trick of substituting the religion industry for the religious impulse with which it has tried to divert our attention from this lack, is too lengthy a history to have any part here. But it is true that the two words, God and sex, fell into strange stillness as they were spoken. Doubtless there are audiences who accept greedily either of these words, provided they are woven into some theory removed from actual experience. After-dinner games with God and Blind Man's Buff with sex are popular evasions. But the people I talked to were not aspirants for these. They were conscious of the words as corresponding to some need of life, but heard them nervously. It was something they could not ask about.

Only one woman broke the spell by saying, "Did you mean God when you said God?" I told her I did, and she said "Thank you" and walked away.

And one man, with difficulty but complete sincerity, asked an unforgettable question. It was at dinner in a gay and gracious household of a city in which I had been lecturing. He was a successful man of what is generally described as the ordinary business type. (They are usually most extraordinary.) I had had a little conversation with him before dinner, and he had seemed a vaguely troubled but extremely jovial and good-humored person. During dinner he had been convivial but silent, until, suddenly leaning forward in his chair and looking far down the table at me, he said, in an unnaturally loud voice which was threaded with embarrassment and determination:

"Mrs. Draper, I want to ask you a question. I have had to take lots of drinks to be able to ask it, and I am going to take another one in a minute; if I wait until after that one, I can't ask it at all, so this is my last chance." (Drinking I found everywhere the same, except that in some places the quality was better than in others—never worse, nor more, nor less.) "It's this. I give my donations to the church, and am glad to do it, but I am *never glad* to go there! What's the matter with everything?" . . . What, indeed?

It was not an easy question for him to ask. It was obviously not about church-going. He had a sense of humor. He was fully conscious of the fact that he was laying himself open to ridicule from the friends among whom he lived, and that he was expressing an emotion of a sort they were unaccustomed to expect from him; but it was desperately important to him—this "matter with everything."

No one asked about sex.

However ephemeral these results, however conditioned the motives thus expressed, I was constantly aware that the deeper and more complete need was

there—the need that springs from the current of life itself, flowing more or less powerfully, wanting to make its own course, or find one clear to follow. The dangers of such a need remaining unfulfilled, however sophisticated or disinterested we may be, are too serious to dismiss.

I believe that men and women in America are conscious, in some part of their being, that they are not getting

from the civilization in which they live an essentially good life, and I believe it is this that drives them to lectures. It would seem that those who should have the responsibility of fostering this consciousness by the scholarly and religious means we term education are not disposed or equipped to meet it. It certainly should not be left to such casual and inadequate help as a journeying lecturer affords, nor should it be ignored.

POORHOUSE ROAD

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

*STRAIGHT to the poorhouse runs this road, I hear;
 Yet I am glad I came this pleasant way.
 There were wild geese to chase, and there was hay,
 Uncocked, uncut, with every pointed spear
 Levelled by rain it took the sun to clear
 Of its quick-silver. Carelessly at play,
 One scudding swallow made a summer day
 The only certain season of the year.
 This crooked stick I chanced on through the hint
 A sapling gave that now, when nights are cold,
 The autumn turns the deep woods to a mint
 Where leaves outglitter any miser's gold.
 Remembering these, when winter-noons are bright,
 I'll seek some wall, and sit in my own light.*



THE WHITE CABIN

A STORY

BY LEONARD HESS

IT IS enough to say of myself that I had the habit of hanging about the river fronts and that that is how I came to meet Captain Howard Chandis.

I found him in one of those stores which sell general merchandise to sailors. The store, facing the East River, was in a red-brick, slope-roofed, three-story house, one of a row of relics, with the shining, quite ethereal new pinnacles of Wall Street aspiring beyond. The place was run by an aunt and her niece, neither of whom objected to my lounging on the premises if I bought an occasional handful of stogies.

The flavor of the store repaid me. I am a land person, and here the odors of the sea came to me, brought in by the men from boats—smells of brine and tar and cargoes—and the odors of romance. Actually I doubt if there was much romance thereabouts, save in Captain Chandis. He was one of the remaining few, or the last as far as I know, of the knights errant of the sea. His ship belonged to no company. She was a tramp-freighter, and he had bought her with "an unexpected inheritance" so he might sail her where he chose. He had taken to ships when he was nineteen. For some reason he called himself "The Eastern and Western Trading Company." I believe his first mate, a whiskered ancient by the name of Dellops, was the "com-

pany." The *Clelia*, a rover, an anachronism, a wallowing, spume-whitened hull, stuck her nose into every port of the seven seas at which men call and into many, I'm sure, where most never call. Her voyages were as good as timeless—two years, three years, four years—and not more dependent upon seasons, winds, and tides than upon the vagaries of her commander.

Chandis was a massive man of fair complexion. In Mrs. Harrow's store that morning he looked keenly on, with his gray-blue eyes, while the second mate of a coaster bought a shirt. Mrs. Harrow's niece, Alice Foster, waited on the second mate's pleasure, which seemed difficult to satisfy. The girl had to display an abundant and varied assortment on the mahogany counter. The second mate fingered and squinted at it all and turned over and considered and pushed aside and picked up again—a tedious process which Alice Foster endured with a patience I thought little less than divine. Her face suggested a wondrous patience anyway.

This was the beginning of my acquaintance with Captain Chandis. Two or three days later he invited me on board his vessel. There must have been a kinship of feeling between us. I, too, am a romantic, and the captain sniffed that at once.

On my second visit to the *Clelia* I found the white cabin. It was one of the most amazing experiences I have

ever had, finding that white cabin tucked away in that old, grim tramp-freighter. I had watched the stevedores hoisting bales of silks, canisters of tea, bags of coffee, crates of oranges and grapefruits, bales of asbestos, boxes of spices, and all sorts of odds and ends out of the dark hold, and then I ambled over the boat as I pleased. The Captain had gone ashore to bargain with merchants over his freight.

I lost myself in the vessel but found nothing you could not find on any such vessel until I came to an open door in the corridor amidships. All the other woodwork was brown, but this door was white. That pulled up your attention. What I saw within staggered me. I said to myself, "This is unbelievable! This is fantastic!"

There was a choking smell of fresh paint. After a three-year, grime-infiltrated voyage the cabin had been made to gleam again, and was being left to dry out. I saw a bed on which chastity might have lain, a dresser with an oval, enamel-garlanded mirror, a bureau and a wardrobe. Everything was dainty and white and in excellent taste. Two or three chairs, though, were gilt with rose-velvet cushions, and the lamp in the shape of a dove with spread wings was gilt, and at the port-hole hung rose draperies. On the dresser stood an ivory clock, clamped down, its hands stopped at some hour of a past day. There were a dozen evidences of astounding thought for comfort; a small but completely equipped bathroom, for instance, sparkling with polished nickel fittings. That cabin, in the midst of that ship, suggested utter fragility. Obviously, it was not the quarters of some officer's wife. It impressed me as a symbol rather than as a fact. It stood for something. I associated it with the mind or the heart of Captain Chandis.

I never asked him about the white cabin—the day after my discovery its

door was shut—so of his own accord he must have spoken of it and of the woman he had hoped would be its mistress on those long voyages. His revelations must have come out of our talks about women and voyages. He had dinner with me once or twice and we spent some evenings very pleasantly in my bachelor apartment. The *Clelia* was to be thoroughly overhauled, and I heard about Harriet Kane, and there were new developments in the Captain's affairs before the ship, tightened up, passed down the Bay once more.

He had met Harriet Kane at a church bazaar during one of his longer sojourns in the Port of New York. "I go to worship occasionally, but I fear I am not a God-fearing man." He said this with an obvious regret, as if he were helpless against certain obscure and sacrilegious forces at work inside him. While he could not be called a philosopher, I imagine that on the seas, with illimitable heavens over him and only his own will to follow, he pondered many knotty questions that do not trouble ordinary men. But the quiet enigmas demand was not his. He was tortured by loneliness. I can picture him walking his deck with a vague restlessness the sense of which he could not at first grasp. He treated his men well, and they liked him. Dellops told me so. But his psychic relations with them I was never able to uncover. Perhaps the men were so many automata to him, existing for the sole purpose of helping sail the *Clelia* erratically around the world. He had mistaken himself for a man who could well do without human intimacy, and the realization that his ship and the seas did not fill the needs within him must have shaken him pretty badly. He sketched what he called "a wretched and abominable period of my life," when he made frantic efforts to still that rising cry for a companion by swift liaisons in his ports of call.

He determined, when at last he no longer refused to recognize his problem, to get himself a wife, some woman "brave and hardy enough" to sail the seas with him. Miss Kane was lingering in his mind, and he sought her out. It happened that she was as lonely on the land as he was on the sea. The stages of the courtship he did not reveal.

"We became engaged. I was to make a last voyage alone, to Rio. Then I was to come and get her. We were to be married and she was to sail with me."

Never again was he to be solitary on his ship. That "last voyage alone" was an impatient time for Chandis. He planned some brilliant wedding present for his bride, and then an idea illuminated his whole being. On that work-a-day, gray-toned, grim freighter his chosen companion should have a corner all her own, sacred, inviolate, soothing, safe, beautiful. So came the white cabin.

The rest of this part of the Captain's history sums itself up briefly: Harriet had "thought it over."

"But don't you love me—care for me?" he asked.

She cared for him, yes, a great deal. But there was a sister she supported, suffering in a sanatorium from some chronic ailment.

"You'll go on sending her money," Chandis assured Harriet. "All she needs. Much more than before. As much as you like!"

She thanked him. He was most careful to let me feel how grateful she was, how much she truly did care for him. But she could not go with him.

"I visit Viola every week. She expects me. She'd miss me awfully. I couldn't do that to her. She has no one else, no one else in the whole world!"

Neither had he. In the past two months he had been alive as never

before, and now that was ended. Conflicts must have gone on inside him. Maybe he considered giving up the sea and living ashore with Harriet, so she could visit Viola every week. Maybe he considered shorter voyages. In the end he was too shaken for anything save the acceptance of his lot. He tried to convince me how awful the decision was for Harriet. Perhaps. Anyway, she wept.

Captain Chandis was left with the white cabin on his hands, a perpetual reminder of something ineffable that had almost been his. For some reason—or unreason—he did not destroy the white cabin. He went on sailing with it under his deck. He preserved its immaculateness. A hope? A vague hope that some occupant must come to fill it? He did not tell me of any such hope. It is likely that the hope was in him and that he did not know of it. But from what was soon to happen I feel justified in saying that the white cabin stirred up a terrific storm in that man. He must forever have been conscious of it under him as he stood on his bridge. It must have increased the sense of his solitude a hundredfold. It must have made his heart feel as vacant as the cabin itself. It made utterly impossible for him those infrequent and unsatisfactory liaisons of former times. No doubt now he was living with an "ideal." His idealism was more than a quality. It was a force.

It brings us to the spring morning in Mrs. Harrow's shop. The coastwise second mate pottering over shirts. Alice Foster patiently laying one after another before him. The Captain watching the seaman and the girl. The Captain's eyes were as fascinating a feature as I have ever seen in any face. I followed their beams to what was transpiring at the counter. The slick second mate was managng, each time he squinted at a fabric, to get his fingers into contact with the girl's.

Alice Foster wore a short-sleeved dress of a darkish stuff, and her arms shone with a full, lovely whiteness. It was easy to guess with what unction the mate would have slid his hands over those arms. Strangely, the girl made no attempt to save her fingers from the man's. But her face showed an extreme distaste. It was a beautiful face; the spirit of it was in the eyes, the darkest violet depths I have ever seen. An explanation of that submissiveness came later, when Alice remarked:

"We've got to judge our customers. We get all kinds. It might have meant a sale. Aunt Catherine hates to lose a sale."

Aunt Catherine had gone off for a week or so to relatives in Pennsylvania. Twice a year she relaxed herself by these jaunts. The store was a good thing; most sailors don't count their money closely, and Mrs. Harrow was what you'd call well fixed, though you wouldn't have suspected it to look at her or hear her talk. She made a secret of it. The relatives, by the way, were none of Alice's. Harrow had been the girl's maternal uncle. He had sheltered this orphaned niece. The aunt, after his decease, continued to shelter her, but at a price—to the girl. Sometimes it is hard not to use extravagant terms, but I don't want to say Alice was a slave. She knew no mode of life, however, beyond her duties at the counter and her household duties in the rooms above, both of which she had been performing since her thirteenth year. I don't know if she was actually afraid of losing a sale or if out of a sense of gratitude she wanted to be as successful as she could with the business. I am more inclined to the fear theory. Mrs. Harrow was a harsh, tall, angular, forbidding person. Those relationships are subtle, anyway. In time I found that Aunt Catherine was ready to put up a fight to keep her niece—again I was about to say "slave"—at

her disposal. Consider the girl's quite startling loveliness, a cash asset in an establishment where males were the buyers.

Alice had sunk her personality under that of the aunt and now, with the absent aunt uppermost in her thoughts, she was sinking it under that of the second mate. It struck me as rather horrible. It was only then I became aware that for some time I had been trying to define for myself that girl's position. It was close to tragic. That implication reached Captain Chandis more quickly than it had reached me. He crossed the floor quickly (one of his physical peculiarities was a startling swiftness of movement in a man so large); he was at the counter, at that second mate's elbow.

"I should say, sir, that this shirt"—I saw him take up a blue shirt and hold it out to the man's astonished gaze—"would look very well on you. Very well indeed, sir."

The second mate slid his gaze back to the goods on the counter.

"Doesn't blue become you very well?" inquired the Captain.

"I look all right in blue, sir," stammered the second mate. "I think I'll take your suggestion, sir."

"That would be a splendid idea," said Captain Chandis. "I recommend this shirt—highly."

There was no more said. Alice Foster made a package of the blue shirt, the second mate paid for it and walked toward the door. There he hung a moment or so, patently considering some act or word to retrieve himself from complete ignominy. Captain Chandis said quietly to the girl:

"I should like to see a belt, miss. Something in morocco, if you have it."

The man with the blue shirt thought better of it and vanished.

There is a break here in the exactness of my recollections. I must take it for granted that the Captain had no diffi-

culty in choosing a belt. It is unlikely that any speech passed between him and Alice Foster beyond that necessary for the purchase. Then I was walking on the cobblestones along the river front with Captain Chandis.

"That fellow!" he was saying. "What do women mean to such fellows?"

It was then we began to exchange our views. But our friendship did not develop quickly enough for the Captain to tell me of the beginning of his intimacy with Alice Foster. They must have made profound impressions on each other, those two, at their first meeting. The Captain must have gone back to see her soon, with or without excuse, and they came to an understanding. The first I knew of it was when the Captain said to me:

"Miss Foster has consented to become my wife."

I shook his hand with the heartiest congratulation. I felt that way about it for both their sakes. Although he had spoken quietly, I could not miss the vibrancy of his voice. I had by then heard the history of the white cabin and I was glad Captain Chandis had found a woman "brave and hardy enough" to care to occupy it. Also, for the aunt I had conceived a distaste. I looked forward to her "slave's" approaching freedom and to her own looming discomfiture. The spring weather had turned hot, and Mrs. Harrow remained cool on the Pennsylvania farm. Why not? There was Alice, well drilled, well subjugated, to run the store. The week of absence stretched to two—to three. Alice did not write her about the betrothal. I know the girl was holding off the moment as long as possible.

Naturally I saw less now of Captain Chandis. He spent much of the day in the store while Alice continued her duties. That musty old place must have had a new life, with lovers' words,

lovers' gestures. History was repetitious, and on Alice, as he had on Harriet Kane, the Captain lavished all sorts of exotic gifts. There appeared a chain of jade and a blue Spanish shawl splashed with roses. I could go on enumerating. I'm inclined to think, though, that he never had felt as emotionally toward Harriet Kane as he felt toward Alice. As for the girl, she must have been throbbing at the thought of liberation soon to come. They were to be married in a few short weeks. Happiness shone in Alice's eyes. She was young again. In years she had been young—twenty-five or six. But years are of no consequence. In spirit she had been old. What is twenty-five when nothing lies before it, when nothing beckons it on? When it can look forward only to selling a pair of thick-soled shoes at thirty, a shirt or a collar at thirty-five, a bandana at fifty? Twenty-five is something else with freedom waiting, with a man who has spoken of love.

I no longer hung about the store. But Captain Chandis now and again sought me out and we would have dinner, "*à trois*." Those two could talk of little else than the sailing of the *Clelia* on June the tenth. The Captain spoke of the ports where they would put in, and Alice listened with her face brilliant. You can't imagine the change in that girl. She chattered. This means nothing to you unless you understand how impossible it had been for her to chatter before this, unless you contrast the lifelessness of her voice before the Captain came with its scintillant silver now. She had bought herself some new clothes, not in the latest mode, perhaps, but she looked exquisite.

No wonder he was mad about her! Yes—he was mad about her. He devoured her with his eyes, and his voice, speaking to her, was a caress.

You should have heard him say "Alice"!

"Alice has seen her quarters on my ship," he told me. He tried to be casual. His ruddy face, through the smoke of the superb Havana—the only cigars he would use—betrayed him, as did his fingers meddling with a coffee spoon.

"Ah, the white cabin!" I exclaimed.

"It's beautiful!" said Alice softly.

"Hm!" Chandis grunted.

"What a surprise it was!" the girl said.

"I wish it had been made for you," Chandis regretted.

"What does it matter? It doesn't matter a bit!"

"It shouldn't," said the Captain, beaming on her. "The other woman wasn't brave and hardy enough. You are."

Alice laughed. Then she grew interested in the women around her. Her femininity was coming out prettily. But after a while I saw a change come over her face.

"I wrote to Aunt Catherine to-day."

"I think it was time," answered Chandis.

"Yes," said Alice. Some of the eagerness had left her voice and eyes.

"I'm sure your aunt can't offer any objections?" asked the Captain.

"She'll miss me," the girl replied.

"Well!" His mouth went down at the corners. "You've your own life to live!" he declared to Alice. "I take it your aunt will agree to the justice of that?"

"Yes," Alice answered a little breathlessly. "Oh, yes!"

But as if to negate as quickly as possible the girl's "Oh, yes!" Aunt Catherine came rushing into the breach within forty-eight hours of the mailing of Alice's letter. She was at a disadvantage when she entered the store, for Alice was not unprotected. The aunt found herself confronted by

Captain Chandis, whose face informed her that he had ideas of his own. Whatever campaign of obstruction she had plotted on her race homeward from Pennsylvania she had to defer. But for some seconds she was white-faced and panting. Alice had certainly struck her a terrific blow.

"Aunt Catherine," said the girl, "this is Captain Chandis."

"Captain Chandis," replied the aunt. I don't think she glared at the interloper, for she was not a frank person.

"Mrs. Harrow," said the Captain. The formality of shaking hands, or at least of touching fingertips, was forced upon her. Then the Captain went on, "I trust you will be satisfied that I can take excellent care of your niece, Mrs. Harrow."

She said nothing in answer to that. By no means was she a fool, and Captain Chandis looked a very substantial man. She could hardly have sustained an argument to prove his inability to take care of Alice. Nor did she resort to saying that as the captain was a stranger to her and had been a stranger to Alice until a few brief weeks ago, she was not sure she could trust the girl into his care. She demanded no credentials. Alice had written that her fiancé owned and commanded a vessel, and Mrs. Harrow had passed enough of her life in the neighborhood of ships and their men to recognize a solid master when she saw one. But what use to her if Alice married the Captain? What she would have said to the girl in private no one knows. Now she could say nothing. But she must have conveyed some disagreeable intention to Captain Chandis. I never heard him speak disparagingly of any "member of the gentler sex" except that aunt. He always spoke of her as "that woman!"

That woman had depths, I tell you! She let affairs move forward toward

the tenth of June and still she seemed faintly agreeable to everything. Then, one afternoon close to the day set for the marriage, she said:

"That child—out on the sea!"

Her voice bolted into the silence of the store. The Captain and Alice had gone off to buy luggage, and it was a second or two before I comprehended that the aunt was not communing with herself but addressing me. Nevertheless, all through the colloquy she contrived a queer sort of indirection in her speech and manner, for reasons of her own.

"Why not, Mrs. Harrow, in a perfectly staunch ship?" I asked her.

"The loneliness of it!" she wailed.

"She'll have her husband," I retorted.

"A young girl should have somebody close to her," she went on, with that irritating indirectness. "She should have somebody who understands her. That child, all alone on the sea!"

"Captain Chandis isn't the Flying Dutchman," I enlightened her. "He really exists."

"That child is in terror of storms! She forgets!"

"What does she forget?" I demanded.

"A fearful experience, a most fearful experience!" But instead of acquainting me with the nature of that experience, she pursued her way. "I shouldn't let him carry her off like that! That child is in my care! Heaven forgive me for almost forgetting that!"

"I'm sure heaven will," I assured her.

In the spring sunlight her face was of yellowish-gray wood with a slit cut to represent a mouth. She wore her hair, still quite black, drawn tight behind knobby temples. At my retort her eyes smoldered. She turned her back on me. There was no use asking about Alice's fearful experience.

It was three or four days later when I had a visit from Captain Chandis as

I was finishing my breakfast. He did not try to hide his excitement.

"That woman has been at it!"

I thought it best to inform him now of my curious interview with Mrs. Harrow. He drew up his brows.

"Oh!" He had not laid down his ebony cane and he gripped it till I saw his knuckles whiten. "Oh!—I tell you, she's been at it! Last evening I saw that things were turning. There was a change in Alice—I don't mean she seemed to care less for me—but there's something in the wind."

"Mrs. Harrow told me there was something Alice had forgotten—some nasty experience."

He walked up and down my living room. Once or twice he stopped to look out of a window, but I knew he was not absorbed by the spring burgeoning of the park. He wheeled around suddenly.

"I'm going to spoil that woman's game! That woman is playing some detestable game, and I'm going to spoil it! I'm going to marry Alice this afternoon!"

That brought me jumping out of my chair.

"That's an idea!" I cried. "Of course she's playing a game!"

"But what kind of game? Who can know? What experience has Alice forgotten? What does she want of Alice?"

I gave him my opinion of that, perhaps not picking my phrases very moderately.

"Wants to keep her as a slave, eh? We'll jump ahead of her! We'll take this in time!" His fury dropped, though it was a while before the redness left his cheeks. "I wonder, would you do me a favor, Brown? Would you fetch Alice up here? Use your judgment—tell her I'm here or not, as you think best."

I shed my dressing gown, got into clothes, and left. The Captain was

smoking furiously at a cigar and pacing up and down as I went out. My own mind all the way was taken up with plans, but these were still nebulous when I strolled into the waterfront store.

I saw no one. I was sure that presently one of the women must appear from upstairs and I waited in the sunny doorway looking at the sheds, the masts and funnels, the prows. My thoughts reverted to the white cabin in the hold of the *Clelia*. The ship looked brand new but for the outmoded lines of her build. She had been painted from mast-heads to water line. She was about to carry a bride.

A sound like a sob came from overhead. "That's Alice!" I said to myself. I went to the foot of the staircase and looked up. The doorway above was open. The sob came again. Was the aunt up there or not? I heard neither voices nor other sounds save the sob again. Then I realized that the situation was in my hands. Mrs. Harrow spent the mornings marketing or going to wholesale houses where she bought her stock, or on some other hidden errands. Nine out of ten forenoons Alice was alone. I should have remembered that. Hesitating no longer, I ran up the stairs. There was no carpet, merely oilcloth, and my feet must have pounded. The sobs stopped abruptly. At the open door I paused. The parlor, stuffed with Victorian upholstery and adorned disproportionately by a bronze and luster chandelier lay before me, empty. Then I saw Alice coming through another door.

"Oh!" She fell back at sight of me.

Her face bore the signs of crying. I threw away notions of subterfuge and told her what I had come for and that Captain Chandis was waiting for her in my rooms. I concealed only his intention of marrying her without

delay. No sooner had I spoken than Alice began again to cry. She sat down, bent her face onto her arms on the bulging head of a horsehair sofa.

"I'll go with you," she said at last, in a muffled voice. "As soon as Aunt Catherine comes back. I must wait. I can't leave the store alone."

"Are you telling your aunt where you're going?"

She looked quickly up at me.

"Why not? I'm free to do as I see fit."

I murmured agreement. I dared not ask her what those sobs had meant and, despite her willingness to come with me, I was sure this was not the end but the beginning of difficulties. It would have been indelicate to remain during her explanations to the aunt, so I invented business in the vicinity and arranged to meet her at the steps of the sub-treasury building at one o'clock.

At three, with me as a witness, at the Municipal Building she became Captain Chandis's wife.

They left the next morning for Niagara Falls. I did not go near the store on South Street, so I can't say how Mrs. Harrow behaved after the crisis. We were soon to know that she did not consider a mere marriage the crisis. No, indeed! The simple oath to love and honor was not to upset that woman's calculations. In other circumstances she might have yielded to a residue of propriety in her, or to some fear of the Almighty, or to tradition, and have agreed that a wife should cleave to a husband. But she must have been furious at the "underhand" way the marriage had been carried off. She had been slighted, insulted! Rightfully she had concluded that such a coup could not have been devised by Alice, her pensioner, her serf. She would, then, be revenged upon the Captain. It could not have been simple for her, as she had scant time in which to work. But of course she had

laid her foundations already—Alice's sobs were the evidence of that.

The honeymoon over, Captain Chandis busied himself with last-day duties on his ship. The couple lived on board. The white cabin at last had its mistress. The Captain's moods varied between an adolescent's beaming resilience and a profound, expansive, philosophic, quiet felicity. In Alice, however, I saw even under the bloom that marriage had brought what I should describe as a frantic desire to flee, to flee madly, heedlessly, anywhere—but only to flee. The two facts, you may say, can't be reconciled. I only answer that the affair was highly complicated and that at this point it broke all rules of logic. Suddenly it plunged from the sphere of the intelligence into that dark, incalculable territory of childish memories, childish terrors, and childish nightmares. Alice had forgotten, but Mrs. Harrow had not.

Yet the day of sailing came, one of the brightest, most sparkling days any June could ever have given us. The old river with its ships was a carnival of light. The *Clelia* was to weigh anchor with the midnight tide. It would be a night of stars, I was sure. But at present I am talking about the day, the day of blues and golds when every mast and funnel was an uprushing pæan of ecstasy.

In the midst of this ecstasy it happened.

I could not have failed to notice that the aunt resented every brief appearance I put in at the store, where Alice still helped her. I stayed away, of course. I hung about the ship. I had grown attached to her and I should not see her again for years.

Then, as I say, it happened.

I saw Alice standing in the web of dust-shot light at the entrance of the shed. She waited until she saw me, she made a few steps toward me, she

stopped. I didn't know how she had escaped the aunt. She had been looking for me. I was horrified by her stricken face.

"I must speak to you!" Her voice sounded shattered.

I linked my arm into hers and drew her away and we walked into one of the streets debouching on the river.

"Aunt Catherine said I should speak to Howard. She said that now I've made up my mind, I must tell him . . ."

"Tell him what?" I shouted under the uproar of the Elevated trains on Pearl Street.

"That—that I can't go with him."

There was no time for questions, and I wasn't going to argue. I said brusquely:

"Don't be idiotic! You've got to go with him! You're married to him!"

"I can't—I can't!" She began to cry. Two truckmen loading a van looked at us, probably under the notion that they were witnessing a lovers' quarrel. Alice's voice rose to a terrified wail. "I can't! I can't!"

I took her arm once more and said nothing until we had walked down to South Ferry and seated ourselves on a bench with the harbor before us. Then I said, in a tone still purposely brusque:

"Now let's hear what this nonsense means!"

"I can't sail with Howard! I can't! Aunt Catherine said I should tell him. You tell him. You tell him for me, please!" Her hands were clasped, she looked into my face, the tears were running with an incongruous brightness down her cheeks.

"Aunt Catherine!" I snarled.

"There will be storms on the sea! I couldn't bear it! I'd die of fear!"

"You'd get used to it. Storms at sea are magnificent." I remembered descriptions of storms at sea. "How do you know you'd be afraid? The *Clelia* has a sound bottom."

"No, no! I'd die of fear! I've been in a storm on the water!"

"When was that?" This was news to me. I hadn't known she had ever stepped off dry land.

"When I was a child. I was about ten years old."

"And you'd forgotten all about it, and Aunt Catherine was kind enough to remind you of it."

"It was fearful! Fearful!"

"Won't you tell me about it? I didn't know you'd been on the sea."

"We were going to Sutton Beach."

"Where's that?"

"I don't think it's there any longer. I think it was in New Jersey. I remember the name of the boat that went there. It was called *The Little Silver*."

I stared into her face and then I burst into a cruel guffaw of laughter. I couldn't have realized my brutality. You see, out of memory somehow I had fished it up. Sutton Beach still escaped me—probably one of those sporadic amusement parks with Ferris wheels and carrouseles. I recalled *The Little Silver*.

"An excursion boat!" I cried.

Alice dropped her head.

"You don't know—you can't understand! It was a terrible storm! We thought we were sinking. There was thunder and lightning and a dreadful wind. They said it was a hurricane!"

Well, I could visualize a cockleshell like *The Little Silver* pretty badly tossed about in ugly weather off the Jersey Coast. But I couldn't imagine her in any great peril.

"What do you remember of that experience?"

"We thought we were sinking," she repeated. "I was thrown down. I hurt my knees!"

"You remember that? You really remember it?"

"Yes, yes, of course. I remember it!"

I shook my head. I could clearly hear that wooden-faced, sharp-eyed, gaunt demon, the aunt, saying, "You were thrown down, Alice! You hurt your knees!"

"What else did your aunt remind you of?" I inquired bluntly.

"No, no—I remembered! I remember everything! The people prayed!"

She could conceive of no more ultimate proof of the approaching end of all things than people praying.

"I've seen men do that, so to speak," I said, "when they wanted strength to put a competitor out of business. I've seen all sorts of queer uses for religion."

But the force of these witless observations went over Alice.

"They crowded us into the cabin," she cried. "The people fell down on their knees and prayed! Someone screamed, 'We're going down!'"

I took Alice's hand and for a while did not speak. I could think only of the devilish cunning with which that woman had led the girl back to the brink of those grisly, childish terrors. It must have been a rather nasty experience, I'll admit—the flimsy excursion boat flung from wave to wave, the wind screeching through her, the lightning glaring, the thunder reverberating in her hollow shallowness, and people screaming—and praying.

"And out on the sea!" she cried. "Really out on the sea! It must be hideous!"

"You've got to go!" I said sternly.

"I can't! You must tell him I can't! I'll wait for him—tell him I'll wait for him, I'll always be waiting for him here . . ."

There you have it. Can you think of anything more preposterous than an eggshell of an excursion boat with a name like *The Little Silver*—no, merely the memory of such an imbecilic, bobbing craft—getting in the way of the happiness of two human beings? I don't know all I said to Alice. I

was brutal and compassionate by turns. I tried to make her see the preposterousness, and I think she did see it. But she did not feel it, and that was the necessity. The old demon had succeeded in destroying the normal fabric of her mind. The girl was plunging through the darkness of stark, infantile terrors. All I accomplished after two hours of the hardest toil was to get Alice to say she loved Captain Chandis. She loved him—oh, yes! She would always be his! But all seamen's wives wait for their husbands ashore!

"Not when there is a white cabin," I said.

"A white cabin?" She looked at me mistily.

I got up from the bench. Alice remained seated some moments longer. It occurred to me, instead of tormenting Alice further by trying to make her feel what that white cabin stood for in Chandis's life, to end the talk on a light, encouraging note.

"Oh, you're going with him! Of course you're going with him. What else?"

Nor did she the rest of the day give any sign of a contrary intention. I flattered myself I had won. The suggestion of that wild desire to flee had left her eyes. She had awakened from the nightmare.

It was a merry farewell dinner we had, the Captain, Alice, the aunt, and myself, in a French restaurant which was one of my weaknesses. The aunt wore black satin, a bit rusty. She spoke seldom and gave me the impression of being about to swoop. I was incapable of a fair, pleasant thought about her and I looked at her, in her unrelieved black, as at a bird of very dubious omen. Her nose had never seemed longer or sharper. I put no stock in her frequent smile.

"But Alice," I reflected, "has won the battle."

At ten o'clock we were back in the parlor over the store. The argument that our digestions had hardly begun to cope with our recent dinners could not dissuade Mrs. Harrow from serving tea, with cookies—the kind you see in tins at the grocer's. Somehow I think often and with leniency of those cookies. It must have cost her more than money to buy them. She was an exceedingly parsimonious woman. What I want to convey is that this repast was the sign of the saving grace somewhere inside that aunt, the sign that she, too, was making a blind effort toward decency. Captain Chandis showed his appreciation by eating all the cookies he could manage, with two cups of tea. Then, toward half past eleven, he drew out his watch.

"Alice, my dear," he said.

She looked sharply up over her poised cup. The cup quivered.

"What is it, Howard?"

"We must be going, my dear. I should have been on my ship an hour ago."

"Is it time?" She set down the cup.

Then the aunt spoke.

"Are you really taking her, Captain Chandis? Are you really carrying her away?"

What a humor-flavored appeal she put into it! It would have thrown anybody off guard, and the Captain laughed and said he was really taking Alice away.

"Do be careful of her, Captain Chandis! Don't sail near Hatteras or around the Horn, or any of such dreadful places where there are so many shipwrecks!"

The Captain had risen. Alice sat rigid, but her face told me she was becoming a child again. Her eyes sought each stick of furniture in that stuffed parlor through which she had passed every day of her life for nearly fifteen years. Then she raised a hand

to her throat. Her eyes flew to the Captain, who was the sea to her, who was Hatteras and the Horn and waves and hurricanes and tumult and "people praying on their knees"—and sinking.

"I'll wait for you," she said weakly.

"I can't be back, my dear. I must remain on my ship now. Come."

"I'll wait for you. I'll wait for you here, always." Her eyes darted around the room, the room of a house where there was stability—a house that would never be tossed by the seas of Hatteras or the Horn or even the Jersey Coast.

Slowly her meaning entered the Captain's mind and turned it to ice. He stared at his wife. Her face was white as the lace neckband of her gray dress, and her eyes a strange, weird dark. Her fingers gripped the table edge as though she would not be torn away.

"Do you mean that you are not coming with me?"

She moved her head with a heart-rending motion. Her lips silently made the syllables, "I can't!"

He did not ask why. At "that woman" he threw a glare of hate as he recognized her work. His face was stern and pitiless. In an ominously quiet voice he said to the weeping girl:

"You must come, Alice." Then he added, "I give you five minutes."

Her sobs came faster, the tears blinded her, as she cried out, "I'm too afraid. I'll wait for you! Let me wait—let me wait for you!"

Never had I seen such fury as in Captain Chandis's face. It was rage directed against destiny. Minutes passed.

"Are you coming, Alice?" he asked.

"No," answered her soundless lips.

"You have two minutes." His watch was inexorably in his hand.

"Next time—I'll sail with you."

The aunt spoke.

"But if she doesn't want to go, Captain? If she's afraid?"

He turned on her with a clenched hand, and I thought he was going to strike.

"Silence," he shouted. It silenced her.

"Now, Alice," he said.

She rose from the chair. She looked at the Captain. Then she began to retreat. Her hands groped behind her as if seeking something tangible. She was making for an inner room.

"The time is up, Alice!"

She screamed. He bounded forward, caught her in his arms, and strode toward the stairway. She continued to scream. She struggled in his arms. She beat at him with her hands, but I notice it was his chest she hit, not his face. He carried her down the stairs. Her screams sank to moans. The aunt, flinging her black-satin arms aloft, began to yell:

"You can't do this! She has a right! I'll call help! You can't! This is an outrage!"

He crossed the store implacably. The door had been bolted while we were above, and he shot back the bolt. We were outside, in a balmy night of stars. Ships about to take the tide set up a hooting.

"You can't dare!" screeched the gesticulating aunt. "A policeman! Where is a policeman?"

It becomes rather a jumble here. The aunt's threats, Alice's struggles and sobs, a spattering of men springing up around us, jostling after us down the long shed, a chiaroscuro of blacks and whites under the intense glare of arc-lamps, the whiskered Dellops meeting us at the gangplank and exclaiming, "Here you are, sir! My stars, what's all this, sir?" The aunt enlisting some riffraff always ready for a fight, in lieu of a policeman; a feeble attempt to obstruct the Captain; old Dellops' shout, "Here! Here!" and the

glint of a revolver in his hand. The riffraff scattering and saving its face by a few feeble, doubtful jests. An insane five minutes. The moorings were cast off. The *Clelia* moved. The blare of her siren sounded comically loud for her six thousand tons. She seemed to be defying the universe.

I watched from the pier-head until her lights were lost in the measureless distance stretching out toward the sea. Then I turned slowly homeward, feeling as if Captain Chandis's triumph were my own. But was it a triumph? For the answer to that question I had to wait over three years.

The truth forces me to append an epilogue in the sentimental vein.

It was in November after the third year when the *Clelia* steamed up the river. By the way, Mrs. Harrow's

store had vanished; the only power that could have persuaded Mrs. Harrow to retire had done so—Mrs. Harrow had died. The *Clelia* entered her wharf with a thick coating of ice on masts, rails, and hull. She gleamed like a crystal ship. There had been bad weather on the ocean that month. All I wish to say, however, is that I saw Alice in the bows. A heavy, furry cloak was wrapped around her against the sharp wind and she wore a close-fitting headgear. A few strands of hair flurried across her forehead. Her cheeks were tan and whipped by gales into ruddiness. There was an immense well-being upon her.

"Were there storms, Mrs. Chandis?" I asked, a little later.

"Oh, yes, of course there were storms!" she answered, and laughed.





SABOTAGE

FIRST-HAND TESTIMONY FROM AN EX-WORKINGMAN

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

FOLLOWING my discharge from the Army, a year after the Armistice, I became, under the bread-and-butter compulsion, a young "working stiff" (I was just twenty), with no particular trade; and as such, going from place to place, worked off and on during the past decade upon scores of jobs in various sections of the country as well as on American ships at sea, coming in close contact with all sorts of workmen, native and foreign-born, intelligent and stupid, skilled and unskilled, organized and unorganized, trade-unionists and I. W. W.'s, and getting an insight into their psychology and behavior while working—certain phases of which, to my notion, are noteworthy because so far-reaching in their effects.

In 1920, hanging around the employment agencies—"the slave market"—in Chicago, I met a couple of rather articulate I. W. W.'s, who, seeing that I was a young ex-soldier, palpably "on the bum," and a "scissor bill" with a radical trend of mind, set out to make me into a class-conscious proletarian, a wobbly. They urged me to give up all ideas of ever being anything else than a working stiff, for the chances of my becoming a capitalist or a bourgeois, in however modest a way, were extremely slender, indeed, almost nil because I was a foreigner, and the number of opportunities was decreasing rapidly even for native Americans. I

should make up my mind to remain a worker and devote such abilities as I had to the hastening of the decay of the capitalist system, which, however, was doomed to collapse, they said, within a very few years whether I joined the I. W. W. or not.

I learned of the methods by which, it appeared, sooner or later the workers would attain to power and abolish capitalism and "wage slavery." At first I did not understand everything I was told. The wobblies used a word—"sabotage"—which, as I recalled, I had read some time before in Frank Harris's *Pearson's Magazine* without knowing its meaning. At the library I did not find it in the dictionary.

Then, in a dingy I. W. W. reading-room I came upon a little book entitled *Sabotage*, written originally in French by Émile Pouget and translated into English by Arturo Giovannitti, in 1912, while he was in jail at Lawrence, Mass., on framed-up charges for his part as a wobbly leader in the famous textile-workers' strike. There I found sabotage defined as any conscious or wilful act on the part of one or more workers intended to reduce the output of production in the industrial field, or to restrict trade and reduce profits in the commercial field by the withdrawal of efficiency from work and by putting machinery out of order and producing as little as possible without getting

dismissed from the job. The book was a sort of wobbly gospel.

In the same reading-room I found pamphlets in which sabotage was discussed from the ethical point of view. A wobbly writer described it as a "war measure" in the conflict between the capitalist class and the working class, and in war everything was fair and moral. They admitted that sabotage on the part of the workers was no goody-goody method, but defended it on the ground that it certainly was no worse than the methods to which the capitalists were resorting in the economic warfare. If the workers, in their efforts to bulge upward, damaged property and destroyed materials, did not the bosses, in the interest of profits, destroy property with a ruthless and careless hand? Have they not laid waste to the country's national resources with utter lack of consideration for their human values—forests, mines, land, and waterways? Did they not dump cargoes of coffee and other goods into the sea, burn fields of cotton, wheat, and corn, throw trainloads of potatoes to waste—all in the interest of higher incomes? Did not millers and bakers mix talcum, chalk, and other cheap and harmful ingredients with flour? Did not candy manufacturers sell glucose and taffy made with vaseline, and honey made with starch and chestnut meal? Wasn't vinegar often made of sulphuric acid? Didn't farmers and distributors adulterate milk and butter? Were not eggs and meat stored away, suffering deterioration, in order to cause prices to rise?

All of this, the wobblies insisted, was sabotage, just as their doings were sabotage; the ethical difference between the worker and the capitalist with their respective forms of sabotage was that the former was open and honest about it, and the latter dishonest, practicing destruction secretly, under the guise of business, the while con-

demning proletarian saboteurs as criminals.

There was another difference. The wobblies preferred that property should not be destroyed; indeed, they were more jealous of its preservation than the capitalists, for at the basis of their philosophy was the idea that the property belonged to them: it was their—the workers'—creation: some day it would be theirs by right of possession; and until that day it should be preserved for them.

These things were openly discussed by the wobblies in meetings, newspapers, and conversation. They didn't care who knew that they believed in and practiced sabotage. Some of them were veritable evangelists of sabotage, for they saw it as almost the only means—but a powerful one—whereby the cause of the underdog could be advanced. "Now that the bosses have succeeded in dealing an almost fatal blow to the boycott," one of my wobbly friends said to me, in effect; "now that picket duty is practically outlawed in many sections of the country, free speech throttled, free assemblage prohibited, and injunctions against labor are becoming epidemic—now sabotage, this dark, invincible, terrible Damocles' sword that hangs over the head of the master class, will replace all the confiscated weapons and ammunition of the workers in their war for economic justice. And it will win, for it is the most redoubtable of all, except the General Strike. In vain will the bosses get an injunction against strikers' funds, as they did in the great Steel Strike [in 1919]—sabotage, as we practice it, is a more powerful injunction against their machinery. In vain will they invoke old laws and make new ones against it—they will never discover sabotage, never track it to its lair, never run it down, for no laws will ever make a crime of the 'clumsiness and lack of skill' of a scab

who bungles his work or 'puts on the bum' a machine he 'does not know how to run,' but which has really been 'fixed' by a class-conscious worker long before the scab's coming on the job. There can be no injunction against sabotage. No policeman's club. No rifle diet. No prison bars."

It was some time before I realized how effective—and significant—sabotage really was.

II

Through a Chicago employment agency I found pick-and-shovel work on a long-time construction job outside of Joliet. I was one of perhaps a hundred muckers, among whom, as I soon discovered, were also several wobbly sabotage evangelists.

"Take it easy, kid," one of them said to me smilingly the second or third day. "Don't try to build the road in a day. T'hell with it! You're getting the same as me, \$3.50 a day, ain't you? Well, then, don't work as if you were getting \$35."

I had been working steadily, and this not because I wanted to see the road finished as soon as possible, but because, not having worked for months, and being plagued by some sort of blues, I thought that a few months of real work would toughen me up physically and otherwise. But now as the wobbly prophet of sabotage called me down for working too fast, I blushed—without knowing why. I became self-conscious.

For days the man kept close to me, continuing to urge me to slow down. "Put the brakes on, kid," he would say. Or, "Go take a sip of water." Or, "Say, don't you think it's about time you went to the can again?" Or, "To-morrow's another day, boy."

Then we would have long conversations, while he pretended to be digging or shoveling beside me; he had stalling down to a science. He evidently was

a well-read, self-educated bozo; and when I revealed to him that I was a sort of fan of such writers as Upton Sinclair and Frank Harris, and was interested in the Russian Revolution, he told me about the I. W. W. movement, and about "Big Bill" Haywood and William Z. Foster who, he said, had attended an international labor congress in Europe in 1912 and brought back to America the French ideas of sabotage which since then have been considerably improved by the rank and file of the wobblies. He was a self-appointed apostle of sabotage, with a surprising gift of gab, going from job to job, making wobblies of scissor bills, teaching them what he called "the technic of stalling."

He taught me the technic. He said, "Don't take so much on the shovel, kid. Don't break your back. Which reminds me of what a bunch of stiff's did down in Bedford, Indiana, back in 1908, when the boss told 'em their wages were cut. They went to a machine shop and had their shovels shortened, and said to the boss, 'Small pay, small shovel.' They had the right dope. That was a kind o' instinctive, spontaneous sabotage; though sabotage, I mean the word, was then yet unknown in this country. That still holds good—'small pay, small shovel.' You get \$3.50; do you think that's all your labor is worth? Don't be a fool. So give 'em a small shovel; when nobody is looking, no shovel at all. T'hell with 'em! Stall—strike on the job. See?"

I found stalling, even after I had more or less mastered the technic, harder than real work, but my instructor derived a deep satisfaction from it. He encouraged me saying that by and by I should get used to it.

Originally—back in 1912 and 1913—the wobbly idea was to damage the machinery just before going on strike, so that the scabs could not use it; but

by 1920 the I. W. W.'s and the Communist agitators, who then began also to play an important role in the drama of sabotage in American industry, commenced to "fix" machines while the work went on. On the road-building job I worked on near Joliet the foremen had trouble every few days with the concrete-mixers, trucks, and steam-shovels. Suddenly things would break down in the middle of forenoon or afternoon, whereupon ten or twenty men stood around idle while the mechanics repaired them.

My friend the wobbly winked at me meaningfully, smiling. In the evening while we walked about he told me about sabotage stunts in which he had participated or of which he had heard.

One day he said, "I guess I'm a short-timer on this job. Did you notice how the old Irish buzzard"—meaning the foreman we worked under—"watches me all the time the last few days? They're getting wise to me; maybe one of the stiffs that I've tried to educate told them what my religion is." He smiled. "I'll be fired in a day or two. But what the hell! I'll be on another job in a week, doing the same thing."

The next day he and three other men, also wobbly sabotage apostles, were paid off and cautioned to stay away in the future; but before they went I learned that the two miles of concrete road we had laid in the past month and a half would be full of wide cracks within three weeks. They had put something in the cement that would cause it to crack, and the contractor would have to do it all over again.

I stayed on the Joliet job another month, long enough to see the concrete crack; then, with mid-summer near, I went on to St. Louis with two young I. W. W.'s who were confident that there we should have no difficulty getting work as harvest hands in the Missouri and Kansas wheat fields.

In St. Louis the "slave market" also was full of wobblies. They were all a rather jolly, if somewhat lop-sided lot, aflame with a sort of fanaticism tempered with good humor. I heard the story (which I later verified) of an incident that occurred one winter before the War when the city was full of starving and freezing unemployed men who had come in from the camps and fields. The wobblies decided to force the city to take care of them; and so one day several hundred of them invaded the restaurants, ordered big meals, ate, and then presented their checks to the cashiers, telling them to charge them to the mayor. Arrested, they made speeches in court that broke on the front page. The town got excited over the prospect of thousands of men heading for St. Louis to eat at the mayor's cost—for that was just what they did, out of jail or in. The city council then hastily passed an emergency bill to start municipal lodging houses with free beds and meals. The "stunt" was a form of sabotage on the community, dramatic and humorous, which, frankly, appealed to me.

Indeed, not a few wobblies with whom I came in contact, though intensely serious, were genial, amusing, and intelligent fellows, quite frank about their ideas and doings. They were free-lance missionaries in the cause of the underdog to whom the end justified the means, with self-imposed duty to harm the propertied class as much as, and wherever, possible; guerrilla soldiers in the class war.

In the Kansas wheat fields, where I worked for several weeks in the summer of 1920, there was much stalling or "striking on the job," and threshers and other harvest equipment would break down in the midst of work, when every hour counted to the farmer.

Some thirty miles away from where I worked, a wheat field nearly a mile

square burned up. It created somewhat of a sensation in our camp. The wobblies I knew, most of them fairly level-headed stiffs, seemed opposed to fire and blamed the "stunt" on the Communists, who were much more drastic. There were rumors among the I. W. W.'s that the Communists in the United States had orders from the new Bolshevik Government in Moscow to sabotage on the American industry. The rumors, I am satisfied, were not without foundation. Some time later the United States Department of Justice discovered and published what was described as "an unquestionably authentic confidential circular" sent by the Executive Committee of the Soviet Government to its agents abroad urging them, among other things, to instigate general and particular strikes, injure machinery and boilers in factories, and do everything possible to disorganize capitalist industries.

There can be no question that, early in the last decade, the Communist agents in the United States heeded the instructions from Moscow. During the railroad and coal-mining strikes in the fall of 1922 dynamiting and other forms of sabotage occurred in various parts of the country. Among my notes I happen to have press clippings covering strike violence and sabotage in the first week of September:

Washington, Sept. 1.—Between 6,000 and 7,000 loaded cars have been tampered with, and will have to be unloaded and repaired, it was announced by the Department of Justice to-day. Their contents will have to be reloaded on other cars in order to prevent a shortage in the Northwest, where many of them were consigned.

Cumberland, Md., Sept. 5.—A bridge on the Jerome branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was blown up with dynamite placed under two abutments; both fell into the street immediately after the explosion.

Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 5.—Eight men will face murder charges, four of them at

Memphis, and four at Hubert, Ark.; one will face an attempted train-wrecking charge and another a Federal court contempt charge, as a result of a confession said to have been obtained from striking rail-shopmen now under arrest. . . . Three of the men are not members of any railroad men's union, but are said to be members of the communist Workers' Party.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Sept. 7.—The feed pipe entering the Beaver Run dam of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, near Packerton, the chief source of water supply on its lines, was dynamited and blown up last night.

Oklahoma City, Sept. 7.—With the arrest of four men in connection with the burning of a bridge on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad south of Reno, Okla., on August 17, United States Marshal Alva McDonald announced here to-night that he had gathered evidence indicating a state-wide plot among certain striking shopmen to destroy bridges and terrorize "Big Four" Brotherhood men in an attempt to precipitate a general railroad walk-out.

Regular leaders of conservative labor unions issued warnings to the strikers to steer clear of ultra-radical agitators, but even so, during the last decade, sabotage and "striking on the job" have become part of the psychology and behavior of millions of American workers who would resent being called wobblies or Communists.

III

Late in 1921 I found myself in the East again. Unable to get work ashore, I went to sea and during the next year sailed on five different American ships, on all of which I encountered sabotage, both among the sailors, wobbly and non-wobbly, and the officers (though, of course, the latter would not have called their doings sabotage).

As a messboy I saw wasted or thrown overboard thousands of dollars' worth of food supplies and as a seaman tens of thousands of dollars' worth of paint

and ship's equipment. I met wobblies on every ship and made friends with a few of them.

One of them, I remember, once said to me, "The American underdog is getting wised up, and so is the American underling; I mean the small-time bosses and overseers, like the officers on a ship. They're beginning to realize they're underpaid, and they act accordingly. I've been going to sea now for fifteen years and, if I know anything—and I consider myself a pretty smart guy—there is, for instance, more graft—petty graft—on American ships than ever before. As you know, stewards ruin food and dump it overboard so that when they get in port they can order more provisions and collect a small commission on the purchase from the provision house. The same is true of mates, engineers, and masters. On some ships I've been on the whole gang of them was in cahoots, selling great big coils of expensive Manila rope in foreign ports or rolling them overboard, throwing over whole cans of ship's paint, and so on—so that they could order more rope and paint, and collect cumshaw."

On a ship on which I made a round-trip from New York to the Pacific Coast the fo'c's'le was almost one hundred per cent saboteur—and some of the men had scarcely heard of I. W. W.-ism. The wobblies had what at least they deemed a high social motive when they preached and practiced sabotage; the non-I. W. W. saboteurs, however, seemed to be just in an ugly mood and derived a mean personal satisfaction when, instead of washing a paint brush, they tossed it over the rail or threw whole bucketfuls of paint into the sea. There was no ship-mindedness. "To hell with 'er!" was the motto. "To hell with the owners!" We discussed the graft that the skipper, the chief engineer, the mates, and the steward were pulling down each trip.

I was told that two voyages before the captain and the engineer had "fixed up" the engines so that the vessel had to be laid up in a San Pedro shipyard for three weeks for twenty-three thousand dollars' worth of repairs, for which they collected a reward from the shipyard's agent.

I found out that I. W. W. and other saboteurs aboard ships often helped the officers do their dirty work, and with great gusto. I recall that once when one of the mates ordered a group of us sailors to throw over the side a slightly damaged oil hose nearly fifty feet long and worth several hundred dollars, because the skipper did not want to bother making out a report to the home office the way it had been damaged, most of us laughed; it was a joke on the company—"to hell with it!"

An I. W. W. sailor, perhaps the most intelligent worker I ever met, said to me once when we discussed sabotage on the ships, "You see in the magazines that the United States is having great difficulties in establishing a merchant marine of any consequence because in America ship-building costs exceed those elsewhere; because American investors would expect a larger return on capital invested in shipping than foreign companies make, and because the wages of American crews are higher than those paid by the lines of other countries—with the logical result, so they say, that the American freight and passenger rates must be higher, and consequently shippers find it advantageous to deliver their goods in foreign bottoms. I'm no 'high-powered executive,' only a fo'c's'le stiff; but I know enough to realize that all these alibis are only superficially true; the last alibi, perhaps, not even superficially. In point of fact, American officers and men do receive higher wages than the ships' crews of other countries except Canada; but in rela-

tion to the wages ashore American crews are hardly as well paid as the Japanese. And, to my mind, therein lies one of the primary causes of the sad state of the American merchant marine. The American go-getter in the shipping business, as his brothers in other lines, is stupidly greedy; for those who, caught between the circumstances of their environment and their own innate qualities and shortcomings, are compelled to sell him their brains and brawn, he usually has small consideration and rewards them as meagerly as he can help for all the effort he can exact from them—with the result that in the long run his slaves get back at him, some of them through conscious sabotage, such as our I. W. W. sabotage, which nibbles away at the vitals of the capitalist system; others, half-unwittingly, through sabotage which has no social aim and is purely personal revenge, but which blindly attains the same purpose—hastens the decay of the system. It is true that the so-called maintenance of American ships is higher than of most foreign ships, but that is solely because the crews don't give a damn for the ships or the owners and wilfully waste. I don't doubt but that more is wasted on American ships than the shippers manage to get out of the Government in subsidies."

A few months after he had said this to me—it was in 1922—my wobbly sailor friend and I signed on the *Oskawa* at Philadelphia. She was a United States Shipping Board freighter, 6,100 gross tons, equipped with an up-to-date refrigeration system, built in 1918 at the cost of nearly two million dollars. We sailed to Hamburg with a small cargo. The trip there was uneventful. The crew was the usual crew that one then found on American freighters, perhaps a little worse. The half a dozen wobblies I found in the fo'c's'le unquestionably were the best men

aboard. The skipper was an old man, not in the best of health, somewhat bewildered by his responsibility. The mates, engineers, and the steward were a collection of bleary-eyed "lime-juicers" and overbearing "square-heads," licensed during the war emergency when almost anybody could have obtained a ticket. There was much drunkenness and brawling, along with poor navigation.

In Hamburg we picked up an enormous cargo of champagne and liqueurs for South America. Then, four or five days after leaving Germany, bottles began to pop in the officers' rooms and the mess-rooms, finally even on the bridge and in the chart-room, and cases of the marvelous liquids found their way into the crew's quarters.

The old skipper—feeble and unresourceful character that he was, scared of his own authority, befuddled by endless Shipping Board regulations and the Seamen's Act, afraid of legal trouble which would entail making all sorts of reports at which he was not clever—was beside himself. The second mate was the only other officer who kept sober. The ship was thrown off her course several times; but, finally and miraculously, thanks in part perhaps to the six or seven I. W. W.'s who stayed sober and helped the skipper to run the boat, she reached Brazil.

The cargo discharged, it was discovered that the *Oskawa* was short over a hundred cases of champagne, *kümmel*, and other such fancy hooch. The old man, of course, knew what had become of the stuff; but, nearly the whole ship being in a sort of loose conspiracy against him, he was unable to locate a single case aboard or prove anything against his officers. He signed for the shortage, to be made good by the ship. He looked around both in Rio de Janeiro and Montevideo, but realized that he could not pick up any better officers and crew in South

America, even should he be so fortunate as to rid himself of his present gang.

The *Oskawa's* cargo on the return trip to Hamburg was about a thousand tons of frozen meat.

A day or so out, champagne bottles that they had hidden away began to pop once more in the officers' rooms and on the bridge. Most of the officers became openly hostile to the captain, who was at his wits' end. He carried a gun and, in his futile way, threatened to arm a few sailors, including myself and three of the I. W. W.'s, whom he considered loyal.

One day someone fed too much oil into the furnaces, and the fire blazed out of the funnel, belching burning oil all over the ship. The fire destroyed or damaged a good part of the upper structure, including most of the lifeboats, the bridge, and the chart-room; indeed, it was sheer luck that the sober part of the crew—mostly I. W. W.'s—managed to extinguish it. "We'd let 'er burn," said the wobblies, "if it weren't that we'd go to hell with 'er."

But the worst was yet to come. While still several days from Hamburg, the engineer burned out the dynamos, so that for the rest of the voyage the *Oskawa* was without lights and there was no more cold air for the refrigerator pipes. Indeed, to the great menace of all other ships on that course, part of the time she sailed at night without running-lights. We used petrol lamps, which, however, were little better than nothing; and one night the first mate, too drunk in his bunk to raise himself and put out the light, kicked the lamp over—and we had to put out another fire.

Then, instead of pumping out the bilges, one of the men pumped out nearly all the fresh water! There was enough left for drinking but none for the boilers; so we were compelled to use salt water for steam, with the result

that presently the valves were choked with salt. We had to stop every few hours to clean them out.

We were about a day off Madeira when the *Oskawa's* engines went out of commission entirely. We drifted a night and a day while the machinery was being sufficiently repaired to enable us to limp into Madeira, in which port, however, there were no facilities for any extensive repairs, and we procured only water and a few more lamps and some petrol for the running-lights. The dynamos, it appeared, were totally ruined.

The refrigeration system not functioning, the frozen meat began to melt and smell; whereupon, to make a good job of it, someone—I suspect one of the I. W. W.'s—shot steam into the refrigerator pipes, with the result that before it was discovered much of the cargo was cooked or otherwise spoiled.

Anyhow, the wobblies laughed among themselves, figuring how much the United States Government would have to pay for the ruined cargo.

Somewhere off the coast of Holland, the fuel-oil supply suddenly gave out, and we had to be towed into Hamburg, where the investigations that followed nearly drove the master out of his mind. At the end he was exonerated and some of the officers were jailed and deprived of their licenses. The *Oskawa* was sufficiently repaired to be taken back to the United States and there put in the "boneyard," where there already were hundreds of other ships in no better condition!

One of my I. W. W. friends aboard said to me, "They couldn't have done a better piece of sabotage even if everybody from the skipper down had been a wobbly or a Communist. Halleluiah!"

IV

The *Oskawa* incident—which, by the way, is a matter of record in Washing-

ton and had also received considerable attention in the Hamburg press at the time, as well as some slight mention in the American newspapers—disgusted me utterly with sailing, and so I began to earn my existence again ashore. From 1923–27 I worked on dozens of jobs all the way from Philadelphia to Los Angeles—in steel, furniture, shoe, and textile factories, on farms and ranches, in restaurants, in a stone quarry and a print-shop, in a grocery-store and an automobile plant, on construction jobs, on docks unloading ships—and practically everywhere I found some form of sabotage. Nowhere did I find any real zest for work, any pride in labor except, perhaps, among the Hunkie steel-men in Pennsylvania who derive a vast and inarticulate sort of satisfaction out of making steel, though they hate the mill-owners, whom they never see. Among the American-born steel workers there was an active hatred for certain steel interests; in not a few places in Pennsylvania, for instance, they were boycotting the Carnegie public libraries, and I knew a young man in Allegheny who spent his free hours in the evening at the local public library, tearing leaves out of books when the attendants were not looking. He told me that his father had been killed by the “Cossacks” in the Great Steel Strike in 1919. Now he was a Communist, bitter, sullen, and profane, getting a satisfaction out of destroying “Carnegie’s capitalistic books.”

In a furniture shop in Cleveland, where I managed to get a job as a carpenter’s helper, I found cliques of workmen organized to help one another in working for themselves on the boss’s time, making parts out of the boss’s material, then smuggling them out under their clothes in the evening, and finally assembling them at home into chairs and cabinets, either for sale or for their own use.

In a lace mill near Scranton, Pa.,

where I worked a while, I found the operatives, especially the men, in a bad mood. The management was speeding up the machines, forcing the employees to work faster and faster for the same pay, with the result that there was much sabotage on the machinery. Looms were injured; on the large machines leather bands were cut with safety-razor blades. The foremen blamed these things on “those Communist bastards.” On several of the cut leather bands one morning “Sacco-Vanzetti” was inscribed in white chalk.

I worked in three or four restaurants in New York and Pittsburgh and encountered sabotage in at least two of them. In one place a Communist dishwasher before quitting poured several cans of kerosene into barrels of sugar and containers of coffee and tea. I imagine that he went from job to job doing this sort of thing.

In New York I met another Communist, a handsome red-headed young Irishman, whose special “racket” was to work on soda-fountains in the garment-making sections and serve his Communist friends, men and girls, whom he counted by the score, expensive milk drinks and fancy sandwiches for which he handed them nickel and dime checks to pay the cashier. When he was discovered and discharged he found himself another job in the Bronx or Brooklyn near some factory employing great numbers of Communists.

In a print-shop in Kansas City the men, instead of distributing expensive type, dumped it into the so-called “hell box.” A printer friend of mine who has worked in big and small shops, union and non-union, all over the country, tells me that the hell box still is a very popular receptacle for type. Few printers nowadays retain any love for fine type or good workmanship.

In a shoe factory in Milwaukee a man was pointed out to me who was

known among some of his fellow workers to be a saboteur. An eccentric-looking character, he hated the machines and had all sorts of devices to damage them. He was an indefinite sort of radical to whose mind the machines were a great curse to humanity. I have encountered this hate for machines elsewhere. Men vent it in various forms of sabotage, which has no connection with I. W. W.-ism or Communism, but is purely a matter of revenge. I have seen men who—sometimes drunk, sometimes sober—cursed the machine and, passing by, shook their fists at the mills, declaring they were not their slaves. Every big industrial town seems to have “nuts” who believe machines are alive and hold them—the workers—in their power.

Shortly after the War I read—I forget where—about an American soldier—“a nut”—who believed that machines were killing men in revenge for the work that men made them do. “Stop the machines,” he would cry, lying wounded in a hospital, “and there’ll be no more war. Machines make war—machines kill us!”

V

Of late years big and bitter labor upheavals have been comparatively few in the United States, but the struggle of the have-nots against the haves goes on unceasingly and relentlessly just the same; only now it is no longer open warfare as it was ten or twenty years ago. Upon the surface things have been quiet; underneath the workers were being infected with the germs of sabotage and “striking on the job.”

In the last decade the employers, with their great war-enhanced wealth and power, their growing hunger for more wealth and power, and their efficient local, state, and national

organizations formed to combat the efforts of labor to improve its economic and social status, have succeeded in diminishing the power of unionism, both conservative and radical, and checking its growth. Indeed, the American Federation of Labor to-day is an unmilitant body, palpably on the defensive, and the Industrial Workers of the World, unquestionably the most militant labor body that has yet appeared in America, have been suppressed almost entirely, or driven underground, in places where early in the 1920's they were “a menace.” To-day not more than eight per cent of the American workers are organized, while in the political field the Socialist Party is of no account whatever. Not forgetting even the Communists, and the Hon. Hamilton Fish, Jr., to the contrary notwithstanding, the United States has no effective radical or labor movement.

Now, as a result of the employers' anti-union drives, the waves of anti-Red hysteria, and the laborites' and radicals' inability to match the industrialists' brains and weapons in open warfare, there is a vast mob of unorganized labor, skilled and unskilled, each man left to his own devices to improve his lot in life and revenge himself upon the system which uses him only when his toil may bring profits for the employer, lets him starve (unless he turns bootlegger or criminal) when there is a surplus of production, and utterly discards him when he gets old. There is to-day perhaps as much radicalism among American workmen as there ever was; only now it finds scarcely any vent in organized open political or industrial action as it did twenty years ago. The workers' radicalism now finds individual expression in doing as little as possible for the wages they receive and wasting as much material as possible. Their radicalism now lacks all social vision

and purpose; its motive is mainly personal revenge.

Workmen are cynical. The motto in a factory where I once worked was: "To hell with 'em all but six; save them for pallbearers!" The more intelligent workers have no faith in politics. They sneer at the Socialist Party, especially those who have witnessed at close range the futile tactics of its leaders. They have no faith in trade-unionism; most of those who belong to the unions belong because they must; because, for the time being, the unions still control certain jobs. They know their leaders are crooked. I have heard members call their officials crooks from the floor in meeting and refer to their organizations as "rackets." They have no faith in a better future for themselves as a class, while at the same time they feel that they are "stuck"—that most of them are fated to remain workmen till they get too old to work. They know that "the system" is unjust to them; they have been told so by numberless Red agitators and demagogues, past and present. They realize that most of their class movements, industrial and political, in the past have been largely ineffective. They know that the cause of low wages is a surplus of labor, and that unemployment, which hits them every once in a while, is due to overproduction. And so, logically enough from their individual points of view, they strike-on-the-job and waste the bosses' time and material, thereby stretching out, as they feel, their spell of employment and diminishing the profits of employers, who, they believe, underpay them.

This goes on, more or less, as I have hinted, throughout industry, even where the I. W. W.'s, who developed striking-on-the-job and sabotage tactics in America, have never been strong (except, of course, in the great plants with the speed-up system, such as the Ford factories, where the motions of

every workman are purely mechanical, prescribed by the management, and the foremen see that he executes them with the required result). Early last summer, for instance, the organized cafeteria owners in New York City and Brooklyn gave out the information that saboteurs among their employees waste or destroy from one to two million dollars' worth of food a year.

The working class has been driven to sabotage by the greed on the part of the industrialists. When the I. W. W.'s took it up, it was about the only effective weapon left to the underdog. Then the wobblies lost control of it, and sabotage lost its social vision and purpose. Now in many places, as I have shown, it borders upon the criminal—a menace not only to industry, but to our national character.

Some employers, trying to combat sabotage, hire spies whom they pay more than regular workmen, and whose business it is to spot strikers-on-the-job and saboteurs and get them eliminated and blacklisted. But this, to my notion, is combating one evil with another, which produces a third and even greater evil. With spies in the factories, the workers distrust one another, each believing that the other is or may be a spy—which, I believe, plays the devil with the men's sense of honor. It tends to make "heels" and "sneaks" of them. I know of cases where workmen practiced sabotage upon one another, framing up on their fellows in order to get their jobs or gain other advantages. I know a case where a man was beaten up by his fellow workers who believed him to be a spy. He was no more a spy than they were.

The employer who hires sabotage spies in his shop is obviously concerned only for his profits; and even from that angle he is dealing with the problem very superficially, ineffectually.

VI

What, then, can or should the employer do when he finds sabotage going on among his workers?

A little over a year ago, on a train from Chicago to California, I met a charming, intelligent man who, as it turned out, was a member of a company manufacturing a well-known, nationally advertised product and a friend of a friend of mine in Los Angeles. He had read something I had written in a magazine. We talked, among other things, about the labor question, which I was just beginning to look at from the point of view not only of the worker, as formerly, but from that of society as a whole. I was glad of the chance to get the opinions of a man who appeared to be an industrialist endowed with social feeling and intelligence. When I mentioned to him sabotage and striking-on-the-job and told him some things which I bring out in this article, he said to me something to this effect:

"I know from my own experience as an employer that what you say is true. Up until 1926 we had a good deal of sabotage and purposeful inefficiency in our factories, especially in Chicago and Kansas City. We hired 'spies,' as you call them, but I found that hiring them was bad for another reason beside the one you just mentioned. When you engage a detective to spy on someone you do so on the theory that the person you want watched or shadowed is a wrongdoer or is likely to do something wrong or harmful; and since most detectives are none too scrupulous, when they find nothing to report they try if possible to make that person do something wrong or criminal, thus justifying themselves and stretching out their jobs, which depend on wrongdoing and criminality.

"We had detectives in our factories, off and on, from 1923, when we first

became aware of sabotage, until 1926. They reported saboteurs and we fired them, often—indeed, I think, as a rule—without giving them any reason. But this spying-and-firing system did very little if any good. Sabotage continued; most of it was of the petty variety, but even so in the long run, believe me, it amounted to a good deal. The disturbing thing about it was that we never knew just how much it cost us. By the way, we have eight factories, and most of our workers are non-union men and women.

"So in the spring of 1926 I took it into my head to get down among the saboteurs myself. I went to work in our Kansas City plant where no one knew me by sight except the general manager, who sent me, under another name, to one of the foremen with a note instructing him to give me a job.

"Of course I discovered sabotage right off—small stuff, and for the most part rather pathetic and disgusting. But the most interesting thing that I discovered was that the detectives or 'spies'—there were ten in this factory—had two or three men in the plant whose business it was to talk wild radical stuff to our people, urge them to sabotage, and teach them how to stall at work, so that the detectives whom we hired to watch the men had something to report! The detective agency had saboteur instructors on its staff! Naturally, I at once took steps to have all detectives discharged.

"I stayed in the plant several months—and, by the way, never had a more interesting time in my life—and worked and studied the men, their psychology, and their conditions at first hand, sabotage and everything. I managed to get transferred from one department to another without creating much suspicion.

"Finally, I got next to one of our foremen, a middle-aged fellow who impressed me the moment I saw him as

being, so to speak, a man of quality. He had a reserved, dignified manner, and once during lunch-hour I observed him reading one of the better magazines. He and I became sort of chummy. I told him that in my day I used to hold down responsible jobs, but that of late I couldn't get anything decent. I believe he never suspected that I was a 'spy' on my own hook. He probably took me on my looks, as I did him—sort of instinctively. He told me that he used to be a labor official who had got himself in bad with his union. He was some sort of radical, a 'tired radical.' He had little faith in the labor movement and in the Socialist Party.

"Anyhow, among other things, we talked of sabotage and 'patting the cat,'—a local phrase for stalling on the job while pretending to be busy. He admitted there was considerable of that going on in the factory. I asked why, and he said the fault was 'above,' with the management. 'I don't mean only the management here,' he said, 'but in industry in general. Workers are no longer as dumb as they used to be. Why should they wear themselves out? Why should they work more than they absolutely have to? Or more than they think they get paid for?'

"I said, 'What do you mean?'

"I mean that nobody—or scarcely anybody—gets enough. I don't know just what dividends the company paid last year, but I'm sure they were high. I know that production efficiency has increased in this factory over *twenty* per cent in the last five years, while the wages of workers, from foremen down to ordinary laborers, have gone up only *two* per cent in the same period. On the other hand, the general manager's pay here has been increased more than *fifty* per cent. See what I mean? The half-way intelligent workers know this, and most of them are radicals.'

"Well, that man gave me something to think about. I saw that he was right in his analysis of the situation. I went back to Chicago, our head office, and began my campaign to have the wages raised all around. I had a hot argument on my hands, but at the end my recommendation went through. We announced a raise in all our factories, explaining that in this the company was prompted by its desire to share with all the employees the increased profits from the higher rate of production. Of course, many of our stockholders objected, but since then we've managed to bring most of them around to our idea.

"That was in the fall of 1926. Since then waste by sabotage and otherwise, as I have convinced myself at first hand, has gone down almost to nothing. We employ no detectives. Production efficiency has improved still more in the last year and a half, and we have just announced another raise in all wages. Next year I hope to put over the five-day week.

"I believe that, intrinsically, the American workers are reasonable. They appreciate fair treatment. And in the long run it pays to treat them right. I don't know, but I have a notion that the increase in our pay-rolls since 1926 has been less than the sabotage practices on the part of our workers had formerly cost us."

Quoting my fellow traveler of a year ago is perhaps the best answer I can give to the question of what an employer should do when he discovers sabotage going on. Industrialists, for their own sake as well as for the workers' and that of the country at large, should begin to imitate the above-cited example. The harm that sabotage has done to the character of the American working people can be repaired—perhaps never wholly—only by decent treatment of workers in industry: good wages and steady employment.



ON THE EATING OF WORMS

BY SARAH COMSTOCK

AS I entered the spacious but somber room where Miss M. and her crutch spent their days, I caught at first sniff that unmistakable scent which always accompanies a certain type of invalidism. The ingredients emanate from oranges which, like a stage property, seem never to be eaten; roses which have been kept too long; mentholated ointments which are forever being rubbed on—all dissolved in stale atmosphere. There appears to be a fixed incompatibility between this sort of invalidism and ozone.

It was my first meeting with Miss Emma M., although I knew her sisters. The elder was a successful wife and mother and a participant in civic activities. The younger was a violinist. This unfortunate middle sister I had heard spoken of as leading what is popularly called "a life of suffering."

She received me with a wan smile. Something about the smile was so familiar that I could hardly believe I had never met her; later on I realized that I had merely caught the strong family likeness which appears in all the wan smiles of all the world's noble army of martyrs.

"It is such a pleasure to see someone from the outside world." (Her pensive voice certainly didn't suggest pleasure.) "A shut-in longs so for any mental breeze."

Wishing to be agreeable, I took the hint and, for a solid forty-five minutes, I toiled womanfully to breeze her up.

I chatted about my trip to California, my climbing of the Grand Canyon, a prize play, an English author, the wet and dry issue; with might and main I pumped my mental bellows in a heroic effort to create that longed-for breeze. Utter failure.

For my every topic was turned, by a quick, deft twist, to point to her own affliction. Thus:

"California! Land of sunshine! And here in my north room the sun never peeps! The south rooms were needed by the others, you see."

Again, "You scaled the Canyon, *afoot!* And I never leave this floor! It would have inconvenienced the family to have an elevator installed."

It was weeks later that I happened on an elderly physician I know well who has long been the M.'s family doctor. "I wish you'd throw a light on that situation," I said.

He hesitated. Then, "It's only fair to the rest of the family to do so. The truth is, they've used every means short of binding and gagging to drag Emma into the best south room in the house. Will Emma? Emma won't. She hangs onto her gloomy room with talons, so that she can feel abused. As for the automatic elevator which would permit her to get about, they'd gladly tear the house to pieces if necessary to install it. Let 'em? Not she. It would deprive her of another grievance. Grievances are her three meals a day and a snack between."

"How on earth," I marveled, "with

sisters so wholesome, so genial, so altogether delightful, did she come to be as she is?"

"That's just it," he replied. "It's their being so that's the matter with her. Even her leg."

I was quite at sea by this time. How Miss M.'s leg could be paralyzed by the fact that her sisters were charming, I confessed I did not see.

"It's like this," he went on. "From childhood the others were uncommonly popular, and Emma was left out. Not their fault; they were always lugging her forward, but they couldn't make people like her. She had a whining voice and she was dull and disagreeable. Now, see how it worked out. She saw her sisters shining while she was left in the background. Instinctively she fought to gain attention, to be important. Not knowing how to achieve her end by legitimate means, she resorted to others. She magnified every slight ailment, she complained of every grievance. The family kept on their toes to please her, and indulged her as being 'delicate.' Still, no medical examination could find anything serious the matter. At last she had a fall. Slight fracture—healed quickly. But she has never since been able to walk."

"You mean she *thinks* she can't walk?" I puzzled.

He shook his head. "No. I mean she *can't*. Understand, in the judgment of all consulting surgeons that leg is absolutely well. But she has a genuine ailment. The point is that it's not in her leg; it's in *her*. In her effort to convince others she has convinced herself until she has created a reality. My dear," concluded the veteran doctor, "there's no disease so sad as that of the wretched human being who, endowed with life's two greatest blessings, sound brain and sound body, is so psychically diseased that he can't *can*."

II

The case of Miss M. had turned my thoughts toward the willing martyrs of this world, with the astonishing result that, as I gazed, I found them thronging about me on every hand. The more I looked, the more of them sprang into view, and the most surprising phase of the situation was that they were by no means all newcomers; many persons already well known to me and hitherto unsuspected seemed suddenly to be pushing back a veil. It became extremely embarrassing to discover that a number of acquaintances I much admire wear, at least on rare occasions, the crown of thorns with a touch of smugness. But this was nothing to the embarrassment which ensued when I discovered that on certain occasions I have so worn it myself.

The strange phenomenon engrossed me. I sought the learned, that I might sit at the knee of Psychology and be taught the whys and wherefores of humanity's curious delight in being miserable. They have talked of motivations and levels, of patterns and compensations and an identification basis, of thresholds and repressions and conflicts; but in the end I find that all these scientific explanations can be reduced to one. It may be more agreeable to the martyr to regard himself as a "case," wearing the decorations of impressive terms; but let any wise psychiatrist get hold of him and, sooner or later, he'll be told the blunt truth: which is that his real disease, like Miss M.'s, is neither a paralyzed leg nor unkind treatment, but that dire bacillus, *self*. I recall an observation of Dr. Charles I. Lambert, formerly of Bloomingdale Hospital, one of our foremost experts in nervous diseases: "The healthy mind turns out, toward others, not in, upon the first person."

Alas, my quest for knowledge has

only strengthened the painful conclusion that not one of us escapes, a lifetime through, from slipping now and then into some form of this secret feigning, this perhaps unconscious hypocrisy, this absurd happiness in unhappiness. Dr. Donald B. Aldrich of the Church of the Ascension in New York (the minister of to-day is an excellent psychologist) suggests that two main motives lie behind such cases: desire for the approbation of others or for the approbation of self. But whether one pats his own back or invites others to do the patting, everyone upon some occasion plays the heroic sufferer. He (which, I blush to state, far more often is *she*) may be university president or boot-black, Wall Street magnate or ash man, screen star or usher, Colonial Dame or cook—no matter what his age, achievement, social status, or belief in his own intellectual integrity, at some time he fools himself in this respect. Probably the youngest martyr known to fame was that little lad whose picture was formerly as current as slang. "Nobody loves me," he declared. "I'm going into the garden to eat worms. Yesterday I ate two smooth and one woolly one." There comes to every man the day when, similarly, he retires to the garden to eat his worm.

However, my quest concerned only the habitual cases, those to whom suffering is a daily delight. According to various dictionaries, the martyr may be one who suffers for an object or cause; he may sacrifice his life, or whatever is of great value to him, for that cause; or he may simply suffer, much or long, from any affliction, including illness. The wife who sighs that her husband does not understand her; the mother who groans that the care of three children is reducing her to nervous prostration (although she is provided with a competent nurse-maid); the husband whose shoulders

droop under the extravagances of a blithe wife and daughter, when he's amply able to pay for them; the unmarried daughter who remains at home and draws a long face over the care of her aged parents, when those parents would thank their stars if she'd run away and play while they did the same; the oldest son who grieves that he can't afford to marry because he has to help the younger sons and daughters of his impecunious family, when it would stiffen their spines to a most salutary degree if he'd let them shift for themselves; to say nothing of the innumerable and familiar host of those who enjoy ill health—the types are legion. And among the types each individual finds his own particular and delectable form of sorrow. Nevertheless, like Dr. Josephine A. Jackson, California psychiatrist and author of *Outwitting Our Nerves*, we may broadly divide all humanity into two classes, masters and puppets; the master (of circumstance), she says, is "at leisure from himself." The martyr, above all persons, never is that; he never knows that deepest of all repose, the repose upon which self, with its ceaseless importuning, dares not intrude.

Doctor Jackson gave a mental glance at some of her patients. "There's Mrs. Raymond Asher, plump, talkative, limited in her circle of interests. She asks me to tell her husband that she won't be cured of her nerves until he gives more notice to the efforts she makes in his behalf. He has an interesting day in the business world, while she must remain alone in the suburbs. She strives to have the home life attractive to him, even to making his favorite soup with her own hands, and putting on her most becoming dress for dinner. All to no purpose so far as appreciation goes. He eats his soup without comment, answers her questions in monosyllables, and then hurries out to his

garden to see if the radishes have come up."

The doctor paused as we both contemplated Mrs. Asher's obscure and twisted pleasure in her nerves, in her husband's lack of appreciation, and in her virtuous and abused wifeliness. "And you say of her—" I inquired.

"The question is, does she dress for dinner to give him pleasure or to win notice? Does she take such pains with his food in order to please a jaded appetite, or is it mainly to have him commend her effort?"

For the moment the psychiatrist's glance had shot behind the drop curtain in front of which human nature performs its little drama. It returned now with a smile of much wisdom, and she uttered a cryptic remark which, it occurred to me, might make business dull in Reno if it were broadcast—and heeded. What she said was simply this:

"The motive is what gives the soup its palatability."

In the silence that followed, the Mrs. Ashers of my acquaintance seemed to gather around, complaining of their over-work or over-responsibilities, of husbands who never sympathize, who spend their holidays apart, who never call the soup delicious or the new gown a knock-out. Such a wife once mourned to me that "the nearest Jack ever came to paying me a compliment was when I *begged* him once to say I looked sweet, and he replied, 'You might get by in a mining camp.'" It struck me then that any wife who had experienced twelve years of such devotion as Jack had showered upon her might forgive him for not mentioning the sentiments which he was proving every day of his life. It passed through my mind, too, upon hearing of Mrs. Asher, that her husband's attention was not likely to dwell long upon so innocuous a rival as the radishes.

III

The worm-eating taste, I learn, is acquired in childhood. Dr. Hubert S. Howe explains succinctly that "the individual has always found that *it worked*." If he howls loudly enough over a bruise he discovers the pleasing result: somebody coddles it. From this is derived an untrue conception; the budding hypocrite looks forward to a reward for his dramatic performance and, unless he is blessed with a parent who is not afraid to face the truth of her offspring's little secret ego, he will go on to old age, building his life's conduct on the aspiration to howl loudly enough. Let him raise enough rumpus over his abdominal reaction to the green apple which he was forbidden to eat and, if he is rewarded for the rumpus, he will continue repeating to ever newer tunes long after the green apples of infancy have ripened and decayed.

There is a story of an infant who was given pink wintergreen drops to cure hiccups. Next time she caught sight of the box of wintergreens upon a high shelf she fell into an attack of hiccups so alarming that the family came running, thinking she was choking to death. Never will I reveal her identity although it might appease what psychologists would term my "guilt sense" if I did; but I cite the instance to show how early the sinful human learns that "it works." Fortunately for her it was not permitted to keep on working, or she might have hiccuped for what she wanted the rest of her life.

If, then, the results are pleasing to the observant youngster, he develops a habit of intensifying the meaning of every slight pain or disappointment, until adult years find him the self-pitying killjoy, or the hypochondriac, perhaps the confirmed neurotic. In the earliest years this operating from

cause to effect is largely physical: the bump, the kiss. In a later stage of development self becomes exceedingly important to the adolescent; out of self-love grows self-pity which, in turn, blends with self-satisfaction in martyrdom; at last we have a full-grown human who revels in being sorry for himself. If he is unable to satisfy his sense of superiority by looking down on others because they have out-distanced him, he satisfies it, I am informed, through one of these fantastic contortions of the mind, by looking down on himself in patronizing pity.

Thus, in gist, the development is traced by Dr. Ira S. Wile, an authority on behavior problems of childhood and adolescence, who tells me that the habit may lie dormant, although potentially present, then crop out when it finds conditions to its liking, perhaps in late life. He cites cases where a wealthy person loses property and suddenly becomes mired in self-pity. This reminds me of an instance related by the president of a Detroit welfare organization.

"When I first knew Miss Brown she was a rich old maid and a jolly one. She became interested in our crippled children and had a knack with them that amounted to genius. Every time she opened the door they raised a yell of delight, crutches would wave like flags. She ate it up. Came to 'em every day, gave 'em hours of her time; it was her life. Then all of a sudden she lost her money, she was stranded. We offered her a salary for the work that she had been giving as a pleasure. And, get this straight: the hours and the job were the same. From the first week that woman's attitude began to change. Her enthusiasm went out like an old bulb. She took to complaining of the long hours, the confinement, watched her symptoms, said that the strain upon her sympathies

was causing neurasthenia. At last, in the middle of the week, I told her to take the day off—she had never been willing to leave the kids a single day in old times, but I wanted to help her out. And what do you think? I met her as she was going, and she cast one of those melancholy, sorry-for-myself smiles that a martyr pulls on one side of her face while she keeps the other side sad. And all she said was, in a weepy voice, 'Pippa passes'! Can you beat it?"

The fact that work and play are interchangeable, according to the point of view, shows in many martyrdoms. A woman sculptor went to a nerve specialist, stating that she cried herself to sleep nightly because she was obliged to do her own housework. "Think of these hands!" she would exclaim, gazing reverently at them. "Hands of genius! Hands that should be chiseling for posterity! And they spend hours a week in dishwater!"

A year or so later her husband became prosperous, and she employed maids. Again she came to the specialist. "I'm frightfully nervous again," she said. "This concentration that my art requires uses me up."

"You should exercise your body and rest your mind," he advised. "Try a little housework, to relieve the concentration."

She obeyed. A month later she reported that the remedy worked perfectly. "I go to the kitchen and rob my maid of the dishwashing, and it gives my mind complete relief!"

It certainly looks as if martyrdom lay in the victim rather than in the cause of suffering. A little girl whom I know sized up her elders rather neatly at the age of seven when, upon begging to be allowed to beat the eggs, she grasped the whirligig beater with vigorous delight, and observed, "When I'm grown up I'll say this makes me so tired that I'm absolutely *all in*."

We who, as only children, are informed that we have a corner on most of the human foibles, may smile maliciously at learning that martyrdom flourishes especially well in the midst of large families. It is the defense mechanism of the ugly duckling. The unimportant member of a family or any group is the one tempted to stress his troubles. It is the only means that occurs to him to make himself important. The more his woes are pooh-poohed, the more he exaggerates them in straining for center stage. He may, indeed, achieve center stage, but he remains spiritually the dependent; as Dr. John Rathbone Oliver of Johns Hopkins University sums up, "Such people thrive on the strength of others; they are like parasites."

IV

Another type of martyr turns up in the person of a young man broken down nervously, consumed with remorse over a painfully sinless life, and determined to enter the ministry by way of atonement. The facts that he hasn't the slightest talent for preaching, and that his father needs his aid in conducting the large business for which he is equipped seem two good reasons for this young man's manufacturing umbrellas rather than exhorting a flock. But he takes a melancholy pleasure in the prospect of sacrificing his wealth and doing a work in which he is certain to be miserable, because unfitted for it.

This urge is a desire for expiation, his psychiatrist tells me, an atonement offered to that guilt-sense into which science is delving. I gather that such martyrdoms, wholly for easing one's own remorse rather than for the applause of others, are comparatively rare. In Victorian days there must have been more of them; emotional young persons with scarcely a blemish

upon their white flower of a blameless life were with difficulty restrained from going as missionaries to South Sea islands. Even to-day, however, we find certain varieties of the sort.

I myself have a generous impulse to let these expiation seekers enjoy a good time in their own way. I fancy that the happiest moment in such a missionary's life was that in which he found himself being popped into the cannibal's fricassee; if so, both parties were satisfied, so why undertake conversion? I know a woman who never leaves home, never takes even a short motor trip, never calls on a friend unless that one is in trouble; she will visit the sick and afflicted, but apparently she is afraid that under other conditions she might have a good time. Since her peculiarity harms nobody else, why not let her enjoy herself? It is only when they call us to watch them being popped into the pot that they become exasperating.

Even much esteemed friends occasionally bear the burden of friendship too nobly. At the end of a week-end throughout which you have been your most agreeable self, you may see a righteous look pass over your hostess's face as she observes, "I do hope the visit has done you good." There are friends who always contrive, after groaning that Christmas has set them back badly, to let you find out that their gift to you was expensive; that their meeting you at the train was inconvenient, or their coming to you when you were ill was an effort. They don't say so, of course; they let you be so discerning as to find it out for yourself.

For martyrdom is cunning to a degree—so much so that it seldom catches itself at its tricks. In fact, Dr. Elwood Worcester, leader of the famous mental healing work in Boston's Emmanuel Church, tells me that this form of defense mechanism is largely subconscious.

One of the subtlest of these sufferers I ever knew was always spoken of as "a brave little soul." She had ever the brisk word and smile, the lively anecdote, and she was conceded to be an all-round brick. She had gone to live with her brother-in-law upon his wife's death, was caring for his five children, sleeping on a couch in the apartment's foyer so that the children could have the pleasant bedrooms, managing with only one maid, and bearing her own ails with, "Oh, well, other people have their troubles, too!" as she always replied when one asked concerning her health. Those of us who spoke of her courage would say, "What a sport she is! Never admits she is ill or that her brother-in-law imposes on her. But one reads between the lines!"

It was a young woman of seventeen who broke in one day, "Who knows that she has some ailment she doesn't mention? Who knows that her brother-in-law is a brute?"

Nobody. We merely surmised, we were astute. It had leaked out. The brave little soul would never tell.

But youth had hold of the scalp, and youth cuts deep when it cuts. "Take it from me," declared Miss Seventeen, "these burdens of hers don't leak out without her punching the hole for them to leak through. You don't read between the lines without her writing there for you to read. I'm going to find out."

She did. And the findings were that the brave little soul was in perfect health; and that her brother-in-law was entirely kind and had urged her to employ another maid and to move into a larger apartment. Furthermore, all of her own economic problems had been solved to her great satisfaction when he had given her an excellent salary for conducting his household. Eventually he married her, and he was added to her list of

burdens, although she never mentioned it; she merely said, "Husbands are big children in the care they make—but then, one keeps singing, even in the rain!" Again the valiant smile.

This relish of maternal burdens is one of the commonest forms of martyrdom among our own sex—and, incidentally, I might as well make a clean breast of the fact that the disease prevails among women far more than among men. Mr. John Haynes Holmes of the Community Church in New York, who has studied psychology as an aid to the minister's personal work, observes with a twinkle, "I hate to be so unchivalrous as to admit it, but it's true. We men have plenty of other faults, however," he adds by way of atonement.

The burden is borne by actual mothers and by those who play the role in various ways. Doctor Jackson quoted still another patient of hers:

"What kind of a mother should I be if I could go to sleep before my boy gets in? I know he loves me, but I do think he might show a little more consideration when he knows how it affects me." Edward is twenty-five, and is taking his best girl to the opera or the Beach Club or wheresoever, and knows that ascending the stairs in his stocking feet will not avert his mother's tearful chiding, as she tells him the nervous state she is in from missing sleep."

There is keen rivalry among martyrs, a fierce jealousy over one another's woes. A parishioner came to a Philadelphia minister with lamentations over every conceivable grievance. At length, thinking that it might cheer the afflicted gentleman to learn that he was not alone in his troubles, the rector mentioned several other sufferers; and, in climax, observed, "After all is said and done, we must remember that Christ Himself bore the heaviest burdens of all, didn't He?"

For a moment of wavering the afflicted one seemed about to surrender the palm, but, with a glint of triumph, he rallied.

"Oh, then, while He was on earth, He suffered," he admitted with disdain. "But He's been sitting at the right hand of God ever since."

This savage determination to beat the record must, indeed, be disheartening to ministers who endeavor to offer cheer. Cheer, apparently, is the one thing the martyr most objects to receiving. Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, President of the Union Theological Seminary, observes of his own ministerial experience, "When they have talked out what is on their minds you can often say to them, 'Well, what of it?' Sometimes you can laugh them out of self-pity. At other times you have to make them ashamed of themselves, or simply tell them of someone whose plight is ten times worse and suggest that in this case there is much to be thankful for." However, Doctor Coffin agrees with all the psychologists that each case must be handled individually; in his words, "God never made any duplicates"; in theirs, "the individual problem must be taken into account."

But every counsellor, whether religious, ethical, or psychiatric, seems to find the same difficulty in convincing each martyr that his case is not the worst on record. Such persons, comments Doctor Worcester, show an opposition toward those who are trying to help them and give them a brighter view of existence. They oppose such views automatically at first, because they do not wish to change their attitude toward the world. Until the cure begins, they find a kind of relief from reality in their fantasy of misery and misfortune.

The intense rivalry and hostility toward relief display themselves most obviously in the martyr to bodily ails.

The very familiarity of the phrase "enjoying ill health" proves how multitudinous are these victims. The rest of the world is largely composed of hypochondriacs to him who is a hypochondriac himself. Nothing annoys him so much as to hear someone else boast of *his* diseases. Straightway he sets about taking the wind out of his rival's sails. Let his neighbor groan that he has tossed the preceding night because of sciatica, and the self-pityer will observe, "When one tosses with it *every* night, as I do, he is glad to forget it!"

There is no surer way to get in wrong with one of these afflicted beings than to tell him that he is looking well. If you expect to cheer him you are still in the *ABC's* of psychology. He is insulted, infuriated. To be sure, he will not show it; he will summon the pensive smile and say, in a tone of injury, "I'm glad I *look* well—what there is of me! I'm losing a pound a week." A doctor tells me of a patient who when he congratulates her upon looking better always replies, "You doctors are as easily fooled as other men. Even you don't recognize rouge!"

Doctor Howe has admitted to me that all of his profession are many a time hard put to it to discern the truth. These people are so sly and clever that a physician must be well acquainted with them to make sure just how far they are (subconsciously) trying to deceive. Let a patient declare that she has a violent headache, and there is no way to disprove it. They are shrewd; they learn to watch their functions, they catch tricks from nurses and imitate, feeling their own pulse, taking their own temperature. Some acquire an almost uncanny control over actions which we think of as involuntary; they learn to weep, even to vomit, when the occasion demands a scene.

I was once describing to a doctor

friend the case of a spoiled wife who was giving over her life to ailments and making miserable a husband and two children. "She's dreadfully neurotic, but, after all, she must be in constant pain, judging from the serious trouble which she has explained to me," I remarked in an attempt at charity.

"What is this serious trouble?" he inquired.

In the pseudo-delicacy which instinctively lowers our voices at such mentionings, I quoted what she had told me: a valve attached to the uterus at a certain point in her anatomy had become hopelessly ruptured.

The physician's glasses leaped from his nose, he smothered his face in mirth. "What *is* the matter?" I implored in my layman ignorance.

When he could speak his reply was: "It's good of you to sympathize. But it's a waste; for there is *no such valve*."

Since none of us is invariably exempt, I suppose we've got to try to be sorry for the self-appointed martyrs, but it's hard work. Doctor Worcester charitably says that the role is usually prepared in advance by persons who have failed to find their "life-line," that is, persons who for one reason or another have missed fulfilment of their hopes and ambitions. "They compensate for this," he explains, "by a kind of technic which is adapted to gain the sympathy and attention from others which they have failed to realize through their own honest efforts. It is also a kind of weapon used to gain consideration and to have their own way, usually a very effective weapon. They appear to suffer so much that you cannot think of adding to their suffering, so you give up to their wishes. It is also an expression of envy."

"The man who pities himself is

morally paralyzed," is the brief summing up of Mr. John Haynes Holmes. "The Greek phrase, 'Know thyself,' might be supplemented by 'Forget thyself,' and offer them a cure. After all, the whole thing is a matter of the spiritual life—he that loseth his life shall find it."

I like to recall an observation once made by the man who, to me, is the wisest physician to the human spirit that I have ever known—Dr. Thomas D. Wood of Columbia University, chairman of the Committee on the School Child in the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection. We were handling his little volume, *The Ethics of Health*. "I didn't mean bodily health alone when I wrote that title," he remarked. "We all owe to society our own best health in completeness: physical, mental, emotional, social, and spiritual."

Nothing, I suspect, would cure the martyr as suddenly as to have handed to him psychology's key to his strange secret. For, no matter how old and learned he may be, he doesn't know the truth. Year after year, to middle and old age, he goes on smacking his lips over his miseries. He stands off and gazes upon himself with a curious, bitter-tasting relish of pity, instead of looking forth upon all the really interesting sights that this world has to present, from the rue de la Paix to Fifth Avenue, from a spring hepatica to a mountain under autumn mist, from a terrier puppy to national progress. In short, he passes up all the delights of nature, travel, study, social intercourse, the arts, the living world about us. And the reason is that *he has never grown up*. He is still reacting according to the lights of a small child who pouts. For it is the apparently paradoxical truth that we have to grow up in order to learn how to have fun.



THE NEGRO AND THE SUPREME COURT

BY WALTER WHITE

FEW events of recent years have stirred public interest so deeply or caused wider and more acrimonious discussion than the rejection by the United States Senate on May 7 of the nomination of John J. Parker as an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court. The narrow margin of defeat—41 to 39 votes—and the circumstance that all of the remaining sixteen Senators were paired attest the tenseness of the struggle to choose a successor to the late Mr. Justice Sanford. Acute as was the feeling at that time, one runs little risk in prophesying that the rejection of the North Carolinian holds for the future immense political significance. For, to quote the *Washington Post*, "Negro political consciousness, until the last year or so rather vague, has been much stirred by the Senate's rejection of Judge John J. Parker. . . . The potentialities of the Negro vote in Northern States have been much enlarged by attributes of the recent struggle over the justiceship. At the same time the case may stimulate a revival in parts of the South of the race question as an acute political issue. . . ."

"There are in the effluvia of that result impressive evidences of a 'come-back' by the Negroes as a minority voting power," the *Washington newspaper* adds, "on a scale that may cause them to be reckoned with more seriously than at any time since Southern reconstruction days. For Negro voters now easily can decide contests between

the big parties in a half dozen or more large Northern States. All they need are political-mindedness, cohesion, and management. And in the result of the fight over Judge Parker there are makings for all those requirements."

It seems certain that all this and more is true. For the struggle against confirmation of the North Carolina jurist, so far as the Negro's part in that rejection is concerned, not only revealed in startling fashion the resentment of eleven million Negroes at a rapidly growing disregard of their political rights but showed as well that the Negro no longer intends supinely to permit the whittling down, little by little, of the constitutional rights which, theoretically, belong to him as an American citizen.

Because of the significance of that struggle, it will perhaps be worth while here to record something of the manner in which Negroes made themselves felt. When the late Justice Sanford died it was generally understood that a Southern jurist would be named as his successor. Negroes, and especially the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, were naturally somewhat apprehensive as to *what* Southerner would be chosen. There was no feeling against the possible nominee simply because he might be from the South, but there was deep concern as to whether he represented the old or the newer South—whether he was of the school which still agreed in theory and practice with the Dred

Scott decision that a Negro possessed no rights which a white man was bound to respect.

With particular apprehension Negroes read of the possible choice by President Hoover of either of two men—one of them a member of the United States Senate—who are notorious Negrophobes. Judge Parker's nomination came from a clear sky, as reports from Washington indicated that he stood little chance of having his name presented to the Senate. A hurry-up call for information from reputable North Carolina citizens, white and colored, revealed that in 1920 Judge Parker, as the Republican gubernatorial nominee of that year, had declared in his speech of acceptance of the nomination that "the Negro as a class does not desire to enter politics. The Republican party of North Carolina does not desire him to do so. We recognize the fact that he has not yet reached that stage in his development when he can share the burdens and responsibilities of Government. . . . I say it deliberately, there is no more dangerous or contemptible enemy of the State than men who for personal or political advantage will attempt to kindle the flame of racial prejudice or hatred . . . the participation of the Negro in politics is a source of evil and danger to both races and is not desired by the wise men in either race or by the Republican party of North Carolina."

The issue was clear-cut and unmistakable. Judge Parker seemed either unaware of or indifferent to the fact that the Federal Constitution forbade denial of the right to vote to any citizen on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. He made no distinctions between Negroes who possessed character, education, property, and intelligence and those who were without these attributes. Nevertheless, those colored people and whites who disagreed with him wanted to be

free from any taint of unfairness towards Judge Parker. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People telegraphed him to ask if he had been correctly quoted by the newspapers of his own state, or, had he been correctly quoted, if he held in 1930 the same views he had expressed a decade before. Inquiry of the telegraph company revealed that the telegram of inquiry had been delivered. When three days had passed and no reply was received, a formal protest against his confirmation by the Senate was filed with the Judiciary Committee.

No serious consideration was given at the time to the Negroes' protest. At the hearings of the sub-Committee of the Judiciary Committee, the committee and the press gave practically all their attention to the protests of organized labor who opposed confirmation on the basis of Judge Parker's decisions involving the so-called "yellow dog" labor contracts. The spokesman for the Negroes was heard only after all other protestants had been allowed to speak, and even then his statement aroused only mild interest.

Soon, however, the Negro protests began to pour into Washington in a steadily mounting volume. Telegrams, long-distance telephone calls, letters, petitions, and personal visits impressed upon various Senators, particularly from Northern and border states where the Negro vote is potent, that their Negro constituents were very much in earnest in their opposition to confirmation of a judge who had brazenly repudiated the guarantees of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution in so far as Negroes were concerned. A few of the Senators were frankly skeptical of the protests, believing that they were ephemeral and would soon die down. Others resented the protests, being somewhat bewildered at the spectacle of the Negro stepping out of his tradi-

tional role of a meek, uncomplaining creature who submitted without question to whatever was put upon him. Others were alarmed at the extent of the movement and apprehensively thought of approaching elections. Soon they began beseeching the White House to withdraw the nomination of Judge Parker and save them from the dilemma of voting either against the Administration or against the wishes of their constituents. To such requests the White House turned a deaf ear.

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People headed the movement, aided without reservation by the two hundred Negro newspapers of the country, by the National Association of Colored Women representing approximately two hundred and fifty thousand women, by fraternal organizations, churches, and individuals. On no issue have Negroes worked so unitedly since the Civil War. Faced with what at times seemed insuperable odds and confronted with all the influence in Parker's behalf which the Administration could muster, they grimly went on with the struggle.

They did not indulge in any button-holing of Senators at Washington. Through friendly sources, including Washington newspaper correspondents, they maintained, however, constant contact with developments at the Capitol. They received exact information about certain attractive offers which were made to Senators if they would only agree to cast their vote for confirmation. Equally exact were the reports which they received of threats made against other members of the Senate if they did not stand by the nomination. Cajolery and blandishments were used on some of the newer Senators, and the Negro leaders learned about these and discovered what persuasive arguments were employed. Through this information the meager

resources of the Negroes, who were desperately fighting to keep from the Supreme Court bench a man who was willing to disregard their rights as citizens, could be and were used with maximum effectiveness.

It was no easy task. Many of the newspapers were fair in both their editorial and news columns but many others were not. The editor of a North Carolina daily, in whose columns had appeared the quoted statement which Judge Parker was charged with making, sent a telegram which was read into the *Congressional Record* denying that his paper had ever published such an item. The question of veracity having thus been raised, within twelve hours photostatic copies of the yellowed, ten-year-old clipping were placed by the Advancement Association in the hands of the President, of members of the Senate, and of the press. Thereafter no further charges of inaccuracy by Negroes on this point were raised.

On another occasion, supporters of the nominee pointed to a decision he had rendered in a case involving residential segregation of Negroes in Virginia as proof of Judge Parker's lack of prejudice against colored people. Within a few hours after the statement had been made it was pointed out that in the case in question the Federal District Court had first declared the Richmond Segregation Ordinance invalid on the basis of two unanimous United States Supreme Court decisions, which held arbitrary residential segregation by city ordinance or state law on the basis of color unconstitutional. Judge Parker, as one of three justices sitting in the Appellate Division to which appeal had been taken, had merely concurred in a *per curiam* decision with the two other judges.

During a tense moment of the fight, when it seemed certain that confirmation or rejection would surely be by an

uncomfortably narrow margin, it was learned that certain individuals were industriously working in behalf of Judge Parker by appealing to the sectional or racial prejudices of certain Southern Democratic Senators. Of them was being asked, "Are you going to let it be said that Negroes have beaten you, too, into line?" To appeal to certain of these Senators, who came from States where Negroes are not allowed to vote and who thus were peculiarly amenable to racial prejudices, would obviously have been unwise if not disastrous. Yet united support of Parker on a sectional basis would have insured his confirmation. Certain of these Senators, especially some who are notoriously addicted to Negro-baiting, were thereupon queried as to the truth of rumors that they intended "to vote for confirmation and thus help reward North Carolina for going Republican in 1928." When the issue was presented in this vivid fashion, these Senators remembered that the nominee's Republicanism had undoubtedly played a large part in gaining him the nomination and that his elevation to the Supreme Court bench would unquestionably play a material part in subsequent elections. As a result of these queries, there was little purely sectional support of Judge Parker.

Amusingly enough, strenuous efforts were made by flattery and other less pleasant means to induce Negroes of prominence to endorse Judge Parker and thus offset the welling tide of Negro opposition. One of the most distinguished Negro educators of the country was thus approached. He not only flatly refused to endorse Judge Parker but registered effectively his strong opposition. Negro politicians, editors, business men, ministers, and others were sounded out with the same result. A few nonentities were cajoled into writing endorsements (or signing en-

dorsements written for them) but to no avail. One of these endorsers in a North Carolina town was featured in the local white press as a man of influence among Negroes and a possible United States minister to the Republic of Haiti; on the same day appeared another news item telling of the same man's indictment by a Federal Grand Jury. Only one Negro of standing—an educator in North Carolina who is president of a school for Negroes supported almost in entirety by state funds—gave active support to Parker, and his action brought down upon his head unequivocal condemnation from Negroes of all classes. In contrast with this man's attitude, some 188 prominent Negroes of North Carolina signed affidavits which were sent to the Senate Judiciary Committee in which these men and women registered their strong opposition to confirmation and set forth the reasons for their disapproval of Judge Parker. When overzealous friends of the jurist went so far as to make threats against Negroes who would not sign endorsements, even this intimidation proved unavailing. In New Jersey a prominent young Negro physician practically abandoned his practice, and almost literally lived for weeks in his motor car as he visited ministers, fraternal order leaders, officials of civic and welfare organizations, and other influential Negroes to stir them to action.

This man's zeal was typical of the attitude of Negroes all over the United States. In Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Baltimore, St. Louis, and other cities where large numbers of Negroes reside, mass meetings were held at which telegraph blanks were provided for the use of those who wished to write and pay for messages to their Senators. It was estimated that from Chicago alone on the Sunday before the vote on the nomination more than two thousand

telegrams were sent to the Illinois Senators, many of these messages coming from churches, lodges, and other organized bodies. One message spoke for eighty-four thousand Negro Republican women.

"The result," wrote Dr. W. E. Burghardt DuBois, the distinguished Negro editor, "was a campaign conducted with a snap, determination, and intelligence never surpassed in colored America and very seldom in white. It turned the languid, half-hearted protest of the American Federation of Labor into a formidable and triumphant protest. It fired the labored liberalism of the West into flame. It was ready to beat back the enemy at every turn. . . . So in every twist and turn of the enemy, the battle was pressed down to the last minute."

II

What does this demonstration, new in American political history, portend? Is it to be regarded merely as an ephemeral outbreak of resentment by Negroes which will soon be forgotten? Predictions are always precarious. But when one looks backward and realizes that the unyielding opposition to the confirmation of a man holding views such as Judge Parker held has been in the making for more than forty years, one can realize that the recent event at Washington may be one of the most portentous happenings of our time.

The Negro did not beat Judge Parker singlehandedly, nor could he have done so. Some of the Senators who voted against confirmation did so because of their conviction that the Supreme Court was becoming far too conservative and was showing a tendency to lay greater emphasis on property than on human rights. Others were moved by the protests of organized labor speaking through the American Federation of Labor. Some of the Southern mem-

bers of the Senate unquestionably were motivated in their opposition to Parker by the suspicion that choice of a North Carolina Republican was in a measure due to the desire to annex that Southern State permanently to the Republican column. Detached and non-partisan observers agree, however, that the determining factor in the rejection was the Negro, to whose influence they attribute no less than eleven adverse votes and perhaps more.

The seeds of that protest were sown four decades ago. Dissatisfaction with and rebellion against the treatment accorded the Negro have constantly though imperceptibly grown throughout the last forty years. To understand this one needs only to consider the story of his climb, often thwarted, toward recognition as an integral part of American political life.

At the close of the Civil War there were two distinct schools of Southern white thought concerning the Negro and concerning the most profitable course for the late Confederacy to pursue in re-entering the Union. One school, led by General Robert E. Lee, was convinced that the only wise course was to accept the verdict of armed conflict and, furthermore, to understand that fundamentally the Civil War had been a conflict between two diametrically opposed economic systems—between the agricultural, slaveholding South and the industrial North. The industrial revolution had outmoded the economy on which the South had relied; and the only sensible thing to do, these leaders argued, was to forget the glories of the past, most of which had never existed in reality, and to build a new scheme of things based on the new conditions. Unhappily, such wise counsel was not followed. Instead the South as a whole turned to the program of the tragically ludicrous Ku Klux Klan, the White Cameliars, and other such movements designed to

re-enslave the freedman as far as was possible without bringing down again the armed forces of the North.

Beginning in the nineties, after federal troops had been removed from the South, various means were utilized to take the ballot away from the recently enfranchised freedmen. Among the first widely used efforts at disfranchisement were the so-called Grandfather Clauses. Various Southern States passed constitutional amendments imposing educational requirements upon all voters and providing that no person should be allowed to vote unless he were able to read or write any section of the state constitution. Exemptions, however, were specifically granted to all those who, or whose ancestors, had had the right to vote and had voted anywhere in the United States prior to January 1st, 1866.

Among the States which passed such constitutional amendments was Oklahoma. A test case arose in that State which eventually reached the United States Supreme Court. The late distinguished authority on constitutional law, Moorfield Storey of Boston, submitted a brief in this case (*Guinn and Beall v. The United States*, 238 U. S. 347) on behalf of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, of which he was President. In this brief Mr. Storey clearly pointed out that the real purpose of the exemption, especially as signified by the choice of January 1st, 1866, was to disfranchise Negroes. "The effect of the amendment," declared Mr. Storey, "is to allow almost *anybody* to vote, whatever his education or extraction, unless he happens to be a Negro, for it is well known to the Court as it was to the framers of the amendment that practically all residents of the United States, other than Negroes, enjoyed the right to vote in 1866." The Supreme Court in its decision declared such constitutional amendments unconstitutional.

Later there came into general practice the system of primary elections. This system offered another means of denying the ballot to Negroes in certain States. Various of these States passed laws prohibiting Negroes from voting in Democratic primaries. It is a well-known fact that in most of the States of the South, and especially of the lower South, the Democratic primary is *the* election. In the Texas Democratic primary in July, 1926, for example, the six candidates for Governor received a total vote of 735,186; in the subsequent general election Dan Moody, Democratic gubernatorial candidate, was elected by 89,263 votes over a Republican candidate who received 11,354. The United States Supreme Court was asked to pass upon the issue involved in the Texas law and similar laws in other Southern States. The case involved a qualified Negro Democrat of El Paso, Texas, Dr. L. A. Nixon by name. Dr. Nixon, a property holder, a man of education, and a citizen esteemed by both races, was refused under the terms of the law the right to vote in a Democratic primary. When the case reached the United States Supreme Court a unanimous decision ruled the Texas law unconstitutional, "because it seems to us hard to imagine a more direct and obvious infringement of the 14th Amendment."

Those who were determined that Negroes should not be allowed to vote in certain States were not, however, to be discouraged. The next step was the passage by various legislatures, among them Texas, Arkansas, Florida, and Virginia, of enabling acts giving to political parties the right to determine their own qualifications for membership. In other words these State legislatures said, in effect, that political parties should have the right and power to do that which the Supreme Court had said the States themselves could not do. Various test cases have arisen

under these enabling acts. In the case arising in Virginia, that of *West v. Bliley*, Judge D. Lawrence Groner of the Federal District Court sitting at Richmond promptly declared this enabling act unconstitutional. Appeal was taken to the Appellate Division of the Federal Court, which affirmed Judge Groner's decision. Proponents of the measure did not take advantage of the right of further appeal, permitting the time granted for such appeal to pass.

This long-drawn-out, difficult, and expensive attempt to prevent violation of the Negro's constitutional rights has been carried on chiefly by Negroes and their friends as represented in the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Perhaps the chief value of this struggle has been in its educative effect upon Negroes themselves in causing them to realize the importance of the ballot. Colored Americans do not imagine the vote in itself to be a panacea for all the ills from which they and others suffer. They do realize, however, that a voteless people is a defenseless people. They know that when a man can be denied the right to say who shall govern him, who shall enforce the laws, and who shall have control over the expenditure of public funds, the man so denied may more easily be made the victim of lynching, segregation, and denial of industrial and educational opportunity, that he and his fellows may be kept in the position of a subject race.

The full impact of this restlessness and of this dissatisfaction with his lot in American life gave Negro influence in the Parker case considerable weight. It marked, according to general opinion, the greatest political demonstration by the Negro since the Civil War. The influence of that demonstration did not end when the Senate voted on the Parker nomination. In Kansas,

for example, when Senator Henry J. Allen ran in the Republican primaries for re-election during the summer of 1930 he polled in the Negro districts of Kansas City, Kansas, only 27 per cent of the Negro vote where normally he would have received not less than 75 per cent of that vote, and probably a good deal more. In Ohio, where Senator Roscoe C. McCulloch stood in 1930 for election to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Theodore E. Burton, Negro voters of the state without regard to political affiliation or other circumstance united against Senator McCulloch because of his vote and speech for confirmation of Judge Parker. Ohio is normally a Republican state by a margin of 400,000 to 500,000 votes. Nomination by the Democrats of Robert Johns Bulkley, a distinguished lawyer, personally popular and a "wet," together with the inevitable reaction against the Administration because of unemployment, cut down the normal Republican majority to the point where the 170,000 Negro voters of Ohio practically held the balance of power.

Never before has Ohio seen such a campaign, nor has there been in the history of the State so astounding a turnover among Negro voters. In Cleveland in the election precincts predominantly peopled by Negroes, considerably more than half of the voters either supported McCulloch's Democratic opponent or refrained altogether from voting for a United States Senator. A well-informed lawyer declares that "there is no escaping the fact that in Cuyahoga County Negroes contributed substantially to McCulloch's defeat, for without their support Bulkley's majority would have been considerably less."

In Negro precincts of Toledo Bulkley polled slightly more than three times more votes than McCulloch. In Columbus the colored wards went to

Bulkley by large majorities. In Akron two-thirds and more of the Negro voters supported McCulloch's opponent. In Canton 86 per cent of the Negro vote went to the Democratic senatorial nominee, and only 14 per cent to McCulloch, while large numbers of others abstained altogether from voting for a United States Senator. The same margins of Negro revolt obtained throughout the State. It can hardly be questioned that McCulloch's defeat was primarily due to economic depression and prohibition, but it is also equally true that the resentment of Negro voters against his support of Parker played a striking part in his rejection.

A similar revolt occurred in Kansas, a rock-ribbed Republican State. Negro voters supported, practically without exception, Senator Arthur Capper, Republican, who is a member of the Board of Directors of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The same voters swung against Senator Capper's Republican colleague, Henry J. Allen, materially helping the wheat farmers and labor to defeat Allen. "Undoubtedly Allen would have won had he had every Negro vote as in previous years," is the verdict of a leading newspaper man of the State.

Though less successful, Negro voters in Rhode Island opposed Senator Jesse H. Metcalf, and in Delaware opposed Daniel H. Hastings, who had both voted to confirm Judge Parker. Though each of these Senators was re-elected by exceedingly narrow margins, the effect of the breaking away from the Republican party of the colored voters of these States cannot be ignored. In Providence, according to reliable observation, less than 50 per cent of Negro voters cast their ballots for the Republican ticket. At least 30 per cent voted the Republican ticket but scratched Metcalf, while more than 20

per cent voted a straight Democratic or a split ticket. In Newport, Metcalf's Democratic opponent's plurality was increased 87 per cent by the Negro vote.

Senators who voted against the confirmation of Judge Parker, such as Senators Capper of Kansas, Thomas J. Walsh of Montana, and Thomas D. Schall of Minnesota, were loyally supported for re-election by the Negro voters of their respective States. Party lines were cast aside. The psychology of victory replaced that of defeatism. It is well within the range of possibilities that the part played by Negro voters in carrying on a sustained campaign for a high principle, which resulted in the rejection of Parker, may mean the greatest step yet taken towards political emancipation of the Negro by the Negro himself.

III

Finally, one legitimately may ask, why should Negroes have been so stirred by a nomination to the Supreme Court bench? What though Parker held such views—if confirmed, would he not have been merely one of nine justices?

The answer lies in the fact that, whatever his fate in lower courts, the Negro has come to feel—especially within recent years—that in the Federal Supreme Court he stands his best chance of obtaining justice. In that court six notable decisions have been won within the last fifteen years, each of them of far-reaching effect on the Negro's constitutional rights. Three of those decisions outlawed the herding of Negroes in ghettos by means of city ordinances or state laws; another established the principle that trial of a person accused of crime in a court dominated by mob influence is not due process of law; while two others ended disfranchisement by means of

Grandfather Clauses and of enactments preventing participation in Democratic primaries.

Negroes and their friends know, too, that within the next few years cases testing other forms of disfranchisement, cases challenging unequal apportionment—on a racial basis—of public funds, state and federal, for education, the issue of the "Jim Crow" car system and that of segregation by means of private property holders' covenants will be carried for decision to the Supreme Court. Negroes have noted the considerable number of five-to-four decisions by that court within recent years. And they know that one vote by a justice holding Parker's anti-Negro views might easily mean an appreciable increment to their already heavy load.

Emphasis has perhaps been laid too heavily upon the import of the Parker rejection to Negroes alone. Its possible effect upon the whole American scene may be as marked. The migration northward of a million and a half Negroes since 1916 has given the Negro the balance of political power in

no less than eight states. Each of the last ten years has seen growth of emphasis by Negroes on men and issues and less on party. This rapidly increasing political independence and political-mindedness have within them potentialities which may conceivably play a role of vast importance in the political life of the United States within the next decade.

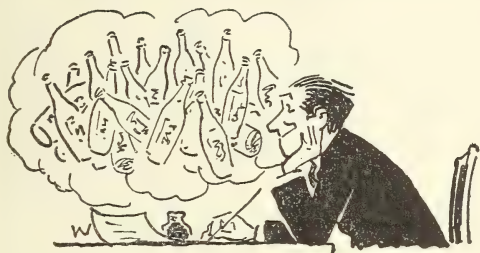
Immediately, Parker's rejection means a number of things. It has given hope to Negro voters in demonstrating that intelligent, sustained struggle for a principle can be successful. It has created a new and wholesome respect for the Negro among informed, fair-minded whites. It has forcibly reminded Americans that the 14th and 15th Amendments to the Federal Constitution are not yet wholly dead. And it has served notice convincingly upon politicians that it is no longer wise to attempt to climb to high office on the backs of helpless blacks through violent Negrophobe attacks.

Reverberations of the Parker rejection may be heard for some years to come.





The Lion's Mouth



THE NEW GASTRONOMY

BY B. K. SANDWELL

HAPPENING to wonder, not long ago, whether loganberry juice or pineapple crush would be the better beverage to serve with lamb Navarin *printanier* at a little dinner which my wife and I were contemplating, I was prompted to inquire what instructions on that and kindred problems could be found in the pages of the modern American cookery books. The old ones, as I well remembered, devoted entire chapters to the proper blending of the edible and drinkable courses of dinners of any length up to sixteen items. But the beverages there dealt with were of European origin, and belonged to a class which has entirely disappeared since the War.

A very little investigation sufficed to show me that the modern cookery books were not dealing with this subject at all. Of the eleven more or less recent works on dietetics which constituted (along with eleven more or less recent books on different kinds of bridge) my wife's library, nine said nothing at all about beverages, and the other two calmly reprinted the instructions concerning the use of European articles, just as if those articles were still procurable. Presumably in

reprinting a pre-prohibition edition the publishers have carelessly overlooked the fact that their beverage chapter is now out of date.

But the very silence of these authorities impressed me with a tremendous sense of opportunity—of something urgently waiting to be done. Here, I said to myself, is the opening for a new art—a purely American art, untrammelled by any of the rules and precedents and prejudices of the Old World. Here is the place and time for the New Gastronomy, the art of the proper blending of the new beverages with the old foods. And how vast its range, how infinite its possibilities! Our European ancestors were limited in their liquid resources to the products of a scant half-dozen varieties of a single vegetable species, the grape, slightly diversified by the soil peculiarities of a few hundred different hills. Chemistry has provided us, their lucky descendants, with hundreds of different solids, liquids, and gases, and taught us how to mix them together according to thousands of different formulæ. Already the land pullulates, as it were, with various kinds of beverages, but nobody has undertaken to allot each beverage to its proper place in the structure of the artistically planned and balanced meal. The task is gigantic. I shall never complete it, but that is no reason why I should not begin. Let others follow and take up my task when I lay it down.

The basic principles of all arts are the same. The basic principles of the old European gastronomy will still

underlie the new American gastronomy which I am founding; but how different their application! It will still be true that beverages of great distinction and delicate flavor will not be served with the hors-d'œuvres, not only because it is not easy to appreciate subtlety of flavoring with oily and sharp-tasting titbits, but also because the finer beverages must be reserved, in accordance with a very ancient rule, until the later stages of the meal, when the guest is no longer merely thirsty and is, therefore, better able to appreciate the charm of a fine chemical combination. I, therefore, recommend the use of a very light Coca-Cola as the most suitable beverage to serve with sardines, anchovies, tunny fish, or whatever other vehicle be employed for the introduction of the necessary oil foundation into the stomach. This would not be suitable, however, if either oysters or melon should be substituted (as is often done at certain seasons) for the hors-d'œuvres; in that case a rather rich and fruity orangeade should be served with the oysters and a chocolate ice-cream-soda with the cantaloupe.

The beverages accompanying the soup and fish will of course be largely governed by the choice that has been made of the beverage and meat for the main course of the dinner. With a clear soup a small glass of malted milk, chilled to about fifty degrees, is never out of place; with a thick one, the understanding host will seek some less nourishing and more stimulating drink, such as lemonade cup, the effervescence of whose soda-water should be allowed to quiet down by about an hour's exposure to the atmosphere before serving. If the soup is very thick, a slight splash of lime-juice in the cup will aid in its absorption and promote a gentle flow of conversation at the table. But be sure that your soup beverage is one which will prepare the palate for the main drink of the evening.

It is, I find, a common error among Americans that there is but little variety among ginger ales. As a matter of fact the whole of the resources of chemistry have been brought into play by hundreds of able and conscientious manufacturers to impart a characteristic flavor to each of their innumerable bottlings. There is much to be said for the practice of sampling, during one's travels, the local ginger ale, the *boisson du pays*, of each of the towns one visits. It is true that the essential chemicals are usually obtained from New York, but certain valuable qualities are imparted by the water of the locality. I know of one little town in Arkansas where the ginger ale manufactured in 1927—the year when the dam of the upper reservoir broke down—possesses a tang, a vivacity, which to me and to many other connoisseurs to whom I have introduced it seems quite unrivalled. But the output of the factory was never large, and it is to be feared that much of that year's crop was poured down the gullets of very unappreciative Arkansas yokels; at any rate there is scarcely any of the 1927 bottling in the market, and I shall not raise false hopes in my readers' breasts by telling them the name of the town. (Experiments were made in 1929 to duplicate the 1927 flavor by the direct introduction of a quantity of the earth of the reservoir dam into the water used at the factory, but, judging from the sample which I tasted, the experimenters were very far from having hit the right proportions.)

A rare and unusual ginger ale is, it seems to me, the finest choice that the accomplished host can make for the liquid climax of his dinner party. This is certainly true if the *pièce de résistance* among the edibles be a richly flavored, gamey bird. It is equally true with a fine steak or chop, provided that these be served in one or other of the more luxurious styles with an assortment of

highly spiced vegetables; for a plain steak I personally recommend ginger beer, if the stone variety be procurable, and it should be served at room temperature; but I know many people of good taste who prefer lithia water. With the flabbier meats such as lamb and veal, we shall obviously need a full-bodied drink, and it will be hard to find anything better than grape juice to suit our purpose. The selection and treatment of grape juice deserves a volume in itself; it is the life-blood of the ordinary, everyday dinner, and is not without its uses at lunch and supper; but I have to confess that for my personal taste it does not go well with the rarer dishes; I like it not with poularde Cardinale, nor with partridge Souvaroff nor *filet mignon à la Maître d'Hôtel*; and its ruby tint is the wrong color for ham.

Make ginger ale, then, the accompaniment of your main course, but see to it that the tonality and the bouquet are suited to the meat. The trade classifications as recorded on the labels are the merest rough outlines. The ginger ale that one producer will term "brut" another one would just as readily call "dry"; and the varying degrees of saccharinity that pass under the name of "sweet" are as numerous, and far more different, than the tunes that pass under the name of "jazz." The host who will coarsely order "a bottle of dry ginger ale" and compel his guests to drink it without having first personally sampled it and ascertained its appropriateness to the bird or joint is not fit to entertain good company; his dinner may be a dinner, but it is not the sort of dinner to invite a man to.

The finding of the right ginger ale may be a task, but it is a task worthy of the whole-souled attention of any man who aspires to good living and hospitality. And when the correct *cuvée* has been discovered, how rich, how

noble is the reward! To the splendor of the bottles with their gilt-foiled patent tops is added the amber glint of their contents under the soft glow of the electric lights. The top creaks for a second or two under the pressure of the patent opener; the bottle is tilted for the volatile element to escape; the mouth creams into foam; the dazzling liquid falls into the wide, shallow glass; the bubbles wink and go on winking, as if the splendor of the banquet were too much for them; the primordial joy of life begins to awaken in the assembly; that noblest of all the products of modern science, carbonic acid gas, begins its uplifting work.

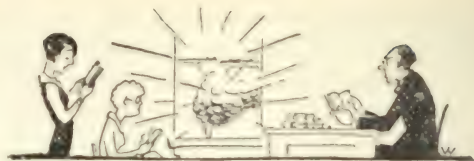
Ginger ale is at its best in the smallest possible bottles; it loses its poignancy very shortly after opening, and the practice of providing each guest with a quart bottle and letting him help himself to repeated pourings cannot be too strongly condemned. Splits are dearer, quart for quart, but they are the only bottle for the really accomplished diner. Temperature is another matter about which mistakes are common. A genuine dry ginger ale should be cooled but not chilled, and the atrocious practice of putting ice in the glass should be stopped by law. The use of a tall glass with crushed mint-leaves or a screw of lemon-peel has something to be said for it on the score of flavor, but it necessitates a straw, which is apt to roll under the table and get lost. I have often secured just as good results by rubbing the glass with the mint or lemon before pouring, or even by shaking in a drop of essence from an eye-dropper.

Cheese may be gentle, strong, or brutal, and the beverage accompanying it will depend upon its character. A gentle cheese may be turned loose with an iced Postum; they probably will not hurt each other, whatever they may do to the consumer. A strong cheese should be introduced to a glass

of root-beer. I have been looking for a place to bring in that once very popular beverage, raspberry vinegar, and I can think of nothing better to do with it than turn it into the same course with a really brutal cheese and let them fight it out. I don't care which wins.

At the coffee stage it was once the custom to serve little glasses of highly aromatic syrups prepared by various religious brotherhoods of France and Germany. These of course have long since ceased to be procurable. They were not unpleasant to taste, and for that reason their proper purpose—which was strictly medicinal—seems to have been lost from view. America has no lack of aromatic syrups of medicinal character, the names of whose makers are often just as euphonious as those of the monasteries whose medicines we used to drink at the close of our meal. Why should not the waiter pass round with a tray containing an assortment of Smith's Blood Bitters, Jones's Snake-root Extract, Brown's Wild Strawberry Elixir, Robinson's Slippery Ellum Bark and Miller's Mysterious Indian Remedy? The guest who requires an unusual private tippie of his own, such as Takadiastase or Chlorophyllin, or whatever it might be, would "bring his own" or take what looked most like it. The ladies would, as they always did, pick by color. A couple of different elixirs, carefully poured out and topped with cream, would attract admiration, which would be increased if the elixir makers would take to using *art moderne* bottles.

But the task is too much for an individual. It ought to be done by the Rockefeller Research Fund, or the postgraduate department of one of our great Schools of Household Science. I can only blaze the trail. But whatever the future destiny of this great American art, I shall be on record as having been its founder.



AFTER WORDSWORTH

BY PAUL FATOUT

I STROLLED toward a one o'clock poetry class and wondered just what I should do with, or to, Wordsworth. The afternoon sun shone warmly; a light air played among the trees. The campus, drenched in the glow of early Indian Summer, was quiet, Wordsworthian. Just so, I thought, might nature have surrounded the grave, elderly gentleman who mooned along the river Wye. I felt composed. Then as I approached the classroom, on the ground floor of an old building, the kind which always houses English classes, I quickened my steps and strode in with every outward evidence of a brisk efficiency I do not own.

I sat down before twenty-five sophomore girls, unfolded a clean handkerchief and polished my glasses, glanced first out one window that gave onto a tree-shaded street-car line, then out another that framed a segment of campus with its railroad spur for hauling coal to the university power house, and at this moment caught a slow-motion picture of a tractor lawnmower lumbering about. The landscape, even with the tractor, seemed peaceful. Within, though I idly wondered what that thumping noise was above, and heard subdued squalls from below where young faculty offspring suffered organized play at the hands of aspiring seniors in Home Economics, there was still much of bardic serenity.

The bell rang loudly. I seized my class book and scanned the class with frowning seriousness trying to decide who was present and who wasn't.

These preliminaries over, I extracted from a brief case and thumped down before me a bulky, liver-colored anthology of romantic poetry, as heavy as a metropolitan telephone directory and in appearance just as inspiring; and with a surreptitious glance at a page of haphazard notes I began:

"Wordsworth"—and notebooks came out in a small tempest of clattering cardboard backs, dropped pens, and the thud of books falling off chairs. Every head bent momentarily, the while its concomitant hand wrote, "Wordsworth." When the flurry ended I made a fresh start.

"Wordsworth represents the return to nature that marked what we arbitrarily call the Romantic Period. In his search for poetic materials he found the common man, whom he considered a fit subject for poetry as he considered the common language of life a fit medium." And so, thus and thus, and on and on, I broke away from moorings and for all of three minutes cruised about in the deep waters of Rousseauism. Just as a block-away bell told of an approaching street car I arrived at: "Wordsworth's idea of poetry is best expressed in his own definition: 'Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings; it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity.'"

A hand waved. "Will you please repeat that last part again?"

The car rumbled nearer; I raised my voice, "—emotion recollected in tranquillity."

"What was that last word?"

"Tranquillity!" I shouted in a din of iron wheels grinding on rails laid in concrete. Some heads went down for the third time; others shook hopelessly and found the word, or something like it, in their neighbors' notes. Still deafened by the passing car, I boomed forth:

"This tranquillity shows itself in

Wordsworth's life and poetry. Though temporarily stirred to a mild revolutionary attitude by the French Revolution, he later became very conservative, and for the first half of the nineteenth century lived peacefully and calmly." A terrific pounding broke out overhead. Some new shelves being put in for a course in Laundry Management probably. The fusillade knocked little rattling pieces of plaster from the walls and sent a precariously balanced stack of books slithering to the floor despite frantic clutchings of four hands. In the storm a blob of ink shook from a pen to a white page and caused a lively to-do among a half dozen girls who bustled for a blotter. I took a deep breath. "*peacefully and*"—the pounding suddenly ceased, but my voice went on—"calmly," I roared like a bosun in a storm. Slightly apoplectic, I involuntarily paused, "... at Dove Cottage, Grasmere, and at Rydal Mount. Here he lived within a few miles of his friend Coleridge."

Under way again, I carried on to the accompaniment of frequent yowls from infants in the basement, until another passing car completely suspended Wordsworth for a time. "The world is too much with us," I bellowed jovially. This academic pleasantries the class took with quizzical brows and wondered what I had said.

As the hour waned the lecture became symphonic. A simple andante motif, pianissimo, for rare quiet intervals, reappeared in fortissimo scherzos for full voice, explosive sforzandos, and thunderous cadenzas up and down the scale. Wordsworth scored for a nursery of children, one tractor, two hammers, a battery of bells, and sixteen rolling car wheels. My voice became as hoarse as a cheer leader's after a hard game. Therefore, when the hour was somewhat over half gone I rasped out a finale to my observations and turned to the day's reading, "Tintern Abbey."

"Will you read, please, Miss Watson?"

Miss Watson began:

Five years have passed; five summers with
the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters rolling from their mountain-
springs
With a soft inland murmur.

The voice was pleasing, I thought. I leaned an elbow on my desk and propped up my head as I half listened and looked out at the lawnmower and green campus. I wondered what Wordsworth would do if he had to contend with street cars, and I wondered who that coed was, saucily mincing down a far walk. Miss Watson went nobly on. Suddenly, sliding on the spur of railroad across my area of vision, came a huge coal car, then another and another and others, jolting and clanking with ever-increasing racket. The power house was receiving its daily ration. Staccato coughs of a locomotive still unseen grew louder and louder. This was a very aristocracy of noise; all previous noises were, compared with it, inferior, plebeian. The machine age harshly asserted itself with fiendish uproar. A pandemonium of screeching steel, of hissing steam, of volleying smoke, of all the unidentified groans and shrieks of things mechanical whirled my senses. Miss Watson, eyes on her book, read on. I saw her lips moving as if in silent prayer but heard not; my frantic signalling to stop her went unseen. I subsided. The coal train passed. And words emerged abruptly from chaos:

—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body—

A motorcycle backfired, and everybody jumped. Then "Tintern Abbey" wavered stubbornly toward its close through no further interruptions except two more dropped books and another street car.

Weary from the battering assault upon my eardrums, I nevertheless determined to dig out the poet from the volcanic overflow that had this day buried him. I turned to my book and began to read:

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow—

And then the hour bell crashed in upon me for five seconds, an eternity of shattering sound that struck like a riveting hammer. I held on tightly to my desk to keep from yelling insanely or throwing something. The bell stopped ringing, and little echoes ricocheted. Compacts came out for hasty dabs at noses, clicked shut, books were gathered up, Miss Mavity smartly zipped up the zipper of her new topcoat, the class rose, chattering, and streamed riotously out.

Sadly I sought my room; I took a nap. That night behind a closed door I opened my book and, with my fingers in my ears to shut out the blare of the radio next door and the bedlam of a fraternity jazz band across the street, I stared at the poetry before me. I was still after Wordsworth.



LIMITATIONS OF GOVERNMENT

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE largest crowd that ever assembled in the Madison Square Garden—twenty-five thousand New York Jews—so the newspaper said, gathered on the evening of November 2nd to protest against the action of the British government in checking the immigration of Jews into Palestine and undertaking supervision of the purchase of lands from Arab owners. Twenty-five thousand Jews meeting to protest! It recalled the time when Ireland was not yet a free state and the Irish in New York were concerned about it. And, of course, at such a meeting two days before election the politicians were present in person or by letter. Governor Roosevelt was interested. "I cannot interfere," he said, "but I can express my deep hope, etc." Mr. Tuttle in a letter felt "that it was a shock to the entire civilized world to have Jewish immigration into Palestine suspended." Senator Wagner declared in an address that Palestine "was an acid test of international honor." Senator Borah in a telegram was confident that a wiser and more just policy would prevail, and Representative Hamilton Fish expressed in spoken words his amazement that the Government of England should attempt to turn the Balfour Declaration into another scrap of paper.

To be sure the Labor Government in England did not admit that it had

gone back on the Balfour Declaration but said, on the contrary, that it had merely held up immigration during the prevalence of unemployment, and that its supervision of land purchases accorded with the Declaration which contemplated the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, but did not dedicate the whole of Palestine to that use or aim to set up there a national Jewish state.

Of course the claim of the Jews to Palestine rests on sentiment. The Zionists back that claim as representatives of the children of Israel whose return to Palestine was guaranteed by the promises made to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. But after all, though the Jews are the best documented Israelites in sight, are they the whole company? Jacob had twelve sons; there were twelve tribes of Israel, and the promises that came through Jacob were made to all of those tribes. Ten of them separated from the other two and got lost. Great efforts often repeated have been made in the world since that time to lose the remaining two tribes but they have never succeeded. The Jews, the tribe of Judah, have always been in sight somewhere, and along with them part of the tribe of Benjamin and a few of Levi. They have proved extraordinarily tenacious of identity and of fidelity to their religion and customs. The other ten

tribes passed out of sight and up to very lately abstained from advertisement, so it is not remarkable that the Jews, so called, should be thought to be the sole heirs of Israel.

But nowadays this is earnestly disputed. An English group, the British-Israelites, claim with sackbut and psaltery, with maps, diagrams, citations, figures, photographs, and reiterated assertion, to have traced the Lost Tribes out of Asia and across Europe and identified them with the Anglo Saxons and other Western people. These British-Israel folks have organization, scholarship, a periodical press, and every one of them has a Bible, reads it all his spare time, especially the Old Testament, believes every word of it, and believes also in his competence to interpret it. So if, as said, the Jewish claim to Palestine is based on sentiment, it will be recognized that the basis of sentiment would be considerably distributed by the re-discovery of the ten tribes which got lost. If Palestine is an inheritance of the children of Jacob, otherwise known as Israel, they are all excusable in feeling an interest in that locality; and if the British-Israel people have as good a case as they claim, nothing could be more suitable or more consistent with family feeling than for the mandate for Palestine to be held by the hands of the British.

To be sure the Balfour mandate is a sacred thing, but is it more sacred in the eyes of Jews than the promises made to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob? Must it not necessarily come to an application that is consistent with those promises? Newly discovered heirs often upset the disposition of property, and possibly this case of Palestine is a case of that sort. And as for the Arabs, Brother Hamilton Fish, a convinced Zionist as he said at the meeting though not a Jew, versed as he is in scripture will recall that even

the Arabs have a claim on Palestine, since they too are descendants of Abraham through his son Ishmael, of whom the Angel predicted that, though he would be a wild man, his hand against every man and every man's hand against him, still he should "dwell in the presence of all his brethren." So it would not be in accord with scripture to turn the Arabs out of Palestine altogether nor yet to allow the whole country to be monopolized by Jews with such a troop of other heirs just now coming over the top.

ON THE whole, the governmental system devised by Karl Marx and applied by Lenin and his successors seems to be the most painful and objectionable one now on trial. It is a little more fascist than the Fascists, making the state a sort of Moloch, on whose altar people by thousands are to be sacrificed and into whose fiery maw babies are thrown. When the Marxists talk about the State, of course they mean government. Their ideal of a nation seems to be of great numbers of people directed by authority in their thoughts and their conduct twenty-four hours a day. Contrasted with this, we have the Jeffersonian idea that all human government is bad, a necessary evil, and the less we have of it the better, and the slow moving Anglo-Saxon and Germanic idea of the town-meeting form of government resting on the theory that the people are the masters and select and authorize their public servants. On that idea all representative government is based, and no better idea has yet been discovered.

Nevertheless, for the moment representative or popular government seems not to be increasing in favor. At this writing an election has just occurred here in which the most potent issue was the desire to take away from the Federal government the powers conferred by the Eighteenth Amend-

ment. The verdict of that election seems to be that in the last twelve years we have had too much government and not enough common sense. After all, political government is just an incident of national life. In the late campaign almost all the speakers argued like advocates to make a case for their own side. It was an exception when one of them really spoke his mind. They ran largely to accusations and excuses; but the exception was Mr. Morrow who said that governments do not make good times or bad times. Nor do they, but they sometimes contribute to prosperity or depression and, however faulty they are and however you may think of them, we cannot get along without them.

About twenty-five years ago Edward Everett Hale wrote a series of articles for the *Outlook* afterwards gathered into a book entitled *Memories of a Hundred Years*. He said, among other things, that the job of developing the United States was almost entirely outside of the labors of politicians. He picked out the four men to whom the development of the United States in the 19th century owed most as Napoleon Bonaparte, Robert R. Livingston, Eli Whitney, and Robert Fulton. Napoleon sold us the French territory of Louisiana extending from the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains; Chancellor Livingston, Minister to France at that time, bought it on his own responsibility; Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin which led to the development of the vast cotton industry in the South, and Robert Fulton, with Livingston's help, produced the steamboat which navigated the Western rivers and opened up the great West to settlement. Doctor Hale did not say that Eli Whitney by inventing the cotton gin gave new life to slavery and brought on the Civil War, but he does say that none of these four men realized except faintly what

he was doing. Napoleon showed the most vision when he said he was giving England a rival. Livingston had appreciation of what was offered him and the courage to accept it, but all he really wanted was the eastern bank of the Mississippi, and he excused himself for his promise to pay fifteen million dollars by saying the land west of the Mississippi could be sold to pay for that. So governments do not seem to have much to do with the big things that happen to nations. The big things come when the clock strikes for them and work out on laws not made by men.

It is curious how great things befall. Livingston closed with Napoleon's offer of the Louisiana territory without authority from government and to the dismay, so one reads, of Jefferson. In the war with Mexico, Calhoun, who was Secretary of State, sent Nicholas P. Trist, chief clerk of the State Department and husband of a granddaughter of Jefferson, to confer with Santa Anna about ending the war. Santa Anna offered Trist the Treaty of Guadalupe, which gave us New Mexico, Arizona, upper California, and the Rio Grande as the southern boundary of Texas. He gave Trist two days to take it or leave it. Trist lacked authority to accept it but did so and carried it back to Washington, where it gave great dissatisfaction and got Trist into trouble, but it stood.

Mr. Seward, who had a vision of the destiny of the United States, bought Alaska and fairly earned credit for that. He had imagination and large ideas. The Philippines we got because it was not convenient to dodge them. They were left on our doorstep and are not a popular acquisition even now.

However, most of what has happened to the United States has happened because of the character, energy, and responsibility of the people who lived in it. Napoleon did not sell Louisiana,

or Mexico cede Texas to a shiftless nation. Both these acquisitions were tributes to energy and enterprise. There has to be a mechanism that can take care of the winnings and the makings of a nation—that mechanism is government; but usually it is itself neither a winner nor a maker.

UNDOUBTEDLY the late election slammed the Republican party a heavy crack between the eyes. That was very interesting. It is always interesting when these bolts of discipline fall on a party in power. It is well within the bounds of moderation to say that the Republican party needed to sit down and think a little. It has not thought very hard for some time. Of recent years it has ridden on a wave of prosperity, not especially of its own making, though it was generous to itself in its claims of credit for it. Possibly it has been too selfish, too insistent on hogging prosperity for the United States, not mindful enough of its obligations to the rest of the world. It would not join the League of Nations. In spite of Mr. Coolidge's efforts and Mr. Hoover's, we are not yet committed to the World Court. It has been solicitous, perhaps oversolicitous, to collect all moneys due on War loans or reparations from Europe, and finally it raised the tariff to make the payment of these dues more difficult if not impossible. The United States has done a great deal for Europe since the War, but not much of it has been done by government. The labors of Young, of Dawes, of Jeremiah Smith, of Gilbert, of Perkins and many others, and the aid of American bankers have been permitted by our government rather than directed. Nevertheless, the situations have been difficult. Almost universally the increased tariff is condemned, but on such matters as the foreign debts public opinion had to

be respected, and that must be taken into account. Nevertheless, the opinion that it would have been better business as well as better politics to wipe off the slate what Europe owed us on the War account has been more widely held than talked about by thoughtful people.

Stocks dropped a little on the election news. Stocks somehow seem to have colder feet than the general public. At least in the Republican decade the national debt has been reduced by a third. Prosperity paid taxes, and surplus revenues have been honestly applied. Mr. Wilson was a constructive political thinker. There has not been one in the White House since he left it. But in Mr. Coolidge there was a good character and a curious and amusing talent of a certain kind, and in Mr. Hoover there is a good character and special talents. His great specialty is to rescue the perishing, especially those perishing from hunger; and there seems to be an ample opportunity ahead for the exercise of his gifts in that particular.

So here is the situation—a world much disturbed; nearly all countries over-supplied with unemployed people; plenty of food but lack of distribution. Anarchy in large parts of China, an enormous experiment proceeding in Russia, and all of Europe anxious, observant, and wanting to know what to do to be saved. Here in the United States unemployment but great wealth and an administration that has just received a severe admonition to try to do better.

In all this turmoil the one thing that we feel pretty sure of is that our world and its civilization will survive these troubles. But governments will not save us. They will do the best they can, and that will only be to make the best selection they can from the choices offered them.

See following pages for Personal and Otherwise



MEDITATION

By Cadwallader Washburn

Courtesy of the Keppel Galleries



Harper's *Magazine*

MRS. EDDY'S RIGHT-HAND MAN

BY ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

CALVIN FRYE has been the dark horse of Christian Science for nearly half a century. Among the various members of Mrs. Eddy's circle none other knew her so intimately or over so long a period. He entered her household in 1882 and remained with her until her death in 1910. Other disciples came and departed, renegades to the faith or driven out by their imperious leader, but Calvin Frye stayed on. He saw the rise and fall of Arthur Buswell, Foster Eddy, Josephine Woodbury, Augusta Stetson, and, after these court favorites had been disgraced, he was still to be found safely at his post. To what did he owe this security of tenure?

His discreet manner and portentous silences gave rise during Mrs. Eddy's life to many conjectures. Was his reticence owing to absence of ideas or to Machiavellian subtlety? Should one judge him by the general mildness of his rather clerical countenance and soft,

weak chin or by the heavy, dark mustache that swept carefully around to join his sideburns like a black hedge crossing an otherwise featureless estate? The hedge grew thin and gray with time, but men's suspicions of its owner increased. As Mrs. Fleta Springer writes in her recent biography of Mrs. Eddy, "It came to be said . . . that their positions were reversed, that Mrs. Eddy came under the control of Calvin Frye and took orders from him as he had once taken them from her." And again, "It was said that he came to wield an evil hypnotic control over Mrs. Eddy, that under his calm exterior he plotted to seize control of her fortune and her church."

An even closer connection between Frye and Mrs. Eddy was hinted. In 1904 Frederick W. Peabody, who was much exercised over Mrs. Eddy's three marriages, asserted in his *Complete Exposure of Eddyism or Christian Science*, "Many are they who believe

there was yet a fourth marriage, and that the widow Eddy in the course of time became, and is to-day, the wife of one Calvin A. Frye." On October 28, 1906, the New York *World* ran scare-headlines: *Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy Dying; Footman and Dummy Control Her*, and in sub-headlines, "Calvin A. Frye, Secretary-Footman, Supreme Power at the Eddy Home." The famous Next Friends Suit which followed was largely based on the assumption that Frye had managed to get hold of Mrs. Eddy's fortune, since it was admitted that she had transferred to him the titles to her property. Investigation showed, however, that this was done merely to safeguard the property from over-eager relatives and that Frye never derived one cent of profit from it. As for Mr. Peabody's innuendo, it is to-day completely discredited. Nevertheless, the exact relation between Frye and Mrs. Eddy has never been fully explained, and his character has remained much of a mystery. Miss Milmine wrote in 1907, "Whatever his motives and experiences, they are securely hidden behind an impassive countenance and a long-confirmed habit of silence." Mrs. Springer writes, to much the same effect, in 1930, "Whether his character was so simple as to be an enigma, or so complex that it was incomprehensible, no one will ever know."

"No one will ever know" is a dangerous statement. Calvin Frye left behind him a diary which he had kept, written on a desk calendar, during all his years with Mrs. Eddy. He also left memorandum books in which he had jotted down her instructions on the subject of "Malicious Animal Magnetism," as well as records of numerous interesting dreams that she had recounted to him. In this mass of material his character is revealed with singular candor. The enigma of Calvin Frye need be an enigma no longer.

From first to last he appears as a faithful satellite revolving in an ever-narrowing orbit about the sun of Mrs. Eddy. But this orbit, if constant, was far from peaceful. In such a neighborhood there were sure to be celestial cataclysms.

Frye came of an old New England family that was on the down grade. He was one of the five children of a college-bred father who had been left crippled by an illness and of a mother who had gone insane shortly after his birth. He himself was subject to occasional cataleptic attacks. He enjoyed no further education than that of the common school; even spelling and punctuation always remained difficult for him. A machinist by trade, he seems to have derived his chief spiritual sustenance, prior to his acquaintance with Christian Science, from the Congregational Church in Lawrence, Mass., which his family for generations had attended. Sometimes he acted as usher or taught a Sunday School class. At the age of twenty-six he married, only to have his wife die within the year. Thenceforth he lived in his father's home, which was managed by a widowed daughter.

To the somber household of cripple, lunatic, widower, and widow there came in 1881 Mrs. Clara Choate, one of the cheeriest of Mrs. Eddy's Boston disciples. Under her ministrations the condition of the mother temporarily improved. As a result, Calvin and his sister were converted to Christian Science and went to Lynn to study under Mrs. Eddy. After the three weeks' course was over they returned to Lawrence to practice as healers. It was while thus engaged that Calvin in October, 1882, received a fateful telegram to meet Mrs. Eddy, who was then on her way back to Boston after a summer in Vermont. He joined her at Plymouth, rode on to Boston, and thereafter never left her for more than

a few hours until her body was deposited in the vault in Mount Auburn twenty-eight years later.

His sister was less fortunate. At first she followed Calvin to Boston and became a kind of housemaid to Mrs. Eddy, but her health broke down and she returned to Lawrence where she underwent a severe operation. After her father's death in 1886, she fell into meager circumstances and died in 1890 at the home of a relative. Calvin did not attend her funeral or respond to a request that he contribute a small sum toward its expenses. By that time nothing in the world really counted for him except Mrs. Eddy and her faith.

In the fall of 1882, when Frye joined her, Mrs. Eddy was reopening the "Massachusetts Metaphysical College" which had been closed since the death of her third and last husband, Asa Eddy, in the previous June. The "college" consisted of one room on the first floor of her narrow three-and-a-half-story house at 569 Columbus Avenue. There she delivered the twelve lectures which constituted the college course. Another room on the first floor was fitted up as an office where half a dozen of her students, at fixed hours of rotation, met their patients. These students also lived at the "college," on a co-operative plan, each contributing his share toward the general expenses. In this curious caravanserai of mingled home, boarding-house, school, and hospital, just what were to be the functions of Calvin Frye? The *Official Life* by Mrs. Sibyl Wilbur (O'Brien) as usual tells the truth but not the whole truth:

There is no term that will cover the manifold duties which devolved upon him. He was usually spoken of as her private secretary because of the enormous amount of correspondence of which he relieved her. He was her bookkeeper, her purchasing agent, and her personal representative on many important occasions.

Yes, he was all this—and more. Of the manifold duties for which there is no term, the most important becomes startlingly clear from an early entry in the Frye diary, telling how he was called from his bed at four o'clock in the morning to help Mrs. Eddy who had suffered for two days from a "belief of difficulty of breathing," and how the next morning she discovered that this belief was caused by the fact that certain mesmerists were suggesting to her that her spinal nerves were paralyzed. Frye may well have been pleased that she experienced great relief when he and Mrs. Eddy "took up Kennedy and Arens"—that is, concentrated in thought upon them to render their mesmeric machinations powerless. It was to his talents as an anti-mesmerist that Frye chiefly owed his stable position in the Eddy household.

II

Belief in the demoniac powers of mesmerism, "Malicious Animal Magnetism (M.A.M.)," or "malpractice"—of what in a word was once known as witchcraft—is almost as important an element in Christian Science as the more widely known belief in the efficacy of religious mental healing. In the first edition of *Science and Health* (1875), the final chapter, "Healing the Sick," is largely devoted to a denunciation of "the criminal outlawry" of mesmerism; reëntitled "Demonology," the chapter assumed a more vitriolic form in the third edition with personal excoriation of Kennedy and Arens; softened under the genial editorship of the Reverend James Henry Wiggin in 1886, it still appears in the latest edition, under the caption "Animal Magnetism Unmasked."

Who were these evil mesmerists, Kennedy and Arens? The former, Richard Kennedy, was, with the exception of P. P. Quimby, the most impor-

tant figure in Mrs. Eddy's life—much more important than any of her three husbands. He had first come under the spell of her personality in 1867, when a fellow-boarder with her in the house of Mrs. Nathaniel Webster in Amesbury, Mass. He was then eighteen and she forty-six. One of the many friendships between Mrs. Eddy and much younger men sprang up between them, and when Mrs. Eddy, having quarreled with the Websters, was put out of the house, Kennedy went with her. Three years later they took a suite of rooms together in Lynn, where Mrs. Eddy taught and Kennedy practiced. The partnership, which proved much more advantageous to Mrs. Eddy than to Kennedy, was dissolved by the latter in 1872. He moved to Boston, where he lived out a long life as a successful mental healer, going quietly about his own work and never replying to any of his quondam friend's attacks upon him. But his defection was a blow from which Mrs. Eddy never entirely recovered. Her emotions had twined themselves about her attractive young disciple too tightly; the strength of her early affection for him may be gauged by her later animosity, the strength of his hold upon her by the depth of her fear of him. The early editions of *Science and Health* are full of scarcely veiled references to him. Twenty years after she had last seen him she still imagined that he was plotting against her life. Every evil that befell her was attributed, directly or indirectly, to Kennedy.

Edward J. Arens, Kennedy's supposed assistant in mental crime, was a later student of Mrs. Eddy who had deserted in 1881. To his mesmeric suggestions of poison she ascribed the death of Asa Eddy. Although there is no evidence of any intimate acquaintance between Kennedy and Arens, both had offices in Boston and, in Mrs.

Eddy's mind, both were perpetually conspiring against her.

Into the maelstrom of Mrs. Eddy's fears the unresisting Frye was now whirled. His note-books are full of the formulæ of black magic used by her demoniac enemies. "Growing old and can't live long," is one of these sinister incantations. "Keep torturing her all the time, then you can kill her," runs another. Occasionally the formulæ are darkened by abbreviations: "You believe that you are filled with ar. [arsenic]" or "that you've con. of l. and stopg. of h. [constriction of lungs and stoppage of heart]." At a mysterious midnight session, K. reports triumphantly to A., "She always *feels* my patients"; again, K. and A. unite to urge upon their victim, "Mrss Brown and Jones has dry epyzooty and you have it from them."

Against these midnight assaults of evil, just what was the defense of the beleaguered household? When Calvin Fry and Mrs. Eddy "took up" Kennedy and Arens, exactly what did they do? Rumors were rife among their early critics that the Christian Scientists attempted to retaliate by turning their enemies' weapons against themselves. Thus Miss Milmine writes:

She would say, for example: "Treat Kennedy. Say to him: 'Your sins have found you out. You are affected as you wish to affect me. Your evil thought reacts upon you. You are bilious, you are consumptive, you have liver trouble, you have been poisoned by arsenic.'"

Certain it is that Mrs. Eddy's pupil, Augusta Stetson, later used aggressive measures of this sort, and it is possible that she learned them from Mrs. Eddy, but there is nothing in Frye's records to support such a theory. The formulæ of defense which he gives are much more in harmony with Mrs. Eddy's general outlook; they consist merely in denying the existence of the threatened evils. After sitting up all

night with Mrs. Eddy, combating her fears of arsenic, consumption, or epyzooty, Calvin would say over and over, "No thoughts of poison or hate coming here." Again and again he turned for aid to Mrs. Eddy's central principle, "The bigger the error the greater its nothingness." So he would attempt absent treatment of his sick and aging leader by asserting, "No rheumatism no old age but the meridian of Being." Poor Calvin was doing his best according to the only way he knew. But there were penalties attached to such devotion. He was well aware that he also had become a target for M.A.M. Were not the mesmerists saying, "After she is gone we will kill all that helped her"?

Puerile as much of this seems, with its childish delight in mysterious abbreviations, Mrs. Eddy and her students were not engaged in any child's play. The murky atmosphere of terror in which they moved was much more that of a madhouse than of a children's playground. The intense hysterical beliefs of Mrs. Eddy spread like a miasma through the Metaphysical College, and Calvin Frye, son of paralytic and lunatic, readily embraced them.

Her neuroticism came to him in a more subtle form through the dreams which she related. Had he been a modern psychoanalyst he would have had in his hands the material for a marvellous "case history." As it was, he could only record the "visions" in pious wonder, interpreting them, according to the instructions of the dreamer herself, as further revelations of the truths of Christian Science.

Thus, when Mrs. Eddy dreams that she is driving over a bridge with runaway horses but escapes from danger by leaping out of the carriage, Calvin is careful to add the gloss that it was a bridge over unconscious mind. Similarly when she dreams that she is about to be swept over a cataract but climbs

up to safety by catching hold of the water, he explains that she was out in the stream of mortal mind. When a black fish swims up from the water and lies in her lap, this is taken to be a sign of good luck. When Mrs. Eddy tells him that while she was lying down a gorilla seemed to seize her, put a huge paw over her mouth, and hold her motionless for all her desire to arise, Calvin after the word "gorrilla" adds in shorthand, "Arens."

Of course Kennedy and Arens appear constantly in these dreams. She sees Kennedy prosperous, surrounded by his friends, laughing at her because she is wasted away with consumption. Or Kennedy and Arens tell her to look in the glass and see how old she looks, and they "make a law" that if she tells Frye about it she will suffer. Or she sees Kennedy with a huge elephant and a watch dog, and the elephant follows her into the house and chases her from room to room, while the watch dog waits for her outside. Or Kennedy meets her and is very agreeable but then leads her into a house of assignation where all the doors are locked so that she cannot get out.

This last theme is repeated in the most elaborate vision of the series. Mrs. Eddy dreamed that she was facing a congregation who were all talking against Christian Science; then someone came behind her, saying that he loved her, and threw his arms around her. Her son George appeared and cried "Hands off!" The nameless lover then slowly opened a case which contained a pistol, and George retired. She was again seized, and George reappeared, but this time dead drunk. She then broke away from the person holding her and fled into a house; he followed, locked the door, and laughed; it was a house of assignation. When she realized this the vision vanished. The pistol in this dream, whatever a psychoanalyst might make of it, was

probably connected in some way with a visit which George Glover claimed to have made while he was in Boston to Kennedy's office, when, as he boasted, he had threatened Kennedy with a pistol.

It has been repeatedly noted that the intense hostility to sex shown in Mrs. Eddy's later writings evidenced a high degree of sex neurosis. The dreams, of course, point clearly in the same direction. But to Calvin Frye they indicated merely his leader's saintliness. We are not surprised to find him having a vision of his own—and a fairly good mystical vision it was.

An entry in his diary records how when he was sad and sobbing at the thought of how imperfectly he was demonstrating Mrs. Eddy's teachings in his own life, he heard a voice saying, "You don't need to struggle but simply to waken and see you are there." And immediately he saw those who had passed on in belief all about him and this seemed as real and tangible as anything ever was.

The picture of Calvin Frye sobbing over his imperfections is very different from that of the cold, self-seeking secretary suggested by Mrs. Eddy's early biographers. As a matter of fact, Frye's conscience was ever active, at least in aught that concerned his beloved teacher. To the unsympathetic his scruples might sometimes seem a bit ridiculous, as when he asks himself if he has not lied in failing to keep a promise to Mrs. Eddy that he would renew his mental work "to produce action of bowels." But Frye's sense of the ridiculous was not his strong point.

There was a touch of slavishness in his abject devotion to his teacher. After Mrs. Eddy, in 1892, had purchased the estate of Pleasant View in Concord, for a number of years Frye every afternoon would don the livery of a coachman and take the reins for

her daily drive. Small enough thanks he sometimes received for it. On one day Mrs. Eddy was so disturbed by his driving that she called him an idiot, and in the evening asked him if he realized that he was insane; on another day she rebuked him so sharply that he threatened not to drive on the following day.

The worm wriggled, but it can hardly be said to have turned. On the one occasion when Frye, angered beyond endurance by some particularly sharp rebuke, actually threw up his job, he journeyed on the road to freedom no farther than to the Eagle Hotel a mile and a half away when he was recalled to duty by the following from a fellow-disciple in the house: "Dear Brother, Mother says to tell you that she is sorry for saying what she did to you. . . . She says that to-night will decide it, and if you do not come back to-night you will not stay here another night." The mingled apology and threat were sufficient. Frye came back.

He had to pay bitterly for his momentary gestures of independence. He was always made to feel afterwards that he had acted under the influence of M.A.M. "The Track of the Dragon" is the intriguing phrase above one of the entries in the diary; and we can be sure that it came not from the unfanciful Frye but straight from Mrs. Eddy, in whose letters "the Dragon" and "the Red Dragon" occur as synonyms for M.A.M. Meekly, Frye expounds the meaning of the phrase: that, when Mrs. Eddy rebukes him for his errors, he, of all men, should try to justify himself and then fling out that he will leave her—that is the Dragon's work. But there was no real danger that he would ever leave her. Calvin Frye was to remain, through good and ill report, her most faithful disciple.

This, when not angry, Mrs. Eddy fully understood and appreciated. Once

she said to him that no one had been so kind to her for so many years (nearly twenty years) as Calvin. Another time she told him that he was placed in the front rank of Christian Scientists. He replied humbly that although he knew that this was so he could not understand the reason for it. She explained that it was because of his faithfulness which led him to wear a homemade paper collar in his younger days rather than miss going to church. Aside from the over-emphasis on church-going which lingered in Mrs. Eddy's mind from her early training, the answer was not bad. It showed a clear recognition of Frye's leading characteristic—fidelity. And, with Mrs. Eddy, fidelity to her and fidelity to God were one. So, on another occasion, she told him, probably without the slightest sense of exaggeration, that during the previous twenty years he had done more good than anyone else on earth except herself.

Despite public disclaimers of equality with Christ, the diary makes it clear that Mrs. Eddy privately regarded herself in that light. Her fond hope was to imitate the Resurrection. She told Frye of a dream in which she was writing a poem and singing the refrain, "She is not here, she is risen." And she requested him if she should seem to die not to bury her body for three and a half days and to keep quiet about it during that time. Her greatest desire, however—and with her a desire was equivalent to a belief—was that her resurrection should take the form of a miraculous Faustlike recovery of youth. She explained to Frye that, while David died and was buried and Jesus died but his body was raised again, the demonstration for her would "not be in death even, but a body transformed by the renewing of Mind." Once, when she was in her swing on the rear piazza at Pleasant View she heard a voice saying, "Thou

art Mine saith the Lord of Hosts; in the day when I make up my jewels, I will spare thee, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." And when Frye was despondent, she comforted him with the assurance that when he should be old, she would be young to help him out of it.

Miraculous control over the weather followed naturally from the semi-divine status that Mrs. Eddy believed herself to have attained. It also seemed to follow, at least according to the loose logic employed by her school, from the doctrine that matter is an illusion. That good weather is as much a material phenomenon or illusion as bad weather seems never to have occurred to any of the group. Hence Mrs. Eddy commanded her followers, "Three times a day take up the weather." On days of excessive snowfall she told them to repeat over and over, "there is no snow in the air, no snow to come down." Her occasional failure to control climatic conditions she accounted for in the usual way by saying that ordinarily she had only to overcome people's belief in bad weather, but "when malice comes in and declares there *shall* be storms then I have a task to overcome that." Frye tells a splendid story of how on a very hot, sunny day Mrs. Eddy sent him to Joseph Mann, a fellow-worker in the household, with the injunction to hold the thought that rain was coming; of how the rain came indeed but was accompanied by a high wind, almost a cyclone, so that Mrs. Eddy sent him again to Joseph Mann with the words, "There is no cyclone"; of how the wind immediately ceased but was followed by thunder and lightning until Mrs. Eddy sent him once more to Joseph Mann, this time with a complete message, "No thunder and lightning but continuous gentle rain," whereupon the thunder died away and a steady, gentle rain came down.

III

But if Mrs. Eddy could thus admirably turn the weather about her finger, she could not so readily thrust back the march of the advancing years. Slowly, remorselessly, they beat her down. As she felt her forces fail, she imaginatively increased the power of her mesmeric enemies, as if there would be less disgrace in yielding, if obliged to yield, to overwhelming numbers. No mere Kennedy or Arens would now suffice. "There are probably fifty thousand minds concentrating to-day to try to kill me," she assured Frye and others in February, 1898. Against such odds, she was sometimes fain to bolster up her faith by reading the words she herself had written long before in the first white heat of her enthusiasm. During the same year, 1898, when the Woodbury attack was beginning to grow formidable, Frye tells how, after a severe belief of heart stoppage, Mrs. Eddy came in from her swing in belief completely overcome and seemed passing on, but, after he had worked for her, rallied, "laid on the couch and opened *Science and Health* to page 286, paragraphs 3 & 4."

Mrs. Eddy turning for aid to *Science and Health* like any fledgling neophyte! But, clustered about *Science and Health* itself were the terrifying memories of how she had betrayed her dead master, P. P. Quimby, by denying her indebtedness to his manuscripts. One of the most significant of all the Frye records tells how, when he indiscreetly confronted her with an old manuscript received through Mrs. Stetson, she denied the authorship but then all night long was under great fear and old beliefs until the next morning she told him that the mesmerists had been saying to her, "You have got to confess that is your Manuscript and that you got it from Quimby or you

will be damned!" More valiant than Richard III or Macbeth, Mrs. Eddy conquered the ghost of Quimby, even though it came supported by all manner of superstitious terrors. Her pride was stronger than remorse, stronger than the fear of Hell itself.

There came a time when she confronted something worse than old age or the haunting memories of Quimby. An anguished entry in 1903 tells of a sudden midnight attack of pain (Calvin, unnerved, forgets to write, as usual, "belief of pain"), when the Christian Scientists at Pleasant View were powerless to relieve their leader. Her favorite local practitioner, I. C. Tomlinson, the Christian Science pastor at Concord, was called, but even his soothing presence failed of effect. The pain and the night were too much for principle; a doctor was sent for, but could not come. The agony went on, the watchers sent out another call, equally in vain. A third call brought a Doctor Conn who hurried through the darkness at 2.15 in the morning to succor the woman who had said there is no disease. Doctor Conn worked for an hour and then called in a Doctor Stillings for consultation. Gradually they managed to relieve the pain, and Mrs. Eddy slept a little. But with daylight the paroxysms returned "from what they called renal calculi." One gets from the diary the full sense of utter desperation. No more could be borne. Another physician, Mrs. Eddy's cousin, was sent for, who gave her a hypo injection.

Renal calculi—gall stones. Nature, so long flouted by Mrs. Eddy, was at last taking no light revenge. She who had denied the existence of pain was now afflicted with one of the most painful of diseases. And the regular care of physicians and nurses could be purchased only at the price of abandoning her faith and admitting the failure of her whole life. Did she ever dream

of paying this full price? If so, there is no hint of it in Calvin Frye's records. Like Jeanne d'Arc and Savonarola, Mrs. Eddy might recant in moments of utter agony, but when these had passed she would recant her recantation. She refused to believe the verdict of the physicians. Not renal calculi but Malicious Animal Magnetism radiated by her enemies was the cause of all her suffering.

Her renunciation of medicine, incomplete though it was, was made the more heroic by the fact that according to the testimony of certain of her early students she had been a morphine addict during the Lynn period (1870-81). With a revived craving for the drug added to the desire for the alleviation of her pain, the forces against which she was now fighting her last fight were sufficiently dire. For seven long years the war went on, with the victory now to her, now to the enemy. Sometimes the record runs triumphantly that, although Mrs. Eddy had sudden attacks of intense pain and received little help from mental work, nevertheless she would not consent to send for a physician; again, the dark words that after intense pain she requested an M.D. to administer a hypodermic, and one was sent for.

After the unpleasant publicity of the *World* interview in 1906 and the Next Friends' Suit of 1907, Pleasant View was ruined for Mrs. Eddy as a residence. It had been the scene of too much worry and unhappiness. So, in January, 1908, she went, or was taken, in a carefully guarded special train, to Chestnut Hill in Brookline, near Boston, where she had recently secured a large mansion of some thirty-four rooms. Large as the house was, however, it was insufficient to accommodate peacefully Mrs. Eddy's retinue. Irving Tomlinson, sleek and soft-voiced, had been added to the group in the previous August, and Adam Dickey,

bull-necked, with the face of a prize-fighter, joined it in February. Frye looked upon the newcomers unenthusiastically. He distrusted, perhaps rightly, the disinterestedness of their devotion to his leader. Dickey, particularly, set himself to flatter her to the top of her bent, and Mrs. Eddy thoroughly enjoyed this new athletic tiger-cat who purred so obediently at her commands. During the ensuing months Frye saw himself gradually edged out of the first place in her regard. Dickey took over her more important correspondence; Dickey, not Frye, issued official pronouncements in her name; Dickey, shortly, was appointed by her a director in the Church. Old Frye, on the other hand, now past sixty-seven, was chiefly of service to Mrs. Eddy as a convenient object upon which to vent her anger when her exacerbated nerves demanded this relief. In the presence of Tomlinson she asserted that Frye was the cause of her suffering and that he had told her the phlegm in her throat was consumption. In tragic bewilderment poor Calvin exclaims, "I've no recollection of telling her so; she said we must part for I am a channel to bring discord to her." And then the unkindest cut of all, "She had Mr. Dickey go to drive with her instead of me." A still harder scene was to come. One night Mrs. Eddy awoke "in a severe belief" and called her helpers who all seemed so dazed that they were of little assistance. In her anguish Mrs. Eddy exclaimed that they did not love her, and when Frye declared that he loved her more than anyone else on earth she cried out, "You lie!"

Unwavering in his devotion through these trials, Frye ascribed all the fault to himself and his associates, never to Mrs. Eddy. M.A.M. was reaching her through their weakness. Instead of running to her with every unpleasant story they heard, they should meet

these stories themselves. Whenever a difficulty arose, he insists, they should overcome it themselves instead of troubling her with it. One gets a clear picture of the helpless helpers constantly seeking Mrs. Eddy's advice, Frye alone striving to shield her. And this was the man who was popularly supposed to be craftily employed in gaining control of Mrs. Eddy's wealth! He had no thought for her wealth, we may be sure. And we may be equally sure that he gave no orders to her. She had been his sainted leader for a quarter of a century and now she was dying. That was all Calvin Frye saw.

But there was one among the inmates of the house who was made of rougher metal, that one who for the moment had come to stand closer to Mrs. Eddy than Frye. Adam H. Dickey in his self-laudatory *Memoirs of Mary Baker Eddy* gives no hint that he ever sensed the tragedy of her decline. As soon as he became well intrenched in power at Chestnut Hill, he dared to give orders even to Mrs. Eddy—orders perhaps wise, perhaps heartless. One day Frye recorded with amazement that, the night before, Mr. Adam H. Dickey had told Mrs. Eddy that she should not have any more morphine! But though his soft heart probably disapproved of Dickey's action, and though he certainly disliked the man, he added, with scrupulous justice, that because she had had hypodermic injections twice within a few days, Dickey believed she did not need it but rather that it was "the old morphine habit" reasserting itself.

"The old morphine habit"—who could have believed that Adam Dickey, Director of the Church, and Calvin Frye, devoted private secretary, would rise up from their graves to declare that this accusation of Mrs. Eddy's enemies was true! In the eyes of canting moralists, no doubt, one who has ever been a drug addict is debarred

from spiritual greatness. But to the more human and sympathetic gaze of Calvin Frye, his leader's long and in the main successful struggle against the habit probably increased her stature.

The long-extended agony of Mrs. Eddy's decline had by this time frayed the nerves of everyone in the household and caused the latent jealousy between Frye and Dickey to flame up in angry words. Dickey had persuaded Mrs. Eddy to add his wife to her already sufficiently large family, and Mrs. Dickey, a gauche and tactless female, had added to the general spirit of dissension until Mrs. Eddy had found it necessary to ask her to reside outside the house. For this Frye was taken to task by her angry husband. "Mr. Adam H. Dickey," Frye complains, "accused me (Frye) of preventing his wife from remaining in Mrs. Eddy's home." But this time the powerful Dickey over-reached himself. Mrs. Eddy was still mistress over her household. Whether incited by Frye does not appear, but at any rate that evening she summoned Mrs. Dickey before her, and the incriminating fact was brought out that twenty years before she had had a "belief of sciatica nerve." Since it was an established rule with Mrs. Eddy never to employ anyone who had suffered from disease, or "belief" of disease, Mrs. Dickey retired in disgrace.

This was Frye's solitary victory over his redoubtable opponent. In this his hour of triumph one may indulge in a not uncharitable smile at the old man. With the advancing years his chin had receded until by contrast his nose seemed enormous; the once luxurious mustache that curled so proudly, now gray and sparse, was close-cropped; become paunchy, he walked with a kind of mingled waddle and strut; with others than Mrs. Eddy he was a bit pompous in manner. Did not this pomposity take expression in his in-

dignant, "Accused me, Frye"? Ridiculous, faithful old seneschal, his years of service were almost over.

One last touch of comedy before the end. It seems that the dissensions in the household eventually infected even the horses. Frye, perplexed, knew not what to think. Two of Mrs. Eddy's horses were under "strange beliefs" and the veterinary surgeon did not know what to call the disease, which was "unlike anything ever known of horses."

IV

While the court favorites wrangled, and the royal steeds fell into strange beliefs, their queen grew frailer day by day. She would sit for hours gazing into space, unresponsive to word or sign. Was this a kind of senile coma, or was she, as the faithful believed, communing with Moses and the Prophets? Occasionally she would rouse herself to carry on the weary fight with death. On September 26, 1910, less than three months before the end, she seems to have made a final effort. She called all her helpers about her and demanded that they heal her. Then she offered one thousand dollars to anyone who would heal her. (Up to the last, the influence of her early frugal years persisted: she was now worth nearly three millions, yet not even when she deemed her life at pawn would she offer more than a thousand dollars to save it.) The fluent Dickey at once replied that he would gladly give one thousand dollars himself to be able to heal her. The others said much the same. Frye alone did not reply, for he felt quite confused and discouraged. At last he said, "Well, all we can do is to keep up our courage and work on up to our highest understanding." Mrs. Eddy replied, "Has it come to this!" It was her "*Et tu, Brute.*" Then she said, "If you all feel like that, turn your minds away from me and know that I am well."

But she was almost through. Two months later, on November 26th, she scratched despairingly on a sheet of paper, "It took a combination of sinners that was fast to harm me." M.A.M. had triumphed. But it took a combination of sinners that stood fast. These proud, hopeless words were among the last that Mrs. Eddy penned. Six days later she was dead.

Frye was liberally provided for in her will and given the use of a suite of rooms in her house on Commonwealth Avenue where she had lived from 1887 to 1889. The old man decided that he needed to see the world and actually took a trip to Europe. Then he returned to the quiet of his Boston home, whose peace must have seemed a strange contrast to the turmoil of his previous years. He could devote long hours of reading to various classics of English literature, continuing the education interrupted in his youth; he could sleep all night through, unharassed by importunate bells; no fears of M.A.M. now intruded into that somnolent house where so many years ago he had engaged in night-long conflicts with the enemy. There was now no occasion for him to scribble daily records of importance on an office pad; nothing of importance ever happened. So the years moved slowly on until his birthday came round in 1917; on that day, August 24, he died, at the age of seventy-two.

When dying, Frye asserted himself in a surprising manner. He had left his property by will to the Church, but shortly before his death Adam Dickey angered him by proffering some advice which the old New Englander regarded as intrusive. So when his testament came to be viewed, the chagrined Directors found it torn in two and across the top the words, "I won't." It was the only time that Calvin Frye ever said, "I won't."

There is evidence that Frye had at one time hoped that Mrs. Eddy would

ask him to act as her biographer. On August 29, 1908, he made a note of how she told him that Tomlinson, who had previously been engaged on an unpublished sketch of her, was not broad enough to write her history but that sometime she would get the right one to do it, after which he added the words, "Calvin A. Frye." But Mrs. Eddy never made the desired request. One may hazard the guess that she never intended to make it. Exactly four days before, on August 25, 1908, she had said to Adam Dickey, as recorded in the latter's *Memoirs of Mary Baker Eddy*:

If I should ever leave here, will you promise me that you will write a history of what has transpired in your experiences

with me, and say that I was mentally murdered?

Dickey's volume duly appeared and was suppressed by the Church. But Calvin Frye went to his grave in silence, and that portion of his diary which was thought to be unfavorable to Mrs. Eddy's reputation was burned. A photostat copy, however, of this, perhaps the most important document in the whole career of Mrs. Eddy, remained. Its revelation exonerates Frye from the evils charged against him, but it shows Mrs. Eddy only as a much-tried and much-trying woman, not as the saint he worshipped. This would never have satisfied his superstitious, miracle-loving soul. Calvin Frye should never have kept a diary.

A BIRD BLOWING

BY CHRISTY MACKAYE

WILD and low
The clouds
In the call of the running wind.

Wild and high
My heart
Like a bird in the blowing.

How life shall come and go
There is no knowing.

Only I—
Like a bird blowing
Wild and high—

Burst apart
The seed of my heart.



CARRIE

A STORY

BY McCREADY HUSTON

THE only unscheduled halt in Caroline Mott's wedding journey of six months occurred within fifty miles of home when the train stopped on a siding and stood there as if it would never move again. To Caroline this delay was a trifle in a tour that had included most of Europe, but to Edward it became after the first five minutes a major issue. After marching from their section to the vestibule and back several times he got down from the step and stood with the porter, staring unhappily ahead.

Caroline could see him from her window. His vexation amused her at first. He looked as if he considered the lost time an offense against his affairs. He had telegraphed his father from New York that they would arrive in time for Sunday dinner. That feast, Caroline had been reminded several times during the morning, was at half-past one. Now they were going to be late. As Edward told her on one of his trips into the car from his gloomy look-out with the porter, if the train should start immediately it would not get into Empire until two.

It went on, not immediately but presently; and Caroline expected her husband to recover his normal temper. It was then she laid aside her book and began to take an interest in the incident, for Edward did not recover. He remained upset. He had ridden across strange countries in indifference but

now he kept pushing up his left cuff, glancing at his watch, and peering from the window for landmarks from which to make calculations.

If this had been the agitation natural in a son returning home with a bride Caroline would have remained amused. By nature and training she was a gay companion. What finally disturbed her, what finally caused the first serious inquiry to creep into her eyes, was the persistence of Edward's anxiety over being late at his father's table.

She tried to take him out of it with a jesting rebuke, but the face he turned to her from the window, from which he had just made out a familiar village, was solemn.

"It wouldn't matter if we hadn't wired we'd be there," he retorted. "When you tell father you'll be there at a certain time he expects you."

Caroline subsided. The tone made her fear their first quarrel might not be far away. The state of mind was new to her. She was measuring by her own companionable father and the fathers of her friends. Then there was the injustice of his remark about the wire. She could have reminded him that the responsibility for the wire was exclusively his. She had even opposed it. In their hotel in New York, just off the steamer, she had seen no reason for being so precise. Edward's family knew when the boat got in; she and Edward would be along in due course.

She had tried to make light of his rattling of railroad time-tables and telegraph blanks, saying:

"We might take a notion to stop off and see Niagara Falls, Eddie. After all, I am a bride. If we wire and then change our plans, where shall we be? Why not just walk in on your people when we get there?"

But Edward Mott, bent over the writing desk, had enjoyed neither Caroline's allusion to Niagara Falls nor her suggestion of omitting the telegram.

"Father doesn't like people walking in," was the phrase with which he closed the passage.

Caroline hadn't liked it. She didn't mind the wire, though it placed them under the compulsion of getting there and brought about exactly this disturbance on the belated train; what she objected to was her husband being in awe of somebody. The men of her own connection never moved in deference to anybody nor were they forever bent on exacting deference. In this situation there was an intimation that she was moving toward an alien environment, and it frightened her. Edward's conduct on the train revealed to her that from the landing of the ship he had been under a strain which had now warped the happy conditions of their honeymoon.

She had seen her father-in-law but once, at her wedding. She remembered now a small man of about fifty-five, with carefully parted and brushed iron-gray hair who when he greeted her seemed to have no bones in his hand. Afterward on the boat she had chided herself for having thought him disappointing, for it was he, J. Edward Mott president of the Mott Steel Spring Company, of Empire, that thriving Middle-Western city, who had paid their passage and supplied Edward with enough travelers' checks for their needs.

They had been married at her home outside of Philadelphia. Her people were a happy lot. She closed her eyes as the train approached Empire. She had never seen the town. Because of Edward's strange behavior she was not eager to look. On the verge of her new life she wanted to recall her own father, who didn't care whether she was late for Sunday dinner or not.

Just before the porter came to get them ready she gave a start and opened her eyes. She had remembered that every time a letter from Mr. Mott had caught up with them in Europe Edward had been silent and preoccupied for a day or two. As she coupled that with this extreme concern she felt her heart sinking.

Edward's worry was deep as they descended on the platform at Empire but it did not prevent him from calling to Caroline's notice the recent elevation of the tracks and the construction of a new station.

"They say it cost nearly a million dollars," he remarked as they hastened across the polished floor of the waiting room toward the exit marked "Taxicabs." As they followed their bags through the door he explained:

"When you tell the folks you're coming they expect you at the house. Meeting people at the train isn't the same thing. We meet guests, of course, but not the family."

Recalling Edward's references to the three automobiles of the Mott family Caroline thought they might have broken a custom; but at the same time she was relieved, because going up in a taxi meant facing her husband's parents just a little later.

She sat up prettily in her smart traveling suit and tried to show a becoming interest in the city that was the seat of the Motts. There was the Mott Loan and Trust, twelve stories, and the Hotel Mott on the public square, and finally they were on Mott Avenue.

She looked out at the proper times and made appropriate acknowledgments.

She had a premonition of the house before Edward said "There it is" and called to the driver, as if an Empire taxicab man would have to be told the location of the residence of J. Edward Mott.

The cab ran up into a drive and discharged them at the side of a high, wide, red-brick house trimmed in scrolled wood. They entered the end of a veranda and crossed in front of tall windows behind which were stiff lace curtains. In another moment they were standing in a center hall lighted by blue-glass panels that flanked the front door, and the little gray man was advancing from a shadowy parlor and saying, "Well, you're late."

He didn't approach or offer to shake hands, but just stood there looking at them, fingering a slender gold watch chain which, irrelevantly, held Caroline's eyes. She wondered why at this important moment she was noticing how neatly the gold line lay across the smooth gray waistcoat from pocket to pocket. Somebody, she felt, had to speak, so she managed to say:

"An hour late getting back from a twelve-thousand mile trip—I call that a record."

Evidently that was wrong, for Eddie didn't rally to her support, and she tore her gaze from the watch chain to find that Mrs. Mott had appeared and was holding Edward against her purple-silk bosom. Holding him with her left arm, she extended her right hand to Caroline, who had an impression of a large quantity of evenly colored yellow hair surmounting a countenance dominated by bright black eyes.

"You will want to go upstairs," was her greeting, as if they had parted only an hour ago, perhaps after church. "You and Eddie can have the rear east. Don't stop to change your clothes. We're ready to sit down."

Edward's ablutions were a miracle of promptness for a young man who always took time for grooming himself, and he was fidgeting around the rear east bedroom while Caroline tried to smooth her hair in a panic of haste. She had a conviction that she alone—not even the railroad—was being held accountable for the delay in the operations of the household machinery of the Motts.

She turned to him despairingly, her lovely young face suffused with trouble. "Go on down, Eddie," she pleaded, feeling she could not make her hands function while his watchful presence was filling the atmosphere of the high, dark, old-fashioned bedroom.

But he could not bring himself to trust her to be prompt. He made excuses, waiting till she finally broke off and joined him for the descent.

When they appeared in the parlor Caroline, glancing toward the dining room beyond, saw a middle-aged serving woman placing the roast on the table. They had got down just in time to avoid a querulous call from below.

Instantly Mr. Mott was seated at the head, Mrs. Mott at the foot, and the bride and groom between.

As Mr. Mott shaved off slices of the rolled ribs of beef and handed the plates to the serving woman to carry around to Mrs. Mott, who had the vegetables, the conversation began.

"Well, how's Europe?"

It was as if Mr. Mott had said, "How is the county seat?" Caroline stole a shy glance at him, hoping to discover an avenue to naturalness and ease. But his expression behind his steely looking glasses baffled her, and she dropped her eyes to her plate. Eddie answered his father in what sounded to Caroline like the echo of an attitude.

"Pretty good, father." All of the buoyancy, the heartiness, which had attracted Caroline to Edward Mott

seemed to have been absorbed by the inscrutable personality of the father.

"Hear much over there about not buying American stuff on account of the tariff?"

"Not much."

"I didn't think so. Just talk put out by a lot of people against the administration."

It was Edward's turn to question.

"How's business?"

"Supposed to be bad. I've seen it worse. Matter of fact, we're off only about ten per cent from this time last year."

"That's good. I can't wait to get down to the plant."

Caroline glanced at him inquiringly. He had not mentioned the Mott family enterprise, in which he was a stockholder, during their six months together.

"I want to take you to the Chamber of Commerce luncheon to-morrow," Mr. Mott said, helping himself to another slice of the beef. "Better be ready to make a little talk. Might say something about business conditions in Europe. Fact, I called up the secretary and said you'd be there and might say a few words."

"I'll be glad to, dad. Of course, I can't give them anything but a general impression."

Caroline felt her face burning for Edward. He had played in Europe, ignoring every solemn interest. With the shame she felt a sudden anger. Marriage was a mutual affair. If he had intended this play-acting with his father he should have taken her into his confidence. Now she was forced to attend a question from Mrs. Mott, who had been silent, looking from her husband to her son and back, listening to questions and replies.

"How did you enjoy Europe?" she asked.

"Oh, enormously!" Caroline turned to her, glad to forget the depressing in-

terchange of the two men. "Of course, I had been over two or three times before, but it is like discovering a new world when you go as we did this time, on a holiday. It was lovely. You see it's the first time I was ever free of the family."

Caroline saw at once from the shadow that seemed to cross Mrs. Mott's face that she had made a mistake. She hastened to repair it.

"Of course daddy and mother are adorable, but you do so like to get out and try life for yourself!"

Mrs. Mott contemplated her in silence for some moments. Then she said somberly:

"I hope you are going to like Empire. I am having a little luncheon bridge in your honor Wednesday, and Thursday Eddie's Aunt Sara, Mr. Mott's sister, is giving a tea for you. Friday I want to take you to the tea at the Forward Club, and Saturday Millie Tener is giving a bridge. There will be other things later, especially after these get into the paper. I told the society editor she could use your picture next Sunday."

"I am sure it is lovely for so many people to want to entertain for me. Are you sure it's all right about the newspaper? I . . . never had my picture in a paper."

Mr. Mott emitted a sound.

"Sure it's all right. You're a Mott now. Paper's glad to get it."

After the ice-cream Mr. Mott lighted a cigar and handed one to Eddie. Caroline had never seen her husband with a cigar. As they passed into the other room, she said to him in a low voice:

"Give me a cigarette. I left my bag upstairs."

Cupping his hands over the match to light his cigar he shook his head quickly. "Lay off that," he muttered.

Caroline took refuge in a chair.

Mr. Mott did not sit but walked up

and down the room. At the third turn he confronted the group.

"What do you say to a little drive around? Carrie's never seen the town."

Carrie . . . she had never been called that. She was about to mask a protest in a joke when Mr. Mott interrupted, "I'll be getting the car out."

"If you don't mind, Mr. Mott, I think I shall ask to be excused. I should like to unpack and freshen up a little."

He waved that down with his cigar.

"Rats! It'll just be an hour or so around town. Get the air. Besides, I've got something to show you out in Brookside Gardens."

Edward sat with his father in the front seat of the heavy looking enclosed car which Mr. Mott guided over the quiet Sunday streets at a slow, even rate of speed which Caroline, as she sat beside her mother-in-law in the rear, decided was in harmony with the man. It indicated a person so confident of reaching all of his goals that he felt no compulsion to hurry. There were a profusion of stop streets in Empire which Mr. Mott approached even more slowly and paid civic respect to with a prodigious clashing of gears.

After they had viewed the ornaments of the downtown district and had driven out to and past the sprawling factory upon which the Mott fortune was founded, they drove into a new, less closely settled part of the town.

"This is going to be our best residential district," Mr. Mott threw back. "Brookside Gardens."

To this Edward added:

"Our older families are moving out this way as the business district grows and takes over their homes."

Mr. Mott pointed with his cigar, which he carried between his gloved fingers as he drove, toward a large square building of yellow brick with a green roof.

"See that house up yonder?"

Caroline was about to say that it would be hard to escape anything so hideous when Eddie broke in:

"That's a pretty good-looking place, dad. Who built that?"

Caroline was astounded. On their honeymoon, Edward had professed an affection for the simplicity of the American Colonial almost equal to hers. It had been practically settled that they would some day build in that style. Mr. Mott was replying to his son's query:

"Empire Lumber Company. It's one of their complete jobs—everything from foundation to decorations. They even do the furnishing. They've got connections in the furniture market. They can save the owner a lot on the furniture. You can give them the order and they'll turn you out a house ready to cook dinner in."

"You don't mean to say . . ."

Caroline's involuntary exclamation was stopped by Mrs. Mott, who turned to her.

"Say what? That they do it? Of course they do. Wait till you see some of the houses inside."

Caroline sat back, horrified and unbelieving. The building of a home was an undertaking almost sacred to her. She had spent hours dreaming of planning hers with Eddie, evolving slowly the perfection of a feeling, of an ideal.

They drove in silence for a while, over an intricate system of boulevards through what had been meadows a few months before. Paying no attention, absorbed in trying to assimilate the idea of a home on this evidently approved plan, she was jogged into realizing they were repassing the yellow-brick house.

"That's a good job," Mr. Mott was saying. "All copper gutters. That roof alone is worth a thousand dollars. Tile. Never wear out. Square-type

house. That's the kind. None of your gables and all spread out to eat up the coal."

Caroline's dream house was not spread out. It could have only three gables at the most. She was about to try to interest them in it when she noticed Mr. Mott was guiding the car to the curb in front of the house he admired. They sat there, rather ridiculously Caroline thought, looking upward across a hundred feet or so of rising lawn. Suddenly she noticed curtains. The house was occupied. She looked from Mrs. Mott to Edward, from Edward to his father, wondering how they could sit staring at somebody else's windows. Then she saw Mr. Mott had turned off the engine and was locking the car.

"What do you say we go take a look?" he asked and, without waiting for an answer, got out of the machine. Eddie helped his mother and Caroline out. On the sidewalk, Caroline's wonder forced itself out.

"The people are at home, Eddie. Should we be looking?"

Mr. Mott turned back to her.

"It's all right. Nobody in it. It's just fixed up by the lumber company. People can go through it. You see, that's part of the idea. You can sell a furnished house quicker than an empty one."

With her fear of intrusion dispelled, Caroline approached the entrance with a lively curiosity. She was about to go through a "model" house. It would be an amusing experience. Afterward she and Eddie could discuss it, agreeing on what they hadn't liked.

"See? All furnished!" Mr. Mott explained, throwing open the front door and waving them inside.

He proved a voluble guide, pointing out all of the visible inducements:

"Living room suite, best overstuffed. Couldn't buy that davenport at retail for the price of the five pieces taking

the place this way. Nice blue rug, brass andirons, three—no, four—bridge lamps, shades all different. Cabinet radio, player piano. Out there's the sun porch; wicker furniture, bird cage. Get that cute little cactus plant on the table. It's the details that count. Over here's the dining room. Walnut table, eight chairs. Brown rug in here, you notice; no monotony. You go through here to the kitchen. Here's the breakfast nook. Take a look at this kitchen. Electric range, electric refrigerator, electric fan.

"Now upstairs there's . . . but let's go on up. These people do things right. Four bedrooms and a sleeping porch. Two bathrooms. Now here's the main bedroom. Look at that bedstead. You wouldn't think that was only gum, made right over in Michigan, would you? Looks like mahogany. Each bedroom in a different color. Bedclothes all in. Look in here; linen closet, all stocked. Nothing to buy; everything complete. All for one price! I call that merchandising the home."

In a daze, Caroline followed her husband and his parents through the upstairs. She was aghast not only at the revelation that Mr. and Mrs. Mott accepted without question the suggestion that people would buy a home from which all chance for self-expression had been removed, but also from the chilling fear that they would some day suggest that she and Eddie take one on this same plan. Her fear reached a panic when her eyes rested on Eddie and she saw what his thralldom to his parents might mean in such a crisis. She wanted to escape, to rush down the carpeted stairs and out into the air, to get away from this terrible growing sense of being closed in. She made a mental calculation, trying to decide how soon she could get Eddie to herself and beg him never, never to consent to any arrangement for a house in Empire

without consulting her. She had a premonition that he might do that. She wanted to put him on his guard, on record; and then she was reminded that she had no assurance of any immediate privacy, an opportunity to talk things out, to make some essential reservations about their future.

They were back in the principal bedroom.

"You'd call this the master's bedroom, I suppose," Mr. Mott remarked. "Cross ventilation; southern exposure. I know the fellow who sells them all their wallpaper. He says there's nothing cheap about it. Mother, you've bought a lot of wallpaper in your time. Isn't that a good paper?"

Mrs. Mott nodded approvingly.

"It's a fifty-cent paper, anyway. Fifty cents a roll, I mean," she explained to Caroline.

"Of course," Mr. Mott went on, "there might be a few things the owners would want to change; a few things they might want to buy. But it's complete just as it stands. Two-car garage in the back. Thought Carrie would like to see how we do things here. You never saw it handled this way, did you, Carrie?"

Her eyes met his helplessly. She tried to smile. If she could get Eddie alone she would have to ask him to do something about this "Carrie." Caroline Hastings before her marriage, she had been named for her mother. There had always been a Caroline in her family but never a Carrie.

Mr. Mott laughed.

"See how serious and blue Carrie is, mother. I know what's wrong with her. We've brought her here and showed her a fine house, all furnished and everything. We've told her how it's done and bragged it up and made her want one like it! She's probably thinking, 'Well, if this house is so grand why don't you help Eddie and me get one?' Isn't that right, Carrie? Now

'fess up. I can see it in your face. This makes you want a house of your own, don't it?"

"Why, no, Mr. Mott. Not at all. I'm afraid that if I looked serious I was just a little tired from my trip."

"She can't fool us, can she, mother? Well, now, children, you just come over here to the light. I want to show you something. Guess there's no juice turned on here yet. Well, never mind; step over here close to the window."

When they grouped around him in the light of the fading afternoon he drew a paper from his inside pocket.

"Now here's a little surprise for you. See that? Know what that is?"

What Caroline saw was some legal-looking lettering.

"That's a deed, Carrie; you can have your house. It's a wedding gift. And not only a house but this very house you're standing in! The one that made you want a house! It's yours and Eddie's. All you got to do is hang up your clothes and you're fixed for life! Now what do you think of that?"

As Caroline shrank away from the window, not knowing what to do, she heard her husband saying:

"Why that's wonderful, dad! Gee, a home of our own and a marvelous one like this! Caroline, that's certainly great of dad and mother, isn't it?"

She was standing there turning her face slowly from one to the other. Her mouth was twitching and she had trouble making her words audible.

"I know I am awfully queer, but you'll have to get used to me. You will have to let me . . . go into one of the other rooms . . . and be alone . . . for a minute. I've got to cry a little . . . before I can say anything about it."

Eddie was standing with the deed in his hand, looking at her wonderingly as she fled. She caught a comment:

"Caroline's awfully sensitive, dad.

"I guess she's just overcome with your wedding gift."

In the adjoining bedroom Caroline threw herself on the bed and stifled a terrible sob in the cerise pillow sham.

"Fixed for life," she moaned to herself, over and over.

Presently she heard the others going downstairs. They were talking on the lawn below, and then they seemed to fade away; perhaps inspecting the garage. Then feet bounded up the stairs and somebody pushed open the bedroom door. It was Eddie.

"Coming now, Carrie?" he whispered.

She sat up on the bed and wiped her eyes.

"Gee, Carrie, it's great, isn't it? Let's go down together now and tell them how much we appreciate it."

She walked stiffly across to the

mirror of the dressing table that had come with the house and there straightened her hat. She was calm now, calm and in full control of herself. She joined Eddie in the middle of the bedroom and stood looking at him gravely. Presently she spoke:

"Do you realize that you called me Carrie just now?"

"Why, yes. I guess I did."

"You've started to call me Carrie, haven't you?"

"Well, I didn't think about it."

"That's just it. You did it unconsciously. A few minutes ago I'd have said, 'Never call me that.' But you can now. In fact, don't call me anything else. Don't use the name Caroline . . . any more. Now that we are . . . fixed for life, call me Carrie."

She opened the door and moved along the hall to the staircase, leaving him to follow.

SNOWFALL

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

IF THERE is peace that passeth understanding,
It must be deeper than this deep snowfall
That binds each door and window sill to silence
And makes another matter of a wall.

*If there is peace that passeth understanding,
It must not leave one landmark to go by—
Not so much as the softest line dividing
The whiteness of the earth from the white sky.*

*For here is peace—and yet the understanding
Of its first hush, the least of creatures know.
No restless wings disturb the flying snowflakes;
No print of paws disturbs the fallen snow.*



SPECIALISTS AT LARGE

AN INQUIRY INTO CERTAIN ASPECTS OF MEDICAL PRACTICE

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

VIGOROUS campaigns have been waged by the medical profession as well as by the state authorities against unlicensed quacks and the various types of charlatan who practice the healing arts illegally. As a result many of these healers have been driven out of business, while those that remain have become discredited with the educated portion of the population. But the incompetent or the unscrupulous doctor, whose license gives him complete freedom of action, continues to practice any specialty he chooses without effective interference, and the public suffers accordingly.

This is not the jaundiced view of a layman. Medical literature of the past five years shows that more than a few of the leaders of the profession are alive to the crisis. A body as representative as the New York Academy of Medicine finds that there is a great deal of "overspecialization" and is, therefore, considering a plan for the grading of doctors. In Boston Dr. David Cheever of Peter Bent Brigham Hospital has put himself on record as deploring "certain ugly tendencies which expose the licensed doctor to the criticisms of the charlatan." "It is an unpleasant duty," says Doctor Cheever, "to drag these things out to the light of day, but dragged out they must be and exposed to public gaze in pillory and stocks, in true New Eng-

land fashion." Voicing a similar opinion, a writer in the *New England Journal of Medicine* recently declared, "All of us are fully aware at the present time that there are a considerable number of self-styled specialists who have no real claim to the distinction the name implies." A medical contributor to *Southwest Medicine* sees the specialties "crowded by a lot of fellows who have no special qualifications, but who have gotten to the golf age and yearn for the flesh pots of an office practice and bigger fees."

Surgery, because of the comparatively large financial returns which it yields, has been exploited more than any of the other specialties. Dr. Charles Lockwood of Pasadena, California, in his presidential address before the Pacific Coast Surgical Association in 1926, had this to say of the situation: "Surgery, because of its spectacular growth in the last twenty-five years, because of its brilliant achievements and its appeal to the popular imagination, has been peculiarly liable to abuses and exploitation. . . . There is now a surplus of surgeons in almost every community. Competition is so keen that ambitious young surgeons with little practice and little experience are finding indications for surgery in a large percentage of the patients who consult them." A year earlier, at the 1925 meeting of the American College of Surgeons, Dr.

LeRoy Long, Dean of the Medical School of the University of Oklahoma, went so far as to estimate that "there are thirty thousand untrained men performing surgical operations." More recently, Dr. Arthur Bevan of Chicago admitted in the columns of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* that "many operations are done which might not be necessary and many are badly done by incompetent men," while Dr. W. C. Rappleye of New Haven, Connecticut, writing in a recent issue of the same *Journal*, conceded that "there evidently is considerable unnecessary surgery being done, quite often by physicians with little surgical ability or training."

A good part of this bad and unnecessary surgery is laid at the door of the fee-splitter, whose name, it is freely admitted, is legion. "We wink at the transgressions of fee dividers," says the *Indiana State Medical Journal*, "who have large and lucrative practices and who are supported by a large number of spineless physicians who, figuratively speaking, sell their souls for a mess of pottage." Dr. Ellsworth Eliot, Jr., of New York City, formerly President of the American Surgical Association, speaks of "the undoubted increase of this pernicious custom"; the *New England Journal of Medicine* admits that "there is no question that the practice of fee-splitting is widespread," while the New Jersey Medical Society announces that it has appointed a committee to make an inquiry into the practice. Dr. Charles Lockwood of Pasadena declares that fee-splitting is still continued "by a large group of surgeons and is defended by some men as justifiable." He adds that "it makes a pawn of the patient and tempts both physician and surgeon to recommend unnecessary surgery." The eminent Dr. Rudolph Matas of New Orleans, one of the founders of the American

College of Surgeons, refers scornfully to "the fifty-seven varieties of bogus surgeons and fee-splitters who, under the cloak of an honorable profession, are nothing but a band of looters and outlawed camp followers." Finally, Dr. James Baldwin of Columbus, Ohio, former president of the Ohio State Medical Society and also of the American Association of Obstetricians, Gynecologists, and Abdominal Surgeons, frankly states that "the public in general would be shocked if they should come to know how many of their idolized family physicians are guilty of the vice."

II

No investigation, unfortunately, can determine what proportion of the one hundred and fifty-two thousand licensed doctors in this country are undeserving of our complete confidence. But no matter how small or how large the proportion, the situation seems to need airing. The very fact that patients and their families are in no position to evaluate a doctor's services, gives the conscienceless and the ill-equipped member of the profession dangerous power over life and death. It is the failings of this type of doctor that I intend to discuss, and I must ask my readers to bear in mind that the evidence which follows is not to be applied to the entire medical profession. *The last thing that I should want to do would be to undermine the confidence of the public in doctors as a class.* If I write of the faults of a certain element in the profession it is because this element has fallen so far short of the best standards of medical practice.

There are incompetent men in all of the specialties, as well as in general practice. The field of surgery, however, affords the most glaring examples of malpractice, since a badly performed operation will either en-

danger a patient's life or cause serious after-effects. Such cases as the following are probably more common than the lay public realizes. The Department of Health in an Eastern city recently had occasion to investigate the death of a woman who was reported to have been operated upon for gastric ulcer. As the doctor who signed the death certificate was suspected of being an abortionist, an autopsy was performed; but the examination revealed no signs of either a gastric ulcer or of a pregnancy—or of any other condition that might have called for an operation. This man who called himself a surgeon was apparently responsible for his patient's death, and yet the law could not reach him, since he holds a State medical license which entitles him to perform any kind of an operation. Another unfortunate case occurred not long ago in the same city. A young woman was stricken at night with an attack of acute appendicitis and, upon the recommendation of a friend, called in a neighborhood doctor. The latter took her to a privately owned hospital and there turned her over to a colleague, who so bungled the operation that she had to spend the next six months in a good hospital recovering from a serious complication. The neighborhood doctor, as it turned out, was not licensed to practice, but he could not be held under the law since the man who performed the operation was licensed.

An operation for acute appendicitis is always fraught with danger, and a patient's life is doubly jeopardized if the operator is not a skilled surgeon. The fact that the death rate from appendicitis is so much higher in some hospitals and communities than in others points to tardy diagnosis and bad surgery on the part of the doctors responsible. A study of deaths from appendicitis in Michigan made by Doctors Carr and Deacon showed

that in a few counties the death rate from this cause was only a little more than 1 per cent; in eight counties it was under 5 per cent; in eleven it was between 5 and 10 per cent; in sixteen, between 10 and 14 per cent; in seventeen, between 14 and 18 per cent; and in ten, between 18 and 21 per cent.

Deaths are frequently due to the surgeon's haste and failure to take the necessary precautions. As Dr. Charles Lockwood says, "Too often hasty diagnoses are made on insufficient evidence and too little time allowed for thorough preparation for the operation. The surgeon is too often influenced by monetary considerations, by the fear of competition, and by the opinions of the patients. Sometimes the surgeon's convenience, his vacation plans, his golf engagement, or some other social affair will enter into the decision as to when an operation shall be done, and may well be the determining factor in its outcome. Often a desire to save the patient expense and incidentally to conserve his resources so that he can pay a better fee will deter the careless and unscrupulous surgeon from resorting to all necessary diagnostic and preoperative precautions."

In addition to the various diagnostic tests which may be essential in determining the necessity for surgical interference, examinations are supposed to be made of the patient's heart, lungs, and urine before an operation is attempted. Yet a doctor who is familiar with the procedure in a good many hospitals reports that these precautions are not always taken in the lower grade institutions and that post-operative pneumonias sometimes occur because the operation is not delayed until a congested condition in the patient's lungs has cleared up. (At the same time it should not be inferred, this doctor points out, that all post-operative pneumonias are due to such neglect.)

No less culpable than the thousand and one inexperienced and careless doctors who set themselves up to be operators are those able surgeons who cannot resist the temptation of removing perfectly healthy organs. "They are the men," says Dr. Rudolph Matas, "who, having learned enough of surgical technic to steer clear from the perils of shock, hæmorrhage, and infection and thereby avoid an immediate mortality, sometimes, and I am pained to say, too often—and with growing frequency—are willing to desecrate their ministry and their art for purely sordid, sinister motives. They resort to all sorts of subterfuges to lure the patient to the operating room and do not hesitate to perform any operation whether indicated or not, provided it will bring them the coveted fee."

Gynecologic surgery is a ripe field for the conscienceless doctor, since women like nothing better than to have a specific and rapid cure prescribed for their nervous symptoms. Twenty and thirty years ago women who suffered from headaches often had their ovaries removed. To-day this operation has come to be discredited as a general panacea, but other pelvic operations have taken its place. A well-known gynecologist who is at the head of the service in one of New York's good hospitals caustically observes that curetting of the uterus is prescribed on a wholesale scale for a variety of symptoms. It is a simple enough operation and involves no abdominal incision, but it calls for a general anæsthetic, and takes some toll from a patient's reserve energy as well as from her pocketbook. While it is sometimes helpful, in many cases it does no good whatsoever, in this gynecologist's opinion. He claims further that pelvic operations of a major nature are often needlessly performed when the patient's back-ache or other symptoms may be due to some cause which

does not fall into the bailiwick of the gynecologist.

Pelvic operations for women, and tonsil operations upon men, women, and children are probably the most abused of the operative procedures in vogue to-day. Twenty or twenty-five years ago appendices were removed on a wholesale scale and there are undoubtedly still many unnecessary operations performed for so-called chronic appendicitis or "right-siditis." But the craze has somewhat died down, and now tonsillectomy holds the field.

At the outset it must be admitted that the best medical opinion disagrees radically as to the indications for tonsillectomy. Some nose and throat specialists claim that if a tonsil is at all enlarged it is unhealthy, and that on the other hand if it is withered and has become "submerged" it is assuredly unhealthy and must be removed. More conservative laryngologists hesitate to advise a tonsillectomy unless the patient's tonsils are seriously infected or unless they appear to be the cause of a general disease which cannot be traced to any other source.

Dr. Albert Kaiser of Rochester, New York, raises the question whether the thousands of children who have been subjected to tonsillectomy have really benefited from the operation. At the 1930 session of the American Medical Association he reported on a study which he had made of two thousand children, one thousand of whom had had their tonsils removed ten years previously, while the other thousand had not undergone the operation although it had been advised. The results showed that the children on whom tonsillectomies had been performed suffered less from acute sore throat, slightly less from ear trouble, and were not so susceptible to scarlet fever, diphtheria, certain kinds of glandular trouble (not including thyroid), first attacks of rheumatic fever, and

rheumatic heart disease. On the other hand, children whose rheumatic symptoms had occurred before the operation was performed appeared not to have been relieved at all, while the entire group of tonsillectomized children showed a higher incidence of laryngitis, bronchitis, and pneumonia, and at the same time suffered just as much as the other group from head colds, unexplained attacks of fever, recurrent hoarseness, and frequent nose-bleeds. In view of such disappointing results and in view of the very real hazard of the operation, Doctor Kaiser concludes that it is unwise to remove tonsils in children whose complaints are not likely to be benefited by the operation. However, where such complaints as persistent sore throat and glandular trouble exist, the operation is advisable.

Dr. Frank Billings, professor emeritus of the University of Chicago, also raises the question whether tonsillectomies are not being performed in some cases where they are not indicated. In an address which he recently delivered before the New York Academy of Medicine on the complex subject of focal infections as the cause of general disease, he stated positively that both teeth and tonsils were often found to be the source of focal infection. But he added, "It is a matter for regret that too often, through superficial examination, failure to apply rational principles, and poor judgment, a patient's teeth or tonsils are needlessly sacrificed, often to the detriment of his health."

The doctors to be criticized are those who make only a superficial examination and then promise their patients that they will be much better off with their tonsils removed. Dr. Lewellys F. Barker of Johns Hopkins Medical School, in speaking "of the great lengths to which the idea of focal infection has been carried, particularly in the way of removal of teeth and

tonsils," declares that the "situation is a serious one, for eager patients have frequently been duped by promising proffers of therapeutic measures that have all too often led only to disappointment and disillusionment."

Patients no doubt often err in relying upon the advice of a nose and throat doctor instead of seeking the opinion of a good internist or general practitioner as to whether their tonsils are the probable cause of their difficulties.

It would be well for patients to know that a tonsillectomy is more than a minor operation and that it requires a very special technic. Even a man who is a competent general surgeon is seldom adept at removing tonsils. A tonsillectomy should normally consume at most no more than twenty or thirty minutes, and yet a certain general surgeon who enjoys a good reputation in New York has been known to keep tonsillectomy patients on the operating table for an hour or an hour and a half, in a private hospital where he is under no supervision.

Another operation often performed by nose and throat specialists who are given to making hasty diagnoses, involves cutting the bone of the nose to straighten a deflected septum. Where the septum is radically deflected this operation is really helpful. But in the general run of cases a doctor is hardly warranted in promising a patient that the operation will definitely relieve him of nasal difficulty. I happen to have a deflected septum myself, but I have been advised by an able laryngologist that an operation would probably not benefit me. Yet a so-called nose and throat specialist whom I consulted for the purposes of this article held out great hopes to me. The ornate yet shabby decorations of his waiting-room were designed to impress the uneducated class of patients who were crowded into it, and the moans which I heard from upstairs told me that this

doctor conducted a hospital as well as an office on the premises. Being somewhat better dressed than the other patients, I was ushered into the examining room quite promptly, but not before I had laid down my ten dollars. It did not take this doctor long to diagnose my case. "A slight operation, my dear young lady, will cure you completely of your colds. You can have it done right here," and at this point he patted my hand reassuringly, "and be out the next day." I repressed a shudder and meekly inquired how much it would cost me. "Two hundred dollars is the price," he said, but when I shook my head and said I thought that seemed high, he wanted to know how much money I had, and he urged me to name the day and pay him whatever I could. But I could not be so easily persuaded as the poor people in his waiting-room who had no way of knowing that this doctor has no real qualifications as a nose and throat specialist. How could they know, since they had probably been sent to him by other doctors who looked forward to sharing in the spoils?

III

Unqualified doctors who have no right to call themselves specialists, as well as those who make a business of performing unnecessary operations, fill up their waiting-rooms by the simple device of paying other doctors to send them patients. Fee-splitting is an ugly word, and the public has been led to believe that none but disreputable doctors indulge in the practice. Certainly those of us who have been fortunate enough to fall into the hands of upright doctors find it hard to believe that there are some members of the profession who make a practice of referring their patients to those of their colleagues who will give them the largest rebate. Yet doctors who are in

a position to know declare that fee-splitting goes on in high places as well as low.

I quote from the confidential letter of a doctor who practices in one of our large Middle-Western cities: "From my sources of information fee-splitting is rather taboo in the three large closed hospitals. From these it rapidly grades out to the outlying hospitals where the fee-splitter is supreme, and where there are few members of the American College of Surgeons. In most of the community hospitals the latter are completely submerged in the free division of fees that goes on around the doctors' rooms, where the management of the hospital knows little of what takes place. These outlying hospitals are largely supported by men with large family practices who are doing from \$20,000 up in their practice and who want a *quid pro quo* for the cases they give up. The fee-splitting surgeon does a thriving business with these fellows."

In cities where the practice is prevalent it is said to be most difficult for a young doctor to establish himself in a specialty, no matter how able he may be, unless he will play the game. In this connection a contributor to the *Indiana Journal of Medicine* told the story of a surgeon who settled in Indianapolis after having served a two-year apprenticeship at the Mayo Clinic. The young man attended medical meetings and made intelligent contributions to the discussions, but no cases were referred to him after it became known that he would not split fees. Finally he was obliged to move to another city in order to support his family, and Indianapolis lost a surgeon who was far better trained than the average.

In another Middle-Western State a physician who has been practicing for many years estimates that fully nine-tenths of the surgery in his city is done

by fee-splitters. This doctor has himself been twice approached by a notorious "specialist" who had the effrontery to offer him a fifty per cent commission on patients whom he had for years been referring to one of the most careful and competent specialists in the city.

Such solicitation goes on in a number of cities. A New York surgeon of high standing told me of having been approached indirectly by fee-splitters after he had returned from the War and lost his private practice. Word was sent to him by former interns at a city hospital where he was a member of the staff that if he would share profits with them he could make \$50,000 to \$100,000 a year. "Many of the younger men," this surgeon told me, "talk quite openly of making '\$400 a month regular and \$800 on splits.'" Another New York doctor admitted quite frankly that he had split fees for many years and had only stopped doing so because of the strict rule of his hospital. He remarked gloomily that he had lost 60 per cent of his practice as a result. In communities where the competition among surgeons is especially keen doctors with patients to sell demand even more than 50 per cent, according to Dr. Charles Eaton Phillips of San Francisco who in a recent issue of the *American Journal of Surgery* quoted one operator as remarking, "There is no money in surgery any more because the referring doctor demands 70 per cent of the operating fee for referring the case."

When two doctors have an understanding that the operative fee is to be split the patient does not stand a very good chance of getting an honest examination at the hands of the specialist. As Dr. LeRoy Long of Oklahoma City puts it, "If the surgeon disagrees with the individual who brings the patient to him as to the necessity of a proposed operation, the consignor of the patient

is offended—because he has in sight his part of the booty. The buyer of the patient, having degenerated into this low form of commercialism, does not wish to offend one upon whom he depends, and the operation is done and the booty divided, but not much more about the condition of the patient appears on paper than about the money trade—criminals do not like to leave tracks." Illustrating the same point, Doctor Baldwin of Columbus, Ohio, tells of a general practitioner who called on several surgeons and finally found one who agreed to operate on his diagnosis without making any further examination of the patient.

In describing the "tricks of the trade," Doctor Baldwin says farther, "The patient may be told that the specialist whose services he personally prefers is on his vacation and will not be back until it will be too late, or that that specialist has given up the particular line in which his services are sought. . . . Or perhaps the desired specialist will be called in consultation, so that the patient is led to believe that the operation will be performed by him, but by a switching trick the operation is actually done, in the seclusion of the operating room, by a fee-splitter, the patient only knowing of the change when the bill 'for professional services' is rendered." He adds that he has had personal experience with all of these tricks and has found that other surgeons have had similar experiences.

There has, it is true, been much preaching in the profession against the evils of fee-splitting. The practice sprang up in the early years of this century along with the rapid growth of surgery, and by 1913 it had spread so alarmingly that a number of the country's eminent surgeons came together to found the American College of Surgeons as a means of raising the standards of surgeons. Doctors were admitted to fellowship who could

present adequate proof of their surgical ability and good standing and who were willing to take the Fellowship Pledge which included a promise "to refuse utterly all money trades with consultants, practitioners, or others." The College has since become a very powerful organization and to-day numbers approximately ten thousand doctors among its fellows. It has done splendid work in raising the standards of hospitals and surgery in general, and yet it has not succeeded in stamping out fee-splitting, according to the opinion of more than a few eminent members of the profession. It is true that Dr. Franklin H. Martin, the Director General of the College, and his colleagues, have fulminated against the practice and denounced it as being responsible for "much unnecessary, poor, and mutilating surgery." They have also, Doctor Martin says, forced more than a few offenders to resign their fellowship or to be dismissed from hospitals that are inspected by the College. Yet it is claimed in some quarters that the pledge is widely disregarded. Certainly the evidence does not entirely bear out Doctor Martin's assertion that the "practice is rapidly disappearing because of the fight that has been carried on against it by the honest members of the medical profession."

It is true that fee-splitting is forbidden by law in Ohio, Wisconsin, Nebraska, and a number of other states, but there is no evidence to show that the law has been enforced. As Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, says in his book *Medical Follies*, "Only an elementary knowledge of human nature is required to make it plain that the man who wants to split fees will not hesitate to violate a law that is easier to flout than the Volstead Act, or to break an oath of the nature of that required by the surgical organ-

ization. How many men, indeed, have ever been penalized for violating that law, and how many have been dropped from the surgical organization for forgetting their oath?"

IV

Preaching and the passing of laws will hardly induce the unqualified specialist and the greedy operator not to split fees, since there is no other method by which they can attract a large number of patients. Far more helpful would be a reorganization of the profession which would at least make it impossible for Doctor Tom, Dick, or Harry to turn himself into a specialist overnight.

In this country where specialization in every field of activity is supposed to have reached its zenith, it is ironical, to say the least, that no additional training is required of the specialist in medicine. This fact is brought out in a recent study made by a subcommittee of the Committee on Medical Education of the New York Academy of Medicine. "With a State license," the study states, "it is possible to practice all branches of the profession and every specialty without supervision or guidance. Except for his own conscience or the lack of confidence of the patient, any graduate is permitted to perform the most difficult and dangerous operations."

Continuing, the committee points out that not even a hospital internship is a prerequisite to a license in every State. (There are only fourteen States that require it.) While conceding that an internship of a year or more has become the custom in most of the medical schools, the authors of the report deplore the fact that the average hospital internship, confined as it usually is to one institution, does not afford the broad experience that doctors need as a preparation for gen-

eral practice, while the smattering they get in certain branches of medicine or surgery makes them feel sufficiently confident to follow a specialty.

Young doctors who are pricked by the specialist urge follow one of three courses, according to this study. "If a student has the financial resources to maintain himself, he may take a course at one of the graduate schools, or try to get a fellowship at the Mayo Foundation, or he may seek an appointment as resident in a special hospital. The great majority of the men, however, simply have to shift for themselves: they may work in an out-patient clinic and pick up what they can without proper guidance, or they may develop skill on private patients who come to them, or they may go to Europe or to one of the postgraduate schools of this country for a short course. If they have ability they will overcome all the difficulties and eventually develop into good specialists. This is the course many of our prominent men have followed, but it is unsatisfactory even for those. . . . For men less gifted, practice of a specialty resolves itself into the performance of a few typical operations without adequate understanding of anatomy, physiology, or pathology, and frequently they are led to the performance of operations for which they are not trained and which result in a high morbidity or mortality."

Here is a frank admission that most specialists learn their specialty not by working under the close supervision of able men, but by *practicing on their patients*.

The medical colleges and their affiliated hospitals are in part to blame for the bad preparation of specialists because, as the report says, "The courses and the residencies which are available are entirely inadequate for the large number of men who should take advanced work in order to prepare themselves for the practice of a spe-

cialty." It will come as a surprise to the public that there are only eight medical schools, the University of Pennsylvania, the University of Minnesota, Tulane University, Harvard, the University of Washington, Johns Hopkins University, and Rush Medical College at the University of Chicago, which offer comprehensive courses in one or more of the clinical specialties, and of these only the first three award higher degrees for the work done, although Rush College plans to do so in the near future. The other postgraduate schools offer short courses in the specialties which are designed to broaden the knowledge of the general practitioner, rather than to turn out full-fledged specialists.

Like the medical colleges, the medical profession as a whole has taken all too few steps to bring order out of chaos and to classify its members according to their special qualifications. A few groups within the profession, however, have seen the need for some sort of a hierarchy which will distinguish skilled specialists from men who have had only general medical training. The idea originated in this country with the American College of Surgeons. Licensed doctors who have graduated from approved schools and have served at least one year's internship and two years as surgical assistant or an apprenticeship of equivalent value, and who are devoting over half of their time to surgery are eligible for fellowship, but only those are selected who can satisfy the Credentials Committee as to their moral and ethical fitness, and who can present a satisfactory and complete record of fifty major operations which they themselves have performed, and fifty others at which they have assisted. This selective process has been carried still farther by the American Board of Oto-Laryngologists and the American Board of Ophthalmologists, bodies that were organized several

years ago to raise the standards in the specialties of the eye, ear, nose and throat. Up to the present time 2,059 doctors have been certified by these two academies and they undoubtedly represent the pick of the eye, ear, nose, and throat men in the country.

Only recently the leading obstetricians and gynecologists of the country, representing the American Association of Obstetricians, Gynecologists, and Abdominal Surgeons, the American Gynecological Society, and the Section on Obstetrics, Gynecology, and Abdominal Surgery of the American Medical Association have organized a similar Board which will hold examinations, written, oral, and clinical, for men who have done university or clinical work in gynecology or obstetrics for at least three years and have practiced the specialty for at least five years. The examining board consists of nine eminent teachers from different parts of the country, and the oral examination, I am told, is to be as searching as a third-degree inquisition. Favoritism is guarded against by the rule that the candidate must appear for his oral examination before a member of the board who comes from another city.

It is hoped that the other specialties will follow suit and organize similar Boards. A parallel plan is now being considered by the New York Academy of Medicine under which that body will admit doctors to membership in certain sections, and later when they have proved their competency will make them Fellows of Surgery, Internal Medicine, Laryngology, Pediatrics, Neurology, or one of the other specialties. These Fellows will then be certified by the New York Academy of Medicine as proficient in their particular branch of medicine or surgery. Such schemes as these will do a great deal to raise the level of the specialties. But the public will be slow to benefit

unless it is fully informed of the existence of these hierarchies within the profession. Every public library should have the directories of the various organizations on file, and the newspapers should publish periodically lists of local members. Patients would then at least have the assurance that the specialists whom they consult have been adequately trained in their particular branch of medicine. Whether they could count on their having the broad knowledge of the human body that only comes with years of general practice is another question. The older men who have brilliantly succeeded in the various specialties went through such a school of experience, and it would seem that the younger candidates for the specialties should be required to have a similar background.

The time must come, I should think, when no doctor will venture to call himself a gynecologist, a laryngologist, a urologist, or any other kind of a specialist unless he has done extensive graduate work in that field and has been certified by the proper board of examiners. The American Medical Association and, in turn, the State and county medical societies could eventually effect this reform if they would exclude from membership all doctors who set themselves up as specialists without having the proper qualifications.

Unless the medical profession cleans its own house in some such manner, the state may have to intervene, as it has in Denmark, and forbid a doctor to practice surgery or any other specialty unless he has taken an examination and been licensed in that specialty. A prominent member of the New York Academy of Medicine thinks that we may have such state regulation ultimately, but he believes that the impetus for the movement must come from the profession itself. In other

words, the profession may find it necessary to use the authority of the state to achieve its ends.

Improved education and reorganization of the medical profession will go a long way toward saving the public from exploitation at the hands of *soi-disant* specialists. Yet the problem is a deeper one than that. For in the final analysis the public is dependent upon the conscience of the medical profession. The doctor who is primarily interested in the money he can make from the practice of medicine will always be a menace to society, even if the specialties are so organized that he must acquire extensive training before entering one. The desire for fat operative fees will often get the best of such a man's judgment and he will not be above money trades with his colleagues.

It was Osler who said to a group of students entering Johns Hopkins: "If you look forward to a lucrative practice, go home. If you enter medicine in exactly the same spirit that the missionary leaves for his foreign field, that is, believing that in medicine you best can use your talents for your fellow men, we welcome you." In this day and age it is too much to expect doctors to have so pure a missionary spirit as to be totally indifferent to money and the comforts and security it can buy. But it may still be assumed that a

doctor who is worthy of the name will find his greatest reward in the satisfactions he derives from pursuing a science and from improving the lot of humanity. The fact that many doctors have placed these satisfactions first justifies the conclusion that this is not an impossible human ideal.

The majority of the medical profession are no doubt doing all that they can to raise the standards of medical practice. If there is a tinge of despair among some of the leaders, it is because the young men who are coming up, no matter how carefully they are winnowed from the thousands who apply for admission to the medical colleges, so often lack a medical conscience. The colleges are fully aware of the situation and are bending every effort to graduate only those students who are both mentally and morally fortified to practice medicine. But they can do no more than that. The future of the medical profession, in fact, depends upon the future of American manhood. If more and more parents teach their children that material success, rather than devotion to some science or art, is the end and aim of life, then we shall have fewer and fewer doctors who follow in the footsteps of Hippocrates and "practice their art for the benefit of the sick." Perhaps in the end it will be a race between Science and Mammon.



ENGINE-ROOM STUFF

BY WILLIAM McFEE

PERHAPS no one on earth—or on the sea—enjoys so precarious a hold on the attention of the public as the marine engineer. His vague figure fluctuates between an occasional flash of glory and a comfortable obscurity. His psychology is never a subject of debate because, if the public thinks about him at all, it does so in terms of newspaper headlines or as a mysterious being seen during an ocean voyage, far down in the shining bowels of the ship, clinging to perilous ladders and doing enigmatic things to complicated mechanisms in congested corners of an unbearably hot engine room.

I often think of a passenger who had wandered from the party visiting our engine room and who had lost his way. He had lost heart as well before he reached the starting platform and he began to return. He had faltered on the top gratings, where he was surrounded by the bulging forms of groaning cylinders vibrating slightly to the eighty-six revolutions per minute we were digging out of them to make Quarantine before the United States Medical Inspection Department knocked off for the day. Our passenger took a wrong turn. He opened a door which led into the space above the boilers, at the base of the stack. Three of us were in there wrestling with a blowing gasket. It was making a good deal of noise, and the sight of us, rather black and communicating with one another by signs in the uproar, was too much for our uninvited guest.

The staring face of a large pyrometer just by his head told him the funnel gases were six hundred degrees Fahrenheit. The sudden vicious roaring of the steam, two hundred pounds to the square inch, through the gasket and our incomprehensible exertions made him turn abruptly and hurry away. He fell over several obstructions, of course, because moving quickly among hot steam pipes and over shining gratings is not learned in a day. Later, when that passenger read in the papers about a mishap at sea and thought of engines he would have us in mind. And it is easy to understand that when the average American tourist considers various professions for his sons that of marine engineer never enters his head. And yet it is a fine trade, full of sport, and is a man's life withal.

It is a popular notion that with the advance of science the old hardships of propulsive machinery at sea have passed away. It would be safer to say that the problems have changed. What has definitely modified a sea-going engineer's work is the increased steam pressure, multiple propellers, and the Diesel engine. Of these the first is the greatest. Low pressure meant enormous engines to utilize it. The old *Etruria*, the last of the Cunard single-screw liners, had piston rods eighteen inches in diameter and a crank shaft thirty inches in diameter. If I remember rightly, the stroke of those engines was seven feet, and the cylinders were in two tiers, one above the

other. To hold this enormous mass of revolving metal in position, the bearing caps were slabs of steel some five feet by three. An army of men and formidable chain tackle were required to raise them to make adjustments. Of course such engines revolved at a very moderate speed. The average ponderous tramp steamer triple-expansion set turned over at sixty revolutions per minute. The steam pipes, of copper with giant bends to allow for vibration and expansion, wound like vast serpents over our heads when we worked, as we often did, on the boiler tops, in a temperature of about one hundred and thirty degrees. The maneuvering valve used to have a wheel two or three feet across, and to reverse the main engines a small engine was used to pull the huge link-gear back and forth.

When steam pressure was raised from a hundred and fifty pounds the square inch to two hundred and thence to two hundred and fifty, the size and weight of everything diminished. We used to have the disturbing experience of joining a new ship of eight or nine thousand tons dead weight with a set of very small engines in a very large engine room. But if the reader imagines that such improvements ever resulted in less work he will be disappointed. The law of compensation is discovered operating here as elsewhere. With the simplification of the main engines and their reduction to manageable size, the number and complexity of auxiliaries increased enormously. Where the oldtime ship had one or two pumps, an evaporator for making fresh feed water, and possibly a small dynamo that was shut down in the daytime, the modern steamer simply spawns pumps and gadgets. She has bilge pumps, circulating pumps, fire pumps, fresh-water pumps, air pumps, oil pumps, refrigerator-brine pumps, sanitary pumps, fuel pumps, and a whole battery of feed pumps.

The humble dynamo is replaced by three, four, or even six enormous generating sets suitable for lighting a small town, which many a ship really is. Added to this, we find superheaters which raise the steam even higher in temperature than the high pressure affords, and this involves us in lubrication problems unknown to the users of the wasteful wet steam of our early days. Turbines refuse to work unless the vacuum is maintained at the high figure of twenty-nine inches, and this has brought in formidable condensers and double-action air pumps. The engine-room of a modern fast steamer is consequently a complex organism. The assignment of certain sections of it to specialists was inevitable. Hence we have juniors whose entire watch is devoted to forcing oil fuel into the burners of the furnaces and keeping the boilers supplied with water. Others do nothing but refrigerate; others camp during the voyage with the generators. A large vessel in the Atlantic service may have sixty or seventy engineers, fifteen or more in a watch. Terrible things may happen in the forward boiler room which will be known to those in the after starboard turbine room only at supper in the engineers' mess, where the tablecloths remain on the table the whole voyage.

But again the intelligent landsman will be in error if he imagines the marine engineer is becoming anything like the technical executive of H. G. Wells and other scientific enthusiasts. He will never, I suspect, be a technician. He has an ineradicable suspicion of such gentry at sea, though he views them with profound respect in the office. The fact remains that nothing ever changes the hazards of the sea. It is always there, just outside, the latent and implacable enemy of the puny works of man. Steel and bronze are turned into corruption, and the

mountain ranges of a western ocean gale can fling fifty thousand tons on her beam-ends as easily as a derelict vegetable crate. The engineer does not dwell upon these facts, but he is aware of them. Unlike the officer on the bridge, whose navigation is not so different from that of fifty years ago and who operates many mechanisms without knowing very much about them, the engineer understands them as convenient accessories which add to his toil without eliminating the chances of disaster. The War made him a fatalist in fact, but he has always been one potentially. The claims of the inventors of unsinkable ships and infallible patent machinery leave him tolerantly skeptical. He knows that, in the last analysis, at the critical moment in the imminent deadly breach, it is the man, not the mechanism, that counts. And nobody will ever anticipate, by so much as a split second, the critical moment in an engine room at sea.

Consider, for an instance of the way even the most modern of machinery will demand the old-fashioned virtues of whiplash presence of mind, dogged endurance, and resourceful thinking, R. M. S. *Tuscania* some years ago, bound east for Glasgow with freight, passengers, and mail. A fine post-war vessel of seventeen thousand tons and eighteen knots, she cost ten million dollars. She had twin screws, and her turbines were of the geared type. Monstrous pinions of helical curved teeth running in oil engaged huge wheels on the propeller shaft in a casing extending from the low-pressure side of the steam space. One day a piece of steel, broken from one of the teeth, was caught in the flying meshes and nearly tore the gears apart. The noise, we are constrained to believe, in an engine room tuned to the musical squeal of turbine-rotors, must have been awful. That engine, of course, was stopped.

It was a dock-yard job, really, but the engineers set to work. It meant working, too, inside the hot casing, and men had to take rapid shifts if they were to survive uncooked. In a confined space, blistered on hands, knees, elbows, and loins (and there is no blister so savage as that on skin running with dirty sweat) they cut and drilled and tapped and fitted. Some sort of job they made of her, so that after many hours the turbine turned over, and they reached their beloved Glasgow, where engines and men speak the same language. They received a bonus of a month's pay and the thanks of the management; and those who have, for instance, spent an hour in the combustion chamber of a boiler calking a leaking tube just after the fire has been drawn will know that they earned their reward.

No danger impended there, however. The ship was staunch, and the passengers, quite possibly, grumbled at the delay. But consider more minutely the case of the S. S. *Tahiti*, who last summer did something so surprising to herself that she practically committed suicide in mid-ocean, and who would have taken every soul on board of her to the bottom in a few minutes but for the swift action and perfect composure of the senior watch keeper in the engine room.

II

On August fifteenth the *Tahiti*, 7,898 tons, Union Steamship Company of New Zealand, Captain A. T. Toten, was 460 miles south of Rarotonga while on a voyage from Wellington to San Francisco. The crew numbered 149, and she carried 103 passengers. She had some general cargo and also mails and bullion. She had just crossed the 180th meridian, and the weather was, according to the log, "moderate to fresh southerly winds with a heavy southwest swell." The *Tahiti* was a strong ship and a comfortable ship.

For twenty-six years she had plowed the oceans of the world, well found, well favored, and had probably earned her cost many times over. There was, apparently, nothing the matter with her from her oxter-plate to the jack-staff on her stem. And at half-past four in the morning Mr. Archibald Thompson, the second engineer, was having a cup of tea by the dynamo when something happened.

What that something was, exactly and in detail, nobody will ever know now. It took place in the shaft tunnel. The *Tahiti* had been originally in the West Indian fruit trade and she had considerable refrigerated space. The refrigerating machinery was on a platform, on what we call the orlop deck, abaft the engine-room and part of it. The shafts of the twin propellers, instead of being in a "tunnel," as often happens, really had a lower hold to themselves. A watertight door, between the shafts, led to this space, which contained fresh-water tanks for drinking coupled to a special pump in the engine-room which supplied a gravity tank on the top boat deck. By means of this door the engineers and oilers could visit all the bearings and examine the stern tube glands, which are the holes through which the shafts protrude into the sea to carry the propellers revolving on either side of the rudder. Someone goes along every half hour. Mr. Gibb, the fifth engineer, had been along about ten minutes earlier when he came on watch with Mr. Thompson at four o'clock, and took over from the senior third, who had been on since midnight. Now Mr. Thompson, satisfied that everything was all right, bilges dry, pumps drawing, bearings cool, evaporator working, water level in boilers visible and not too high, dynamo (one of his own particular cares) in good shape, was having his morning tea, just brought down by a sleepy wiper.

It cannot be too sharply emphasized that while midnight is the most damnable of all hours to take over a watch, he who rises at four has a period, generally lasting until five o'clock, when he contemplates his life with a certain measure of sadness. The second engineer always keeps this watch. He works most of the forenoon and sleeps after lunch. He comes off watch at eight in the evening, and he is only human if he enjoys the social life at his disposal before turning in. Eleven hours a day is his portion, however, if he looks after his job. At 4.30 A.M. he is probably mapping out that eleven hours and enjoying his tea. It is no time for anything to happen. But on this occasion it did.

It was, Mr. Thompson says, a series of sharp explosions. They came at him from all round as he set down his cup and saucer and sprang towards the starboard main engines. Those engines seemed to be lifting bodily from their foundations. The thrust block was apparently exploding also. And then, as every man in the place, engineers on the starting platform, oilers going their rounds, and fireman Geddes peering in from the fire-room door, gaped and wondered at this unusual pandemonium, the starboard engines began to race.

Now marine engines never race except when the ship pitches so high that the propeller comes out of the water. Most ships have an automatic control, too, a devilishly ingenious contraption which operates the throttle valve through a water piston, an electric contact-breaker, and a delicate vacuum piston arm. No doubt the *Tahiti* had one, but it would not operate under these special circumstances. The engines, suddenly released from the thrall of the propeller, which had broken away, raced. They raced as though they had been suddenly coupled to a number of rock-crushers. And when an

engine of four or five thousand horsepower races the noise is awful. Mr. Thompson now thought he had broken a tail shaft, the tapered end to which the propeller is made fast. He stopped the engines. Fireman Geddes was watching from the forward end of the engine room. He ran into the stokehold and shut off some of the oil fires.

Mr. Thompson made at once for the shaft tunnel. He got through the watertight door. Half way along was a swing door, to cut off a fire, maybe. Mr. Thompson saw some water. The electric lights were burning, and the other main engine was still running. He wanted to find out where his starboard shaft had broken. Such a casualty is not a very serious disaster to a twin-screw vessel. She can get home. Ships have even been canted—in extremely fine weather—and by the goodness of God and their engineers have shipped new tail shafts at sea, to the glory of the profession and the profit of the underwriters. But not once in a hundred years would a ship receive a mortal blow from a broken shaft. Ships do not, as a rule, commit suicide.

This, however, must have happened to the *Tahiti*. She had stabbed herself, one fancies, with the whirling, whipping end of jagged steel where the shaft broke close to the incurving ship's flank. And Mr. Thompson, pursuing his investigations, saw rushing up the tunnel at him a wall of water a yard high.

Very few men who have beheld such a sight return to make any report of it. He was, you will recall, a yard or two inside the after-tunnel chamber. He had to get through two narrow doorways. There was the chance that a junior, losing his head for a moment, and eager to carry out the orders dinned into him since he came to sea, "*Shut the Tunnel Door!*" might do that very thing. In this case Mr. Archibald Thompson's goose would be completely

cooked. He would be like a man trapped in a submarine to which there was not even a torpedo tube. Aware of all this in the wink of an eye, he probably moved faster along that tunnel than he ever moved before. It would be incorrect to say that he won by a nose. He and the sea came into the engine room in a dead heat, and oiler Rook, filling the oil boxes on the top cylinder grating and wondering whether the whole ship was breaking up, received an order to close the door. From the time Mr. Thompson set down his teacup to face the great crisis of his life and the closing of the door in the way of a roaring onslaught of sea water it was "positively under one minute" according to his sworn testimony.

In the course of that minute a number of things had happened, say between 4.29 and 4.30 o'clock. The officer of the watch, one Duncan McKenzie, had heard muffled rumblings and inexplicable vibrations high up on the navigating bridge. Before he could form any coherent opinions the starboard engine telegraph blared out, *Stop*. This reversal of the usual order always means an accident. Mr. McKenzie replied in due course and called the captain, who was already up, owing to "a loud noise and feeling a violent shaking." To the uninitiated this may seem of no great moment; but it may be stated that, owing to the position of a master's quarters, any noise from the engines loud enough to reach him in his bed must take on the semblance down below of a combined earthquake and railway wreck. That, indeed, was what it seemed like to Mr. Borthwick, the ship's carpenter, who lived in the wheelhouse abaft the second-class accommodations immediately over the starboard propeller.

Mr. Borthwick is mentioned because of what was happening in the engine-room. The chief, who had plunged downward in his pajamas at the first

dreadful crash, in which the ship seemed to be rending herself apart, had run up to the captain. He wanted the carpenter and he wanted balks of timber, hatches, spare booms, and willing hands. The reason for this was that when he reached his engine room Mr. McPherson found that the after bulkhead, which separates the engine space from No. 3 hold, was bulging inwards. The door was shut, and the sea water squirting from its edges was nothing. Wedges and calking would hold that. But the whole steel wall was giving to the sudden enormous pressure of the inrushing sea. Below the engine room platform, which is made of steel plates laid on angle irons about four feet above the inner bottom, the water was boiling up from fractures under the starboard shaft. The water was already up to the plates, and Mr. Thompson had four pumps going at top speed. So the chief wanted wood. He had to shore up that collapsing bulkhead or they would all go to the bottom in five minutes. Mr. Borthwick and his assistants descended with wood. He had to build cross pieces between the thrust blocks and cut struts to lay against the bulkhead. He drove wedges and set up screw jacks against planks. It must have been a fearsome sight in the after end of that usually tidy engine room when Mr. Borthwick's architectural masterpiece was completed. Or it would have been if they had had light to see it. But the water, in spite of the second's efforts, had reached his dynamo and the ship was in darkness. The water was up to their waists.

It may be doubted whether Mr. McPherson, the chief, will ever care to dwell upon the next twelve hours. They worked, you will remember, in darkness, sometimes up to their knees, sometimes up to their necks in water, because the *Tahiti*, with her engines stopped, had lost steerageway and was rolling in the southwesterly swell.

The surge of the water lifted the floor plates, so that on occasion a man would go through and disappear, only to be hoisted back by watchful comrades, with flashlights in hands held high. Legs were in danger of being sliced off against the sliding plates. Heads bumped uncharted projections, and elbows were cruelly pinioned against rolling gear. Away in the darkness, Mr. Thompson, with his pumps sobbing frantically, was getting a spare armature shipped in his dynamo. Captain Toten, who had been down to see what his men were up against, asked for current to send a long-distance call for help. By five o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Thompson had his generator running, and the chief could inspect the progress of his fight with the bulging bulkhead.

What happened, no doubt, was that when the shaft broke diagonally in the after tunnel the turning engines had forced it under and over, under and over, so that even a sixteen-inch steel bar had to bend and whip. We have the word of the pop-eyed firemen in the stokehold that the boilers, sixty tons apiece, were "dancing on their cradles" during that first frightful minute. The shaft, where it passed through the after bulkhead, had literally torn the steel plates from their riveted angle bar on the ship's bottom. Mr. Thompson had seen to that angle a few months earlier, had seen it scaled and painted, and "it was in good condition."

Now the *Tahiti*, in touch with New Zealand, with the Norwegian freighter *Penybryn*, with the British ship *Tofua*, and the American liner *Ventura*, settled down to a dogged fight with the ancient enemy. The water gained in the engine room, for with the rolling of the ship the weight on the bulkhead extended the fracture in the plates. The chief officer had been down in No. 3 hold and found it flooded. He took off the hatches, rigged the winches with

steel barrels on slings, and set the crew to bailing. It was a gallant effort, but the water was gaining.

Now and then, we hear from those on deck that "there was a crisis in the engine room." We have to reconstruct for ourselves what such a crisis might be. Mr. Thompson, who was in charge of the pumps and dynamo, is silent. So is Mr. McPherson, who was in charge of the bulkhead and everything else. The seams opening before his eyes, the plates bellying inward upon him, the water bubbling and boiling up about the bodies of him and his men, the jets of water shooting through broken rivets, it might seem that every minute of those sixty hours of travail would be a crisis, every hour a victory over fate. Time, down there, in that water-logged chamber, where men toiled silently, holding to one another with sodden bodies and slippery hands, was no longer recorded. Mr. McPherson recalls dimly sending up for some lunch, only to be told that it was evening. Night came and another day, the seas grew heavier and more fraught with terror for a disabled ship. The *Penybryn*, whom they had passed before the accident, was coming. So was the *Tofua*. So, far away yet, was the *Ventura*. But everything depended on that after-bulkhead. If that went the *Tahiti* would go down like a stone. Beams and jacks were set up side by side until the engine-room must have looked like a shaft in a collapsing coal mine. Then came a new terror, for the water had risen in the hold and was battering at the bulkhead behind the refrigerating machinery. One wonders whether Mr. McPherson, during his vigil down there, did not toy with the idea of disconnecting his port engine from the tunnel shaft and then, opening his great bilge injection valves, turning his main engines into giant pumps and hurling thousands of gallons a minute out of those brimming limbers. One

wonders. Often we who go to sea look at that great valve marked "Bilge Injection" and wonder if we shall ever have to open it to save the ship. It is easy to wonder. Confronted with the practical problem of how to keep eight thousand tons and two hundred and fifty-two human beings afloat until the slow-moving *Penybryn* could come up with him, he probably weighed all possible expedients. Certainly one cannot decide which to admire most, the superb coolness and judgment of the master, the resourcefulness of the chief, or the indomitable fortitude of the men. Even when the *Ventura* was on the horizon and the passengers were taking to the boats, another "crisis" took place in the engine room. Mr. McPherson "called for volunteers" to go down with him and shore up the bulkhead, which was giving in a fresh place. And down they went again, engineers and firemen, with the water up to their shoulders. He had reported that he could keep the ship afloat another hour. She remained longer than that, but not much. What we have to note is that so far as was humanly possible the *Tahiti's* auxiliaries were in running order when she was abandoned. Her pumps were going under full head of steam, her boilers had the water just showing in the glasses, with their oil fires roaring and the fuel pumps shuttling slowly back and forth. But as the *Penybryn* and *Ventura* stood by, the bulkhead carried away. Captain Toten with his senior officers left in the last boat.

Abandoning a ship, once the order is given, inspires in the heart of a seaman sadness and resignation. Mr. Thompson, for instance, his two pet parrots on his shoulder, was not sorry, we may imagine, to terminate his sixty-hours effort to keep those pumps and that dynamo on the move. Mr. McPherson bade farewell to his bulkhead, which was now spouting from every seam,

without regret. The purser, who had seen the bullion safely across to the *Ventura*, would have no further cares. Even the chief steward, who had saved the beer and whisky, could sigh with relief. But Captain Toten, who had given the order to abandon, could not feel that way. You have to be very sure when you abandon your ship that she really is going down. You don't want to discover her, as some ship-masters have done, being towed into port by a vessel which claims huge salvage money from her owners. Captain Toten was particularly anxious, now his people were safe on an American passenger ship and receiving every care, to make certain of the *Tahiti's* fate. So he returned to his command.

She was very much down by the stern when he reached her. He climbed the rope ladder amidships and took a last look round. The second class was under water. He looked down into the engine room. Perhaps the engineers had been misled by a "crisis." Perhaps she wasn't going after all. This is a very serious matter for a commander. Indeed, it is the most serious matter he can possibly imagine. It involves his professional integrity. He has to be on his ship up to the last possible moment. In a spiritual sense she belongs, not to the owners, but to him. And he belongs to her. So Captain Toten looked into the engine room. What he saw there was adequate even for him. The water was over the main engines. The after-holds were full to the trunks and rising. He stepped over her rail for the last time. He was pulled back to the *Ventura*. As he reached the bridge the *Tahiti's* bows rose in her final agony. Her signals still flew from the foremast halyards, oil smoke poured from her funnel, and the boat falls slewed along her sides. The smoke, as the fire-room was flooded, ceased. The fore-

part of the ship stood clean out of the water. The boilers began to fall into the cross bunker. The rending metal ignited the hot oil fuel, and vast plumes of black smoke and white steam rose out of her submerging gratings. So she stood, a high black Gothic silhouette, a monstrous portent against the sunlight dazzle on that August morning, the sea covered with burning oil around her; and then sank, withdrawn forever from the sight of men.

III

Here is the gist of many a future messroom legend, down in the working alleyways of half a hundred ships. Those who took part in that heroic struggle between man's wits and the blind malice of the sea will be marked men. We may say that they only lived up to their training and tradition; and we like to think that most of us would do the same. We should certainly hope for as happy an ending. Only those who have never faced a sudden brain-paralyzing emergency would fail to feel uplifted by such tales. Here, without any of the panoply of grandiose ideals, unstained by the colored glories of patriotism, religion, or romance, we find the elemental human virtues, which are beyond our analysis. Many a fresh-caught junior, thumbing his way along a shaft tunnel in early morning, will contemplate the long lines of whirling steel and reflect upon what may happen at any moment. Outside is the implacable sea. That is a soothing thought. Back in the warm, bright engine room he will become once more the fatalistic philosopher. He will relax at the little wooden shelf by the dynamo and enjoy his early morning tea. What will be, will be. The main thing is, to keep a good watch, and when eight bells are struck on the long bar, to have your boilers full and your bilges dry.



CHILDREN OF FREEDOM

BY STELLA CROSSLEY WARD

I AM all for the progressive and experimental schools. I work in such a school, and my eight-year-old daughter has attended one, when one such has been available, since she was twenty months old. Truth to tell, I consider it of such first importance that she be in a progressive rather than a public school that the money for that purpose has always been marked in "Class A—Necessities" in our family budget.

I was once for two years a public-school teacher in a neighboring state, one of my brothers is an important public-school official, and several of my friends are public-school teachers. Therefore, I have no illusions about the public schools. If a private, progressive school were for the time being out of the question, and I could not be practically certain that home and other influences would counteract the evil effects of the herding, the canned thinking, and the forced mob psychology of most public schools, I think I should risk constant battle with the truant officer rather than send my daughter to one of them. Whenever I feel a momentary irritation at what I consider the more serious defects in our progressive schools all I need to do is to recall the eloquent words of a public-school teacher friend who has taught First Grade for fifteen years, "You know, private-school children are usually interesting. Now in all my fifty pupils there are only two or three that are interesting."

But the bright and promising flower of progressive education is now flourishing so sturdily against the desert background of conservative pedagogy that those of us who are in favor of it may now safely indulge in self-criticism as well as defend our point of view against the attacks of the other camp. It is only when we are pretty certain our general direction is right that it is worth while to criticize our ways and means of travel.

We Americans can scarcely deny that we are a nation of faddists—faddists about health regimes, food, new forms of recreation, heroes, religion, and what not. Now my chief criticism of the present trend in the progressive schools is that we, the parents and teachers, are inclined to be faddists about the various cults of the newer psychologies. And I am convinced that these psychological fads in which we are now indulging so enthusiastically are sometimes detrimental to the well-being of our children. We no longer treat our children casually and with the old-fashioned horse sense most of our parents had. And it is important, for many reasons, that children should be treated casually.

We are so profoundly convinced that salvation for ourselves and our progeny lies solely in Freud, or Jung, or Adler, or Watson, or the Binet test, or the vocational guidance bureau that we would seem to hold that little useful thinking on the problems of human behavior was done on this earth before their arrival.

I am not opposed to the newer psychologies; on the contrary, I am most grateful for them. All phases of the study of what makes us human beings act in the absurd way we do are fascinating, and each of the newer brands of psychology has contributed, at least on the speculative and theoretic side, something of value. But I profoundly wish that we, especially those of us who deal directly and vitally with children, might make of these psychologies our servants rather than our masters. I wish that we might be more critical in our attitude toward them.

The world is old, very old, and countless generations of children have been reared, sometimes wisely, more often mistakenly, I grant you, before our time. Not all the new psychology is true, and not all the old mistaken. And let us not forget that, since we do live in an age of fads, we may even live to see the day when our own particular, beloved brand of psychology on which we base our lives, our loves, our sex, and our offspring may become outmoded and replaced by a newer and better one. Not all the Freuds, the Watsons, and the Intelligence Quotient takers have yet been born.

II

Now what are the results of this almost religious devotion to one or another psychological creed—the effect on the children in some of our progressive schools? From my own observation I should say that the burden is sometimes too much for their slender shoulders and they sink beneath it.

We can be pretty sure of this when we observe a number of cases in which the bewildered parent, who has so pathetically and devoutly pinned his faith on the progressive school, finds that his beloved child is rapidly becoming a general nuisance to himself as

well as to others, all to no seeming purpose. This parent sometimes takes strong measures and summarily removes his offspring to an old-fashioned and conservative school. And the change for the better is often remarkable. For an example, taken from a number of such cases, there was Gerald.

Gerald was a highly nervous, delicate, bright little boy of six with a decided talent for drawing. His father had died when he was four, and his mother had remarried a likable, commonplace young man who worked in Wall Street. To one unversed in Freud it was apparent that there was mutual affection between stepfather and son.

Gerald attended one of the more extreme of the progressive schools of which Doctor Freud is the patron saint. I know a good many of the parents who send their children to this school and a number of the teachers. One of these teachers tells me that they think of putting her into a glass case, as a sort of museum piece, because she is the only teacher in the school who has not been psycho-analyzed or divorced. Moreover, she still lives with her husband! So Gerald came under the influence and fervor of the Freudians.

It was quickly noted that he had a stepfather, and Gerald was as quickly diagnosed as suffering from an *Œdipus* complex; and forthwith word of this was sent to his parents. In fact, complexes seem to be so common at this school that the teachers send word home, "Eddie has a so-and-so complex," just as in an orthodox school they alarm one with the news that Johnnie seems to be coming down with the mumps. Thus Gerald, victim of the *Œdipus* complex, was found to be jealous of his mother and to hate his stepfather.

The alarmed and hurt parents were called in for a conference. They went away convinced that they should both

be analyzed, the desperate father with the address of a recommended analyst.

They were duly analyzed, but matters, instead of getting better, got decidedly worse. Gerald's days at school were a nightmare. He was a delicate lad, with a temper; so, though he could not fight all his own battles, as he was expected to in that school, he suffered the rage that usually goes with battles, especially thwarted ones. He felt himself defeated, a pariah. At home he continued to indulge in tantrums and became increasingly unmanageable. Of course, to the teachers at the school, the thing that ailed him was this secret rage at his stepfather. Finally, the parents were urged to have Gerald analyzed also.

But the parents, who had become, as often happens, somewhat estranged during their analyses, no longer agreed on the best thing to do for Gerald. So his old-fashioned grandmother in an up-state village took a hand, and also Gerald. I saw him last summer, and the change was remarkable. His color and his nerves were good, and his grandmother assured me that he now both ate and slept quite well. And in the village school he had got on well, winning first prize in his class in drawing.

The family is now reunited, and Gerald goes to a conservative school of the forward-looking type. He is, to all appearances, a happy, well-directed child; and when I last encountered him, looking at the zoo lions with his stepfather, he showed no signs, even though surrounded by so much wild life, of murderous impulses toward that kindly gentleman. I venture to believe that the newer psychology came a bit of a cropper in the case of Gerald.

The case of Donald comes vividly to mind. Donald's father had married three times. Up to the time of this son's birth he had been unsuccessful as a writer, and each time his current

wife presented him with a child he became angry at this "messing up of his career"; as promptly as possible he deserted each lady in turn, leaving it to them to divorce him. He did little toward the support of his children. Donald's mother had been more considerate than these previous wives, since she had waited six years to have a child, meanwhile supporting, by lecturing, the would-be writer.

Thus things went badly during Donald's infancy. For one thing, his conscientious mother, hampered by the care of him, became almost a liability instead of an asset financially, and the father for the first time in their marriage was forced to take a regular job. He held all this as a grudge against his wife and showed very little fatherly enthusiasm over the baby's new tooth. He also began to pay attention to other ladies, less engrossed in nursing bottles and the daily laundry of small things. Donald's mother, although she loved the father, finally was forced by self-respect to separate from him and in the end to divorce him.

Meanwhile, Donald grew to school age and, apparently a chip off the old block, developed a genius for being troublesome instead of helpful. His temper was ferocious. Again his mother was hampered in dealing with her menfolk by her very virtues. She was too tolerant and lax. Donald became increasingly uncontrollable, so much so that maids or caretakers would stay in her household only temporarily.

And here friends and well-wishers, most of them of the advanced schools of modern psychology, came to her aid. Donald was put into a progressive school of the extreme type, and at the tender age of six, according to the advice of the school, was turned over to a female analyst.

We were all so extremely interested in the welfare of Donald and his

mother, and the analyst—just at the beginning of her career—was also such an enthusiast, that the things that ailed Donald, and that are usually supposed to be held in sacred confidence by analysts, soon became community gossip.

One phase of his perplexing "libido" was exposed to us in this way: While playing in a field he had been chased by a bull. That night he dreamed about the bull. Did that mean that his nocturnal memory was merely picking up troubled scraps from the day? Not at all. This dream was a symbol of the conflict in sex and wills between his parents during his infancy.

Under the anxious surveillance of his mother, the analyst, and the school, Donald continued to disclose the dark swamps of his little subconscious. But he got worse, instead of better. He was a bright boy and knew that all his little words and deeds were watched and regarded as significant. He took advantage of the situation to exhibit new and still more distressing habits.

Eventually his mother established herself in a prosaic community in the West. Donald was no longer analyzed, but put into a conservative school. He improved vastly, and seems to thrive now that the depths of his temperament are not too persistently probed. Too much introspection is not good for children.

Many in the progressive school movement will cry, "All wrong! There can scarcely be too much probing. To cure the ills of social behavior the sore must be cut clean!"

But I heartily disagree. I have seen too many mental sores among parents and children that have been made alarmingly worse, instead of better, by being constantly opened up and explored.

The attitude of the persistent probers is vividly illustrated in my mind by a study group of young mothers to which I once belonged. Our teacher,

a learned grandmother, was one of the pioneers in "child study." And we were certainly as solemn and earnest a lot of young pram pushers as ever listened breathlessly to the words of experienced wisdom. We seemed to feel that our babies would somehow fall apart if someone from on high were not to give us words of guidance out of a big book.

Our teacher wanted us to be analyzed as a group, bringing our husbands along. She felt that things could be got at in a group analysis that could not be reached when individuals were done singly. She followed up this suggestion with another, "I think it just as important for you young mothers to have a mental doctor in times of crisis and decision-making as to have a doctor for physical ills. In fact, I consider it more important."

To illustrate the sort of guidance this teacher no doubt had in mind, I recall that at about that time I had begun to wean my nine months' old baby when in barged an acquaintance who had taken up the "mental doctor" profession. She was a rich young woman who had been analyzed on two continents. Since my husband was away, she decided to spend the week with me.

Everything that either the baby or I did was scrutinized for some sort of analytic content. If I dropped a fork, or if the baby, by the trial and error method, finally succeeded in getting her big toe into her mouth, we were solemnly told that these things had some sort of sexual significance. By the end of the week she had arrived at that almost inevitable conclusion: my husband and I were mismated. It seemed that I had been too happy and busy to discover this for myself, but the way in which I dropped forks and otherwise revealed my subconscious had convinced her of it.

This woman has since married, had

two daughters, and been divorced. A year ago she sponsored the opening of a progressive school in her town!

Another product of our leading progressive schools is Chris, the six-year-old son of a talented actor father and a former school-teacher mother. He is their only child, and they hover perpetually over him with extreme solicitude. To the unlearned observer Chris's ailment would seem to be just plain human cussedness, aggravated by spoiling; but the school experts, finding him a "problem child," again applied the label "Oedipus complex." Some months ago I visited his father backstage, between the acts.

"And how is Chris?" I asked, noting on the dressing-table the latest book by Dr. Alfred Adler.

"Oh, he's just fine. We have him in the hands of a new psychiatrist now, who is working wonders with him. We were advised to keep reminding Chris that we know what ails him: he likes to make trouble because he wants to have the center of the stage. And Chris seems to understand perfectly."

I agreed, when later I saw Chris, that he understood perfectly. How the old medicine, put into a new bottle with a new label, made his parents feel that all would now go well!

Chris continues to show the same tantrums as of yore about washing his face or eating his spinach, but with this difference: more than ever he seems to know, like his actor father, how to put himself across the footlights.

III

In our own school we seem to be less fearful of Freudian complexes and have only a slight leaning toward Adler. We are, instead, tense about the Intelligence Quotients of the children. I am very enthusiastic about our school, but I do think we overdo in this matter. At the opening of the term each pupil is

carefully I.Q.'ed. This may be a good thing, but I wish we were not so solemn and overawed about the business. While it is being done the parents hang about the halls as though their progeny were suffering from a high fever, and they were waiting to hear a life or death verdict. "How did Joseph come out?" they whisper hoarsely. And the importance of "how they come out" gets over to the children, though they are not supposed to know what is being done to them. Mrs. R. suffers pangs of jealousy and resentment if her daughter is marked 120 and the child of her friend Mrs. B. is marked 125½.

To show the parents how Intelligence Quotients are found, an evening demonstration was given. A little girl of six, commonly considered bright, was chosen as the "subject." The time scheduled for the demonstration was eight but, as is common on such occasions, the parents did not arrive till much later. It was two hours past this child's bedtime when the performance started, and she was very tired. The I.Q. taker was an intelligent man but a childless one, and that is often a handicap in dealing with children in the real flesh and blood. The "subject" was of a deliberate temperament but of unusually clear thought processes.

When a question like "What is the difference between a pig and a chicken?" was propounded, and the child, after deliberation, would answer, "A chicken is good to eat and a pig isn't," the audience would roar with laughter.

Now this child, like all normal children, hated to be laughed at. Consequently, as she confessed afterward, though she knew the answers to most queries, she remained silent to prevent the ladies from making fun of her. Her I.Q. went down on our records as rather low; but her mother, out of curiosity, had her I.Q.'ed else-

where and found this rating to be quite high.

The difficulty with such complete reliance upon intelligence tests is that in a school like ours, where the I.Q. chart of the children is nailed inside a closet door for the teacher to consult, the capabilities of a child may be thought too low for undertaking certain projects. Whether she is conscious of it or not, the teacher feels, "Mary is very bright, so she may take a try at this, but Henrietta is so very ordinary that she had best put her time on something else."

It is possible that there were advantages in the old-fashioned way of allowing each child to reach as far as he could. Marking off the limits of those really unfathomable things—human beings—may be a very dangerous procedure. I was impressed recently, in reading the biography of a distinguished novelist who came to this country as an immigrant boy in his teens, to find that in his homeland school he had been considered too much of a dolt to go beyond reading and writing. Something deep down in him made him refute this idea. But not all of us have the courage and steadfastness of purpose to plow ahead in the face of a low estimate of our abilities.

For example: Esther is a lazy, pretty girl of sixteen who attends a progressive school. Term before last she failed in almost every subject. But instead of insisting that she put more effort on her lessons, her parents excused her with, "But her I.Q. is only 98, so there probably is no use." And Esther, though supposedly dull, was not at all slow about taking advantage of this situation to continue in laziness. When, however, an aunt, a bit skeptical about I.Q.'s, took a firm hand with her during the summer, Esther made marvelous strides in spelling and history, in spite of her own frequent

protestations, "But you know my I.Q. is low, so I don't believe I can learn all those tiresome things about presidents and battles and things."

Our nursery children were duly I.Q.'ed, and I was surprised to discover that three-year-old Mack, who impresses one as extremely bright, had the lowest rating in the group. I learned later from his mother, who laughed over the business with me, that when the I.Q. tester had been engagingly introduced to Mack with, "Mack, wouldn't you like to play some nice games with Doctor Roberts?" the child's reaction had been, "No—I don't want to play any games with a doctor. I don't like doctors. Doctors give enemas." And he, who was usually full of conversation, had become sullen and clamlike.

If we must label these babies "Bright," "Very bright," "Ordinary," or "Dull," I think we teachers, who for eight hours a day listen to their chatter, adjust their spit and fist fights, and button up their panties should be the ones to pin on the labels. But why any labels?

Joseph is a "bright" lad in our four-year group, but I am sure there are others just as bright. But Joseph's I.Q. turned out to be $156\frac{1}{2}$ —in the genius class! And ever since we have treated him like a genius, with something akin to awe. Does Joseph biff another boy in the eye? That is not an ordinary biff, to be dealt with in the ordinary fashion, but a subtle manifestation of genius. Does Joseph have tantrums over his carrots? Genius again. Does he occasionally lapse into the habits of infancy? That is no ordinary case of enuresis; his is the damp bed of developing genius. I am sure this is bad for Joseph, whether he is really a genius, or just an ordinary bright boy.

We teachers, too, must have our little complexes. One of our heads

called me into her office the other day and said pleasantly, "Miss Morse [our nursery teacher] wanted me to ask you please not to take any of the children on your lap, as you did with Henry yesterday."

I recalled the circumstances. Henry had been suddenly taken with a violent earache, and while waiting for his mother, I had taken him on my lap and had tried to divert him with the ever engrossing tale of the Piggy Wigs. The head continued, "Miss Morse doesn't like to speak directly to you, because you are an older, more experienced woman; but she worries about your taking the children on your lap when you put their rubbers on."

Behold! Here is one of those terrible complexes in the making—(Edipus, Electra, or no telling what! I must be stopped. Anyhow, it is bad for the child because at the tender age of four I may arouse his sex emotions. Well—I have no wish to flout authority, and I am quite humble before these learned young women with not much experience but much knowledge, who take their newer psychologies straight, but I think I shall always take a small child, suffering from severe pain, on my lap and try to divert him with a story or otherwise until relief arrives. I think he will be so taken up with his pain that his sex emotions will have little chance of sprouting.

IV

About a year ago I took under my wing for a month the seven-year-old son of an acquaintance whom I had not seen for several years. Her boy had attended for three years one of the up-to-the-minute progressive schools. His father and mother at this time were being analyzed, but the analysis had been rudely interrupted by a severe illness that carried the mother off to a hospital. I took the boy, Victor, and my own daughter of the same age off to

my acquaintance's country place for the month of June. It was a beautiful spot and we three should have been ideally happy. We had a tangled garden with trees and humming birds. There was a pool at the foot of the garden and the deep forest was at our back. There were various children of assorted ages who came to see the new little girl.

But right from the start the neighbors, I learned later, were laying bets on how long I should last. The odds were three to one that in a week I should be off, leaving Victor to any fate that might await him. He was that community's meanest boy, another "problem child," as my aching head told me each night when I tried to get some sleep for the next day's ordeal.

We would awake to the singing of birds and glorious sunshine. "Get up and get dressed, children!" I would call. "The oatmeal is almost done!"

Would Victor get up and get dressed? No, he was accustomed to another procedure. He was used to being argued and reasoned with, I could see, about putting on his underwear, his blouse, and his shoes. Getting dressed was not a habit that you don't think about, but a psychological procedure. Watching him later with his mother, I realized that he was used to spending an hour and a half at it, with much arguing and deep reasoning as to why one should get dressed.

Finally, after all this exhausting business, we would sit down to the oatmeal. Bickering would begin. "This is my side of the table and don't you dare put your hand over this line!" In fact, bickering was the keynote of our day. Victor's idea of fun seemed not to be that of going ahead and doing something he wanted to do, but of keeping others from doing what they wanted to do. Did the neighborhood girls who trooped in want to play the Victrola and dance, Victor would find

an obscure reason why this, *his* Victrola, should not be played at that particular time. Did they choose to swing, Victor, who seemed afraid of swings, insisted that the rope would break. Did someone start a game of string with the cat, Victor would lock that animal, yowling its protests, in the kitchen.

My daughter soon learned from him that bickering and arguing over everything might prove a new and thrilling game. So my days became a nightmare of listening to silly arguments and untangling foolish fights. Finally my daughter solved the problem for me by tiring of this novelty and spending most of her time with her new playmates. When these little girls started a thrilling camp in the deep woods to which we mothers contributed old frying pans, eggs, and broken chairs, they kept the location a secret from Victor because he "would just spoil everything."

I pondered over this. It seemed unfair to keep this lonely boy from the fun of the others. On the other hand, what right had I to allow the sport of a half dozen children to be spoiled because of the wanton meanness of one under-inhibited and over-psychologized small boy? Children have their own fair, if sometimes cruel, ways of dealing with spoilsports.

One of Victor's sports was to torment the beautiful Persian cat. He would pinch it and through some dire complex, no doubt—I'm uninformed as to which—he would put filth upon it. The more the cat wailed the louder rose Victor's staccato laughter. One day I heard high, terrified screams from my daughter. They came from the direction of the pool, where I had told her not to go unaccompanied. I took it that she was drowning. She was not drowning, I discovered, but the cat apparently was. It was being soused up and down by Victor, to the accompaniment of loud laughter.

I am ashamed, or perhaps proud, to say that after reviving the cat, I took Victor over my knee and gave him the first spanking of his life. It was an old-fashioned spanking that undoubtedly came as a great surprise to his pampered libido, but for the remainder of my guardianship it served his social adjustment as well, at least, as a dozen sittings with a psychoanalyst.

However, Victor got word to his mother about the spanking, and she hurried from the hospital to rescue her child from the dragon she now held me to be.

Oppressed by much psychology, she held that any curbing of Victor's impulses might be dangerous. She wanted him to be a "leader of men," and those who turn out to be "leaders of men," she explained, are often obnoxious in childhood. So we must put up with it, she said. Thus all day long Victor's natural impulses were allowed to hold sway, curbed only by attempts at reasoning with him, and regardless of the acute discomfort he caused others. It was a game, of course, to him. "Get your shoes on, Victor." "But, Mother, I'd rather go barefooted—the dew feels so nice." "Ah, you love the feel of the dew! That's the poet—isn't it? But, Victor, you may catch cold. You don't want to stay away from swimming, do you, darling, on account of the sniffles?" After a long time, either Victor or his mother, usually Victor, would win.

In all of Victor's enterprises—and he undertook surprisingly few—he was encouraged to the *n*th degree. If he did some dance steps, at which the girls could far outdo him, no comment was made on the work of the girls, but we heard, "Victor, keep that up! You remind me of so-and-so I saw at the theater not long ago!" At the swimming pool, where the other children were really swimming or making brave attempts at it, while Victor

stood about timidly, wet up only to his middle, we would hear, "Victor, Mother is so proud of the way you are learning to swim!"

Outrageously unfair to Victor, it seemed to me. I fear for his future. He has never been taught any way of meeting the fact that he sometimes must fail; and that is an important thing to learn.

V

At a camp for children between the ages of three and six, recruited from various progressive schools, I had a chance to observe how other "leaders of men" are raised. The fear of curbing bullying impulses seems to run all through the progressive-school movement. We have learned from our psychologies that Timid Souls may be made of us by being continually sat upon, so we go to the other extreme. If Walter, aged six, and a big boy for his age, tormented and bossed around all morning little Susy, of the same age, but of a different, modest, retiring temperament, nothing was done about Susy's spoiled morning. "Let them settle it between themselves."

"But why not remonstrate with him?" I asked. "Susy has a right to a good time this summer, too. Walter's liberty should end, I think, where Susy's begins."

Again I was met with the leadership argument. Walter's instincts to dominate might make of him a "trying and obnoxious" child (note the familiar words!), but they were the very qualities that would make him a leader later on. Yes, I thought, let's stock up the world with Mussolinis! But are not these bombastic, overbearing gentlemen really showing that same inferiority complex, turned inside out, that is supposed to be developed by inhibitions in childhood?

Mary, a fatherless little girl of eight, attends a progressive suburban school.

This child appears bright and normal in every way, capable of accepting her lot like many other children who are fatherless. But alas! The psychological spotlight is on her. For the past year she has been the butt of the persecution of a gang of boys at her school. She whimpers and whines, and because she does so, or to make her do so, these boys chase her and generally make her life miserable. The school does not interfere; for it is explained that her mental attitudes may be based on her no-father plight, and besides, they fear they may do harm to the development of the little boys as well as the girl. "Let her come back at them with her own defense," they say.

Now I am sure that we make it too hard for such children in such circumstances when we ask them to "settle their own difficulties" and forever to do their own reasoning. I'm pretty sure that the extreme nervousness and self-consciousness of some of them are due to the fact that we have laid too heavy burdens upon them. One is so often impressed with the fact that much of the "reasoning" carried on between progressive school children is, to ordinary ears at least, mere bickering.

In addition to this affliction to which little Mary is subjected, all her unusual remarks are noted by the school with expectant, forward-pointing ears. Lately she mentioned that she thought the bill-board advertisement of a certain cigar ugly. It is the bad work of a poor sign painter—it depicts a big, blowsy, red-faced gentleman with one of the advertised cigars sticking out of his mouth. I think most artists would agree with Mary that the poster is not a thing of beauty. But to the school and the analyst her reaction is of phallic significance and is referable in some way to her fatherless condition—the name of the complex for the moment escapes me.

One of our difficulties is that these

bright boys and girls readily become aware of our precious attitude, our nervous fears of the wrong psychological slant, and they forthwith take advantage of us.

At a recent luncheon at the house of a friend of mine, the secretary of her daughter's progressive school happened to be one of the guests. The six-year-old, instead of eating her baked potato, spent her time vigorously kicking the shins of the secretary, at the same time calling her obscene and unprintable names. Hostess and guest made an absurd pretense of ignoring this performance. Later I asked my friend why she had not interfered by sending her rude daughter from the table.

"But we knew she just wanted the center of the stage, so we thought ignoring her was the best way to make her stop. Then, you know, calling dirty names is really rather a healthy sign in a child. It means that she is not repressing dangerous and erotic emotions that might later on interfere with her happiness in married life."

Truly, we have come a long way from the days when naughty boys saved their dirty words to write them on fences, and were definitely discouraged by their elders even then!

The children we deal with readily perceive that we suffer from a too great earnestness, a lapse in our sense of humor, which is in reality our sense of proportion. At a recent tea were an opera singer and a mother of freedom with her seven-year-old daughter. The opera singer had promised to sing for them, but was slow about getting to the piano. The child of freedom kept asking impatiently, "When are you going to sing? When are you going to sing?" Then suddenly she picked up a cream puff, and with good aim, hit the songster squarely on the nose with, "Now, damn you, *will* you sing?"

This scene somewhat embarrassed

the others present, but the child's mother remained calm. "But you know you *did* promise her that you would sing!" she said sweetly by way of apology.

In the swing of the pendulum from too weighty and oppressive parental authority to sweet reasonableness and the giving of fuller rein to the child, these shrewd youngsters sense our timidity about being downright in the matter of obedience; and often, even when they perfectly well know the thing we are asking is reasonable and right, they take naturally whatever advantage they can. This "reasoning things out" with them often merely resolves itself for them into putting something over on father and mother.

I have a sneaking notion that the percentage of these problem children in the progressive schools is all too high! In a good environment, as a child grows in years and stature he should also grow in wisdom and sweet reasonableness. He should become increasingly less, instead of more, of a problem.

I am all for the progressive schools, their promise and purpose. But the very fears we of the progressive schools have of the stupid standardization of the public schools are driving us into another sort of standardization. With complexes, I.Q.'s, vocational guidance, and what not, we are busy pinning labels on our children, and stuffing them into the various pigeon holes devised for us by our current aggregation of psychologists.

I feel that while our public-school children should to-day be praying for deliverance from the evils of decayed and outworn things, from stupid standardization, from canned thinking, mob psychology, and their appalling lack of opportunity for original, creative effort, the children of our progressive schools should be praying with almost equal fervor for deliverance from psychological fads and faddists.



SOUTH CLIFF

A STORY

BY CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

AGGIE snapped the lock on the last suitcase. She went out of the room and, finding the chambermaid (no use ringing bells in the Hotel Beau Rivage), told her they were ready for the moving. On the first of September the management collected all of its clients from the Beau Rivage and the Annex and moved them into their big new hotel a little farther up the beach.

Aggie hurried along the deserted passageway. "Zack couldn't call me deliberate if he had seen me do the packing this morning," she said aloud. Nobody argued the point—one of the advantages of talking to oneself. As she stepped into the bedroom from the dark corridor her shoulders drew together slightly. The room was bare and bright, the beds disheveled. The little black bag with the medicine bottles sat in the middle of Zack's bed where Aggie had put it for safety. It looked horrid, squatting there so plump and black. She swung it off and put it on the floor with the other bags.

Oh, well, she thought, all hotel bedrooms look dismal till you settle into them. When they were moving to a new place Aggie always packed Zack's neckties on top, so she could take them out first: she would hang them over the bedstead or on the knob of the French windows—gay slashes of color, red stripes and yellow and blue and black. Neckties were the only extravagance

Zack allowed himself. And he chose such daring ones—always the right kind of daring, though, with stripes that might be the colors of a polo club. But then, thought Aggie, Zack looks daring even in a black tie. Beau Brummel, Zack said, always wore a black cravat. Aggie wondered if Beau Brummel, when he was dressed and brushed and ready for the street, could possibly have looked as dashing as Zack. Impossible. No one could look as dashing as Zack, so lean, so tall and brown, with his dark mustache and his hair graying at the temples.

Graying at the temples—Aggie liked the phrase. She had used it that very morning in answer to her husband's complaint that he was getting gray as an old college professor. "Why, no, dear," she had said, "your gray hair is distinguished. You're only graying at the temples." Zack had laughed gloomily and told her she had a talent for *clichés*. "If I want to avoid *clichés* in my stories," he had said, "all I have to do is to keep you around, Aggie. You're a perpetual warning." Aggie spoke better French than Zack—the only thing she could do better than he, except practical things like sewing on buttons, which didn't count; but she did not know what a *cliché* was. She looked it up after he had gone downstairs, but it was not in the pocket dictionary they carried with them. "Oh, well," she thought, "I don't mind

being a perpetual warning if it's any use to Zack."

She set the four suitcases neatly in a row and stood for a moment looking down at them: ZACHARIAH SMITH stared at her four times. "Silly, solemn name," thought Aggie, "for my Zack."

She went quickly out of the room and down three flights of rickety stairs to the hotel entrance, where she found the concierge, the proprietor, and two chasseurs in attitudes of expectant hovering.

"Madame goes *pik-nik*?" asked the concierge. "*Pik-nik*, as all the days?"

"Yes," Aggie replied in French. "We shall return at four. You may move our things to the Hotel Roches Blanches while we are gone."

She walked out the door amid a flurry of bows. But the bows did not deceive Aggie. She was not one to be taken in by bows. Ten per cent for service, it said on the bill. They could bow all morning as far as she was concerned. Her purse was locked in the little black bag along with the Crookes lenses and the triple effervescent bromides and the pink tablets. When she thought of the tablets a little crinkle of fear ran down Aggie's spine. She didn't like it, Zack's taking hypnotics. Until this summer he had kept to bromides. Dope, those pink things; Zack could say what he liked, and that smart-Alec English-speaking druggist could say what he liked—it was dope. When Zack got very bad at night and asked for one she always pretended she could not find them. She would get up and grope and stumble and risk all kinds of language from Zack. Not just swearing—nobody, thought Aggie, minds swearing—but really bitter things, words and words, piling up, lashing at her, fantastic words, wild, extravagant words, crazy words, but not quite crazy enough to be foolish. They were

true, these torrents of words; that was the worst of it. I will not listen, I will not hear him, I will forget what he says, Aggie would tell herself, shivering in her white nightdress. In the end, she would find the tablets and give one to Zack with a drink of water. Nobody could go against Zack when he began thrashing round. She would creep into bed and turn out the light and wait for him to stop talking. In about half an hour the pink tablet took effect. When he was asleep she would sit up and stare into the darkness, trying to see him, afraid to reach out her hand. No light at all came through the long heavy shutters. Zack liked the shutters closed, and indeed, if they had been open, Aggie thought she would have blown out of bed, so fierce were the early autumn winds and so near were they to the sea. The shutters would rattle and the awning over the balcony flap like a sail.

Aggie came out of the hotel with her parcel of lunch and her pint bottle of Vichy and stepped quickly down the beach between the heavy black hulls of the fishing boats. "Nonsense to worry," she told herself. "Why stay in the house and worry, when all one needs to stop worrying is to get out in the sun? The sun and wind." Aggie did not mind the wind in the daytime; she liked it. She lifted her face to it now and let it pour about her. "Clean, salt clean," she thought, "that's what Normandy means."

Down to her left, past the dories and the fish nets drying in the sun, the women were kneeling on the pebbles, washing their linen in the fresh stream that ran down from under the rocks above. Sheets were spread to bleach, weighted down with stones. To the right the bathing cabins, red and blue and pink, ranged gaily against the sea wall, and below the cabins children ran and shouted, jumping over the slim little sea skiffs set out so neatly with

their painted paddles lying beside them.

Aggie looked at her watch; it was ten o'clock. She need not start after Zack for an hour. Their routine was always the same—as far as anything which concerned Zack was ever the same. You could do things with Zack over and over, day after day, and it would be always different, always exciting. Zack made it different; he put a meaning into things. Aggie had tried to tell him, but he had pinched her and called her sentimental. At thirty, Aggie still invited pinching. "Don't think," he had added, "that I'm making fun of you. I like sentimental women. All women should be sentimental. Especially wives. That is what they are for."

At eleven Aggie would climb the south cliff and walk along the moors until she found Zack. They would have lunch and sit together for a little and then she would leave him to finish his writing or his painting—he had "taken up" his painting again since the accident. Writing tired him, he said. She would kiss him and go off across the moors to the lighthouse or climb down to La Valleuse for a swim. Lately, though, he had not even cared to paint, let alone write. He had just lain there when she left him, with his arms under his head, staring at the sky. It bothered her a little; a person should not be idle for such long hours, especially a man. A person should at least keep up an appearance of industry; she herself always carried a little sewing in her pocket. Of course men didn't sew or knit but they could at least pretend to read a book or go to sleep. Anything but to lie there and stare.

This morning the tide was out. For a quarter of a mile the sea floor lay bare, shining with pools and slippery brown seaweed. Aggie decided to spend her hour poking about, looking

for shells to take home to the children. Nieces, Zack's nieces. Aggie had no children; for a long time she had been very sorry for herself because Zack would not let her have babies. It was her secret sorrow, she thought, her secret cross. But her husband had cured her of this. "Babies!" he had said. "Faugh! It's the vulgarest of vanities, the desire for babies." He had taught her to be above babies, and indeed it was a good thing he had. What would they do with babies now since the accident? Zack had not got out a new book for three years; that wasn't long, of course, as books go, and they were not entirely dependent upon royalties for income, but even so, babies would complicate matters terribly. They could not go roaming about Europe with babies. They would have had to settle down at home in the suburbs somewhere. Pelham, perhaps. Zack would have died in Pelham. No, he would not have died, he would have walked off somewhere and left her with the babies. Since the accident he had had to give up his newspaper jobs and all the reviewing.

Why, Aggie wondered sometimes, with the impatience of the healthy for the chronically ill, why should a fencing foil through one's eye shake a person all to pieces, shake a person's courage all to pieces? For that was all that ailed Zack. Lack of confidence, lack of courage. And yet his eye had healed; it was not even scarred. The paralysis had got well too—Zack looked, if anything, handsomer than ever. But he ran away from people, he would not talk. Not even to shopkeepers and porters, let alone writers and clever people such as he had used to gather about him. "I'm tired," he would say. "I'm tired. I've got to be alone. I can't even have you, Aggie. There's too much blood in you. I can feel you tingle."

She crossed the park (ridiculous to

call this reach of slimy sea floor "*le parc d'Etretat*") and climbing to a ridge on the cliff's face, passed through a long dark cavern out to a dry, sunlit ledge above the beach of La Valleuse. She leaned against the iron rail; far below the rocks reached toward her with fangs licked clean, but Aggie gazed down at them placidly. Zack was afraid of high places; when he walked on the moors he kept well back from the cliff's edge. She looked out beyond the great arched rocks—*les éléphants*, they called them—to the sea. How blue it was, a deep September blue, a windy blue. The dories with their henna sails pitched and swung. It was so bright all round, with the sea and the sky and the white cliffs—it was almost terrible. It was Zack who had taught her how terrible such brightness can be. She had always loved October days at home, with a north-west wind and the mountains all scarlet; but when it was like that Zack would not go out. Even before the accident he would not go out. "It is too much," he said. "It burns, it hurts, like walking on ice in your bare feet. More suicides are committed," he had said, "on bright days than on rainy ones."

Aggie shook herself. What was wrong with her this morning, thinking about dying? She climbed down the perpendicular ladder along the cliff's face and ran across the beach, plunging among the smooth pebbles. The Vichy bottle and the lunch were wedged tightly in her basket; as she began to ascend the goat path up to the moors the basket felt heavy. No use wondering what was in the parcel. It was always the same, a loaf of bread, cheese, grapes, hard-boiled eggs, and two kinds of cold meat. She hoped there would be veal to-day. Neither she nor Zack ate veal, but the oyster woman loved it. Aggie always made up a package of what was left and car-

ried it back to the old woman who sat all day on the beach before the hotel, selling oysters to be opened and eaten on the spot, with a dash of lemon. "*Reconnu salubre*," the sign read. "Oysters from *le parc d'Etretat*." Only they weren't from *le parc d'Etretat* at all, the old woman had told her with a leer. They came from Cherbourg, a day's journey.

Aggie paused to take off her sweater. In spite of the wind, she was hot. She pushed her brown beret off her damp forehead; she must remember to straighten it before she met Zack. Zack hated women who wore their hats on the back of their heads. "It is a sign of being hardened in virtue," he said. Nor would he permit Aggie to wear dark blue, dark-blue hats especially. "A woman must have had at least twenty lovers to be able to wear dark blue with style," he told her. "Perhaps Ninon de l'Enclos could have done it, but it is a question." It was not a question with Aggie; she had never had any lover at all except Zack, not even an approach to one, unless, she thought, you could count that old clergyman when she was eighteen. Zack had come along when she was twenty and carried her off from Aunt Fan and Pelham and had made ten years of glorious adventure out of what had once been merely twenty-four contented hours repeated round and round the clock. "Glorious adventure," she repeated stoutly, even since the accident, with Zack not sleeping and being so fidgety and down on her every minute for something—even with him having those rages. After all, being raged at was better than being in Pelham. Being raged at was terrifying, especially when it happened in the middle of the night, but at least it gave you something to hold onto. To hold onto. Why, that was what Zack had said when she used to ask him, "But why me, dearest? Why, when you could

have had anybody on earth—me?” “Because,” Zack had answered, “you were something to hold onto.”

If she had been something to hold onto then, Aggie mused, climbing the hill, she was more now. Aggie was small and round and firm and fresh. Yes, fresh at thirty. In summer when she was tanned the blood glowed gypsy rich under her cheek. She had no “features,” but her teeth were white and her smile was quick. She walked firmly on her rope-soled *espadrilles*; above the laces crossed about her ankles her leg swelled appreciably. Aggie knew she could never be really stylish no matter how Zack worked over her, because her legs were too fat. “Rot,” Zack would say, “I like a leg with a swell to it.” Madame Briane’s legs hadn’t had a swell to them, Aggie thought. She set her round little jaw and put Madame Briane from her. After all, it was three years since Madame Briane, and there had not been anybody since. “But why couldn’t she have called herself Bryan,” Aggie asked irritably for the thousandth time; her last husband’s name was Bryan. In the end, after weeks, months of pretending she did not know, when at last it was over and the woman had gone away, Aggie had flung herself upon her husband, weeping.

“Forgive me, Aggie,” Zack had whispered, hugging her, patting her. “I hate the Briane. I hated her all the time. I hate all clever women.”

Doubtful comfort in this. Aggie began to live in perpetual terror of more Madame Brianes. She never asked questions, but she developed an uncanny faculty for knowing where her man was and what he was about. “You’re beginning to surround me,” he told her. “You’re surrounding me and absorbing me, like a giant jellyfish with a helpless periwinkle.” Aggie wondered whether jellyfishes really ate periwinkles or whether it was just some

more of Zack’s nonsense. But she began to look forward to the time when Zack would be fifty-five and she forty-five. Then she could be sure of him; he would belong to her. Maybe she had better say sixty and fifty.

And then—one quick instant had delivered him into her hands. To fence masked like other people—but no, that would have been too safe, too un-Zacklike a gesture. He had become hers by virtue of that very foolhardiness she had once feared would take him from her. That young fencer—Harry Harned his name was—had given her husband to her. Yes, given him to her. Zack was hers now, Aggie thought with a quick thrill of triumph, stepping clear of the steep path onto the welcome green of the moors. He needed her; try as he would, he could never escape her now. She might even have to get out and be family breadwinner if he didn’t start writing again pretty soon. He had said so himself only this morning, said it without smiling. She wouldn’t mind, she would like it. No, Zack couldn’t escape her now. Not even up here on the moors, she thought, pausing to breathe. She knew exactly where he had gone and where she would find him.

She sat down on the grass and looked northward down the green valley to Etretat. Clouds had come up against the wind, their shadows moved across the soft undulation of the hills. Down in the hollow lay the town, its blue-slate roofs clean and sharp in the sun. And north of the town at the water’s edge the cliffs rose sheer and white, sweeping landward in green turf patched with stubble. The hill’s summit was treeless and bare save for the little white church with its absurd steeple. Like a toy church, Aggie thought, a Noah’s Ark church. In the steeple the bell was ringing for mass; how pretty it sounded. She wondered if Zack could hear it a mile farther on where he was waiting.

She thought it a little absurd, the way the bell was always ringing for mass. She had been intensely, protestantly religious before her marriage, but nobody could be a psalm singer living with Zack. He did not believe in anything at all, and yet he did not think it silly having all those masses. "Fisher people need a church on a hill," he had said gravely. "They need masses. And incense, plenty of incense, to forget for a while the strong breath of the sea."

Aggie lay on her stomach, her chin in her hands, gazing down across the golf course. After the dazzling brightness of the beach and the sea below, the green of the golf course was a miracle. It smoothed one's eyebrows down. The reason it was so green, even now at the end of summer, was because it rained so much up here in Normandy. It would probably rain to-night, Aggie thought, looking at the sky, where the clouds were rolling up darkly from the east. Well, she didn't care if it rained for days. She would have Zack all to herself then, in their bedroom. There was nowhere else to go when it rained; Zack hated bridge and the Casino.

She rose and strolled southward along the cliff's edge. Here the turf was bright with wild flowers. Queen Anne's lace, shivering and tossing among the high grasses, heather, and thistles. Such fat thistles, a deep strong purple, standing up spikily on their short stems. The grass was sprinkled with little flowers. There were yellow flowers like dandelions and a flower like a buttercup and still another like a tiny yellow sweet pea. She picked one of each and put them in her basket; she would take them to the hotel and ask the concierge their names in French, and then she could look them up in the dictionary. She would not ask Zack. She had long ago given up asking Zack the names

of things, ever since he told her the story about the man and the star. "There was a man once," he had said . . . "This isn't my own, Aggie . . . and when he looked up and saw a star he hadn't seen before he would ask, 'What star is that?' And they would tell him, 'Aldebaran.' And he never could resist the feeling that he had learned something."

Aggie had gone perhaps half a mile before she found Zack's first signal, an empty Vichy bottle with a thistle in the top. He always carried two pint bottles with him, and as he emptied each bottle he would leave it as a sign for her. It was a kind of game. This one was standing on the fence post to the left of the path, between Aggie and the golf course. It wobbled drunkenly in the wind; she wondered it had not blown off, or that the thistle had not fallen out. She smiled; it was like Zack never to forget the thistle. "To show which way I've gone," he had explained. There would be one more, and then she would find him. In another week, she thought, the thistles will be seeding; already they were fading, here and there a soft mauve fluff floated above the long grass. Zack would have to change his signal. She took the bottle off the post and hiding it neatly in the grassy ditch went on, still thinking about the man and the star. "But I like things better," she told herself, "when I know their names. They belong to me then." Zack could look in shop windows at beautiful things, old china, brocades, bronzes, jewels, things to eat, even, like the baskets of candied fruit at Le Grecques, and enjoy them just standing there. Afterward he would talk about them. "Remember the Chinese rug we saw at Harouk's? You could feel the texture of it right through the window." He never seemed to care whom things belonged to if he could look at them. When Aggie

saw a beautiful thing she wanted it for her own. If it was smooth, like a crystal ball, a porcelain cup, her fingers crawled to touch it. And she would, when possible, pick the object up and turn it over, rubbing it with her finger tips. "Only children touch things," Zack told her. "Can't you enjoy old ivory without holding it in your hand?" Aggie was ashamed; why had she not Zack's fineness of perception? She was perpetually offending him by her grossness.

She had come now to the end of the golf course. Zack must have turned here, she thought, and gone down over the cow pasture to the lighthouse. He must have been feeling extra strong today to walk so far. Usually they sat here in the grassy hollow by the fence corner and ate their lunch.

Aggie looked along the fence for the second Vichy bottle, but it was not there. She glanced at her watch. Five minutes to twelve. She was provoked. Now she would be late, she who loved to be punctual. Not that Zack would notice if she were two hours late. He had no watch anyway; he had smashed it three nights ago in a paroxysm of blind fury over nothing at all, had flung it deliberately on the bare floor of their room and smashed it to bits. Instead of looking ashamed, his face had lighted up as Aggie had not seen it in months, and he had turned quickly to the mirror—a trick of his at emotional moments. It made Aggie slightly uncomfortable always when he did this. It was not quite, well—what could he expect to find there, anyway? People's faces were just their faces, year in and year out. This time at what he saw the light had gone out of his eyes and his mouth resumed its tight, tortured look.

Aggie sat down abruptly on the grass. Zack must have gone off somewhere to rest for a few minutes, away from the path and the possibility of being greeted by a passerby. He might come back, and she would miss him. She would wait for five minutes and then go on toward the lighthouse. She loved it here. It was the highest point along the cliffs. The drop down was breath taking. She wondered how many feet it was to where the surf pounded on the rocks below; she would ask Zack. The wind was dying now, and the roar of the sea came to her very harsh and heavy; the hills were all in shadow, although to the west the sea had not lost its brightness. It will surely rain before night, she thought. There drifted to her the scent of mustard blossom, incredibly sweet; she turned her face to it and saw the flowers, greenly golden, wave upon wave of light blowing along the field. Clover, too—Zack loved the clover fields; he would stand and sniff at them like a colt. Hugging her knees with her brown arms she gazed along the grass to where its swaying needle ends broke the smooth blue circle of the horizon. If Zack should come along and find her sitting so near the edge he would not like it; in a moment, she thought, she would move back. Suddenly, without turning her head, she became aware of a small object to her left, standing up motionless, outlined against the blue at the cliff's edge. A rabbit. Aggie knew it was not a rabbit. She got up and walked toward it, but she did not look at it. At the edge of the cliff, with a great effort, an effort which wrenched her very heart from her body, she turned her face down and looked.

It was an empty Vichy bottle, with a purple thistle in the top.



THE AMERICAN SYSTEM IN JOB-LAND

BY NEIL STAEBLER

I STARTED looking for work at Swift's. At quarter of seven the great barnlike employment office was already partly filled. It was a bare room, with no furniture except for long, unvarnished benches and bleak gray walls banded, shoulder-height, by a stroke of black to serve as a precaution against contact with dirty men. The one touch of color was a ragged poster carrying a profusion of American flags and a patriotic pledge.

In the entire room there were scarcely a dozen men collected in groups. Hunting work is a job better done alone, and the men stood by themselves with eyes on the floor or on the door out of which the employment boss would issue. By seven there were two hundred men, or more, in the room, a good half of them Negroes, and the balance divided among burly Poles, Mexicans, Germans, and a few men of slighter build like myself, who, if asked, would have called themselves Americans.

A day's growth of whiskers, a soiled blue shirt, and a torn mackinaw gave me an indigenous appearance, and our tatterdemalion American language provided me with appropriate vocal accessories. There was nothing left to indicate that two days before I had presided, from a comfortable office, over the activities of men like these who swung picks and oiled machines, who dragged barrels four times as large as themselves, or who shoveled their own weight forty times an hour.

The incongruity of hiring and firing

these people, of exercising control over them, of deciding what was a fair amount of work to expect, of determining, within limits, their remuneration without knowing by actual experience what they or their work were like had prompted me to find out. I bought a battered suitcase and a ticket to Chicago. With these and twenty dollars I set out to learn what life at the bottom is like.

"How long you been out?" I asked a Negro next to me.

He stared at me a moment. "Got laid off before Christmas. I had a run-in with the foreman over in Armour's."

"They taking many on now?"

He shook his head. "Kinder slow everywhere you go. There ain't nothing doing anywhere. Can't get nothing here, but you can't never tell. My old woman's working, so I ain't worrying."

I compared notes with one of the "Americans."

"I had a pretty soft job over at Zenith Radio," he told me, "but they're laying off a lot of guys now. Me and another guy saw we were going to get let go so we asked for a day off and hunted all over this damn town for something, but there wasn't a thing doing anywhere. Seems like there ain't no openings now. Yeah, testing radios is pretty soft. Here you hafta work like a damn nigger and then you can't even get a break. It's this stock business that's raising hell.

You'll never get a look-in here unless you got a drag somewhere. My sister knows one of the foremen, and I got a note. I'll probably get something if anybody does."

One of the Poles whom I accosted was surprised to find anyone hoping to find a job. "You know somebody?" he asked. "Got no friend in the company, catch no job. You never get job here. They want 'em big guys. Hard work, I been thirteen weeks out."

Suddenly there was a hush like that in a theater when the curtain rises. The Employment Boss was coming in. He was a grizzled old Scotchman with square jaw, compressed lips, and quick-shifting, penetrating eyes that focused on us like an animal trainer overawing caged hyenas. A flabby policeman with a triple chin got up and made a big show of pushing the crowd back; he may have been only a company cop but he carried a club which he jammed into our ribs authoritatively. In the cleared space the Boss walked up and down, staring at us. Though we followed his gaze and tried to catch his glance, the moment he looked at us we dropped our eyes as though caught overstepping our rightful place.

When he had cowed us he began pacing back and forth with his chin dropped full upon his purple-striped shirt, hands clasped behind his back. He seemed amazed that we were there, and I somehow got the idea that he was concocting a story to discourage us from bothering him. I sensed that the men around me were impressed as I was with his attitude that he was putting in an appearance only as a matter of company policy, and that as far as hiring us—or anyone else—it was quite out of the question.

Finally he spat at the wall and wheeled around, eyes leveled at us. The last time I had felt quite as insignificant was when, as a boy, I was caught after throwing a stone through

a store window. Finally he shot out a finger.

"You," he growled.

A great black Negro pushed through the pack, and all of us craned our necks to see who had been chosen.

"Sit down in there," he barked like an irate traffic cop as he directed this fellow partly elated and partly stage-struck at being the cynosure of four hundred pairs of eyes, into the fenced-off enclosure. In similar manner he called a half dozen more out of the crowd. A few men presented folded notes into which he glanced between spurts of tobacco.

"Ain't no use to come here 'less you got a pull," whispered a little fellow.

"You said it," answered a man in front. "They can take their lousy jobs straight to hell. I been here twenty times, but they always pick out a gang of jigaboos. Never catch me here again."

We watched the boss talking to each of the men, smiling grimly at some, nodding sententiously as others talked quietly into his ear. Whenever he approached the swinging gate we quieted down. Orders might come through for some more men; you could never tell.

Nothing happened for an hour, yet scarcely anyone left. We grew noisier as prospects of his hiring anyone else grew more remote. We talked to one another now like lodge brothers, and a feeling of bad luck and a dirty deal in common warmed us to one another like mutual bereavement. We told where we had tried to get jobs, where we had heard of prospects, where we worked last, how slow things were, and what a hell of a cold day it was to have to trot the streets. Finally the Boss came out again, waved his hand with a flourish.

"Thassall."

We filed out, except for a handful slumped on the benches who preferred

the warmth of futile waiting to the discomforts of futile job hunting.

It was no use trying any of the other packers late in the morning inasmuch as they all start hiring at seven, so I tried the Central Manufacturing District. In the small factories an indifferent office girl invariably informed me that they weren't taking any men on just then; and if I seemed on the verge of asking any other questions I usually found her too busy at her switchboard or typewriter to supply more than a curt reply. In the larger plants the professional employment managers were almost angry at being asked and answered in a bark, "Nothing doing." One told me that his plant wanted good men, not bums. The American Can Company employed a touch of humor and wanted to know my racket. Wrigley's Gum was unique in regretting that it could not use my services. Everywhere else people were condescending and annoyed or surprised that I should ask.

As an employer, entrepreneur, and amateur student of economics, I have, of course, been concerned about unemployment as an economic phenomenon. It was something to be classified according to its causes into technological, residual, cyclical, seasonal, occupational, and optional species. It was something to study in its long-term aspects.

I went to sleep that night with something of a new appreciation of unemployment. It had ceased to be a problem to be solved; it had become a state of existence. People had pitied me, sworn at me, had classified me, not too covertly, as a down-and-outer. I caught the idea which they revealed only too plainly when they found I had no job: there must be something wrong with me or I shouldn't be out of work. I even felt the surge that comes once in a lifetime to every contributor to the success magazines:

I'll show them. But most of all, I wondered how long it would be. Might I get a job to-morrow? Next week? Might my case be like that of some of the unfortunate men I had met who had been out thirteen, fifteen, twenty weeks?

The broader aspects of the unemployment problem, the long-time trend that would relieve the situation—I never thought of it.

II

It was the same story the next morning. "No, we ain't taking anyone on." "Nothing doing here." Sometimes the sign, frequently posted by the side of a warning to peddlers and mendicants, "No Help Wanted."

No feeling ever sapped my self-confidence and self-respect quite as completely as the sense of having no job. All around me people did purposeful, useful things—things I could have done better than they—but no one had any use for me. The great moving army of workers and bosses seemed like a conspiracy against me, like a lodge which I could not persuade people to let me join. The suspicion that I was a pariah began to lay hold. I began to fancy that people looked at me quizzically with the question scarcely latent in their replies: why was I out of work if I was good enough to hold a job? Was I a trouble-maker? Was I lazy? Was I shiftless?

I remember an early experience as a salesman when I had been subjected to a similar barrage of negative replies. But then the effect had been just the reverse. I had had good wares to sell and I knew it. I had lost nothing of my self-respect; indeed, every refusal merely sharpened my wit and determination. But now I was selling myself. I was both salesman and goods to be sold. Must I point out my good qualities, my salient abilities? That

old copy-book phrase, "the labor market," occurred to me, and suddenly the phrase split apart from its immaculate economic context, and I saw the labor market as a degrading, door-to-door peddling of a parcel of flesh. The connotation of market as a place where there is free bidding of buyers and sellers has little application to the selling of labor: selling one's services is like a tramp offering a valuable heirloom at the housewife's kitchen door. She looks at it and inspects it, says that it is probably no good or the tramp wouldn't have it to sell, doubts the story of how he acquired it, bullies the tramp into thinking that no one ever put any value upon such trash; and finally, having measured the tramp's lack of resources, offers him a fraction of its real worth.

I had it borne in upon me how ineffectual is the poor man's ability to sell himself. He has no aptitude for barter, he has a shred of modesty that prevents him from praising himself over much, he feels the weight of the circumstantial evidence of being out of a job discrediting him, and finally he cannot pick and choose on an empty pocket-book but must take whatever he chances upon.

What positive ecstasy I felt when I finally stumbled upon a job. A man had just been fired at Libby-McNeill's, and I was the first to apply. It was all done in scarcely two minutes.

"After a job?" The employment boss was young, quiet, almost polite for the moment.

I nodded.

"Whatcha do last?" "Whatcha quit for?"

My answers were untrue, but plausible, and he was satisfied.

I was hired! Somebody wanted me! Somebody thought I was worth paying for. I was so inwardly jubilant that I dared not break the shell of my external composure by asking

about pay. It later occurred to me that I had perhaps been unusual in this, but I discovered that few unskilled laborers ever do find out what their job or pay will be when they are hired. So vanished some illusions about that shibboleth of laissez-faire—the labor market.

III

As number 3960, I was quickly rushed through an insurance examination by a bright young man newly out of a medical school, then led to a foreman on the loading dock.

After casting an appraising eye over me and deciding, apparently, that I was about the sort of stuff the employment boss could be expected to hire, the loading foreman, a round-faced Dutchman with protruding brows like the eye sockets of a hippopotamus, pointed to a Negro resting on a hand truck. "Follow him." My initiation into the life of manual labor followed.

In the conversations that take place between the over-stuffed chairs at the City Club it is definitely assumed that any man who works with his hands is accustomed to strain and exertion and doesn't "mind it." So I thought before I tried manual labor. But the real thing is not what we armchair economists have thought it was. We have overlooked a number of the most important factors that enter into the conditions of employment.

Laborers are almost invariably chosen by a blind process of selection that places in arduous jobs those who are least fitted to hold them. The hard and dirty jobs are shunned by any man who can get other work. The best physical specimens, being able to pick off the most desirable jobs, leave the "culls" to fill the hardest ones.

On our job, for instance, in which we lifted boxes and pulled them

around all day long, were many men under one hundred and thirty pounds. Some of the boxes were almost that heavy! Here were these bantam weights crowding themselves to the breaking point to hold the job, confronted all the time with the fear of getting fired if they let down, and knowing that there were dozens of men who would snap at the work. True, I met a few men who had worked at my job in the past and swore they would never go back to it at any price; but the knowing are few and the hungry are many.

My colored buddy had been working on the job for four months and he was literally being knocked to pieces. His arches were dropping and, finding arch supports beyond his means, he wrapped his feet with strips of tape. His knees and calves swelled up, and he was compelled to soak them in hot water and rub them with liniment every night. A pain in the back necessitated a swathe of cloth, which he wore tightly wound, as a corset. To top it all, his lungs were beginning to bother him. He was a better than average worker, and the boss thought he got along well; as a matter of fact he was committing suicide at forty-two and one half cents an hour.

Nor was my buddy exceptional. Not a man in the gang who did not nurse an ailment of some sort, and if not an organic difficulty, then an accident. Though the company religiously posted graphic illustrations on its bulletin boards emphasizing the wisdom of caution, the speed with which we had to work made it impossible to heed them. For the most part our accidents were minor enough to make us limp if not to lay us off—but over us hung the often repeated story of the man whose head had been cut off by our elevator two years before.

If I learned nothing else on the job, I at least learned this: that it is

an illusion of armchair executives to think that laborers are “used to” their jobs and are immune to pain and excessive fatigue. I shall never again be able to regard a man complacently as a mere instrument.

Similarly, the conception which executives hold of a laborer as a being accustomed to a bleak and unintermittent life of hard work, untroubled by longings and desires beyond his ability to satisfy, is likewise a delusion. My buddies were not ignorant of better days. One had been a porter in a wealthy Pacific coast country club frequented by Hearst, the publisher. One had worked at paint spraying and had lived very comfortably on the lucrative wages, only to find himself compelled to give up the job because it was ruining his lungs. One had held a fairly responsible job as hay buyer in some foreign country. All of them had experienced the comparative prosperity of the War which had given them a taste of a scale of living impossible before—and since. For every one of them the present job entailed falling below a standard they had set as desirable; and the imminence of hunger and fear of sickness were bitter incentives to bettering themselves.

Not one of the many I met was satisfied to remain in the job he held at the wages he received. But they are handicapped by lack of acquaintance with any but the lowest stratum of industry, by lack of anything but hearsay rumors as to where jobs are available; they lack the specialized skill or the trained adaptability which enables men to command decent pay; they lack the waiting power afforded by capital and are consequently compelled to accept the first job that turns up; they lack self-confidence because of the bullying unskilled laborers are given always and everywhere. It is a vicious circle: their poverty, ignorance, and fear prevent them from

finding good jobs; and the poor jobs they get keep them ignorant, fearful, and economically insecure.

But neither fatigue, low wages, or irregular employment is at the root of the most bitter grievance I found among the workers. Men expect to get tired and be injured; they demur at low wages but regard them as inevitable; though they fear plant shutdowns and layoffs they accept them as inescapable risks. But they cannot swallow the unfairness, the treachery, which manifests itself in many forms, but especially in the speed-up system.

In general, speed-up systems include all schemes whereby men are called upon to do more work than they freely choose and range all the way from justifiable incentives designed to overcome normal human indolence or deliberate malingering to obnoxious contrivances that push the individual to the breaking point. It is a hard thing to say where the system of artificial stimulation of production becomes vicious. Any standard is bound to be oppressive to some members of any group, and every executive has it in his power to make even the most humane scheme thoroughly reprehensible. A great deal depends upon the consideration of the individuals who apply these systems; and I am afraid that it is one of the serious defects of our industrial system and a reproach to the executives in whose keeping it is, that we have not developed managerial technic to a point at which thoughtful individuals are encouraged or permitted to apply the speed-up system in a constructive manner.

The speed-up system is a corruption of the bonus system. It is what a bonus plan becomes when handled in a careless and unscrupulous way. Unlike the bonus plan, which endeavors to serve as a more or less free incentive to workers, a speed-up system operates through the application of fear,

deception, and downright trickery. The workers to be speeded up are first put on a bonus and as soon as they are induced, by the prospect of large remuneration, to push themselves to increased exertions, the pay is cut. Often this procedure is repeated two, three, four, or more times, and workers find it necessary to put forth constantly increasing exertions to retain the same pay. A momentary increase in production is attained at the expense of the worker's confidence in the management and in industrial honesty. It is the worker's clearest evidence that factory owners and bosses are out to "do him dirt."

Moreover, the speed-up plan defeats its own ends. The men come to regard themselves as victims of a system and find means of retaliating when they receive what they think is unfair treatment. They stall, they sabotage, they defraud the company. I hadn't been on the job an hour before my buddy pointed out that I was working too fast, and that if I continued I should show the gang up, and there would be another rate cut. We engaged in a conspiracy to keep down production to forestall further wage cuts. When we were pushed too hard we would get lost, or the push cart would develop some defect. If any member of the squad refused to conform to a comfortable production, we "ganged" him by blocking his truck and hampering him at every turn. For good measure, our gang made a practice of breaking a maximum of company goods, purely by accident of course, and of stealing on all occasions. Our philosophy embraced the notion that since the company was out to trim us, we had better lose no opportunities of gyping the company.

IV

Work is the central fact in life as it is lived in the Yards. Being unpleasant,

it is generally regarded as an unmitigated evil. Like death, it is accepted as a necessary and unpleasant concomitant to life. What good there is comes from an escape from work.

Amusement thus serves more than one purpose. It is not only a distraction, but it supplements, and in many people entirely displaces theology as an explanation of the purpose of existence. Contrary to common belief on Main Street, I found the inhabitants of the Yards not at all oblivious to questions of eschatology, and not unreflective. The Yards has thought over the purpose of existence and is surprisingly uniform in reaching the conclusion that the purpose of life is to get a reward either in heaven or here on earth. Since the reward on earth is rather scanty, most of the older men whom I could get to discuss the question were inclined to trust heavily in the hereafter ("if I didn't think so I'd go shoot up a bank and have some fun"); but there was a general inclination to squeeze what pleasure they could out of the moment as a debt that was due them.

Aside from our work and our amusements, we had practically no interests. Everything we talked about fell under one or the other head. If it is the measure of civilization to acquire interests not related to mere personal survival and distraction, we were emphatically a barbaric crowd. We were thoroughly self-centered in that we knew no point of view but our own. I had never realized before what it means to have been brought to maturity without the benefit of the acquired perspectives which literature, science, and the educated imagination provide. Here were men living wholly in the immediate now and the immediate here. To arrive at any understanding of the barrenness of the worker's life it is necessary to bear this in mind.

The topic that bulked largest in our

conversation was women. We talked about them in a purely impersonal way as though they were so much furniture and not as personal entities that might be entitled to some privacy. Indeed, our gang had no privacies. Marriage was no affair of the spirit but simply a legalized physical need, prostitution a recognized accessory in the life of all those who had no wife available for use. The gang were simply so many prurient animals.

Liquor and the means of obtaining it furnished a subject over which we spent hours of discussion. There was not a man in our gang who did not drink, and most of us imbibed as generously as wages permitted. The liquor traffic is the Yards district's most prominent retail trade. My rooming house included a speakeasy, and there were five more in the same square, not to mention one place on Halstead Street that had already been padlocked. The degree of concealment which they affected appeared to depend upon the amount of protection paid, a few of them operating clandestinely, but most of them with no more camouflage than a bottle of strawberry pop in the window.

Almost every member of our gang planned for at least a pint of gin on Saturday night. Some of the more opulent, or less responsible, went on two- or three-day bouts, and one of my Irish cronies at the rooming house had been on a four weeks' carouse when I left. Those reformers who think that liquor is an added curse to the poverty-stricken are not wholly correct. In a sense it is something of an economy and a blessing. Cheap liquor is the most inexpensive form of entertainment available for a working man. For fifty cents—a pint of gin—the average man can get himself into a pleasant frame of mind for a few hours. And as for the horrible habit of men drinking on Saturday night, I ask those ladies

who attend Tuesday afternoon knitting societies whether they don't look forward to the occasion as a break in the monotony of existence. It takes a drastic break in the scheme of things to produce a pleasant effect in the Yards, and this the Saturday-night drunk accomplishes. There is no pleasure in the liquor itself—not in the stuff that sells at fifty cents per bottle—but the necessity of escaping from the cage at intervals is a universal need that must be met by the best means available—art, literature, religion, or liquor.

It was in our nominally leisure hours that the gang was most conscious of its caged feelings. We read in the pink and salmon newspapers the vices and dissipations of the rich; we sneered at them as they rode in long, slim cars; we met them leaving night clubs on our way to work. Here we were, trying to make sixty cents cover two meals and a lunch; not a dime left to raise hell on. Our virtue was insufferable.

It is frequently pointed out by people with a taste for statistics that the workman of the present generation is better off than the worker of any past period. To this there are two replies: first, that it is not so much the absolute standard of living that measures satisfaction or dissatisfaction as the relative disparity between one's own standards and those of the conspicuous members of the community. Second, the fact that workmen have starved and been undernourished for centuries past does not in the least assuage one's present hunger. The members of my gang would have had no difficulty in recognizing what was meant by "minimum subsistence level"; they were always close to it.

My Negro buddy borrowed two dollars of me one Saturday night, returning it very promptly on Wednesday when we were paid. Knowing that he had two children, and that his wife was

sick, I asked him what he had done with a mere two dollars. I learned that half of it went to buy three scuttles of coal (which figured at the rate of \$14 per ton for stuff that sold for less than \$6 in ton lots), and the other dollar he had spent for stew on which the four had somehow lived for three days.

One of the Poles asked me one day how much I was paying for my room. I thought that my \$4 per week was low enough to boast about, but when I told him he swore in amazement at my extravagance. His family of five lived in three rooms of a ramshackle old house for which he paid \$9 per month. I asked him if he was saving for some purpose. "Save hell!" he said, "I been out work three month, save hell!"

On Main Street, where even in bad years we are at least sure of our salary check every month, we think of poverty in terms of lifting the mortgage on the old homestead. On Halstead I encountered men to whom even a mortgaged homestead would have meant fantastic opulence. One was a Hungarian farmhand who had hoboed from the Dakotas into Chicago, not without being shot at by railroad detectives, and who was so completely broke that when he got a job which called for the ownership of a butchering knife he pawned all his possessions and could raise only eighty-five cents. There was old Downey, born in Brookline of Back Bay parentage, who had lost a fortune in cotton and copper in 1893 and 1907 and who now tends stove in the speakeasy for food and an occasional glass of something. There was a young chap just out of Bridewell jail where he had been half frozen and half bludgeoned; his beer flat having been smashed up in his absence, he found himself unable to take anything but a restaurant job because he couldn't find anything else that would pay him soon enough to permit him to eat.

There was old Bill Evans, seventy-eight years old, still working in the Yards driving cattle on and off a scale in every weather for twelve dollars a week. There was a very likable old codger who was hit by a car and carried in, writhing with pain like an injured kitten; when we called his son, who owned a house somewhere south of the Yards, we were advised to ship the old bird to a charity hospital because "he was too old for anything anyway." There was Schwartz, the son of a Lutheran minister, who was reduced to washing dishes in a restaurant sixteen hours a day for board and fifteen cents an hour. My own twenty-five dollars a week was a fairly enviable income in my circle—for honest work, that is. The proprietor of the speakeasy sported a second-hand Packard, and the Republican precinct captain drew eight dollars a day for locking up a tool house "when there wasn't no investigations going on."

Necessarily, life is rather barren on these incomes if you are not prepared to lead a "life of the spirit." We emphatically were not. We wanted food, and entertainment, and respite from weariness, and escape from worry about the next day's meals. We were too tired and too poor to go to sport events. We had no automobiles to ride. The one radio in the establishment was private. We were too tired to read anything but newspapers—even the religious weeklies were an intellectual exertion a little too great to make except on Sundays. The only movies we could afford had such bad projectors that they pained the eyes. Our diversions were limited to women, liquor, the papers, cards, street-car riding, going to church, and politics.

V

The one road that offers egress from the poverty and monotony of the

Yards is the political business. To the masses it offers brief but spectacular drama; it affords the one occasion on which they are flattered and toadied to. To the enterprising individual it offers the prospect of quick wealth and an escape from the stultification of poverty.

The Yards regards politics not as a public trust but as a business. It is not a function of the private citizen entered upon as an interlude in an otherwise occupied life. It is carried on by a professional political class as distinct from lay citizens as the clergy is distinct from its congregations.

Besides being a speakeasy and general rendezvous, my boarding house was also the precinct polling place. My particular confidant was the Republican precinct captain. Thanks to the occurrence of an aldermanic election during my stay in the Yards, I was given some opportunity of seeing some of the minor cogs of the political machine in operation. In fact I shared a small part in a Republican campaign and, because my precinct captain was also judge of election, even helped the precinct in an official and professional non-partisan way too.

Of the total of approximately five hundred names registered in our precinct, my friend, the judge of elections, told me that nearly three hundred were floaters, that is, fictitious names. On election day there was a grand rush by both parties to float the spurious names. Carloads of hoodlums were hired and carried from one precinct to another, given cards bearing floated names, and sent in to vote as many times as the judge of elections had been "greased off" to permit. The high record in our precinct was 18 times for one man, but he was hard pressed by several who voted 15 times. Since time is the only limitation upon the number of votes which a "floater" may cast, it is not exaggerating the

possibilities to estimate that a single man may vote upwards of 60 times during the day. The judge of elections, who had presided in originally tabulating the floater vote, estimated that of approximately 325 votes cast in the precinct, less than 70 were legitimate.

The brazen way in which the ceremonies are run off is what amazes a man from Main Street where, no matter what our derelictions may be, we cast only one vote, and that our own. A man came in carrying a floated name, announced himself, and got ready to cast his ballot, when one of the party watchers discovered that the name had already been voted. He thereupon nonchalantly pulled a handful of cards from his pocket, blew a cloud of smoke in the face of the policeman guarding the box, and announced that he was an entirely different person. I gaped, expecting that this hypocrisy would be too much for someone to stand; but no, his new name was "verified," and he proceeded unhindered to vote. I voted a floated name myself, and I have not to this day seen the address at which I was registered.

In addition to being a spectacular side show in the life of the Yards, politics has a deeper significance. It provides the pattern by which the Yards interprets and judges our economic system and the men who run it.

The Yards doesn't read books, doesn't know history, doesn't take a long-range view of any situation, doesn't harbor any Ideals. All the broad generalizations by which we Americans and business men are enabled to make a more hopeful and, according to our lights, more accurate appraisal of our society and ourselves are impossible in the Yards. They are impossible because there is no sense of security and no opportunity for dispassionate and disinterested

reflection. When existence is a bitter business and you are unremittingly at it you don't think very abstractly about it. You don't have a chance to view the nation *sub specie æternitate*—you judge by the most immediate standard you have, namely how the sixth precinct of the thirteenth ward is run.

Grafting is looked upon as the normal form of economic relationship for everyone in any position where graft is possible, whether in business, politics, religion, or philanthropy. The Yards has a theory that everyone in the world grafts off somebody else: the employer grafts off the employee and the employee off the employer, the wife off the husband and the husband off the wife, the municipal employee off the city and the city off its citizens, the policeman off the street walker and the street walker off her client, the Church off its congregation and the priesthood off the Church. Mr. Hoover "gets" his, Congressmen "get" theirs, judges "get" theirs, business men "get" theirs, big-league ball players "get" theirs, racketeers "get" theirs. It is human nature to graft, the Yards concludes. Almost invariably when someone is discussing corruption in the Yards the remark pops up, "Why shouldn't he get his knockdown? I would, too, if I was in his place." Life is a universal racket.

More than anything else, this constant sense of grafting and being grafted upon has the effect of imparting an impression of the jungle. You begin to look upon everyone you meet with a view to determining whether he means to get anything out of you or not. One of the keenest pangs of poverty in the Yards arises from the realization that one is impotent to prey upon others and is at that very lowest state of society where he is at the mercy of everyone else and is powerless to return depredation in kind.



THE COSMETIC URGE

BY JEANETTE EATON

TWENTY-FIVE years ago New York was outraging America by the daring of its fashionable society. Indeed, to pick up again the most vivid novel of that day and that group is to realize how little originality in conduct has been introduced by Hollywood. Nevertheless, the picture of New York's former social leaders presented by *The House of Mirth* offers one feature of conservatism which dates the book more than its mention of hansom cabs.

Mrs. Wharton's heroine could shock her sensitive lover by creating the suspicion that her crisp waves of hair might be "ever so slightly brightened by art." Yet Lilly Bart had to blush, turn pale, and reveal shadows of fatigue without protecting mask. For a generation ago even that brilliant company still believed that a complexion was an endowment not an achievement, and that only an actress might with impunity have recourse to the rouge pot.

No other measure of our national mutation in standards and customs is so accurate as to compare such restraint with our present-day traffic in beauty aids. A quarter of a century ago perfume, rice powder, and "anti-chap" for the hands constituted the entire paraphernalia of a woman's boudoir table. Now that table looks like a miniature chemist shop. No detail of appearance which can safely be entrusted to artifice is ever left to nature. Rouge, lip-stick, tints for hair

and nails, dark paste for lashes and brows are established aids to superior grooming. Regardless of age, background, and social status, women have accepted the new standards borne in by incessant waves of propaganda. As a result feminine beauty, once the Creator's business, is now Big Business's.

To-day American women spend well over two billions a year on cosmetics and personal care entirely aside from clothes. Consider first that there are more than 40,000 beauty shops in the United States and that, according to the American Cosmetician Society, they do an annual business of \$1,825,000,000. Remember, also, that vast numbers of women buy creams and make-up not in these shops but in department and drug stores. The value of these annually manufactured products, as stated by the United States Department of Commerce report for 1927, is just short of \$178,500,000. In addition, we import every year \$10,500,000 worth of creams, perfumes, perfume materials, and toilet soap. As for the domestic brand of the last-mentioned article, *Crane's Market Data Book* of last year tells us that most of the \$276,000,000 worth of soap made in this country is for toilet purposes.

Such vast expenditure for beauty rivals the sums devoted to education, to good roads, to armaments in peacetime. According to the cosmeticians, however, women are not yet spending

enough. They would have every mother's daughter invest three hundred dollars a year in physical up-keep and improvements. This group and the manufacturers leave no stone unturned to stimulate farther the flow of money in this direction. Art and science have been deeply involved in the effort. Chemists labor to blend delectable concoctions for our tissues. Inventors strive that our hair may be waved and dried with maximum speed and comfort. Architects and decorators create veritable temples where rites are pursued in an atmosphere of smart restfulness. Artists and copy-writers fill one-third of the advertising space in magazines with appeals to our vanity.

On vanity, indeed, rests the entire structure of this monster enterprise. For this reason it is singularly exposed to the hawk eye of the social philosopher. Clothes, food, and dwelling places also serve the baser instincts, but they are necessities of existence. Luxuries like the radio and the automobile are closely associated with utility and with innocent pleasure. But the beauty business has no camouflage. It cannot be anything but a clear reflection of a change in the morale of American womanhood.

There has, of course, been a great deal of Puritanical nonsense about the wickedness of cosmetics. When applied with artistry they have done much to add to the chic and the attractive appearance of women. To come from a metropolis to a small community where society is most conservative, to be suddenly aware of pale lips and lashes and shiny noses is to cast off forever any lingering prejudice against the value of beauty aids. And yet with every relinquishment of old ideas as to what "a nice woman" can afford to do, a real danger arises as to how far the experimentalists will ultimately push the entire sex.

The imitative instinct is incalculably

strong. One has only to observe what is going on. When a queen or a social leader advocates a specific skin treatment the average woman can hardly resist it. A prominent debutante proves that sun-tan is more becoming to her than any of the older alabaster shades; and soon there is not a pale Desdemona to be seen upon the continent. Greta Garbo pushes her hair back of her ears, and then what happens? Other ladies, independent of ears or years, adopt the same trying coiffure. Butterflies of the Lido tint their nails to match the most vivid pajamas, and immediately the American flapper longs for finger-tips like a basket of Easter eggs and accuses her restraining mother of being "Mid-Victorian."

Such manifestations are harmless enough. What does give one pause is the tendency to use this new technic of beautification to serve a growing recklessness of behavior. Women concern themselves not at all about the effect of late parties and too many cocktails. They believe that next morning a facial treatment can smooth away the puffs and creases, that rouge will hide the pallor, that lavender powder will cover redness of eyelids, and that little drops will brighten the dulled pupils. Rich dishes and after-theater suppers have no terrors to those who know plenty of methods of reducing after the season is over. Theories of moderation are, therefore, yielding to the hilarious motto, Eat, Drink and Be Merry, for to-morrow we diet and get out the cold cream.

It is not to be wondered at that temperate individuals regard such doctrine with disquiet. But their conviction that beauty parlors and manufacturers of cosmetics are to blame for what the extremists are doing is as unfair as to accuse the Red Cross for the fact that war exists. Repairing the damage is a different thing from causing it. It is not the fault of the

beauty business if it happens to serve the great urge of to-day. This impulse is to live in the moment, to sacrifice the future in order to savor to the full the passing hour. It is quite true that women have learned to retain a youthful appearance despite self-indulgence. That is part of the reason why since 1914 the value of toilet preparations has increased five hundred per cent. Yet certainly modern woman herself must shoulder the responsibility for her reckless self-indulgence.

You may say, indeed, that the causes for its emergence lie deep in war and post-war psychology, in the pace of our machine age, in feminine independence and the enfranchisement of youth. Likewise, the results of the Volstead Act and the failure of authority represented by church, state, and the family are consequences of this same individual determination to live one's own life and to live it hard. Women cannot enjoy themselves unless they look young. But rather than heed the cautious counsel of prevention which issues from the beauty salons, many women prefer to undergo radical treatment. It offers the only means to waste one's youthfulness and have it, too.

This attitude of modern woman is especially patent in the realm of facial surgery. In order to obliterate the results of time and over-stimulation, in order that they may lose their tandem chins or the telltale puffs under the eyes, in order that they may either acquire perfection or shed imperfection, women to-day pay thousands of dollars for a single operation which must be repeated every five or six years, at least. They are never deceived about it. Reputable surgeons who perform these operations never guarantee permanence, but nothing daunts these seekers of eternal youth.

Here I must confess that I am not

speaking from hearsay. Nor am I manufacturing generalities from a few instances. For more than a year I served as beauty editor on an American weekly magazine, and in this capacity I quested for new processes both in Europe and the United States. The interviews and contacts thus made available, the stories I heard, the letters I received—all proved to me beyond a doubt that an increasing number of women are prepared to go to any length to reconcile vanity with a mode of living calculated to destroy their looks.

I have interviewed many experts in this field of surgery. But in Paris I was to receive a first-hand impression to which I shall always look back with renewed wonder. Used as I was to the professional exclusiveness of the medical world in other countries, I was totally unprepared for the result of my first interview with a very august French surgeon. To my amazement he invited me to see an operation which he was to perform next day. As a concession to the secrecy of these affairs, he offered to introduce me as a nurse.

"Ze face I am to leeft," said he, suavely proud of his English, "belongs to ze wife of a celebrated professeur. Madame, she must entertain a great deal and she become fatigued. So she has ze little operation three times now. She does not mind. You shall see."

I did see—as long as I could. I was there when the grande dame entered. She was forty and elegant. She was as unconcerned as if she were entering a shop. "*Voilà!*" I heard her say to the surgeon, "please take out that soft wrinkled flesh under my eyes. Don't mind if you have to pull them up a bit. I quite like that Chinese effect."

She lay at ease upon the operating table and, since novocaine is the only anesthetic used for this operation, she

was not incapacitated from speaking. Being French, she abandoned herself joyously to the privilege. As she chattered away in that quick staccato, nobody would have dreamed that all the while the surgeon's clever hands were slicing off ribbons of flesh and tossing them casually on the floor as if they had been banana peels.

When it was all over she hurried to look in the mirror. I was certainly glad she never looked at the nurse who was clinging to the mantelpiece for support most of the time. "*Bon!*" she cried; "Now the face is firm once more, and if I look Mongolian, well, *tant mieux!*"

That woman happened to be a Parisian, but I was told that the majority of such operations in the French capital are upon American women. It is chiefly these who patronize there a repair shop for reconditioning used faces. This establishment has at least four cubicles where surgeons work continually. The day I visited it I was too late, thank heaven, to witness any more operations. But I was presented to one of the patients who had just come back to have some of her stitches out.

With pride she pointed out her scar. "Look," said she, "the operation was performed only three days ago and the wound is quite healed. Why should any woman dread wrinkles or a double chin when this method is so quick and easy? Really, it hardly hurts a bit."

Women who have this operation repeatedly are apt to achieve so much scar tissue that it can be hidden only by an unfashionable massing of the hair. Yet they go on seeking it with all the nonchalance with which they order a permanent wave. Paris, New York, and Hollywood are the great centers for uplift work. And medical prejudice against this type of surgery is giving way. A New York surgeon explained the fact to me. "Women are

the most obstinate creatures on earth. If good operators refuse to take them they go to charlatans, and the result may be disfiguration for life. Consequently the profession has been practically impelled to place at their service the technic of remodeling faces so highly developed during the War."

How arbitrary is the passion for changing facial landscapes is plain from one of the many instances cited by this same doctor. A woman came begging him for a nose operation. "But there is nothing the matter with your nose, madam," he protested.

"That is for me to judge," she returned haughtily; "I wish you to take off an eighth of an inch."

So presentable was the feature in question that the surgeon resolved to unearth the woman's motive. He discovered that he had successfully treated a friend of hers who had been in a serious automobile accident. "Carrie looks ten years younger with a shorter nose, doctor," declared the would-be patient. "And I'm not going to let her put one over on me."

"Think of it!" exclaimed the surgeon. "It would have cost her a thousand dollars, and she went off in high dudgeon because I would not yield to her ridiculous whim."

Another type of facial redemption is equally gruesome and even more frivolous. This is skin peeling. The outer skin is ripped off in order that the lower cuticle may reveal its soft, babyish charm. According to one of my acquaintances, this operation is one of the favorite martyrdoms enjoyed by the women of Hollywood. She herself went through this experience there. "They won't let you out of the hospital until the new skin is firm," she said. "It's an awful bore to sit around and wait, so several women always try to be skinned together. Then we can while away the time with contract bridge. At least our eyes aren't

bandaged." That the possibility of infection through this thinned epidermis is great and that here, also, the effect is not enduring prove no deterrent to these dauntless spirits.

II

Such fanatic risks are, of course, not the exclusive characteristic of this age. Charms and potions have been demanded by those desiring beauty from days of antiquity. What does distinguish modern times is the blithe boldness with which such remedies are undertaken. There is every likelihood, moreover, that the number of applicants for them will increase. For nowadays the magician is a scientist, and the subject feels safe in his hands. The most expert technic, the most laborious research are concerned with problems of rejuvenation. That is the impulse back of much of the most eminent work accomplished nowadays in the study of the human glandular system.

In the application of such research to beauty there are two schools. In Paris they inject monkey glands. In Vienna they concentrate on human hormones. Such efforts, although projected by great scientists, are regarded with some skepticism by other physicians, it is true. But they are by no means ridiculed, and public interest in such matters is serious and unashamed. I was in Vienna when the story of a new method of rejuvenation came out. It was announced by headlines four inches high in journals hawked about the streets. As for the young doctor whose discovery had leaked out, he was so besieged by reporters and by applicants for treatment that he had to flee the city.

In Paris even the conservative American doctors who practice there are beginning to concede to feminine demands for surgical rehabilitation.

One of the most eminent among them told me that his assistants often lifted faces and that he himself had performed many a Voronoff operation. He recalled one woman who had had four injections.

"You see," he explained, "she was a woman who was determined to keep young in order to hold her husband's slippery affections. He was a big, husky chap who could drink and dance half the night and attend to his investments by day. But his wife could keep up with him only by outside—or would you say inside?—aid. And when the stimulus of the injected substance was exhausted so was she."

The tragic part of this search for youth is that it is endless. The Voronoff operation is as impermanent as anything else. Apparently the enthusiasm of a monkey gland for human association fades after three or four years, and the jungle must be ransacked for a new tenant.

Indeed, the only process I encountered which was even claimed to be lasting was the induction of a permanently beautiful complexion. A conjurer in London accomplishes the trick. He does it by tattooing. With an electric needle he injects coloring matter into the veins—white for forehead and nose, graduating shades of pink for the cheeks. I was introduced to one of his most successful subjects, a woman well on toward sixty-five. She had bought her complexion twenty years ago, and it was still a blend of cream and roses. It was admitted that the improvement is very painful, slow, and costly—about five hundred dollars is the price to-day—but I was assured it is well worth while.

"Fancy," said she, "how tremendously jolly it is never to get a red nose in the sharpest gale. Once over, it's done for good, and if you feel a bit nervy or fatigued nobody is any the wiser. Considering the pace at which

we all go nowadays, I think it's a great investment, this treatment."

There is good reason to suppose that the tattooing process involves risk of scarring and infection. Yet even so, I gathered that the only reason why the wizard hadn't a salon as large as the British Museum was because as yet no eminent doctor had endorsed his method. Brave as she is, modern woman does demand scientific technic.

Such are the strange and thorny paths to youthfulness. Naturally, there are no advertising signboards to point them out, but they are well known by word of mouth and are becoming wider and more worn every year. Women of wealth and fashion, actresses and professional beauties have led the way. Now even women who earn their own incomes are following close behind. These belong to a highly paid group whose evening diversions must not unfit them for daily responsibilities. To them being fit is looking fit, and when cosmetics fail nothing is left except to choose between a program of systematic rest and exercise and some radical form of rejuvenation. In such cases there is a growing temptation to take what might literally be called the short cut.

As for the more familiar features of beauty care, most of them are not only harmless, but helpful. Consumers are protected against poisonous ingredients, and even hair-dyes which contain substances apt to be injurious to the scalp are applied at the salon only after testing the subject for a favorable reaction. All that can be urged against the activities of the beauty specialist is the time, the money, and the intensity of interest demanded from her clients.

Take, for example, a certain cream which claims to offer hormone substance for the tissues. Here, at last, a lyric note is introduced into a martyred page. Just a little dab of sweet-scented cream on the face at night—

how pleasant this sounds after the uplift surgery, the monkey glands, and the face peeling! The only shadow on this exercise is the fact that each tiny jar of the product which was recently concocted in Germany costs either twenty-five or fifteen dollars—the price depending on the strength of the rejuvenating essence.

Now exactly what is the justification of this price? It is made from the hormone substance of hundred-year-old turtles—at least that was the original claim of the manufacturers. Veiled, indeed, are the reasons why only inhabitants of the Old Turtles' Home are eligible for this stately task of taking away the furrows from the human brow, and one cannot suppress the wonder whether sometimes those producers don't impose on us by slipping in a few middle-aged or even youngster types. Be this as it may, this thing of turning turtle into the human cells is gaining its public. True, it is a delightful cream, but its success must largely be due to a belief in an easy method of getting new tissues for old.

III

It is always so much more alluring in these push-button days to pay out money than to make efforts. For this reason any form of reducing weight is more popular than exercise. Even diet! True, curves have come back, and a group of American candy-makers last summer cabled their grateful thanks to the Parisian designers. But after all the waist-line is here, and the problem is how to adapt oneself to it. One solution is to go in periodically for grazing instead of eating. But a wan lettuce leaf and a disc of pineapple nourish only an ideal, and a famished state is apt to reflect itself in unbecoming hollows of face and throat. For this reason reducing baths and mechanistic methods are more in favor.

When electricity can be substituted for will power as a means of making sweeping reductions gratification knows no bounds. A noted establishment in New York where flesh is bounced off while patrons merely sit and quiver is always crowded with portly patrons. Hot cabinets where the too solid flesh does literally melt have never lost their prestige.

Certainly the more inert the method the better its chance of success. When I was a beauty editor I received a thousand letters in regard to a single item I had written. It concerned a reducing bath which differed essentially from the usual type of enervating salts. It had not only the cachet of medical approval but had been invented by a scientist. And I had seen it demonstrated in Paris.

My introduction to this preparation testifies to the same light-hearted spirit which permitted my presence at the face-lifting operation. The Swedish agent of the product, his wife, a doctor, and I foregathered in a hotel bedroom near the Madeleine to observe the largest woman I had ever seen free of charge take the bath. We did not, of course, actually see her step into the foamy tub, but we sat beside her during her twenty-five minutes' residence in it. Meanwhile the thick meringue which covered her neatly as far as her first terrace of chins was churning away at her corpuscles. We also saw her afterwards, sheeted and suave upon the scales. It was an enormous triumph. She had lost nearly four kilos.

It took no prophetic gift to foresee the great future of such a product in America. My experience in the beauty game has convinced me that, despite our reputation for energy, we are a people fast becoming soft through comforts and the effect of mechanism. A thousand women write inquiries concerning a method which requires nothing more of them than relaxing in

a tub. But when the article describes any form of effort the response consists of a handful of letters. What I discovered was that the women who *are* willing to use their muscles are always those who are disciplined in some fashion—the more serious types of business and professional workers, sportswomen, artists, individuals who for one reason or another have not been spoiled and pampered.

Such a group constitutes the followers of the cult of facial exercises for tired, flabby faces and throats. These calisthenics, recommended by doctors, are taught in many progressive beauty salons. The most elaborate series I ever found were taught by a widely known foreign physician and a visit to her facial gymnasium remains one of the few joyous pictures left by my editorial adventures. I found the doctor drilling a group of raw recruits.

"Say OOO!" the command went forth, and a dozen mouths shot out.

"Say X!" the drill master continued, and, with a soldierly click of back teeth, the squad stretched lips backward and downward.

This exercise, supplemented by exaggerated chewing motions, an alternate squeezing and relaxing of the brows and a great puffing out of cheeks, results, according to instructors, in a complete reformation of contours.

Certainly the system is likely to produce more lasting benefit than do operations. Patting, also, is infinitely to be preferred. Patting, a recent substitute for the older type of massage which was apt to break down the tissues, has the advantage that one can do it for oneself. One can, that is, if not afflicted with a heavy hand and a crude touch. For it takes an artist to run those light, fleet arpeggios in fuguelike succession over face and throat. To watch an adept thus engaged with rapt eyes and dedicated pose is to realize that this may be her

one way to sense the grand harmonies of life, her only opportunity to vibrate to the music of the spheres.

Fortunately for women who would like to keep their youthfulness without relinquishing either good sense or humor, there is one genuinely valuable method of doing so. This is rhythmic dancing. As an æsthetic form of individual liberation rhythmic dancing has been assimilated by fashionable society, progressive schools, summer camps, and colleges. Recently the astute beauty expert has realized the part it can play in her curriculum. At least two of the most famous New York beauty salons have studios where successful classes are held. True, the woman with a figure like a cream puff must divest herself of all morbid vanity before attempting to leap like a frog, caper in goatish glee, or float like a leaf before the wind. But if she persists she is likely to emerge from the rhythmic dancing class a slim and flexible edition of her old self.

Here, indeed, is a form of beauty culture which offers something besides mere physical care. Not only does it give delightful recreation, but training in the laws of movement associated with that rhythm basic to all the arts. Time is well spent in such a class. For since the resilience of skin and the firm suppleness of muscles is dependent on circulation stimulated by exercise, it is impossible for mechanistic aids to do for the face and figure what can be accomplished by rhythmic dancing. That it has taken such a hold in this country is a hopeful sign that a new influence is at work.

It is high time. The will to beauty has become identified with four of those manifestations of our present age which have flung social philosophers into the depths of gloom. Standardization, Extravagance, Recklessness, and Passivity—these are the Four Horsemen of the boudoir.

Continual uniformity is no friend to the fair sex. When Mary Queen of Scots was taking her milk baths and submitting to the ministrations of her tire woman feminine loveliness was a personal thing. Now that we have mass production of beauty as of everything else, a metropolitan theater audience is no more differentiated than are the sands of the sea. Row after row of heads, rising from identical wraps of lapin or velvet, look as if the same marcel wave had washed over the entire lot. The calculated eyebrows, the painted cupid's bow lips, the highly veneered nails—all bespeak an ideal monotony.

No further emphasis need be placed on the extravagance involved in personal up-keep. Its influence on the innocent impulse to look one's best is more obvious than that of the Third Horseman, Recklessness. Yet we have only to contemplate the radical methods of beauty culture to trace in them the same spirit which impels a girl or boy of to-day after half a dozen cocktails to drive an automobile at seventy-five miles an hour.

Even more eloquent of a mechanistic age is the passivity of modern woman's attitude. She doesn't want to work for her beauty! She wants it to come to her as easily as music over the radio.

Until these Four Horsemen are overthrown we shall look in vain for the romance and mystery characteristic of women in other ages. To no purpose will billions be spent in beauty shops and at cosmetic counters, in operating rooms and reducing salons. For no external aid can preserve the dewy freshness of a rash, lazy, self-indulgent woman. There has to be restraint, self-discipline, and the flavor of individuality to achieve real beauty. No masseuse can produce what Byron called, "the mind, the music breathing o'er her face." Nor can Big Business manufacture the smile of Mona Lisa.



NO MORE EXCUSES

A SOUTHERNER TO SOUTHERNERS

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

THE appalling stench that have come out of the cotton-mill towns of Dixie within the last year, distressing as they are to thoughtful natives of the region, may serve, in the end, a more useful purpose than all the essences of magnolia and cape jasmine that all the professional Southerners have scattered over things Southern since the Civil War. For these are frank, undisguised, forthright stinks, not, like many odors which have emanated from the South in the past, compounded of the breath of the honeysuckle with just a faint suspicion of putrescence.

There is this to be said for the polecat: when he is abroad in the land, something has to be done. You can make excuses for the goat, you can apologize for the wet dog, without ever quitting your rocking-chair; but when the polecat makes his presence manifest, you must rise and get your shotgun.

The events of the last year or two centering in Gastonia and Marion, North Carolina, were deplorable, but they have one singular merit—they can by no stretch of imagination be attributed to the institution of human slavery, to Appomattox, or to Reconstruction. In short, they cannot come under the old excuses which we Southerners have been using for sixty years to explain all our derelictions. Here is one monstrous apparition which never

was conjured up by the Damyankee; and if Dixie faces the fact, with all its implications, it may be the making of her.

Few things can contribute more to the moral ruin of a man than to give him a reasonable excuse for every sort of fault and frailty. The greatest misfortune that the Civil War and its aftermath brought to the South is the fact that it has provided her with such an excuse for sixty years and more. With her material resources wrecked by material force, and her moral resources gangrened by infection deliberately rubbed into her wounds during Reconstruction, she has had excuse enough, Heaven knows, for greater bestialities than she has ever committed. If I criticize her, it is not because I think her record dishonorable, but merely because it is less honorable than it might have been.

And one reason for this failure to measure up to the highest standard unquestionably is the fact that it has been so easy for thoughtful Southerners to salve their consciences by reference to the old, sorrowful past. It might so easily have been worse! Do we lynch Negroes occasionally? Well, everything possible has been done to incite us to a war of extermination against them. Do we regard the Constitution of the United States as a scrap of paper? Well, for sixty years it has been the instrument of our oppression,

not the bulwark of our defense. Do we consistently manipulate the electorate to secure such ends as seem good to the ruling class, rather than to secure a numerical expression of the will of the populace? Well, we were merely the first to discover that democracy in a heterogeneous population is but another name for anarchy.

But at last we are faced with a question to which there is no such convenient answer. Do we permit murder to stalk unchecked the highways around Gastonia and Marion? Do we permit the courts of justice to be turned into farcical vaudeville shows? Do we permit, nay, approve, the suppression of freedom of opinion as ruthlessly as if North Carolina were Italy, or Russia, or even California? We do. And how was this villainy forced upon us by anything the Yankees did, or failed to do, during the Civil War or afterward?

To this there is no answer. All the crimes and all the follies of the Bluebellies stopped short of this. Neither Sherman nor the carpetbaggers had anything whatever to do with Gastonia and Marion. They are Southern products, born in North Carolina and fostered by North Carolina conditions.

Furthermore, it is not merely the blood that has placed the deepest stain on the South in connection with these disturbances. After all, men die by violence every day in every State of the Union. It is not for any of her dripping sisters to point the finger of scorn at North Carolina merely because of the blood. But the total incapacity of the State to convict a single policeman for killing seven strikers, while she found it easy to convict seven strikers of killing a single policeman; the scorn of the very elements of justice and fair dealing exhibited, with the consent of the judges, by the State in its prosecution; and finally, the cynical decision of the State's

Supreme Court that, while the injection of religious prejudice into a criminal prosecution is undoubtedly subversive of justice, still, in this case it would not be held sufficiently damaging to warrant granting a new trial—these are what have placed North Carolina on the defensive in the minds of decent men all over the world. And these things are not to be explained away by anything that has happened in the past.

However, the practice of sixty years has developed in the South a fertility in the making of excuses which is not to be daunted by any such combination of circumstances. The latest dodge is to lay it, not to the invasion of Northern armies, indeed, but to a Northern invasion, just the same—this time to the invasion of industrialism. The shootings, and the subsequent obscenities, arose from an industrial dispute. Had there been no cotton mills, there could have been no strikes. And there would have been no cotton mills had not Northern industrialism come South.

Waiving the fact that the textile manufacturing industry is peculiarly Southern, since only within the last ten or fifteen years has any considerable infiltration of Northern capital taken place, this thesis is fairly sound. Gastonia and Marion are products of industrialism. Certain ways of thinking which they revealed seem also to be characteristic of industrialism at its most brutal. Nor are these labor wars by any means the only evils that have come to the South in the train of industrialism. It is plain enough that industrialism is by no manner of means an unmixed blessing to Dixie.

II

These circumstances furnish the reason, although not an excuse, for the rise of the latest cult in Dixie, the cult

of agrarianism. Certain of the intellectuals, especially the younger among them, have lately begun to exhort the South to go back to the land. As one group puts it, "The theory of agrarianism is that the culture of the soil is the best and most sensitive of vocations, and that therefore it should have the economic preference and enlist the maximum number of workers." This is from a large book lately off the press in which twelve Southerners, all of them men of respectable attainments, set forth with perfect seriousness the theory that the South must "throw off" industrialism on the ground that neither religion, the arts, nor the amenities of life can flourish in "an industrial age except by some local and unlikely suspension of the industrial drive."

At first blush it seems incredible that twelve men, all born and raised in the South, all literate, and all of legal age, could preach such doctrine without once thrusting the tongue in the cheek or winking the other eye. Not only have these done so, but here and there all over the South others are arising, usually—to do them justice—very young men, to assert that industrialism, because it created Gastonia and Marion, with all that they imply, has been the damnation of Dixie.

Of such a philosophy one can only say that it smells horribly of the lamp, that it was library-born and library-bred, and will perish miserably if it is ever exposed for ten minutes to the direct rays of the sun out in the daylight of reality. Perhaps the most delicious line in the solemn tome which I have been quoting is the assertion, "Opposed to the industrial society is the agrarian, *which does not stand in particular need of definition.*" The italics, it is hardly necessary to say, are mine.

Perhaps a philosopher could detect in this one line a great part of the

tragedy of the South since the Civil War. We have never thought much of precise definitions, of precision of thought in any sense. Facts are so often inconvenient things; let us stick, rather, to emotions. A Democrat does not stand in particular need of definition, therefore we can send an Oscar W. Underwood and a J. Thomas Heflin to the Senate under the same party label. Civilization does not stand in particular need of definition, therefore we can tolerate lynching and at the same time claim to be civilized. Honor does not stand in particular need of definition, therefore we can conscientiously nullify the Fourteenth Amendment and at the same time roundly damn those who would nullify the Eighteenth. Religion does not stand in particular need of definition, therefore we can indulge in phrenetic orgies of hatred against Roman Catholics and still assert that we are the most Christian part of the Union.

So a considerable number of Southerners, feeling that agrarianism stands in no particular need of definition, joyously proceed to recommend it as the medicine for the South. Probably they will never get around to a definition of agrarianism, so it will never occur to them that what they would press to the lips of their ailing country is a draught compounded of the essences of civic disease, of communal madness, of moral and probably physical death.

If this seems to be soaring into the upper levels of gaseous rhetoric, let it be subjected to the test which our agrarians so blithely dismiss. Let it be compared with the known facts.

The principal fact by which it is to be checked is that the South did adopt agrarianism in the beginning and clung to it until about forty years ago. But in the beginning she had no choice, because the industrial revolution had not been dreamed of, and there was no other sort of civilization possible in the

American colonies. It is only since 1830 that she has had a choice presented; but for nearly seventy years after 1830 her choice was agrarianism.

And what did she get out of it? The South of 1900 is your answer—a hookworm-infested, pellagra-smitten, poverty-stricken, demagogue-ridden “shotgun civilization,” as Henry Cabot Lodge put it. One might, by diligent search, discover here and there families, even small communities, of rare excellence, like lilies growing upon the dung-heap. But the lot of what Walter H. Page called “The Forgotten Man” in the South of those days bore a remarkable resemblance to the lot of the Russian serf prior to the imperial ukase of 1861.

But here we run into the ancient excuse—the Civil War. It is a part of the Southern credo that before that war we possessed a civilization which was one of the ornaments of the world. This is, of course, sentimental tommyrot. Our civilization at that time was based on human slavery, which is to say, it was economically rotten. It was so rotten, in fact, that it was swiftly crumbling into ruin long before the blast of war struck it. The enormous movement westward of slaveholders in the two decades prior to 1860 is eloquent of the impoverishment of the land due to a ruinous agricultural system. And when the war came, the fact that, although she had magnificent troops and the ablest military leadership ever known in America, the South lost the decision, is as eloquent of a feeble economic and social structure.

That, however, is neither here nor there. As a matter of fact there was a war, and it is with the country as the war left it that Southerners have had to deal. For a full generation after the close of the war the region clung to an agrarian civilization, and that policy brought it to the condition it was in at the close of the century.

But about 1900 it began to take industrialism seriously, and for another generation it has been developing swiftly along the new line.

The fair comparison, therefore, is not between the South of, say, 1850 and the South of 1930, but between the South of 1900 and the South of 1930. For even if we accept at face value the romantic novelist’s idea of the South of 1850, we must not ignore the fact that, beautiful as this civilization may seem, it was plunging swiftly down to ruin; and to reproduce it as it was, we should have to reproduce the doom that hung over it.

III

What, then, has industrialism done to the South since 1900? Since it is in the State of North Carolina that industrialism has made the greatest strides and produced the beastliest incidents, North Carolina ought to furnish the most horrible example of the ruin industrialism brings to a commonwealth.

I should certainly be among the last to maintain that the mushroom growth of cotton, tobacco, and furniture factories has made a heaven on earth of Tarheelia. Gastonia and Marion, although they are the most startling, are far from being the only ugly things industrialism has produced there. Uglier than either is the horde of parvenus it has inflicted on the State. When the Steel Trust was formed about thirty years ago, the group of “Pittsburgh millionaires” suddenly brought into being gained national notoriety. They were regarded as setting a world record which would endure for a long time for loud and brassy vulgarity. But there are cotton and tobacco millionaires—and some people with less than a million—by comparison with whom a typical Pittsburgh millionaire would actually resemble the celebrated violet by a mossy stone. These persons are

not in fact important, but they do constitute a ghastly nuisance, and they do decrease materially the desirability of residence in North Carolina.

Nor can it be truthfully denied that Southerners display the general human tendency to appreciate money more as they acquire more of it. Since North Carolina has begun to breed millionaires, her respect for them has advanced materially and disproportionately. But let us not forget that this has been true of every complex civilization since history began, not excluding the most brilliant. It was notably true of Elizabethan England, where Sir Walter Raleigh lost his head when his ability to pay tremendous dividends to his backers failed him, and where Shakespeare became *armiger* not in recognition of the fact that he had written "Hamlet," but in recognition of the fact that he owned property in Stratford.

Furthermore, industrialism tends to destroy the picturesque element in the countryside. The slave quarters on a big plantation offered so much more to the artist's eye than does a cotton mill village that the comparison is revolting. However, there was more typhoid in the quarters.

Nor is it to be denied that the factories have hastened the tempo of life; or if it isn't the factories, it is something else, for North Carolina moves much faster in 1930 than it did in 1900. Unfortunately the suspicion will not down that it is, in part at least, something else; for it was in 1902 that Charles Wardell Stiles began his really serious assault on hookworm disease in the Southern States. Perhaps the characteristic deliberation with which the Southerner moved before industrialism began was proof of mild manners and a philosophical mind; but perhaps it was merely a symptom of uncinariasis.

Let us assume, however, that the

industrialism of the South and specifically that of North Carolina, its most advanced example, is productive of awful bounders, of money-lust, of architecture that amounts to a felony, and of nerve-racking haste, as well as of occasional butcheries, both of men and of the law, such as occurred at Gastonia and Marion. Is it, therefore, worthy of condemnation?

Certainly not until we have heard the case for the defense. And as the first item in that defense, I suggest the fact that if industrialism created Gastonia and Marion, it also created Chapel Hill and that neighboring hill on which Duke University is now rising.

The University of North Carolina, which does not include the women's college nor the agricultural college, both separate institutions, now receives from the State in direct appropriations about nine hundred thousand dollars a year. In 1900 the State's total expenditures for all educational purposes amounted to only about a million a year. Yet if the truth were known, North Carolina in 1900 was probably as generous as she is to-day. The million she spent then perhaps meant more to her than do the thirty-odd millions she spends now on schools. The difference is that now she has the money, and she has it because industrialism has put it in her pocket.

In 1900 Murphy, in the high mountains in the extreme western end of the State, knew less of Manteo, on the Atlantic Ocean, than either knows to-day of Boise, Idaho. Gasoline and asphalt have changed that, with the result that to-day, it is infinitely more difficult, if not impossible, for a demagogue to sow seeds of suspicion and reap a harvest of hatred between the two ends of the State. And the gasoline and asphalt, like the universities, are gifts of industrialism.

It took money to reduce the per-

centage of illiteracy by half in the single decade between 1910 and 1920. It took money to establish and maintain a State Health Department that won a conspicuous reputation for excellence not merely in the South, but among all the States. It took money to produce a State Board of Public Welfare that has battled so valiantly against politics that North Carolina prisons and chain-gangs to-day are almost semi-civilized, that the school-attendance law is better than half-enforced, and that a cotton mill manager would rather meet Raw-Head-'n'-Bloody-Bones on a lonely road at midnight than be trapped into employing a child under legal age. And the money has come from industrialism.

IV

All this, however, is arguing an academic question. The condition, not the theory, is that industrialism has arrived. It will not be abolished, nor will its hands be set back out of respect to any theory whatever.

So the real point at issue involves, not industrialism, which is *hors concours*, but the attitude of intelligent Southerners toward it. This is, however, a real question, for it is easily possible for industrialism to replace the Civil War as a convenient excuse behind which Southerners may mask their intellectual indolence and incapacity.

It would be worse than foolish, it would be treacherous to the South, to attempt to minimize the evils which the growth of manufacturing has brought to the section or the dangers with which it threatens the South. To meet and abolish, or at any rate to alleviate these evils is a task which will tax the South's utmost resources of intelligence, of skill, of learning, and of character. If any considerable proportion of these resources is dissipated and lost in vain repining for a system which led the South into the disaster of

1865 and was steadily driving it toward cannibalism in 1900, the battle will be lost before it is fairly joined.

I am enough of a Southerner to be a little arrogant in my demands of the South. A civilization which I might regard as admirable in Kansas or in Ohio would seem to me woefully inadequate to Dixie. I am bound to admit that at the moment we seem, in some respects, even farther away from the ideal than Kansas and Ohio; but that simply means that our task is not merely to overtake them, but to surpass them. For those States were built originally from the wilderness, and make their own standards as they go. The South was cut out of the wilderness as far back as the seventeenth century. We have built one civilization and seen it collapse; but the standards we erected while building it still exist, and they are very high.

I have seen a little Negro driven into frantic denials, then into recrimination, and finally into furious tears by a rapscallion who sniffed at him suspiciously, made a wry face, and said in a disgusted tone, "Boy, I b'lieve you've got ancestors!"

But as a matter of fact, ancestors *are* in some circumstances a liability. Living up to them is frequently a painful and laborious task. Yet the task which the South must face is that of living up to her group of distinguished ancestors; and no merely material success, however brilliant, will accomplish it. George Washington was for his day a very rich man, and he would approve of the material progress the South is making; but his approval of its wealth would not appease his wrath with the South if it sent him as colleagues in the Federal City Senators Heflin and Blease. Thomas Jefferson would approve of his own University to-day, and also of that which his Southern neighbors have raised; but his approval would

soon curl up and char in the heat of his indignation could he read the reports of a certain trial at Dayton, Tennessee. John Marshall would find in modern Southern codes much to admire, but in his reading he would be certain to run across that decision of the North Carolina Supreme Court in the Gastonia cases. Robert E. Lee would find nothing discreditable in the incident of the Thirtieth Division and the Hindenburg Line, but what would he say to a lynching?

The job of the South is to take industrialism and with it fashion a civilization in which such men as these could live. And she will not accomplish it by seeking excuses, or by dismissing her ideal as not standing in particular need of definition. On the contrary, to accomplish it she must seek forever definitions and definitions of the sharpest kind. She must labor with facts. She must struggle drearily

and through tons of statistics, through endless miles of dull reports and dry analyses. She must eschew guessing and *know*. She must learn more and more, and then more. She must, in brief, subject her intelligence to a discipline as harsh and as onerous as that to which the great men who are her chief ornament subjected theirs.

Of course I do not suggest this as the proper preparation for life of every Southern school child. I mean only that the handful of men who are the flower of each generation must do it.

But if they do, I believe they will erect a glittering civilization in the midst of industrialism. In any case, this is the only line open to them, for sniveling and excuse-hunting on the part of intelligent Southerners are a worse betrayal of their ancestors than are Gastonia, lynching, demagoguery, and religious fanaticism combined.



AND IF I CRY RELEASE . . .

BY SARAH-ELIZABETH RODGER

THE thought of you is spray against my face,
Wind in my eyes, unmerciful and sweet;
And I can feel the pulse of marching feet
Stir down the years, race following proud race.
Words you have spoken wake me and, in waking,
The night becomes a beauty burdensome;
I cannot sleep for hearing the long drum
Of waves on alien rock, beating and breaking.
They are a song your eyes call out from me,
Like courage born of bold blue flags unfurled,
Like tall fires struck from such a little spark—
But break my dream of you, and it will be
As moon into splinters, as my clear white world
Blotted into a sudden, desperate dark.

II

And if I cry release, it is not I
Essentially. It is a coward woman
Too shy and small, too miserably human
To face you shoulder to shoulder, eye to eye;
Yet deep within me you may find a thing
As stern and tall as you, as old, as wise,
An Atlas capable of all the skies
You put upon her, without murmuring.
Do not despise me when I turn aside;
Looking at you is looking into light
Too long and too intently, and in fright
I turn—and wonder what has suddenly died . . .
And turn to you again, and catch my breath
In belief of you and disbelief of death.



III

*It is not happiness to think of you,
Nor is it peace, but transient ecstasy;
It is the moon when it is thin and new
And sharply silver in eternity.
My eyes are wide with it, my cheeks are wet,
And it will blow by, blow by . . . oh, my dear,
I may be gone from here, I may forget,
And fall to soberness with earth too near;
There is no grave to hold the thin new moon,
No stone to mark its passing in the sky,
Only the stars' faint tumult, gone too soon
As the sane sun lifts insolent and high.
And lest my keen young grief turn querulous sorrow,
Let there be no more moons and no to-morrow.*

IV

*These are the moments we have snatched from time
By some frail wisdom in our lips and hands;
The hour glass is low, the stubborn sands
Sift in their rhythm. All that is sublime
Pulses within us to a somber end;
And I am fearful, counting beat by beat
The footsteps of the stranger in our street
Who peers at us around the sudden bend.
These are the moments, tenuous and high,
And lest I seek to draw them out too long,
And lest I slur the last note of the song,
Oh, hold me closely, say the lovely lie,
And then have done. The little rapture slips
To nothing, even underneath your lips.*





LEAF UNFOLDING

A STORY

BY GRIFFITH BEEMS

THE first person Paul Aldrich met in Bear Harbor that summer was Jenny Vernay. He had come down to the beach, wearing sun-glasses and carrying his watch in his hand, planning to expose himself to the sun for twelve minutes the first day. The irregular, sandy triangle bared among the rocks at the head of the harbor was deserted. Off to the right gulls were feeding and screaming where a brook filtered through pebbles into the ocean. Paul noted that it was seventeen minutes past three and lay down, with his robe under his head, and closed his eyes.

After a time he heard feet lifting in the sand and, turning his head, saw two girls in bathing suits walking toward him. They were about seventeen years old. The prettier one lagged and hesitated, but the foremost girl, short, dumpish, and beaming in a red suit, sank down not ten feet from Paul and said:

"Hello!"

"Hello."

"You're Mr. Aldrich from New York, aren't you?"

"Yes." Paul sat up and removed his sun-glasses.

"Do you think you'll like it here?"

"I expect to enjoy myself."

"It's awfully quiet. Isn't it, Ruth?"

Without stopping for the answer, she went on, "Everyone says Bear Harbor is the deadest place in Maine."

"I shan't mind that."

"You simply don't know what you're in for." She sighed. "No movies, nothing."

"How did you know my name?"

"Mr. Sones at the hotel desk told me. You see, I happened to be at the dock when you came this morning."

"Really."

"Mr. Aldrich, this is Ruth Skelton. I'm Genevieve Vernay."

Paul acknowledged the introductions. The double dimple in Jenny's face became fixed.

"What do you do, Mr. Aldrich?"

"I am enjoying my vacation."

"I know, but what do you work at when you're not on vacation?"

"I am secretary to the President of the United States."

"Oh! How wonderful! Tell me about it. What sort of things do you do?"

"I double for him."

"Double for him?"

"Yes, I put on one of the President's collars and a wig, and shake hands for him. People take me for the President when I am disguised. And I always take his place at battleship christenings and assassinations."

"Oh, you go jump in the lake," Jenny exclaimed indignantly. "Come on, Ruth."

Paul had overstayed three minutes. Outside his hotel window, while he dressed, robins were disturbing the wild

cherry branches, and beyond the tree tops rested the round granite summits of two of the nearby Penobscot Mountains. He went down to the desk to ask, for the second time that day, for mail, hoping unreasonably for a letter from Marjorie in New York. He was engaged to marry Marjorie in November. The box was empty, and he went out on to the veranda.

Distant blue islands barred the harbor from the open Atlantic, their pebbly beaches shining glassily in the afternoon sun. Within the cove, like a desultory flock of birds, a flotilla of sloops and knockabouts, launches and varnished speedboats, all drifted parallel by the tide, veered at their moorings. The fish-wharf, a yacht club, and the steamboat landing encumbered the shore. On the wooded hill-sides surrounding the harbor, the gables and chimneys of the summer homes were interspersed with the pine tops.

Paul walked into the village. The forest came down upon it like a green glacier. The single street, strung for a mile with incongruous houses, forked when it came to the harbor. At this intersection lay the village green and a stone watering-trough surmounted by a bronze bear head. A man in unpressed white flannels sitting on the stoop in front of the barber shop spoke to Paul; four girls had left their roadster in the street and were having sundaes in Badger's drugstore. He heard the ring of metal, and behind the garage and filling station came upon a set of chauffeurs, coats off and vests unbuttoned, playing horseshoes. The post office and general store were in the same building, with coleus and fuchsias filling one front window. "How delightful, how delightful!" Paul kept whispering to himself.

When he went down to the beach the next afternoon to tan for twenty minutes, Jenny withdrew from a group of girls and walked over to him.

"You mustn't tease me," she said dignifiedly, collapsing beside him and putting on a ragged straw hat. "Doctor Skelton—that's Ruth's father—says I have a fleshy heart and must always live placidly."

"I am very sorry about your heart. Where is Ruth this afternoon?"

"She doesn't always come down. She doesn't like the water and only comes to tan herself. The ocean's really frightfully cold. My teeth chatter and chatter for hours afterwards. The water's simply frigid." Jenny hunched her plump shoulders and shivered.

"Doesn't Ruth swim?"

"Not a stroke. She's a dear, isn't she?" Jenny moved her shoulders engagingly and leaned nearer. "Don't you think she's pretty?"

"Very," Paul said, noncommittally.

"She's very pretty. She has the loveliest hair, and she's a perfect dear. But do you know, just between ourselves—confidentially—she isn't popular. I can't make out why. I've done simply everything to bring her out and talked about her to different boys for hours. They say she's stuck up. Jimmy McCrae hates her. Ruth would be furious if she heard me talking about her—she's dreadfully proud—but I do so want to see her popular. Are you going to be here long? Perhaps you could take her out. There are dances at Neighborhood Hall every Wednesday night, and there is something going on all the time over at Nipisiguit and Deerport. It might make the other boys jealous and then they'd come running. I wish you would, Mr. Aldrich."

"I had hoped to spend the summer very quietly."

"Ruth is very quiet. I just know you two will enjoy each other. By the way, you aren't married, are you?"

"Isn't any kindness shown to married men?"

"Of course not. Married men are too free. Please tell me."

"I have to go back to the hotel or I shall get sunburned."

"All right for you if you won't tell me. I know, anyway. Somebody happened to see the letter you mailed this morning, and it wasn't to any 'Mrs.' either. Besides, I knew because you haven't any manners." She stalked back to the other girls.

The next morning when Paul went to the post office to mail another letter he encountered Ruth, who, with some thirty others, was waiting for the mail to be distributed. They walked back down the street together. "This is the way I have to go," she said. "Would you like to come and meet my father?" The Skeltons owned a small summer cottage set back in the woods, and on the screened-in porch a burly man in house-slippers was waiting, smoking a briar pipe. He had an evenly cropped mustache and sandy, tufted eyebrows.

"Here's your paper, daddy. This is Mr. Aldrich. Daddy is so concerned with what may be happening back in Dedham, Massachusetts, that he can't rest in the mornings until he has his paper."

Doctor Skelton stood up slowly, put his pipe down, and shook hands with Paul.

"You must have a care, sir, for my daughter. When she discovers your failing she will surely publish it." The doctor's eyelids flickered slyly. Ruth looked back at him, her eyes mocking his. "How do you like Bear Harbor?"

"I like it. The air and sunlight are unbelievable after New York. I have six weeks here and I mean to do a great deal of walking. I understand the mountain trails are splendid."

"Perhaps you're a bit of a natural scientist?" The doctor sat down, resumed his pipe, and began tearing the wrapper from the newspaper.

"Hardly a natural scientist. I had several courses in biology at Harvard."

Mrs. Skelton, plump and complacent, came out and was introduced. "So you went to Harvard," she said. "If Ruth were a boy, we'd send her there, wouldn't we, father?"

"Probably," Doctor Skelton answered. "Personally, I'm glad she's a girl. She may be spoiled, but she won't tell a lie or smoke cigarettes; and a girl who doesn't do those things nowadays won't ever go far wrong." Ruth kissed him on the forehead.

"Come on, Mr. Aldrich, I'll show you my house."

Ruth and Paul went into the forest by a path and came, in a glade, to a magnificent white birch, walled about with conifers, rank upon rank back into gloom. Between each cordate leaf the sunlight intertwined like the reticulations of a golden net. The fallen leaves had been neatly raked into a pile at one side. Ruth sat down on a boulder with another rock as a back rest, while Paul found a place among the birch roots.

"This is my house. I often come out here and sit for hours. When that spot reaches that stone, it will be noon. Sometimes I read, and sometimes I just sit quietly and think. Daddy says it isn't thinking—he says I sit and grow, like a vegetable. Anyway, I like to do it. Sometimes I clean house. I have a kitchen, too," pointing to several raspberry bushes, "but the cupboard is bare. I've eaten them all. Oh, I must show you my child!" She knocked two stones together and called, and a small red squirrel came, pecked into her empty hand, and then skimmed away. "I call him Rudolph. I chose that name because he's so little that he needs an imposing name. How do you like my house?"

"I like it very much. I'm very glad that you invited me."

"I'm extremely fond of it. I've

named it Birchvale Manor. Every house around here has to have a name, you know. It's too bad that I haven't any nuts for Rudolph. He puts them in his mouth and looks as though he had the mumps. I've been neglecting him, poor child."

The sunlight, sifting through the birch leaves, dappled Ruth's light-green dress and pale blond hair, colored like honey, and, where the sunlight fell, yellow as pollen. Two natural love-locks curled beside her ears, but otherwise she wore it simply, drawn into a knot, where the more golden strands twisted with the ashen ones like Spanish jeweler's work. Her face was small, the fair, soft skin evenly tanned to the shade of faintly scorched bond paper; the eyes were wide apart and small and blue; the forehead childishly straight; nose retroussé; and her lips, although ever too slightly thin, parted and upturned to let out laughter like a carillon of tiny bells. All the while she talked, and at every word she smiled or swayed with laughter; the mischievous eyelids dropped; over her face animation fled like a wave curling about a sunny rock.

"Some days I'm very quiet. I hardly say a word. Other days I'm like this" (laughing through her fingers spread before her eyes) "and just talk and talk. Daddy says my tongue runs on greased hinges. One day I'm this way. Another day I'm so quiet you'd never recognize me. I don't know why it is. You must have thought the cat had my tongue that day that we met first."

Paul was charmed. Under this guileless, gay volubility, behind the unafraid and unwithholding eyes, he was aware of a quality—for him a new quality—a serene innocence that attracted him even when he scarcely attended to her words. When she was talking he listened, but after a time vaguely dreamed, picking up small

thoughts like scarlet ravelings scattered in his mind. He wished for sexless creatures, who had the grace and loveliness of women without their necessities, who to every pursuit might add the uncertainty of an incorruptible object. Perceiving Ruth, bending on the rock amid the still restlessness of the forest, he almost believed in such a miracle.

They went that evening after supper for a walk by Orchard Pond. A light mist, exhaling from the water, vague as a breath, outlined the meandering lake and drifted up the hollows of the hills. Invisible minnows leaped with a tiny splash; the rings of widening ripples interlaced and passed among the reeds. Paul and Ruth followed by a road that ran beside the pond. Barbed and fleet, swallows flicked the surface with their breasts and skimmed off twittering. Off to the south toward Nipisiguit a bell-buoy continuously tolled.

"It moos like a cow!" Ruth exclaimed.

Before turning back, they sat down on a bench nailed between two trees. "This is the place, one night, that Jimmy McCrae tried to kiss me. He didn't seem to know whether he should or not, and he was so awkward that I couldn't resist. I bit his lower lip. Oh, but he was angry!" Ruth laughed until she swayed against him.

The sun went behind the bald mountains, leaving along the ridge a pale yellow band. Evening descended like a drifting leaf. Silently they watched the birches on the margin of the lake fade to elongated ghosts. Ruth suddenly stood up.

"What is your name?"

"My first name?"

"Yes, of course."

"Paul."

"You can't catch me, Paul!" She ran down the road laughing and not looking back. When he caught up to her, she stopped, gasping. She stood

opposite him in the road with her legs apart, her bosom upthrust and panting, and her head back, laughing and gasping. The trembling of her flesh sent a fierceness through him.

"Paul," she said, "I'm sorry—I couldn't help it. The pond and the sky back there were too solemn for me. They would have squelched me in another moment. You don't mind, do you?"

He answered heavily, "You are more terrible to bear than the sky."

"Yes, it was terrible of me, wasn't it?" she said gaily. "Mercy, I'm all out of breath!"

A delightful intimacy began. They went walking almost every day along the sea cliffs and picked blueberries for Mrs. Skelton or, lying among the trailing yew, stared at the sea, curded lavender and green, while regattas of sailboats put out from behind the islands. Twice a day the steamer passed, in opposite directions, and they played a game in which whoever saw it first scored. They scrambled among the rocks, searching for jasper stone and gathering harebells, or basked in the sun, while Ruth let down her hair. Once she smoked a cigarette, admitting it was her third. "I like to see the smoke." She laid the cigarette upon a rock and tangled the blue ascending thread with her fingers.

Paul never uttered love to her, as though the elision of the word saved him faithful to Marjorie, but he knew his gentleness and patience were those of a lover. He could not resist saying the little extravagant compliments that his head concocted. He had known only women more experienced, or pretending to be more experienced, than himself; he thought of Ruth's innocence as a fixed, secret quality. It tantalized him, like the bouquet of a strong, slowly sipped liqueur, as though, in every thoughtless word she spoke,

in the shallow streams of her loquacity he might isolate and analyze a mystery as the senses dis sever aromatics from their base. Just why she liked their walks he could not tell. Her mind never formulated descriptions of what they saw, but floated, impressionable as air, among the smells and colors, warmth and light, of the island. She liked him, Paul thought, just as a child does, for a listener who does not interrupt and intrude curt adult values.

One afternoon they went to Great Point, where the island thrust a massive granite fist, hairy with fir trees, into the Atlantic. They clambered down the foremost cliff until they were shut off by abrupt yellow granite, stained with purple oxides, straight to the sky. At their feet the ocean fumed and seethed, inundating and spraying on the rocks, then ebbing and cascading downwards until the ledge seemed to totter, and Ruth shouted that they would slide into the sea. They crept back and lay upon a flattish rock. At their side the ocean pounded out its broken rhythms. Lying on their backs, they watched the clouds drift from behind the cliff walls.

"I wish that blueberries were as blue as the sky," Ruth said. "Just think how they would taste then."

"I like them now."

"So do I, but then they would taste as though the cream were in them when you picked them. The sky is just like blueberries and cream all mushed together."

There was a silence. Paul watched the gulls, wheeling, as did the clouds, over the cliff wall, and drifting down upon him until he saw the rachis of each feather in the spread pinions. They sailed in profile past, hooked bill, blunt body, and flapping cambered wings. A fish-hawk scanned the sea; the gulls were specks against the clouds above him.

Paul glanced at Ruth. She was

asleep, her arm over her eyes, one knee updrawn, the other arm outflung; the nails on the half-bent fingers gleamed gemmiferously. Her body, conforming to the rocks, was flat, save for her breasts, like two halved apples underneath her dress; at her side, a straight blue shadow slept.

A scratch repeated itself on the rocks, and a brown wood-rat scampered along a crevice down to high-water mark and began to eat barnacles, crunching the shells and picking out the meat. Paul threw a stone. Ruth took down her arm.

"You've been asleep," Paul said severely.

"No, I haven't," she answered, squinting and laughing, "I was just pretending. Heavens, my complexion will be a sight. Look—look!" as a gull passed overhead. "It goes on and on. Do you believe in reincarnation?" she added suddenly.

"No, not very much."

"Mama does. She believes that in another reincarnation she was a Pilgrim. When she first went to Plymouth, before she believed in reincarnation, she says that all at once she remembered Plymouth exactly as it was hundreds of years ago. The burying-ground was in exactly the same place. She thought that the meeting-house was at a particular spot, and when she looked it up on the old map, she was right. That made her believe in reincarnation, but daddy just laughs at her. He says she must have remembered her history lessons about the Pilgrims better than she remembers most history."

"Do you believe in reincarnation?"

"Sometimes," she answered, with the abrupt, capricious intonation that dismissed a subject. "Hadn't we better go? It's five o'clock."

The weeks went by. The purple thistles changed to draggled fuzz; the

crimson sumac panicles turned brown; wild roses fell and left their hardening seeds; the young speckled robins came to have red breasts.

Paul frequently walked alone, but in dreamy abstraction, remembering now a gesture, examining an aversion, fitting remarks, uttered days apart, together, in order to fix Ruth's quality in imperishable lucidity. Often he thought her a silly little thing, for all her grace. Her mind, though quick, was erratic and undisciplined. It spent itself joyously as does light confused within a prism. She kept a diary, and though she would not let him touch it, one morning in her house she read him from it. It told where they had gone and said the day was fine. She even read him, shyly, "Paul said that I am pretty." He remembered what he had said: "You're very pretty, Ruth. Your head is like a giant yellow chrysanthemum, whose petals have been combed back into a knot, and caught a bumble-bee, buzzing inside, who's drunk with honey that he finds there." When he reminded her, somewhat piqued, she said, "I couldn't remember all of it. You don't mind, do you? Please write it down here on the page." He admitted her inferiority to Marjorie's intelligent maturity, but still he thought of Ruth.

She had, he found, created for herself an image as a madcap—gay, eccentric, irresponsible—by which she lived and justified her whims, her irrelevant conversations and disjointed moods. It made her drive an automobile recklessly, with knees crossed over the gears, and buy wooden jewelry and odd porcelain toys and lock them in a box. This deliberately uncontrolled impulsiveness bewitched him; it promised what he was unwilling to define and, instead of endeavoring to define it, he trusted in her incorruptibility.

At times he denied her any secret element. The slender, oval face, her

narrow, pale, straight forehead, exquisitely beveled at the line of the hair, the wide-apart blue eyes under the shallow brows, the nose and mouth delicately under-proportioned, these were the physical characteristics attributed to innocence by an arbitrary convention created by Lancret and Fragonard. Her girlish, high voice and ring of laughter, the bright rivulet of her speech, were the incidents of adolescence. But at other times he sensed a quality, almost tangible, whose quintessence was innocence as that of the brain was thought.

He conceived her as an enigma, whose contradictions, however clearly he set them in opposition one against another, never comprehended the whole of her disturbing tranquillity. She knew that a boundary line had been drawn between men and women, but yet she did not choose, she was not compelled, to participate in the antagonism over it. By not admitting the antagonism, she did not undergo the necessity of any surrender. Her innocence was a strange, sweet, unbelievable neutrality, which, although he condemned himself, subtly and ardently he tried to intimidate or excite.

"You mustn't let boys kiss you," he said. "Kisses make freckles."

"How many are there?" she asked, presenting her forehead.

"Seven."

"That's not enough," she declared. "Your theory is wrong," and proffered him her mouth, her body tiptoe as though for flight.

"I shall give you a very large freckle before I go away," he said, asking himself if it were fear that had restrained him.

He loved to look at her, at her diminutive profile, the small mazed ear, the shadows under the chin and eyebrow, and to draw out slowly, one by one, the five hairpins that fastened her hair and feel the weight of it uncoiling

through his fingers. One day, when she had laid her hand upon a spruce trunk and stuck the gum between her fingers, he licked them with gnawing kisses. "Don't!" she had said, laughing, "You tickle!" Her tanned, long-legged body, with golden down along the arms, was so warmly, actively, and substantially a woman's that he wanted to strike her, to seize her, to set defiance in her eyes, or fear. Then he reproached himself for being rakish and old that innocence could so arouse him.

One morning on the beach Jenny and Ruth and Paul were talking of Ruth and Boaz, David and Solomon. Paul declared that these people, for all the Bible said, lived barbarously.

"How would you like to be just one among Solomon's seven hundred wives?" he asked.

"And concubines," Ruth added seriously. Jenny's cheeks flattened; she was shocked.

"A concubine is only a Hebrew name for wife," Paul said, glancing at Jenny, who was glancing at him. Ruth stamped her naked foot on the sand.

"I don't see why you always treat me like a child. I know what a concubine is just as well as either of you. Whenever we're alone Paul treats me like an equal, but when we're before you, Jenny, he treats me as though I were a baby. I don't like it, and I don't like Paul for doing it."

"When we're alone we have our own secrets to talk about," Paul said soothingly. "If I speak differently before Jenny, it's because I like to tease her, and I never tease you." Later he startled himself by reflecting that Ruth's outburst might have come from jealousy.

That same afternoon Jenny sought Ruth out in her house. "I want to have a serious talk with you," she said, settling herself on the stone and coming

at once to the point, "Is Paul in love with you?"

"Yes," said Ruth, so simply that Jenny was annoyed.

"Are you in love with him?"

"No—I don't think so. No, I'm sure I'm not. Nothing has changed. Everything for me is just the same as it has always been."

"When is he leaving?"

"In—in twelve days."

"Has he asked you to marry him?"

"No." Ruth was surprised.

"Then he isn't in love with you," Jenny declared firmly. "If a man really loves you he asks you to marry him."

"I don't want to marry him. I don't want to marry anybody."

"That's neither here nor there. Has he said he was in love with you?" Jenny was exciting herself with her questions.

"No."

"Then how do you know?"

"I just know."

"But how?"

"I know."

"Well, I'll bet he's not in love with you. He's in love with that girl he writes to in New York. He's too old, anyway."

"He's not too old—he's only thirty, and he is in love with me."

"Well, if he is, why doesn't he ask you to marry him? That's the test."

"It is not."

"It is."

"It is not!"

"What is this secret he talks about?"

"There isn't any secret. He was just talking."

"Just talking," sniffed Jenny, "I think that's all he has been doing. He's taken you in very nicely."

These questions, to which Ruth had never before been obliged to give an answer, began to trouble her. Such of the novels as she had read supported Jenny, but all her intuition assured her

that she had rightly understood Paul's attitude. "I hope he does tell me," she decided, "so I will know definitely after he's gone."

There came three days of fog and rain, when Paul stayed in his room and read. On the fourth morning the sun shone and the harbor flashed through the trees. Already several sails were being unreefed, and in Badger's drug-store newspapers had been laid in the front window over the cosmetic display as a protection from the sun. Paul met Ruth in the post office, and they were overjoyed to see each other again. "Let's climb a mountain," Paul proposed.

The path wound through the deep, sun-flecked forest. Under the slender dogberry stems, bending with brilliant blue berries, the leaves were waxy. No one had passed that morning, and the barred spiders had hung cobwebs, still luminous with raindrops, across the path. Following single file, Ruth and Paul had to stoop so as not to sever them. Over the cool, damp, rooty earth, scarlet bunchberries grew, scattered like beads from a broken necklace. Bog mosses verdured moldering logs and granite. The dead, pendulous branches of the firs, hoary with old man's beard, were humid black.

Ruth walked first, and Paul was fascinated by her little, evenly carried head, with a pale-blue scarf tied over it. She walked with a lithe step, her hips as controlled as a man's. Toadstools, wide as a hand, crumpled and black as ink-soaked paper, exuded from the mold. "I hate them," Ruth explained, kicking at them.

They crossed by a bridge over a brook, where fern and jewelweed grew, and saw the watergigs circling below the ruffle, their four legs and thorax magnified ten times by shadow on the sandy bottom. After a while the path began to climb, by rocks and roots for stairs, up Desert Mountain. Ruth

climbed well and without assistance. Her slender legs seemed to extend endlessly from under the yellow linen skirt; a patch of perspiration came upon her dress between her shoulders. The forest grew sparser, the ledges of granite longer. Under the plummy spruce boughs still clung tatters of the night. The black, gnarled branches of the mountain-pine were piled with balls of splintered emerald. At last the trees stopped, and they followed the granite ridge, mottled with scales and lichen, while in the sockets of the rock, in the pulverized granite dust, beds of blueberries grew, and sage, and creeping yew and alder bushes. Stone cairns marked the trail. At every step the panorama opened wider and wider—the shoulder by which they had ascended, the bank of pointing tree tops in the valley, and then the horizon-rimmed Atlantic on which headlands and islands lay like coarse green lace.

"This is Mount Ararat," Ruth cried, "and that's the flood receding, looking baby blue, as though it hadn't rained for forty days and nights."

"Mount Ararat has neighbors," Paul replied, pointing out the range of granite massifs parallel with Desert Mountain, and to the lake down in the gorge below them. "Those mountains are dinosaurs, with fat, scaly backs and green parasites between the joints, and their long necks run down there to the sea, and all those little islands are their heads."

"Don't talk about scaly, slimy things," Ruth said, shivering.

They descended the mountain by a precipitous trail that crossed and recrossed the tumbled bed of a brook, dry save for brown, stagnant pools, powdered with midges. They climbed carefully, watching their feet. Suddenly, sharply, Ruth screamed and darted backwards. Lying sluggishly in the path, head raised, was a small

brownish snake, its throat bulging with a half-swallowed toad. The poor, stiff hind legs projected from the corners of the yellow mouth. The snake did not stir, but waited in rigid curves. Quicker than Paul could act, Ruth dropped a good-sized stone across its back. It writhed and frothed, disgorging the pulped toad, and Paul killed it.

Ruth stared, white splotches in her cheeks, then trembled visibly and huddled into Paul's arms in a paroxysm of tears. He stroked the little head comfortingly, and the scarf slipped off. When the warmth of their bodies had commingled she ceased to cry. Tilting up her face, he kissed away the tears along both sides of her nose. She sniffed and laughed; the soft lips closed, about to speak, and full upon the lax, surprised mouth he kissed her. Her lips gathered; their strength came back, and while her body dropped, slowly she gave back the kiss. Then, even more slowly, her shoulders turned, and she pushed herself away, laughing uncertainly.

"Look," she said, eyeing the snake. "They say its tail won't die before sundown." Then a moment later, when he dropped his arm, gravely she said, "We shouldn't have done that."

"No," he admitted, too much perturbed to be gallant. All the silent way back, he heard a rattlesnake in every grasshopper's whirr. He was irritated that Ruth should go swinging her scarf and humming quietly.

In the evening they met and strolled down to the fish-wharf. It was littered with empty oil barrels and a crated mast. Underneath, fish offal shone phosphorescently in the water. A carpenter's shed ran out onto the wharf, with a settle backed against it where in the daytime fishermen loafed, and there they sat down. They watched a lopsided and bloody moon advance from behind the islands and

flux toward them. A lobster-cage hammered against a float.

The night was cold, and Ruth wrapped her tweed coat tightly and snuggled into Paul's lap, drawing her feet up under her coat, while Paul placed his arm for a pillow. The moonlight threw crooked shadows from her nose and blanched her hair frost-white. She lay so colorless without the sun that Paul was chilled. Lying warm against him, Ruth felt a small possessive ecstasy. She saw Paul's face bent over her and suddenly she yearned for certitude.

"Are you," she asked, confident and sure, "are you in love with me?"

In the intonation of her voice he heard the same tender mocking that Marjorie gave the question when she made him feel most like a boy, incapable of overcoming her. He started, hesitated, and before he could choose a word to answer, he sensed Ruth's softness go taut and her mouth sharpen.

"What a strange question!"

"Strange?" Ruth's voice had an ironic dryness.

"It's strange that you should ask," he said gently. "You know the answer to that question very well."

"Then why haven't you said so?" Ruth sat up, away from him.

"Does everything have to be said?"

"If you don't want it to be misunderstood, it does." She stung with shame. "I'm cold. I'm going home." She walked swiftly, her head fixed straight before her. "Good-night," she said on her steps, without turning.

Paul went to the drugstore, bought a pack of cigarettes, and walked back to the fish-wharf, lopping with a stick as he passed the evening primroses and yellow mullein stalks. "Damn it!" he said, flinging away the stick.

While he smoked, two couples, one after the other, came down the stairs to the wharf but, finding Paul there,

turned away. He drew himself into a corner of the settle and shivered, oppressed. His plans had been overturned. No longer could he recite the equivocally tender farewell to a summer of innocent gaiety whose phrases had been unraveling in his mind. He felt wounded and offended at the impact of the prosaic word "love." That tightening resentment which had gone through Ruth's body, burning it like the touch of ice, frightened him. He was afraid of Ruth. He was afraid of that net of adult formulæ by which immediately he conceived her to be entangling him. She did not understand the meanings that underlay, both supporting and contradicting, the formulæ. Love should grow like a tree in an open field, through time and earth, without the clank of words whenever a leaf unfolded. Suddenly, almost in consternation, he thought, perhaps she does love me. Perhaps the anarchy in which we have been enjoying each other is over.

An unknown man came on to the wharf and climbed down the ladder at the end into a dinghy and rowed away into the impenetrableness of the harbor dark. Measurably, stroke by stroke, he diminished, the oars showing fainter and fainter, dipping and dripping into the far-off, melancholy sea. Perhaps, Paul thought, that unknown is Ruth, unconscious of the night, unconscious that she has parted from the earth upon an unstable element, bent, with the simplicity of an errand, bent upon me. He shook, and walked up and down, cringing at the sound of his own hollow footfalls, slowly penetrated with anger at his helplessness. He did not love her. He was without the urgency to respond to her. His curiosity over her young loveliness and incorruptibility was not love. If he loved anyone, he loved Marjorie. He would not harm Ruth, he would not make her unhappy, and yet clearly he

knew that he had and would continue to do both. To pretend to her, to receive young love with a beguiling face and a dry heart, even for a few days, disgusted him. Whatever he did, he would injure her. He was helpless.

He threw his cigarette over the railing; it hissed minutely in the ocean, and with the gesture he decided to do nothing. Innocence was a hardy thing and not stricken by a kiss and a word. He had been exaggerating and complicating an incident as capriciously unintegrated as her other moods, and he was rather tired. Perhaps even yet they might resume serenity and laughter.

The next morning he did not happen upon Ruth, but in the afternoon they met as she was returning from the post office. She smiled; her eyes were candid blue. Yesterday dissolved like an irrecallable dream. They delivered the mail to the doctor, and sauntered to Ruth's house, where they surprised Rudolph nibbling at birch catkins. This excited them and they tried to coax Rudolph back, but he retreated chattering from tree to tree. After he had gone Ruth went on shredding the catkins between her fingers, and they fell silent. Paul tried to arouse her by talking; he asked questions about Jenny; he mimicked the face with which Mr. Badger in the drugstore turned on the carbonated-water spigot. The conversation failed.

"I don't know what is the matter with me," Ruth admitted. "The cat has got my tongue for sure." A palpable constraint came between them. When Paul understood that he could not enliven her he went away.

In the days that followed, although they often saw each other and at times quickened and joyed in their old intimacy, always after a while Ruth became silent, and the constraint re-

turned. Ruth felt the division too, but the babbling charm of her speech was spontaneous, and she could not order it.

In these moments, inert with brittle silence, Paul studied her. When she was not talking, animating each word with the movements of her lips, interposing parentheses and commas of laughter, half of her loveliness was gone. The eyes were too small; the face, soft as unimpressed wax, too placid; the body lank and immature. She put on a yellow chiffon dress, overlaid with large roses, and French heels. She did not know how to walk on French heels; her ankles stiffened and occasionally turned, while her arms contracted awkwardly. Ruth was conscious that she did not please him. Every word that came into her head seemed to her insignificant before she spoke. When embarrassed she assumed a set of manners, a raised intonation of the voice, a stilted motion. "What has got into me?" she repeated anxiously to herself.

On the morning when she appeared with green-glass ear-rings, Paul lost patience and scolded her. He did not refer to the ear-rings.

"You have been listening to Jenny Vernay," he said, severely. "She has been putting ideas into your head."

"Jenny is my best friend."

"Please remember this. It will be true for you always. Anything that Jenny or people like Jenny advise you to do will be wrong for you. What she proposes might be wise for Jenny, but for you it will always be inappropriate." These accusations confused Ruth.

"Jenny is a nice girl."

"Jenny is a vulgar blatherskite."

They quarreled restrainedly, and Paul left. Huddled on the stone, Ruth wept quietly, without even wondering, as the slow tears started, why she was crying. The morning was overcast with clouds. When Rudolph jayed

and chattered, running back and forth along a bough, she did not lift her head. After a while, daintily between the trees, came wisps of fog, blowing and dispersing inland before the wind, cooling her face as though a handkerchief had touched it. The fog thickened; it drifted and unwound and misted all the gloom beneath the evergreens until Ruth sat in an imponderable white pocket, where now and then and slowly the heart-shaped yellow leaves were falling, seeking out their winter place upon the earth. Ruth unscrewed the ear-rings, and flung them among the trees.

Paul began to go for long walks alone among the mountains, starting immediately after breakfast and carrying his lunch. In the evenings he read in his room or slipped down to the fish-wharf and smoked on the settle. After one or two couples descended the stairs and retreated, vexed at discovering him, he came back to the hotel. Several times during the day, when he returned from his walks, he encountered Ruth, waiting as by accident on the path, and they walked back side by side through a diminishing conversation. Paul suspected the men loitering before the post office of making unpleasant comments on her devotion. Then one afternoon he met Ruth on the street; she snubbed him, the soft chin stiffened and the eyebrows absurdly raised. He whistled gently with relief.

That evening after supper he wandered down toward the fish-wharf. He met Jenny on the way.

"I know where you're going," she said. "You go down to the wharf and smoke cigarettes. I'd think you'd freeze."

"The moon, sweet Genevieve, doth keep me warm."

The moon had not risen, but the wharf projected its rectangular black hollowness over the sea. Everywhere,

against the rocks, around the piles, the sound of creeping, lapping water awed and saddened him. He became an old man remembering an episode of his youth. How very young, he mused, to complicate a summer's flirtation, to interrogate the meaningless confidences of a garrulous child, the brief accidental flowering of young flesh! In his mind, at the memory of her, he saw a portion of a green linen dress, rumpled by the body beneath it. Was this meaningless fragment her residual image? One by one, concentrating, he recalled other fragments. With a rush of exquisite pleasure, the sense of a moment embalmed in crystal, he saw in entirety Ruth sleeping on the flat rock beside the sea, with the straight shadow beside her. He enchanted himself with memories in tantalizing succession. He let the images hover, transfuse, waver, and attenuate into the strange, inexplicable essence that exhaled from her, penetrating his body like a cool perfume.

Into his reverie interrupted conversation. A man and a woman came down the steps to the wharf. Paul involuntarily hid his cigarette in his hand; then he recognized the quick-breathed laughter. It was Ruth. The couple walked down the wharf, arm in arm, whispering, and Paul saw that Jimmy McCrae was with her. Almost in front of him, but near the railing, they stopped; Ruth stood close to McCrae and drew his arm around her. For a moment they faced, kindling with low laughter, then McCrae kissed her, and she leaned into his arms. Paul sensed one of Jenny's tricks, but anger stung him as though he were seeing Ruth debauched.

"Stop it, you little fool!" He confronted her. For a long moment they stared fiercely at each other. Ruth suddenly whimpered as though she had been struck and, turning abruptly from them, ran along the wharf, and leaped,

ten black feet down, into the ocean. The splash freed McCrae and Paul. They ran after her. McCrae dived, while Paul climbed down the ladder. Together they dragged her up. She lay face downward on the floor of the wharf, sodden and choking, and sobbed inconsolably. When Paul tried to get her to stand she shook off his hand.

"Oh, go away," she cried, "please go away! Please go away, and never, never come back!"

Paul cut his vacation two days short, and the next afternoon, despite the fog, he left on the boat for Rockland. Jenny Vernay saw him off. The fog, dispersing inland before the wind, misting all the gloom beneath the evergreens, enfolded the steamer in an imponderable white pocket, melted and illumined by the sheeted sunlight on a gray, smooth sea, where now and again and evenly the engines stroked like an unperplexed heart.

WE HAVE BEEN HAPPY

BY MAX EASTMAN

WE HAVE been happy in this little straight-up square house on the rolling moors. It is like a child's drawing of a house on crumpled yellow paper.

If all the sheep that used to live in this house when it was a barn
Came trotting and huddling in a great woolly crowd over the hill,
Shouting baa baa and each ringing a little resurrection bell under his throat,
That would not sound so happy as we have been all summer long under the sheep's
roof.

The wind cannot blow so happy, though he sounds a high note like bright fire through
the screened window beside our beds.

The great sea cannot say it with his blue swinging and hushed thunderous murmur
along the low still shore.

Even the mist that blows in from the sea, the mist that sweeps over the moors like a
murmur,

Speaks nothing, though coming so near with his farness away.

And the little pine grove that will not grow high because it is bound to be strong and
green,

And the huge birds that fly over that grove like thoughts over a Chinese poem but
never go in—

They have not noticed how the flower of our joy grew here and blossomed all summer
without any more reason than the sky has.

And nothing they could do with their solemnly far wandering wings,

Or the kingbirds with their tiny wings that quiver like sunbeams,

Or the humming-birds whose wings are invisible and sing,

Or I, a poet, with rhythm and meaning upon my tongue, would tell forth our happiness,
And so I have only spoken these words, and I will save them for you like a child's
drawing on a piece of paper.



THE FURY OF LIVING: THEODORE ROOSEVELT

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

FROM birth till death he lived in a storm. Action, movement, the vivid, restless, emphatic assertion of the ego, these things meant life to him, were the evidence of life, and he was uneasy and dissatisfied if any moment passed that was not filled with them. Life was written all over the compact, vigorous figure and the intense, expressive, earnest, determined, sometimes grim and more often cordial countenance. Every movement, every gesture, every attitude of the man was instinct with life.

Theodore Roosevelt was born in New York in 1858, with everything possible in the way of social antecedents. He graduated from Harvard, tried law and found it dull, and early determined to devote himself to politics, with the desire to do his full duty as a citizen and also to get all the fun possible out of the great game of life. When his young wife died, after a year of marriage, leaving him a little daughter, he turned for a time to the roughest ranching in the West. But New York and politics soon called him back. He was Police Commissioner, then Civil Service Commissioner, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He organized and commanded the Rough Rider regiment in Cuba in 1898. He became Governor of New York. In 1900 he was elected Vice-President and in the next year he succeeded McKinley as President, to be re-elected in 1904.

In 1908 he gave way to Taft and betook himself to Africa to collect lions and to Europe to collect kings. In 1912 he allowed himself to become the presidential candidate of the Progressives, thus disastrously splitting the Republican Party and opening the way for Wilson, when if Roosevelt had supported Taft, he would obviously have had the best possible chance for the Presidency in 1916. As it was, in that year he campaigned for Hughes and all through the War he energetically and bitterly fought what he considered to be the *laissez-faire* and pacifist policy of Wilson, strenuously advocating, as he had always done, a course of military preparation and aggressive action on the part of the United States. If he had retained his health and physical vigor he would probably have been nominated and elected in 1920, instead of Harding, but he died at the comparatively early age of sixty, in January, 1919.

Roosevelt had every inducement to live a life of self-indulgent ease. Like so many young men in his position, he might have sought a little business, a little sport, a little dissipation, and slipped into forgetfulness, with the crowd about him. He had the further excuse for doing this that as a child he was far from physically robust though he had no organic defect. It would have been easy for the plea of physical weakness to develop into actual in-

ability, as it does in so many cases. But Roosevelt had no taste whatever for such a course. On the contrary, in the weakened body he had a fierce, magnificent will, which was to carry him through life in whatever direction he desired, no matter what bodily drawbacks might interfere. When his father warned him in his childhood that his delicacy of physique would betray him, if he did not discipline himself, he answered, through the set teeth, "I'll make my body," and he made it one of the most superb instruments that a human will could have. I wonder if other frail and wretched bodies could have been treated in the same way if they had been taken in time.

There is courage. One who is not over-provided with that useful quality can but wonder at the discipline which this man gave himself successfully. It appears that some are born brave. Roosevelt insists that he was not: "There were all kinds of things of which I was afraid at first, but by acting as if I were not afraid I gradually ceased to be afraid. Most men can have the same experience if they choose. And he trained himself in rough living, slept hard and sparsely, ate coarse food, though he liked better when it was to be come by, cheerfully faced privation and discomfort, partly to attain his immediate objects and still more in Spartan preparation for possibly more difficult and still more difficult objects, to be kept before him until the end. The coward, the weakling, the slacker were creatures he despised. He saw them about him everywhere, especially in the class he came from, and he was determined not to be one himself.

One asks how much there was in all this of far-reaching, far-seeing ambition, how much did he dream of a great destiny and aim to fulfil it. It is likely that in his youth he thought of being a great author, a great statesman,

a great soldier. In the early days some one objected that politics was too vulgar a business for one of his class and education. "I answered that if this were so, it merely meant that the people I knew did not belong to the governing class, and the other people did—and that I intended to be one of the governing class."

Yet, with the singular power of reflection which always tempered his impetuosity, he early and persistently saw that a man injures his usefulness in the present if he is thinking too much about his future, and he determined to do the best he could in each position, without regard to the consequences, political or other. The thing was to keep moving; stagnation was death. "Get action," he cried; "do things; be sane, don't fritter away your time; create, act, take a place wherever you are and be somebody; get action." It was his watchword for fifty years.

The earliest development of the instinct for action is apt to be in athletic sports. When Roosevelt began to train his body he naturally turned to these, and his passion for them continued all his life. He boxed and wrestled with professionals as Governor and President until he lost an eye by the blow of an adversary. He rode rough horses, and even in Washington he loved to take his guests on hard and often dangerous walks, climbing cliffs and swimming streams whenever he came across them. Among his endless expressions of this athletic passion I do not know a more vivid one than his outcry to Archie Butt: "I have just had a splendid fencing match, and if I don't get some of these international complications off my chest I will expire. I feel as if I could whip an elephant, so the next best thing is to take a good ride, and Roswell has not been out for some time. I think I would like to try his mettle. This has been one of the most trying days to me

in many a month, but I feel just as happy as if I had been lying in a bed of sweet peas dreaming of the millennium."

It was inevitable that hunting should figure largely in the athletic list. Fishing Roosevelt did not care for: it was too quiet and involved too much sedentary patience. But he chased animals always, sometimes to kill them, perhaps even oftener to study them. He rode after foxes on Long Island, he followed grizzlies in the West, and lions and elephants in Africa.

He relished the skill of the thing. He himself insists that his poor vision and constant dependence upon glasses made him a no more than average shot, though others rate him better. But he emphasizes the fact that the hunter's success must depend even more upon nerve and steadiness than upon mere dexterity; and the firm, patient discipline that he had given his nerves enabled him to appear better in dangerous crises than a more skilful marksman might have done.

And he liked danger, threw on it, made it evident that he did, without undue exaltation of his taste in the matter. Broken bones and general damage did not deter him; he did not dread them beforehand or attend to them afterwards. His attitude early and late was that of one of his youthful letters: "I am always willing to pay the piper when I have had a good dance; and every now and then I like to drink the wine of life with brandy in it."

For what he sought, in hunting as in athletics, was the intense, oblivious excitement of it. He could not bear to be still: idleness made his nerves throb and quiver and jar. When he sees a lion charge a group of natives and kill one of them, he cries, with tense vividness: "I don't think the whole thing had lasted ten seconds, but it

was ten as exciting seconds as I ever had in my life. I did not want to see it again." He preferred to have the lion charge him, but he liked the excitement anyway. He did not stop to think what a cruel reflection upon life it is that the best thing in it is the passion that makes us forget it. It was just such reflections that he would not bother with, and action drove them away. How superbly significant is his reference to the well-known quotation from Horace: "Black care rarely sits behind a rider whose pace is fast enough." Yet there is always the old ballad refrain:

"Gallop, gallop, gallop along!
You cannot outride death."

II

Undoubtedly the fiercest and most enthralling excitement of all is the military, just plain fighting; and military matters had a fascination for Roosevelt from start to finish. He loved the study of technical military details, all of them, the description of weapons, the intricate analysis of maneuvers. His first literary work was a *History of the Naval War of 1812*, with minute accounts of all the naval battles, and in his later *Winning of the West* it is evident that the virile fighting of those hardy, rugged borderers and wanderers was what appealed to him most and what he narrated with most vigor. He was always interested in great soldiers, in Cromwell, in Napoleon, in Grant, in Lee.

The greatest of the many controversies in regard to Roosevelt is that concerning his attitude toward war and peace. His own position as to the theory of the matter is perfectly definite and explicit. When there is a question between peace and righteousness he does not hesitate a moment: "I abhor war. . . . But if I must choose between righteousness and peace, I

choose righteousness." At the same time no one could express a more earnest love of peace in the abstract or hatred of war. What is much more important than a mere sentimental declaration is all that Roosevelt solidly achieved for peace in one way or another. Sometimes by quick, decided action he averted the danger of an outbreak, for example in the Venezuela case or that of the Alaskan boundary. Sometimes he exercised endless tact and ingenuity, as in bringing Germany and France together at the Algeciras Conference, and most notably in the triumphant conclusion of the Russo-Japanese War in 1905. Above all, he could himself say, with entire justice and pardonable satisfaction, that during the seven years of his presidency the United States had enjoyed profound and uninterrupted peace without even the serious menace of fighting anywhere, which for a reputedly firebrand president is surely a significant boast.

Yet underneath the persistent and loyal effort for peace you cannot fail to recognize the constitutional lover of war for itself. The man was a fighter by nature, and fighting was, after all, the most attractive of human occupations. Courage was the most essential if not the greatest of virtues and cowardice the most contemptible of sins. A nation should develop the virtues of peace, but all these were of minor consequence compared to the readiness for necessary war: "No nation should ever wage war wantonly, but no nation should ever avoid it at the cost of the loss of national honor. A nation should never fight unless forced to; but it should always be ready to fight."

And even more than the duty of fighting is the pleasure of fighting, the pure exhilaration of furious combat and resultant triumph: "Glory and honor give what riches can never give. . . .

The victories of peace are great, but the victories of war are greater. . . . No triumphs of peace can equal the armed triumph over malice domestic or foreign levy. No qualities called out by a purely peaceful life stand on a level with those stern and virile virtues which move the men of stout heart and strong hand who uphold the honor of the flag in battle."

So one asks oneself how far the direct dream of personal ambition and military glory haunted him in connection with his own career. The answer is that it was always present, perhaps more or less obscurely. When the Spanish War broke out and he went to Cuba in 1898, he proclaimed that he was answering the call of duty, but it requires little insight to perceive that he felt it to be the opportunity of a life. With such motives dominant and such a spiritual attitude, the question of the man's personal courage is hardly worth discussing. Whether it was inborn or cultivated, it was certainly there. More interesting is the consideration of what he himself has to say about his courage, for some of his enemies have represented him as too inclined to stress that virtue as well as some others. A man who talked so much was bound to say some things better left unsaid, but in a wide reading of Roosevelt's utterances I have gathered the impression of, on the whole, a very sincere modesty. He was immensely interested in his good qualities and what they could do for him, but I think he is generally disposed to underrate rather than overrate them. I have, however, found the sentences that gushed out of him unpremeditated in Chicago, when he made his way to the platform immediately after being shot by an assassin, singularly illuminating for character, with the naïve egotism which shows most of all in the attempt to cover it up.

More important than the question of

personal courage is the point of leadership. Would Roosevelt have made a great general if he had been given the opportunity? We shall never know. The gift of inspiring men and making them do things he certainly had. Whether he could have conceived and carried out successful campaigns can merely be conjectured. That he dreamed and hoped he could is, I think, beyond question.

With this battling instinct it might be supposed that Roosevelt would be pugnacious in daily life and at any rate in earlier years would have been constantly getting into personal conflict. This does not seem to have been the case at all. He was for the most part gentle, considerate, and self-restrained in manner, and the references to actual quarreling are extremely rare. In general he lived up to both parts of his favorite proverb, "Speak softly and carry a big stick." The stick was large enough and came down hard enough when it was needed, but the soft speech was more essential and more efficacious in everyday life.

Yet, just as in the hunting, what he relished in a fight was the fierce, mad oblivion, the absorbing rush of immediate sensation, overwhelming and obliterating past and future in one superb present instant. It was this that he supremely enjoyed in the stunning hours in Cuba and that made him say of them to Riis, with a half-sigh: "So all things pass away, but they were beautiful days." And the hot fury of this relish well appears in his general comment on such matters: "Every man who has in him any real power of joy in battle knows that he feels it when the wolf begins to rise in his heart; he does not then shrink from blood or sweat or deem that they mar the fight, he revels in them, in the toil, the pain, and the danger, as but setting off the triumph."

With this ardent love of military achievement and military glory, is it not a strange and tragic fact that the man should have lived through the greatest war in history and by his own wilful mistake have been prevented from having any part in it whatever?

III

Roosevelt was much the same in private life as he was in public, except that certain aspects were naturally more developed and others less. The fury of action was at no time needed to make his own immediate way in the world, at any rate not for getting money. He inherited a moderate property, and his wife had considerably more, so that he did not have to worry about supplying funds, though he often had a large salary and in later years, through the advantage of his position, was able to earn large sums by his writing.

But he always proclaimed and manifestly felt a considerable indifference to money. He left the management of his property to others and often hardly knew the amounts he had at his command. He spent freely and above all gave freely, lavishly. At the same time, he had a certain instinct of thrift and order which prevented his getting into trouble, and he had the best of all protections against extravagance, exceedingly simple wants and tastes.

The testimony of those who served him personally seems to be favorable. He had the same gift for attaching his domestics that allured foreign ministers and machine politicians. The affection of many is well summed up in the words of one old worker at the White House: "I don't know what there is about the man to make me feel so. I have seen a good many presidents come and go in this old house and I liked them all. They were all good and kind; but I declare, I feel as if I

go twice as far and twice as quick when he asks me to, and do it twice as gladly."

Roosevelt is most of all charming in his family connections. He adored his six children and declared with what he, at any rate, felt to be perfect sincerity that he liked nothing better than to be with them. He was indeed determined that the boys should be hardy and brave and he sent them all into the War without hesitation. The intensity of this attitude appears well in Mrs. Storer's anecdote: "He glared at me and said through his clenched teeth, 'I would rather one of them should die than have them grow up weaklings.'" Which does not for a moment detract from the charm that one feels everywhere in the little volume of Roosevelt's letters to his children. It is true, I cannot help noting a certain excess of childlikeness in the writer. The tone I mean shows in the well-known boyish expletives. It shows in the superabundance of "dears" and "darlings" and "blesseds." But it was just the boyishness that enabled Roosevelt so perfectly to understand his children, to enter into their sports and their troubles, and to enjoy them, as he did, so amply and so enduringly.

And if Roosevelt loved his children, he also loved his wife, and no doubt wives, though the earlier Alice Lee is to us little more than a vague and charming shadow. The second Mrs. Roosevelt was the dominating influence in the life that dominated the world. When Roosevelt turned from swaying Europe, Asia, Africa, and America to the domestic hearth, he was himself swayed by that wise and gentle power which knew its strength because it knew its limits. The result of this domestic felicity was to make Roosevelt an ardent advocate of family life, and he could not sufficiently express his disgust with the irregularities and the free living and loving that were

coming more and more into vogue. A man should marry and love his wife and have a lot of children to fight for their country, and he formulated and everywhere urged his campaign against birth control and race suicide. The enthusiasm is impressive, especially as coming from one who said of himself, "I have had the happiest home life of any man whom I have ever known."

He not only liked his wife and children, he liked people in general. He does indeed sometimes complain of the tediousness of society: his direct, forthright disposition rebelled against formality and conventions. Nevertheless, he did like men and women, liked to meet them and to talk with them and to know them. There is immense significance, for character in general and for the social relations in particular, in his remark, when someone emphasized his power of making people believe he liked them, "By George! I don't believe I ever do talk with a man five minutes without liking him very much, unless I disliked him very much." It was this spontaneous response to people, this immediate, vital interest in them, that made them take to him and love him and accounted for a large part of his undeniable charm. One of the most delightful of his social assets was undoubtedly his humor, which flooded everything. He could be stern enough and grim enough when emergency demanded it. Then the set, angry glare would break into a laugh, and he would smooth and soften things with a quick jest or an apt story, as often as not told against himself.

The humor was but one element in a flow of conversation which, by universal testimony, must have been among the most brilliant and absorbing in the world. "He simply talks as he thinks; but he nearly always does that," says Archie Butt. If so, his thinking must have been impressive

enough. The general effect of it is admirably rendered by Mr. Kipling, who says that Roosevelt would "come and pour out projects, discussions of men and books, in a swift and full-volumed stream tremendously emphatic and enlivened by bursts of humor. I curled up on the seat and listened and wondered, until the universe seemed to be spinning around and Theodore was the spinner."

The curious thing is, that with this immense, engrossing personality, this impetuous instinct for filling the universe with himself, the man was also an excellent listener and had an extraordinary gift of response. He entered into the thoughts and lives of others because he was intensely interested in them, wanted to know how they lived and what for. And as a result of the understanding, he had a quick tact, a skill in dealing with situations and characters, which showed most in politics and largely accounted for his political success, but was manifest in all the ordinary relations of life. He fitted people together without their knowing that he did so. Whether it was a cowboy or a rough rider or a New York politician or a diplomat, he knew what to say to him and, for the time at any rate, how to make him see things as Roosevelt saw them.

Thus, it must be admitted that his social qualities and his social charm were as many-sided as possible. Yet, with it all, I cannot help feeling that there must have been a certain fatigue, at any rate for sensitive nerves and muscles easily fatigued, about living with him. That perpetual vehemence, that fierce, dynamic energy of constant affirmation, the furious gestures, the highly colored speech must have been wearying at times. I speak with feeling, having passed a considerable portion of my life with just such a character. No matter how much one admires it, or precisely because one ad-

mires it as a reproach to one's own indolence and inefficacy, one is apt to be exhausted by it.

Even petty habits are significant of this vehemence of spirit. Roosevelt loved a rocking-chair, and as he talked would rock and rock and rock himself, way across the room. It gets on your nerves like the rocking of a ship at sea. Or take the little anecdote John Burroughs tells. One evening he was sitting quietly reading with the President and Mrs. Roosevelt in their summer retreat in Virginia: "Suddenly Roosevelt's hand came down on the table with such a bang that it made us both jump, and Mrs. Roosevelt exclaimed, in a slightly nettled tone, 'Why, my dear, what is the matter?' He had killed a mosquito with a blow that would almost have demolished an African lion." He killed mosquitoes as if they were lions, and lions as if they were mosquitoes.

IV

The fury of living showed as much in the inner life as in the outer. Roosevelt himself speaks somewhere of "those who care intensely both for thought and for action." Assuredly he was one of them. Yet his thinking was so energetic, so dynamic, so strenuous, to use his own favorite word, that it seems almost more like action than like reflective calm.

His faculty of getting what he wanted, intellectually, as in other things, was remarkable and most impressive. Evidence pours in from all sides as to his quickness and sureness and depth of mental grasp. When a subject interested him he could concentrate all his powers on that point, extract from it all that was to be extracted, and then turn to something else. He would take up a book or a state paper and, with the same speed and ease that Macaulay had, make

himself master of its contents in a few moments and show that he had mastered them by his breadth and facility in discussing them.

The rapidity of intellectual grasp was no more notable than the extent and the variety of it. Apparently the man read everything. At any rate, he read all sorts of things. When Norton Nichols expressed to Gray astonishment at the poet's diversity of reading, Gray said, "Why should you be surprised, since I do nothing else?" Roosevelt seemed to do pretty much everything in the world besides reading, yet he himself spoke of reading as perhaps his greatest pleasure and he somehow found time to do an enormous amount of it, partly by disregarding the sleep and rest which most people require. The result of the varied reading is well indicated in Viscount Lee's record of the President's dazzling variety of talk: "Whether the subject of the moment was political economy, the Greek drama, tropical fauna or flora, the Irish sages, protective coloration in nature, metaphysics, the technic of football, or post-futurist painting, he was equally at home with the experts and drew out the best that was in them." Probably the real secret lies in the last clause; he knew how to ask questions on every subject in the world.

But it is well to be a little more specific. As to languages Roosevelt was perhaps not very exact or scholarly, but he spoke and read a number of them with considerable facility, enough to get and give what he wanted. He was interested in every form of literature, and the more so because from a very early date he aspired to be an author himself. Here, as in other lines, he disclaimed genius; but if genius is the dynamic faculty of doing things—and what else is it?—few persons have had more. Certainly he did things in literature. If you go through the twenty

volumes of his works, as I have, you will think so, and they are astonishingly fresh, vigorous, and varied things, not perhaps remarkable for original thinking, but with the stamp of personality which the man gave to everything.

Naturally he was interested in history, for history was the story of men who did things, and he was determined to be one of them. But he was interested also in art, perhaps more in poetry and painting than in music, which always escaped him to a considerable extent. Above all he was interested in science, and in the early days it even seemed as if natural history rather than politics was the field in which he would make his fame. As a lover and careful observer of outdoor life he was notable at all times and he used to amaze and amuse the inhabitants of Washington by his studies of birds in the gardens of the White House. When he was in England he took a bird walk with Lord Grey and astonished his friend by his skill in comparing the English birds with the American. But I have been even more impressed by the story of his picking up a bit of fluff in the White House grounds and indicating wonder that a fox-sparrow should have been there. When he was asked how he could possibly tell, he answered, "Well, you see I have really made a great study of sparrows." Now anyone who has given even a little attention to that subject knows how complicated it is. Yet this man had things to think of that were of more importance than many sparrows.

Viscount Lee suggests that Roosevelt could discuss metaphysics as well as other things. He knew the outline of the great philosophies and the technical history of religious doctrines and could enlarge on these things with force and effect. Yet just here it seems to me that we strike the weakness, if weakness is the word for anything in such a man. This vast fury of living,

the constant, ever-varied externality and objectivity, interfered to some extent with a calm inwardness, did not encourage or nourish a secure breadth of spiritual poise. In these respects there is a rather striking similarity with Macaulay, whom Roosevelt so greatly admired. Macaulay too cultivated the fury of living, though with him the living was perhaps more intellectual than actual. The point is that in both cases the extension was greater than the intension, the surface variety obscured the spiritual depth.

Take in contrast the other great object of Roosevelt's admiration, Abraham Lincoln. It may be that with Lincoln the inwardness was somewhat excessive. Certainly the excess of it in morbidness and melancholy has no counterpart in Roosevelt. Depression, discouragement, the sense of defect, the admission of failure, even the hint of these things is rare enough in him. And it may be that Roosevelt's method of taking life for what it is worth and simply living it with all the power that is in you is the best method. Yet somehow in Lincoln I feel a spiritual solidity which is lacking in Roosevelt as in Macaulay, and the lack always makes Roosevelt seem a little unreal. He believed he was the most sincere man in the world. In a way he was so; yet all the time I feel that he was duping himself at any rate, playing a game, forcing optimism, forcing enjoyment, with the desperate instinctive appreciation that if he let the pretense drop for a moment the whole scheme of things would vanish away.

I feel this unreality, this lack of inwardness, most when I turn to the analysis of Roosevelt's emotional life. Take love. He had profound affections, but did the passion of being in love ever take hold of him as a devastating spiritual experience? Perhaps, but I find no suggestion of it anywhere. Take the aesthetic emotions. I find no

evidence of self-forgetting rapture. Even the enjoyment of natural beauty does not reach the last touch of abandonment. Roosevelt was a deft manipulator of words, like Macaulay, and sometimes, as in the superb description of the mocking-bird in *The Wilderness Hunter*, he reaches a poetical height; but I never get the deepest thrill of the real nature-worshiper, like Keats, or Guérin, or Sand, or Sénancour.

Most of all, there is religion. Whole books have been written about Roosevelt's religion. To me they simply prove that he did not have any. He had a profound sense of conduct in this world, or morals. His expression of the matter is: "I know not how philosophers may ultimately define religion; but from Micah to James it has been defined as service to one's fellow-men rendered by following the great rule of justice and mercy, of wisdom and righteousness." What appealed to him most in the Bible was the stern and vehement justice of the old Hebrew tribal deity. Now to me religion is the love of God, the need of God, the longing for God, and the constant sense of another world than this. I cannot find God insistent or palpable anywhere in the writings or the life of Theodore Roosevelt. He had no need of him and no longing, because he really had no need of anything but his own immensely sufficient self. And the abundant, crowding, magnificent presence of this world left no room for another. Bishop's *Life of Roosevelt* ends with this quotation which seems to sum up the whole story: "It is idle to complain or to rail at the inevitable; serene and high of heart we must face our fate and go down into the darkness." I do not see God here anywhere at all.

V

As this world was the supreme concern, so the supreme concern in this

world for Roosevelt was politics, which satisfied his two controlling instincts of dealing with men and dominating them. The first thing to establish in his political attitude is his fundamental idealism. He wanted great things, he wanted good things, to do lasting good to mankind. He was neither for the poor nor the rich, as such, but for fairness and justice to all, seeking that every man should get his deserts, honest effort and earnest labor their due reward, and shiftlessness and idleness their due reward also. Unquestionably the idealism had something elementary about it, as is suggested in Root's jibe that Theodore had discovered the Ten Commandments. The peculiarity of the discovery was the vigor and vividness with which the Commandments were preached, as with the fervid ardor of a Hebrew Prophet. And the advantage was that the very generality made it possible to be conveniently inconsistent. You could change your plan of action pretty much as you pleased, and still that superb ideal hovered above you with its protecting wings.

Also, as Roosevelt in politics was ideal, so he was always practical and prided himself on it. Uncompromising idealists accused him of compounding with sin, and especially with sinners. He was careful to distinguish. Sin, in his own view, he never compounded with, under any circumstances. But sinners—who among you is without sin? Men are creatures of mingled good and evil, all of them, Theodore Roosevelt like anyone else. You must look for the good and use it where you find it, and let the evil go. That he was always successful in making his selection he would have been the last to maintain. But unless you made it, your magnificent work for ideals could never go on. He shook his skirts clear of what he so often called "the lunatic fringe" in the reforming party, as in

others, and tried to keep his eyes squarely on such precepts of common sense as the following: "One of the most efficient methods of averting a dangerous agitation which is eighty per cent wrong is to remedy the twenty per cent of evil as to which the agitation is well founded." Acting on such an attitude, he did an immense deal of good in the world and no doubt some harm.

Another characteristic of Roosevelt's political life was his habit of going straight at his end as soon as he saw it. He had no use for the timidity of those who stopped too long to inquire whether the process was wise or safe. If the end was right and the means not wrong in themselves, he would not dally with too curious inquisition as to detail. Get the thing securely done, and let the inquiring come afterwards.

Whatever may be thought of the ideals, the practical aims, or the methods, the summary of Roosevelt's political achievements was surely something that any man could look back upon with satisfaction: the reform of the New York police, the long labor on the Civil Service, the building of the Panama Canal, the Peace of Portsmouth, the settlement of the Coal Strike, the initiation of the forestry and conservation policies. Perhaps the discovery of the Commandments had a certain embodied vitality, after all.

The most essential element in political success is the handling of men, and in this Roosevelt was always a master. His power of leading, of inspiring, of making people believe that they could do things was extraordinary. He himself while, as usual, disclaiming any particular genius, suggested that if he had anything of the kind, it was perhaps a genius for leadership. It is easy to call this magnetism, but it may be that the deeper secret is a sure and swift understanding. Roosevelt had

a keen instinct for what the people in general were thinking and wanting, though he himself liked to put this instinct on a larger basis: "I did not really 'divine' how the people were going to think; I simply made up my mind what they *ought* to think, and then did my best to get them to think it."

And the general instinct of understanding became still more complete and effective when it was a matter of dealing with individuals, as we have already seen in Roosevelt's social life. He had an inimitable quickness and sureness of tact in handling persons, whether big or little. Take the Kaiser. He sent word that he should be glad to see the ex-President but could give him only three-quarters of an hour. Roosevelt answered that he should be delighted to see him but could spare only twenty minutes. Take the anti-Jewish agitator who expected to stir up endless trouble by a meeting in New York. Roosevelt, as Police Commissioner, got together some thirty Jewish policemen, and told them he relied upon them to see that the meeting was absolutely quiet. It was—and amounted to nothing. And the supreme instance of this diplomatic tact was the handling of Japan and Russia to bring about peace. The delicacy and difficulty of the negotiations were indescribable, but Roosevelt managed it all with a patience, a persistence, a discretion that nothing could deter or defeat, and the enthusiastic praise of King Edward and the Kaiser is the best evidence of his success.

The most difficult of all human beings for a man to handle is himself, and Roosevelt's success here was as marked as with others. We have seen with what mastery he handled his body. If his manipulation of his soul was not always so far-reaching, it was at any rate as masterly. He had supreme deft skill in turning even defects and pas-

sions into virtues and excellences and making them appear so to himself as well as to others. There is ambition, the mighty reach for power and distinction and success. Just a wave of the wand, and ambition becomes simply the desire to be useful, to do good, to be remembered as the benefactor of one's country and mankind. There is the love of notoriety, of publicity. Roosevelt's enemies were never tired of accusing him of this, with some apparent justification. But when the enchanter touched this motive also, it became only open-mindedness, the large candid sense of having nothing to conceal, the willingness to live your life before all men because it was a life that could be so lived. As for the passion for action, for doing something, it did not need to be transformed when you gloried in it and considered it to be your greatest asset and your greatest strength.

So, indeed, the love of action, the fury of living, may be said to be the basis of Roosevelt's political, as of all his other life. It was the root of his tremendous, extraordinary power of work. He wearied his servants, his secretaries, his aides, his ministers, and his enemies, by being able to outwork them all. And as his power of work seemed endless, so equally endless was his eager acceptance of responsibility. Others seek to avoid it, to diminish it, to divide it. He goes out and devours it wherever he can. When his colleagues in the Civil Service Commission leave for an outing, he writes: "I like it; it is more satisfactory than having a divided responsibility, and it enables me to take more decided steps." For this was his third great active quality, decision. Others shrink from it, put the burden on someone else where they can. Roosevelt made great, vital decisions unhesitatingly, and rejoiced in doing so. Mistakes? Of course you made mistakes: life is a tissue of mistakes. Forget them, and begin again,

and do better, but go on deciding as best you can to the end.

In this matter of quick decision it was often alleged that Roosevelt was hasty and inconsiderate, that his decisions were violent and ill-judged. But those who were nearest to him and best qualified to pronounce are emphatic in insisting upon the contrary. They say that he appeared to act hastily because he acted quickly, but that as a matter of fact even his most apparently violent actions were the result of mature, careful, and well-advised deliberation; it was merely that he deliberated in half or a tenth of the time that most men would.

Yet with all this undeniable executive power and success, I still return to the certain lack of inwardness and spiritual poise which I have before indicated, and I find in these things the explanation of the element of tragedy and failure in Roosevelt's later years. His admirers insist that there was no failure, that the force of his influence from 1912 to 1919, in the renovation of business morals, in the stimulation of exalted patriotism during the War, was the greatest of all his triumphs. Nevertheless, the suggestion of tragedy was there, and I think you can readily trace it in Roosevelt himself, in spite of all his somewhat labored optimism.

The Roosevelt tragedy seems to me to center in two things. The first is the campaign of 1912. Could there be a more fascinating tangle of human motives than that? Roosevelt himself insisted, no doubt with entire sincerity, that he had no personal ambition, no animosity against Taft, and no desire whatever to return to public life. He was forced to run by the urgency of his followers and the manifest duty of carrying out the policies which he had initiated and which were being betrayed. Yet it is evident all through that he was bitterly jealous of Taft even from 1908 on and that the

desire steadily grew to rush once more into the field and to get his hand on the wheel. And what was the outcome? If he had loyally helped to make Taft President, he himself in 1916 might have been commander-in-chief in France or President or both. Is it possible to imagine a much more tragic climax?

The other incident is even more concentrated in its intensity, that of Roosevelt's personal appeal to Wilson in 1917 to be allowed to go to France. When you think of all that scene involved and implied, it seems to me one of the most dramatic in history. Roosevelt had repeatedly spoken of Wilson with infinite contempt, as a tricky, astute, time-serving politician, a man without ideals and without ideas. Yet he humiliated himself, went down on his spiritual knees before this man, simply because he could grant or deny the dearest wish of Roosevelt's heart—and the wish was refused. The scene is all the more impressive because it was so quiet and restrained and the conduct of the actors was so completely dignified and decorous throughout; for under all the decorum you feel the passions boiling and seething, the triumph of rejecting on the one hand and the cruel bitterness of being rejected on the other. Only Shakespeare or Saint-Simon could depict or detail that scene. It was the dramatic climax of Roosevelt's life. And surely it was most tragic.

So we are left with the question of what the future might have held for Roosevelt, if he had lived. There was a new world to be made after the War, and Roosevelt's admirers believe he might have made it. His idealism, his enthusiasm, his confidence were just what the world needed. So Lincoln's admirers believe he would have adjusted the far less serious difficulties left by the Civil War. Yet the best thing that ever happened to Lincoln for his glory was to die when he did. Perhaps it was the best thing for Roosevelt.



MORALS IN A MACHINE AGE

BY RALPH W. SOCKMAN

A FEW years ago when Mr. Gilbert Chesterton was on a visit to America, stopping at a New York hotel, he found himself served by a Bulgarian waiter. In the course of conversation, Chesterton said, "I suppose most of your countrymen are agriculturists." "Yes," the Bulgarian replied, straightening himself up with the solemnity of a self-conscious moralist, "from the earth we come and to the earth we return. When people get away from that they are lost." This bit of philosophy from a transplanted European served Mr. Chesterton as a text for one of his epigrams on the dangers of urban life.

If, like the distinguished diner, we were to reverse the usual process and take a tip from the waiter, we should have to conclude that America was lost, for Americans are steadily leaving the soil for the city. Secretary Hyde's report states that the farms showed a net loss in population of 598,000 in 1928; and while there may be a temporary recession in the rate of cityward migration, we may expect the movement to continue, since experts estimate that only fifteen per cent of our population, instead of the present twenty-five per cent, would be sufficient to produce all the food required in this country. We can well imagine what depression the shade of Thomas Jefferson would experience at this report—as, in fact, at several other pronouncements of the Hoover engineering administration—for Jeffer-

son, tintured in his thinking by Rousseau, looked to the tillers of the soil as the unspoiled and incorruptible custodians of our country's democratic and moral ideals. This fear of the city has persisted from the fathers of our constitution down to the present mothers of our country. To the parental mind the rush of the fresh and innocent young people from the rural regions to the industrialized city is like the charge of the Light Brigade "into the jaws of hell."

Many social diagnosticians of our day would decry this fear as an outgrown superstition, for they maintain that the only difference between the cities and the country in this matter of immorality lies in the greater freedom of reference to it among urban dwellers. Others deny the traditional distinction between the morals of city and country but on quite opposite grounds, holding that on the emancipated Broadways people indulge their pleasurable instincts with license but without discussion, while on the still repressed Main Streets they talk more about forbidden things than practice them; and of the two attitudes the latter in this age of expressionism is regarded as the worse.

Much of the discussion about the comparative moralities of urban and rural life is now outmoded. The machine age has abolished most of the barriers which impede the exchange of mental and moral patterns. While it has been transferring the bodies of men to the cities, it has, with even greater

rapidity, been scattering the ideas of the city to the country. By means of the cinema the styles of dress are universalized, and the styles of conduct as well. The "releases" from Hollywood induce emotional "releases" in Middletown the same night as in Chicago or New York. By means of the radio the same sermons and songs are brought to the frontier home as to the city apartment; and if the former are no longer accredited as creators of moral sentiments, at least the latter are. The machine has united the morals of the city and country in marriage—"for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer." But in this union the word "obey" has been retained, and it is the city which has assumed the masterful function of the old-fashioned husband in our nation's household of morals.

The fashioners of our moral codes, however, like the framers of our national constitution, were thinking in terms of pre-machine country conditions. The Hebrew-Christian moral tradition, which is ours, grew up among a rural people living on the edge of a desert. Can the codes of Sinai be a Baedeker of conduct for the people who wander in our wilderness of cities, or the Beatitudes of Galilee bring happiness to those who dwell amid the allurements and advertisements of our machine age? It is the facing of this problem which is shifting the focus of spiritual leaders and secular philosophers from the conflict between science and theology to the new conflict between science and morals or, shall we say, to the new co-operation of science and morals.

II

There is now a reaction from that vocal Rotarianism which saw the hand of divine providence and the pledge of bigger and better culture in every invention entered at our patent office, in

every mile added to the speed of our trains, and in every story mounted on the tops of our skyscrapers. In certain sophisticated circles this reaction is in full swing. At various luncheons of women whose husbands are making their money in the industrial order—women whose absence from home is possible only because of the mechanical improvements of household management—it is now quite the vogue for the speakers to descant on the creeping paralysis of standardization and the St. Vitus dance of mechanization. Listening to them, one would conclude that the machine was enslaving with the monotony of routine the man who works and stifling the spontaneity and variety of life for all the rest of us.

As for the demoralizing effect of the modern factory system on the workman, much of a specific nature should be said before certain boards of directors, but altogether too much is being said in broad generalizations before the public at large. The reader without historical perspective is being misled into thinking that all pre-machine workers were happy and creative craftsmen of the Benvenuto Cellini type. When one thinks of Baalbek and the Pyramids, of the peasants and the coolies, he is inclined to agree with Mr. Hu Shih that we of the West should canonize our great inventors as the emancipators of the world's slaves. The machine means, or may mean, leisure. Leisure makes possible those interludes of insight which prevent work and life from becoming a meaningless routine. The machine has freed multitudes from forced drudgery and enabled them to pursue congenial vocations; and the wealth resultant from industrial organization stimulates a catholicity of taste which calls for the products of these varied and congenial pursuits. There are poets and *literati* enjoying their pleasurable work to-day and being paid for it who a century ago

would have been tethered to an anvil or following a plow. (Perhaps, however, this is not a happy illustration of the blessings of mechanism.) There are scientists supported by our universities and industries in engrossingly interesting research who a few decades earlier would have been missing self-realization in the treadmill of distasteful toil. The soul-killing routine and the wage slavery which still obtain in all too many places should not blind us to the fact that the proportionate amount of freedom and variety in work has been vastly increased by our machine culture.

In fact, this very release from exacting manual toil creates an element in that "new freedom" which is regarded as so fraught with moral dangers. The work in many a modern factory or mill may be monotonous, but it is short and comparatively light, leaving the nerves tried but the body not tired. As a result there is a restless craving for excitement quite different from the enjoyments of the "Cottar's Saturday Night." The increasing proportion of brain-work and sedentary occupations necessitates a sharper moral control than does outdoor manual labor which drugs the mind and leaves the body healthily weary. In the "good old-fashioned home," where the "woman's work was never done," the exacting duties seemed to drain off the currents of discontent which now are dammed up to the bursting point. The divorce rate has risen with the sale of vacuum cleaners and electric washers.

It may well be argued that this restlessness, even in the home, is a sign of stirring and developing individuality. It certainly is true, as Bertrand Russell points out, that man's physical needs are primary until satisfied and then emotions not connected with these come to the fore in deciding whether he is to be happy. The machine age with its plenty helps us to

satisfy more quickly our primary instincts and thus accentuates the activity of such desires as those for admiration and respect. To feel oneself a person among other persons has been called the mainspring motive of the man on the street. The machine culture has begotten such economic abundance that the instincts of hunger and sex do not have to go begging long; but the desires for recognition, for significance, for self-expression seem to be baffled by the dwarfing pressure of numbers, the mass production of things, and the anonymity in which mediocrity is submerged. In the city crowd the individual has no neighborhood newspaper to keep track of his virtues and no neighborhood gossips to keep track of his vices. He feels himself no significant factor in the community life and he has no sense of local reputation to steady him across his moods of waywardness. Working in large business organizations, voting in huge political machines, living in the obscurity of massed dwellings, the men of our industrialized cities seek to escape from namelessness in ways which would be ludicrous if not pathetic, as, for example, by tipping heavily headwaiters and doormen for the satisfaction of being called by name in some circles at least, or by the conspicuous purchasing of showy externals in order to "keep up with the Joneses"—and then at best they only become one of the Smiths.

The machine age has created a public order which stimulates man's instincts toward individuality and then stifles them by mass and number. It becomes the problem of the private order to devise institutions which can push back this dwarfing pressure of numbers, turn on the spotlight of recognition, and make the individual feel that he is a worth-while actor on the stage of life. The multiplication of clubs and societies, silly as some of

them seem, is one approach to the solution. The church must play its part by proclaiming a gospel of persons rather than of percentages and also by furnishing places of social contact for individuals to find self-expression through friendships. But, alas, there are signs that religious organizations may themselves attempt to copy the business methods of mass production.

III

Modern industry which has so increased our material resources is lessening the general resourcefulness of the individual. The moral effect of this second fact is no less deep because it is indirect and only dimly perceived by people at large. Louis Bromfield in *Possession* makes one of his characters, a young man of the Middle West, say, "My grandfather set out into a wilderness to conquer and subdue it. It was a land filled with savages and adventure. I, too, must have my chance. I am of a race of pioneers but I no longer have any frontier." That expresses the situation which in part gives rise to the yeasty feeling of restlessness starting in youth particularly and in society generally. Man's creative instincts have no longer the outlet offered by an unsettled and unsubdued land. The wilderness has been tamed, the trails have been paved, the geographical frontiers have been abolished. The mass production of ready-made things removes the average man farther and farther from first-hand work with raw materials. Man is more and more the purchaser, less and less the creator. Gone is the pioneer resourcefulness which made the frontier household so largely independent of factory-made civilization. In the same measure that we have lost the skill to do things for ourselves we have lost the delight of such activities.

This lessened resourcefulness has

various moral implications. For one thing it tends to drive the creative element out of our recreations. We become less ingenious and industrious in getting enjoyment out of simple things. The modern lad with his elaborate and expensive playthings would feel himself beggared if he were reduced to the meager equipment of Whittier's "Barefoot Boy" or even the backyard, home-made devices of a generation ago. He and his parents have lost the art of entertaining themselves *with* things and must now be entertained *by* things. The tired business man, for whose amusement so many crimes have been committed, works at high speed during office hours in order that others may work at equally high speed for his entertainment during his off hours. This artificial stimulation is unhealthy and costly.

When one walks from the ruins of the Roman Forum to those of the Colosseum he witnesses the record of a striking transition in human culture. The Forum was the place of citizen participation in the simpler days of the Republic; the Colosseum was the arena of citizen spectatorship in the effete period when circuses were used to provide the thrills no longer found by the Romans in creative activity. One wonders whether modern industrialism with its mechanical slaves, its intense specialization, and its mass production of ready-made things may not be making the Colosseum the symbol of our Western civilization. This is a phase of Rome's fall upon which high school and college orators do not seem to have hit in all their multitudinous moralizings about that epochal tragedy, perhaps because they have been so busy raising funds to build a stadium for alma mater. The town meeting with its individual participation has given way to the political machine with its mass listlessness and consequent inner corruption. The

Christian Church, which began as a company of co-operating lay witnesses, has become largely a professional pulpitism financed by silent spectators—a trend which accounts largely for the spiritual lusterlessness and moral impotence of conventional religion. The machine age has made us no longer willing to work out our own salvation in religion, politics, or recreation. We are becoming a land of lookers-on.

Moreover, this passive spectator attitude is making for a restless, nomadic spirit. Not exercising our creative powers on our immediate environment, we are ever looking toward the places and things which appear more promising. It is easier to move on to the new than to make the best of the old. The chase for the latest thing replaces the cultivation of the lasting thing. There is an ancient proverb which hits off the contemporary American scene: "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting but the precious substance of man is to the diligent." Hunting is so alluring a pursuit that even a lazy man will follow the chase, but the dressing of the trophies is a drudgery which he does not relish. In primitive, plenteous America the aborigines were nomadic hunters—and remained savages. Then came white "settlers" who dug themselves into their localities, developed the resources—and became "pioneers." It now would seem that our machine culture is destroying that settler spirit, loosening the loyalties to locality, and returning our population to the nomadic huntsman type. What pillars of local society will be left with the temporary chain-store manager displacing the permanent merchant and the clergy themselves displaying a restless desire for moving never before equalled?

Losing the diligence and resourcefulness of creative work with what we have, we hunt the harder for what others have. The edge of our acquisi-

tive instinct is made ever sharper. Competition grows more tense and ownership more wasteful. We Americans are the most avid and accomplished collectors on record, but accumulation outstrips appreciation. We bid the highest for an original manuscript of *Alice in Wonderland* and neglect the cultivation of the original moods of Lewis Carroll. In this latter direction lies the hope of checking the American rush. As Walter Lippmann well says, "The mere frustration of an impulse like acquisitiveness produces either some new expression of that impulse or disorders due to its frustration." The regulation of competition will not be successful unless we can also revive the appreciation of our noncompetitive possessions. Oh, for a twentieth-century Robinson Crusoe!

IV

That the speed of our machine age profoundly affects our moral insights and controls is hardly to be doubted; but that the moralizing about it affects our speed is hardly to be believed. Usually the diatribes against this hectic rush serve only to delay the lyceum devotees so that they have to hurry the faster to reach the next lecture on the need of quietude. Futile it is to think that we can retard the rate of physical motion or rein in man's inventive genius. And questionable it is to say that we should. The Hindu mystics who for the love of material remuneration regale American society matrons with their pictures of the Orient's dreamy peacefulness are not very convincing to those who have compared Mother India's achievements in human happiness with those of Uncle Sam. Aldous Huxley, who is neither a Rotarian nor a Katherine Mayo, tells us in *Jesting Pilate* that India converted him to the West and to the machine.

Physical speed is not necessarily a moral peril. Reducing our hours of labor and locomotion lengthens our periods of leisure, and thus furnishes opportunity for meditation and culture so essential to reflective morality. But our trouble is that we do not succeed in disentangling our thinking and our leisure from the machine. Fewer and fewer are the quiet evenings by the fireside which helped to knit mind with mind and to adjust the members of a family in its moral relationships. Either the world is let in by radio, or the family is let out by auto. Even our conversations seem to need a motor accompaniment to give them snap. In Oliver Wendell Holmes's day there was an "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." To-day he would be a sovereign without a realm. No one now talks too much at the breakfast table, for in most homes no one has anybody to whom to talk. We snatch that meal as individualists on our way to catch the mechanism which catapults us into the midst of the day's competitive struggle from which we dash back to be spent in an evening of "doing something"—and "doing something" never means sitting and thinking. An evening without an engagement—what a mark of social ostracism! Seldom do we emerge from this rushing stream of activity to stand beside the quiet pools of thought in which we catch the reflection of ourselves and the stars above us, and thus renew the clarity of our moral insights. Moral judgments made on the run are emotional and impulsive—and that is precisely what most of ours are. As such they are glaringly inadequate for the complex adjustments of a machine age.

Without the moral recreativeness of reflection, we are carried along by this mechanized pace into an impatience with the normal processes of growth. Boys of twenty with the aid of a machine may get incomes as high as do

men of fifty. In fact, youth with its quickness is in some lines of work paid better than maturity with its wisdom, and consequently there is no satisfying progress in remuneration as the years pass, no gathering momentum of interest to steady and sustain. Young persons in their teens strive for the thrills that formerly came in the late twenties. Men of forty are often restless unless they are receiving the financial and social recognition for which their fathers waited until they were sixty. This machine-age schedule has caused a sort of hothouse forcing of the seasons which tends to shorten our normal childhood and lengthen our silly "second childhood." By nine o'clock in the morning of life's day we have many prematurely old young people with their thrills exhausted, and by five o'clock in the afternoon we see a host of jaded Ponce de Leons hunting the fountain of perennial youth along the Florida coast.

Human nature's processes of development have a kinship with mother earth rather than with the machine or the market place. Life is a growth not a manufacture or an exchange. The rapid removal of our citizenry from the soil to the city transfers us from the natural rhythm of growth to the tempo of artificial acceleration. "Fast living" comes to have a larger connotation than the traditional "wine, women, and song." It means a hurrying after experiences without stopping to see what we are hurrying after; it means trying to syncopate the orchestration of our impulses as we do the jazz music of a dance floor; it means saying "step lively" to the Eternal, or rather, since the man-made environment of our machine culture tends to obliterate the reminders of divinity, it means saying "step lively" to ourselves until life becomes a subway rush with an underground outlook.

This speed begets also the impatience

of individualism in our social attitudes. The business theory that the race is to the swift impels the individual to rush ahead ruthlessly to the goal of fortune, from which vantage point he can toss back his patronage to his slower and less successful fellows. The business leader becomes a patron but not a partner. In our stage of organization it is becoming apparent that we need more accommodation of the strong to the weak rather than more accumulation by the strong for the weak. Even teachers in our colleges are absorbing the same individualistic impatience. The idea that Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other constitute a college is replaced by the theory that research and writing are the *sine qua non* of academic achievement. The instructor, eager to arrive educationally, hurries through his student contacts, with a patronizing attitude toward his teaching activities and the immaturity of the campus mind. The student has to fish for knowledge in a rushing stream of individualism. He may catch something, but it will hardly be the contemplative spirit or the moral insights.

V

T. H. Green in his *Prolegomena to Ethics* argues that the great distinction between classical ethics and modern ethics as molded by Christianity is to be found less in the attitudes commended than in the widening area over which the moral obligation is felt to be binding. "It is not," he says, "the sense of duty to a neighbor but the practical answer to the question, 'Who is my neighbor?' that has varied."

This is true, but the point of Green's statement is dulled a bit for us by the fact that he considers only the lengthening horizontal range, while the machine age has brought also a length-

ening vertical range of human relationships.

That the sense of moral obligation has outrun old provincialisms is apparent. The Roman citizen, as Stuart Chase reminds us, would have regarded an organization like the Red Cross as so much moonshine, whereas the modern seamstress in Keokuk sends her contribution to the famished children of China and the earthquake victims of Japan. Yet the margin by which moral vision lags behind the mechanical improvements which are condensing the world into a community constitutes a danger zone of misunderstandings. Races and nations are not learning to see eye to eye as rapidly as they are learning to talk from land to land. Professor Soddy's nightmare over the danger of harnessing sub-atomic energy to man's hostile purposes may be somewhat dispelled by Professor Millikan's more recent and optimistic prediction; but we can well still shudder at the possibilities of mutual destruction unless moral attitudes accompany scientific progress.

It is, however, the social rather than the geographical distances which most complicate the moral problems of the machine age. Let the skyline of Manhattan serve as a symbol of the changing situation. A few decades ago the skyline was a low-lying level ridge of buildings, the very levelness suggesting the comparative economic equality within the neighborly little city which nested on the tip of Manhattan Island. To-day one beholds against the sky a mountainous range of glistening pyramids, but by the side of the skyscrapers are the yawning chasms where stand the small structures and areaways which make possible light and air for the larger. Metropolitan society has become an aggregation of towering financial successes rising to a height never dreamed of by our fathers, but the little folk alongside seem to serve

only as areaways for the favored few. The professionalized philanthropy which gravitates from the higher to the lower levels can never be an adequate substitute for the friendly helpfulness of earlier and simpler days. Patronage cannot take the place of partnership. Once the owner and clerk called each other by name on the street; now if they chance to meet in traffic jams they call each other names. Men are living closer together, yet less under one another's eye. Vertical chasms are harder to bridge with ethical understanding than are the horizontal ones. Many a factory owner can be touched by an appeal for foreign missions who will not listen to an address on better labor conditions. Morality meets its severest test in the caste system created by the machine.

This caste system based on the machine is more cruel than the old feudal caste founded on land. To be sure, it is less rigid. The section hand can rise to be the president of the road; the stenographer can always cherish the hope—with or without encouragement—of marrying the head of the firm. But those who rise frequently have less sympathy for those who remain below than the hereditary lord had for the tenants on his land.

Ethical conduct, in the last analysis, is based on reverence for personality, and personalities are not the known, near-at-hand, determining factors in work that once they were. The master of a manufacturing unit in the old handicraft period knew his workmen as the factory owner does not; and when ownership is collective the sense of personal relationship grows even more tenuous. Long-range business hides from participants the sight of its results and thus dulls their sensibilities to its injustices. Corporations may not be entirely soulless, but there is much evidence to bear out Reinhold Niebuhr's contention that "all human groups

tend to be more predatory than the individuals which compose them."

Going out to combat the subtle iniquities of our corporate life merely with the personal moral codes of a pre-machine age is as futile as attempting to fight poison gas and aerial raids with the armor of a Don Quixote. Inadequate for our day are the monastic ideals of poverty, chastity, and obedience, or the Puritan virtues of thrift, industry, and abstinence, or even the eighteenth-century ideas of freedom, self-reliance, and individual right. Not even in the New Testament is found specific guidance concrete enough for our complex situations. During the War a good Christian lady was being shown by a chaplain through one of our coastal fortifications. At the sight of the huge guns she shudderingly exclaimed, "What would the Disciples say of those?" Her chaplain escort replied, "Probably very little." And when a Christian asks, as he should, in any given situation, "What would Jesus do?" he has to supplement the simple gospel principles with his own experience, reflection, and imagination. That, however, is what so many so-called Christians are either unable or unwilling to do for themselves. Their consciences remain clear largely because their heads are empty. And when the pulpit moralist attempts to do it for them, he is quite often told to stick to "the simple gospel." And all too often he sticks. Religion thus becomes a moral sedative rather than a moral dynamic. It is the existence of such misinterpreters of Christian morality which gives credence to the statement of John Herman Randall, Jr.: "We need an ethics of achieving and mastery; we have only an ethics of consolation."

In making that observation, however, Mr. Randall must have been watching the pulpit weathercocks rather than the pulpit guideposts. There

are beginnings to be noted toward a moral intelligence and imagination adequate for the mastery of our machine culture. There are signs that there will be the same scientific approach toward the development of our man-power as there has been in the development of our horse-power. The example of Yale University in creating an Institute of Human Relations is only one of these. The work being done by The Inquiry and by the Research Department of the Federal Council of Churches is indicative of that new insistence on fact-finding which has been the glory of science and the lack of which has been the shame of ethics.

The classic symbol of Justice, which hitherto has been sufficient to satisfy moralists, is that of a blindfolded woman holding a scales, the implication being that the essence of justice is the impartial weighing of the facts in hand. The newer morality is removing the blindfold, for it recognizes that it is not enough merely to weigh the facts in hand. Justice requires first of all that we should see whether we have all the facts. We must get behind the evidence presented to discover the factors which produced the evidence. This necessitates not only painstaking investigation but a sensitized imagination which can get the facts in proper focus. In our intricate industrialized society with its long-range relationships and with its racial chasms, class distinctions, and economic inequalities, the application of the Golden Rule, so simple in statement, is a feat of mental engineering taxing the most intelligent. Without this information and imagination the Golden Rule usually merely irritates, and moral uplifting becomes only a social upsetting.

The morality adequate for the mastery of the machine age must develop not only new insights but also new controls. Many of the old fears no longer

restrain emancipated minds. Science has dispelled from many quarters the belief in divine judgments and has also provided man with inventions which have lessened the danger of social punishments. That contraceptive devices change the outlook on chastity and that the motor car multiplies crimes by making easier the means of escape are facts denied by few. It is not enough to say that our youth are as morally competent as their fathers were: it takes better character to handle a motor age than was required to control a horse-and-buggy era. No individual or no society is safe unless the forces of control match the forces of drive; and for the last few decades mechanical invention has been equipping society with a Lincoln engine while moral counsels have been installing only a Ford set of brakes. The result is that the two most discussed topics in American life to-day are our mechanical achievements and our human lawlessness. In short, the machine has been running away with the man. It is for the new morality to match our driving horse-power with a controlling man-power.

It is not within the compass of this article to discuss the moral sanctions which a machine age will obey, but that they can be evolved we confidently believe, provided the emphasis of attention can be shifted from the material environment of man to the initiating factors within him. At present we pay high salaries to our engineers for laying the foundations of our skyscrapers; we pay a low wage to the school teachers for laying the mental foundations of the youth who are to live in the skyscrapers, and we think any uninstructed volunteer is competent to supply the moral and religious elements of character in Sunday School, if we are still of those who think any such instruction is needed. This is merely one of the evidences that the emphasis has been

on the externals, or to put it bluntly with Count Keyserling, that America's has recently been an "animal ideal." The rise of the machine has been accompanied by a modern fall of man. The stressing of the physical sciences without a corresponding cultivation of the spiritual factors has lowered man's sense of his own moral power and responsibility. The machine age has inoculated man with a mechanistic interpretation of his own nature. Expressed in the colorful words of a contemporary there has come into vogue a view of man as a "sick fly taking a dizzy ride on a gigantic fly-wheel." That conception of human nature can and will be corrected by a shift of emphasis from the physical to the social sciences. These latter cannot be made as exact as the former because man has in him those imponderables which defy precise formulation; but this very lack of exactitude should be recognized as a

sign of man's superiority to the material order and its machines.

A few years ago when the *Titanic* was speeding across the Atlantic on her maiden voyage she struck an iceberg and was sunk. An American publication carried two illustrations of the tragedy. One was a drawing of the ship being ripped open and about to sink, the very symbol of fragility. Underneath that picture were these words: "The weakness of man—the supremacy of nature." The other illustration was that of one of the ship's passengers stepping back to give his place in the last lifeboat to a woman with a child. Underneath this picture was the caption: "The weakness of nature—the supremacy of man." The machine age has not yet crushed, nor has mechanism explained, the humane instincts of the heart. They remain as the abiding raw material for the new morality.



The Lion's Mouth



BY JAMES VAN RENSSELAER

But I have given up post offices, and it is all the fault of the postal clerks. Not that I have anything but admiration for them. If I had my life to live over again I should be a postal clerk, or at least try to be one. It calls for rather special abilities; a sort of genius, in fact. A man has to have a tremendous gift of orneriness, an infinite capacity for giving pains.

nasty as it is humanly possible to be. But there are comparatively few who can sustain the mood. A smile, a friendly nod, a pleasant word, and we break down and become good fellows once again. Not so with the breed from which the postal clerks descend. They come from a race of men who do not know what it is to be decently civil. I envy them.

For courtesy, moderate or excessive, is the badge of the inferior person, of the *valet de chambre*. The pleasant, obliging, soft-spoken chap is not the man you respect; he is the one who blacks your boots or lends you money or runs for your public offices. He is useful but you don't catch yourself envying him at odd moments. The man you want to be is the one who looks down his nose.

That is why I admire and envy postal clerks. They all have long, snooty noses. And that is why I have given up going to post offices. I was beginning to imagine I was the sort of person whose picture is taken twice: once full face and once profile. I was beginning to look for a row of numbers printed across my chest.

I didn't realize how deeply this complex was affecting me until I visited the post office one day with a friend. We had gone there to rent a post office box. It had seemed a simple undertaking, and we had but a few minutes to spare. My friend stationed himself before the window which bore the legend BOX SECTION and waited anxiously to be served. Through the window we could see a dozen or so men standing before rows of pigeon-holes, sorting letters into

them with machinelike rapidity and precision. My friend coughed politely to call their attention and drummed nervously on the counter to show that he was in a hurry. Not one of them so much as glanced in our direction.

After a while my friend asked hesitantly, "Ahhhh . . . is someone in charge here?"

No response.

"Is someone in charge here?" he repeated a little louder and more sharply.

The man nearest the window gave him a swift sidelong glance without losing for an instant the rhythm of his sorting. He delayed his answer until he had reached for a new batch of letters and then he remarked casually to the upper left-hand pigeon-hole, "Yeh, I am."

My friend was not satisfied.

"I wanted," he insisted, "to find out about renting a box."

The clerk was so completely uninterested that he did not bother to reply.

"Could you . . . ahhh . . . tell me how much they rent for?"

"Three, four, and six dollars," sang out the clerk promptly and he turned his back and began running through a handful of letters.

"Three, four, and six dollars," mused my friend. "Now is that by the month?"

The clerk shot a quick look over his shoulder.

"Naw, that's quarterly."

"Oh," murmured my friend. He stood for an interval looking about helplessly. Finally he cleared his throat. "Ahh . . . could I rent one of the three-dollar ones?" he asked, and added plaintively, "I'm in rather a hurry."

"Hey, Joe!" The clerk raised his head and barked like a seal into the back of the office. "Here's a guy wants to rent a box," and he popped a letter into one of the pigeon-holes.

Joe came out after a time. He stood

some three feet away from the counter and fixed his eyes on the top button of my friend's vest.

"I wanted to rent a box," blurted out my friend. "A three-dollar one."

"Ever had a box before?" Joe snapped. His eyes drifted across my bosom and then back to my friend's.

The postal clerk, I have observed, never addresses you directly. He speaks always as though through an invisible third person who is behind your back or over across the room.

"No," my friend replied.

"All right," said Joe. "Fill out one of these cards." He tossed a pink card on the counter and stalked off into the back of the office.

He was not in sight when we returned with the card and he did not appear for three or four minutes. When he did come out he had a package in his hand and, not looking at us, he crossed and deposited it on the other side of the office. Returning, he eyed us very closely and suddenly inquired, "Did you wish to see someone?"

Taken aback by his politeness, my friend handed him the pink card without a word. Joe took it gingerly and turned it over and over on the tips of his fingers. He seemed a little puzzled.

At last he moved up to the counter and began to fumble with some pens. He selected one, tried the point, and tossed it aside for another. He dipped the second pen in ink, scratched it across a pad of paper, examined the point minutely, and finally discarded it for the first pen. Then he fell to studying the card, the pen poised in mid-air. In the end he laid both the pen and the card down and disappeared into the back of the office. When he returned, he had a fresh blotter in his hand.

I was leaning on the counter beside my friend.

"Something you wanted?" he asked suspiciously.

"No," I answered, "I'm waiting for him," nodding at my friend.

"Well, just stand to one side," said Joe.

Once again he went into a brown study over the card. Gradually a look of comprehension dawned on his face, and he began to make a few preliminary flourishes with his pen. Once or twice he appeared to be on the point of asking a question, but he checked himself. Whatever difficulties he was encountering, he evidently wished to surmount without outside aid. It was fully three minutes before he had it all clear in his mind, and even when he began to write, he had to pause frequently to stare at the card or gaze malevolently at the point of his pen. And he took great care with his writing. He put all the proper flourishes in the capitals and rounded the small letters.

But at last he had all the forms filled out and reviewed and painstakingly blotted. My friend pushed out a five-dollar bill. Joe ignored it. He piled the forms neatly on one side of the counter and retreated into the rear of the office.

In a few minutes a third man appeared. He was whistling a faint, shrill tune. Scooping up the five-dollar bill, he snapped it briskly and turned to a cash drawer which he pulled out from underneath the counter. The contents of the till held his interest for a time. He turned over all the papers in it; he even let a handful of silver drip from his fingers. And all the time he whistled faintly and shrilly.

He had not looked at us once and now he approached with a handful of change, his rapt gaze fixed on some object behind us. Lost in that faraway study, he fumbled for the forms Joe had made out. He shifted the money and the forms to his right hand and gave one of the bills a few preliminary snaps. Then slowly he counted out

the change, slapped one of the forms on the counter, turned on his heel, and was gone.

My friend and I left the post office silently. There was a strange look on his face, a look of bewilderment and something else. Perhaps it was indignation. I caught him glancing at me out of the corners of his eyes. He was hoping I shouldn't laugh, I suppose.

But I was far from laughing. My mind was filled with a great resolve. For I determined there and then that I would never allow a postal clerk to insult me again. I could see that a man with a dignity as tenuous as mine should never risk it in post offices.

And I began to wonder why postal clerks get that way, they alone of all civil employees. The man who waits on you in other state and federal offices is an apathetic creature as a rule. Occasionally one will rouse himself from his melancholy contemplation of the Nirvana of Civil Service and snarl a bit. But for the most part they are senile and dandruffy and spiritless. They are but gloomy shades of men.

No, the postal clerk is alone and supreme in his insolence. He has developed it into a technic, a diabolic art. He looks upon his services as a condescension and a favor. And perhaps he is justified.

For shouldn't we feel a little humble and apologetic when we carry a letter into a post office? We unload all the burdens of our souls, all our sorrows and pleadings and joys, all our wordly wealth. We lay ourselves bare on a square of white paper and we seal it with our own spittle. And how much is it worth to us? Two cents! Just two cents, and we demand that it become a sacred document, inviolable save to the one to whom it is addressed!

Can we blame the postal clerks for being unmercifully scornful?



THE NEW ECONOMICS

BY B. K. SANDWELL

OUR nineteenth-century ancestors had it all wrong. The greatest benefactor of the human race is not he who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before. There are too many blades of grass anyhow. What the human race needs is somebody who will cause two blades of grass to be consumed where one was consumed before. It is well understood now that the salvation of the human race can be attained only by teaching people to want more and more things, so that I cannot understand why we are not doing more about it. The purpose of this article is to suggest some ways in which we could do more about it, and particularly to complain of the people who ought to be doing more about it and aren't.

Here am I, a producer of magazine articles. Here is my neighbor, a producer of automobiles. Times occur when my neighbor does not consume enough magazine articles to keep me working at that one hundred per cent of my capacity which is desirable, or even at that seventy per cent which is necessary to my comfortable existence. But why does he not consume enough magazine articles? Simply because I am not buying enough automobiles. Let us suppose—it is a painful supposition, but it is not beyond the range of possibility—that we are both working at only fifty per cent of capacity. What are we to do? The answer is simplicity itself. If I will only double my purchases of automobiles my neighbor will double his pur-

chases of magazine articles, and we shall both be one hundred per cent employed, and the indices of industrial activity will run up from Depressed through Prosperous to Brilliant.

It is strange that Malthus and Ricardo did not notice this great economic principle which is now so obvious to all of us. In fact, I am inclined to believe that they did notice it, but that they were pessimistic persons and decided that it was too good to be true.

But the really amazing thing is that we of this later age and newer continent who have seen the light should not act upon its guidance more consistently and more trustfully than we do. At the moment of writing, our statistics suggest to us that our productive powers are being employed only to about one-half of their full capacity. And the reason why they are not more fully employed is that we cannot manage to consume even what is now being produced. There is, it appears, too much wheat, too much lumber, too much coffee; there are too many new motor cars, too many new books, too many new neckties. The remedy is clear. Somehow we must manage to learn to consume more wheat, more coffee, and more motor cars. Efforts to bring about this desirable end are very vigorous in a certain class of businesses, less vigorous in a second class, and utterly wanting in a third.

My neighbor, the automobile man, is doing nobly. Having trained everybody on the continent to want—and almost everybody to buy—one automobile, he is now busily engaged in training everybody to want and, therefore, ultimately to buy a second one. When that task is accomplished he will sell us a third and a fourth. Eventually I suppose we shall buy them in nests like Chinese boxes; they will be separated for use during the day and put together again to save garage space

at night. The same thing is being done for the radio; we must have one for the drawing-room, one for the dining room, one for each bedroom and each bathroom, and one for each car. Plans are under way, I understand, for a campaign of advertisements which shall do the same thing for the iceless refrigerator. "Give Junior his own Electrofreeze" will be the slogan, and there will be pretty pictures of Junior and Sis entertaining their little friends with their privately refrigerated eats and beverages at one end of the apartment while Father and Mother are shaking up their more old-fashioned supper at the other. Telephones we long since doubled and trebled up on; it is difficult to move around a modern American home without knocking over an instrument every few minutes. But we can still learn to make a freer use of the long-distance facilities. Grandmother, who has been rolling down to Rio, will love to hear our voice bidding her good-night; and how about a little call to jolly along that pretty Roumanian girl who was at the Verjuices' party last month and has gone back to Bucharest?

But let us consider some of our less persuasive industries. The foodstuff producers are lying down on their marketing job in a way I can only describe as cowardly. They seem to have abandoned hope. Somebody has told them that a human being can absorb only so much nutriment in a day, and that nearly everybody on the North American continent is absorbing up to the limit already. (The Romans knew better, but I am not sure that the method which they employed for increasing their absorptive capacity at a banquet was of a kind that could readily be popularized in twentieth-century America. It could be tried, though. An experimental advertising campaign would soon tell us. "Do you *enjoy* the last four courses? If

not, try Vacuin after the roast!") But even if it is true that you cannot make people eat more than a certain total of calories and vitamins, or whatever it is that we are now eating, that is no reason why the producers of calories and vitamins should despair. Food is not eaten by man alone; it is eaten also by animals. A bulldog in the prime of his fighting condition will get away with more beefsteak in a week than a slim-dieting wife will consume in a year. Let the cattle industry get to work at teaching us to "Say it with bulldogs" and its future is assured. The bulldog is absolutely useless. He produces nothing—except more bulldogs. He consumes enormously—not merely steak, but dog-biscuit, trouser-legs, slippers, bedspreads, and other costly articles. Let us adopt a Five Year Plan, like the Russians, only the other way round—a schedule of increased consumption instead of increased production: "Five million bulldogs by 1935!" and all thought of under-consumption in a score of our leading industries can be banished for a generation at least. And when production catches up once more—as it inevitably will in time no matter how we spurt to get ahead of it—all we have to do is whisper gently in the advertising columns: "Have You a Second Bulldog in Your Home?" and "Let the Pup Have Company!" and off we go once more.

I realize that this suggestion does not offer much help to the wheat-farmers, who are the most vociferous of our present over-productionists, but I can't be expected to provide detailed instructions for every type of producer. If the Farm Board will communicate with me privately I have several ideas for increasing the use of their admirable product, which are just as good as the one I have here placed at the disposal of the beef people. My purpose in this article is merely to indicate the lines

along which our economic salvation is to be pursued.


But let us pass on to the third class of industries, those which are not merely failing to teach the consumer to do more consuming, but are practically cutting their own throats by helping him to do less. If there is one industry more than another which is going to be left hopelessly in the rear when this doubling-up-consumption business gets really going, it is surely that of organized religion. Organized religion is now one of the most important and the most highly competitive industries in the country. It uses an immense number of large and lavishly equipped buildings, employs thousands upon thousands of ministers, organists, sextons, vocalists, deaconesses, lay secretaries, young people's organizers, movie projectors, amateur theatrical directors, publicity experts and bell-ringers, and represents an investment of billions of dollars of capital. Like most of our great industries, it is mainly in the hands of large and highly centralized corporations with far-flung branch systems. Almost without exception, these corporations and their directors and employees proceed upon the assumption not merely that one religion is enough for any religionist but that no religionist can possibly use even as many as two. Every one of them wants to sell me his kind of religion, but he is not content with that. If I buy his kind of religion I must not buy anybody else's. He must have a monopoly of my business or nothing. Is it any wonder that they are having trouble? Where would the motor-car industry be if it had proceeded on any such principle as that?

True, there are glimmering signs of a dawn of enlightenment even in the religious industry. I note with pleasure the recent rise of two or three quasi-religious bodies which will consent to sell me their religion without


demanding that I forswear all other purveyors. They practically say to me, "We know that you probably belong to a church or a synagogue or something of the kind already, but we don't mind that at all. Stick to your present religious diet if you want to, but add to it the special flavoring that we are offering, and you will find it much more palatable." This is good modern business sense, but there is very little of it. The organizations which make this offer are not the long-established ones, from a hundred to five thousand years old. They are very new ones, born in America (usually in the West) and imbued with the spirit of the new age. The old ones are just as exclusive as ever. They will not let you be a Mennonite unless at the same time you agree not to be a Methodist or a Millenarian or a Mormon or a Mohammedan. The result is that the total amount of organized religion consumed is enormously short of what it might be with a more up-to-date type of sales appeal.

It is not that religion is being advertised too little, but simply that it is being advertised too destructively. Every "ad" for Church A takes or keeps somebody away from Church B. What we want is something that will sell Church A and Church B at the same time.

And then there are saxophonists. They are in a bad way. There has been heavy over-production, followed by a curtailment of demand. They have taken recently to advertising that they are human. The claim needed to be made, but I do not see that it is going to do them any good. What they ought to do— But why should I suggest anything to increase the consumption of saxophone music? Let the saxophonists wait until I have increased the consumption of everything else. Then, if they are still alive, I will see what can be done about them.



Editor's Easy Chair



A SEEKER AFTER LIGHT

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

ON THE first page of the New York *Times* on December 1st there was an item in a frame (so called) with the heading: "Armageddon Battlefield Bought for \$3,500 from an American Widow for Exploration." The American lady is Rosamond Dale Owen, the widow of Lawrence Oliphant, and the daughter of Robert Dale Owen. Oliphant married her after his first wife's death, and just before the close of his own life, in order that his work in Palestine might fall into competent hands, and go on. Thereby hang stories enough to fill a book: the story of Lawrence Oliphant, of his pursuit of light, of his long association with Thomas Lake Harris, first in western New York, farming and making Brotherhood wine at Brockton on Lake Erie, and later in California.

Harris was a product of that period of adventure in the domain of the spirit which was marked in the United States by "Rochester rappings," the proceedings of the Fox sisters, and a widespread advertisement of spiritualism. One figure of that period and later still was Andrew Jackson Davis, who was called by Conan Doyle the Prophet of Spiritualism. He outlived the century and died comfortably in Boston well on towards ninety. For a while Harris was his follower. Presently Harris broke loose and set up for himself and developed powers

and theories and attracted disciples, and among them was Lawrence Oliphant, a young Englishman still in the thirties, journalist, wit, diplomatist, well born and full of talent, interested in many things, and among them religion.

Religion in the 1860's had been waking up a good deal under the ministrations of Theodore Parker, Darwin, spiritualism, magnetic healing, and a good deal else. Oliphant, who came of pious parents, suspected that Christianity as practiced in England and elsewhere had varied from the Palestine model and not to its advantage. Harris turned up in his life with a new-model Christianity which he guaranteed to be the real article and gave evidences of finding power and guidance in it. Oliphant's mind was full of inquiries and dissatisfactions with the *status quo* in religion; and what Harris had to say and what Harris was able to do appealed to him and impressed him. The upshot of it was that he became Harris's disciple.

Now Oliphant was not at all an ordinary person. He was a representative British adventurer, reputable, able, remarkable. He had been secretary to Lord Elgin, sailed the seas with British admirals, taken a hand in the management of nations, and had been a notable correspondent of the *London Times*. Besides that, he was

very clever and socially agreeable, had written various social satires, and had before him the prospect of a brilliant career. All that went by the board when he took up with Harris, married Alice Le Strange, and went to live at Brockton, as said, in New York State. Marriage under Harris, when there was one, seems to have been platonic. After a while Harris went from Brockton to California, leaving the Brockton enterprise a good deal in Oliphant's hands; but Mrs. Oliphant was ordered to California because separation of husband and wife seemed to Harris conducive to their spiritual development. Harris's domination of both of them was amazing. It took Oliphant six or seven years to discover that subjection to Harris was not expedient for him and his wife and mother; for Lady Oliphant also migrated to Brockton. Finally when emancipation came, he was interested in a plan of Palestine for the Jews and, though he could not gain from the Turkish Empire the necessary concessions, he did buy land at Haifa (said to be now the best Palestine port), lived there with his wife near Mount Carmel, and presumably at that time bought the Armageddon acres hard by. After his wife's death in 1887 he came to the United States, found there Rosamond Dale Owen, whom he thought a suitable person to carry on his purposes, took her back to England, married her there in 1888, and died there shortly afterwards, leaving the Haifa property to her, including probably this field, which she has now sold.

THE question presents itself whether Lawrence Oliphant on the whole had a fairly good run for his money. Certainly he did not succeed in life on the conventional basis, but he had an interesting time and with all his vagaries he neither lost his mind nor mislaid his integrity. One side of him

had excellent understanding of the concerns of this world. Whether the other side of him had an equally good understanding of the concerns of the invisible world is matter for speculation. But undoubtedly he had the courage of his convictions and when he saw light he went after it; and it may be that the verdict in the next generation or later on him and his endeavors will be more favorable than it would be now. Meanwhile in the great collection of British biographies published by Smith and Elder, Lawrence Oliphant gets two pages, whereas most of his respectable antecessors get along with a column or so at the outside.

Whether Harris really had something important in his mind will have to be left for the consideration of critics and biographers to come when knowledge of spiritual matters has sufficiently increased, if it ever does so. Harris seems to have established no lasting sect. His "Brotherhood of the New Life" which he planted on sixteen hundred acres of land at Brockton in the '60s, with sixty colonists—English, American, and Japanese—was moved in 1881 to an estate of seventeen hundred acres at Santa Rosa, Cal. Whether it lived or died could doubtless be ascertained by inquiry. But about 1885 Harris left Santa Rosa, lived several years in New York, and died in 1906, at the age of eighty-three. He left voluminous works, but they have not, so far as known, achieved republication as have the writings of his early preceptor, Andrew Jackson Davis.

As for Oliphant, there was an amazing amount of "never-say-die" in him. He was cheerful and even amusing in adversity and was so interesting in his neglect of the ordinary ends of life and his cultivation of extraordinary ones that it is profitable to be reminded of him. His project of a home in Pales-

tine for the Jews that fell through, as said, in his time, got attention later from the League of Nations and Lord Balfour and is now in process of disputatious accomplishment.

There is a life of him published by Harper and Brothers in 1891 with an interesting portrait frontispiece of a man bald on top of his head and with a long beard. There was published lately also a book of Memoirs by his second wife (afterwards Mrs. Templeton), who sold the title deeds of Armageddon to Doctor Breasted and his associates of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago for archæological exploration. It is most interesting that this land should fall into such hands. The *Times* item says that Mrs. Oliphant, whose present name is probably Mrs. Templeton, did not know that she owned these thirteen acres but sold them willingly to Doctor Breasted. The funds for the University of Chicago expedition were supplied by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. and will doubtless hold out as long as the exploration is fruitful.

Armageddon, the great battlefield between Asia and Africa, lies adjacent to a pass in the mountains of Carmel between the two continents. It figures in the Bible, as readers of the Apocalypse are aware, and is one of the most mystical as well as historical patches of land in the world. In these times of momentous changes and speculation about the future any interesting result from exploration in this storied soil is sure to get due notice.

While the hand of Chicago is still on the plow handle, another interesting place to disturb, which has not been molested yet but ought to be, is Tara in Ireland, where the Kings of Ireland were buried and which was a center of early Celtic learning and civilization. Tradition says that the Prophet Jeremiah settled there with his granddaughters, daughters of the last King

of Israel. There are mounds there that invite search, and what they may contain besides the bones of Irish Kings is a matter in which a good many researchers take a lively interest; but as yet the Government of Ireland has not permitted the place to be investigated. Charge of it has no doubt passed from the British government to the Irish Free State, and in due time exploration there may be allowed.

KIND inquiries as to the health of Russia continue to abound and so do answers to them. But the answers as yet are inconclusive. They reply but they do not tell much, and one is never sure how much of what they tell is true. You can get some facts about Russia as to the industrial plants and factories that are being built by German and American engineers, and about the condition of the railroads and how badly off they are, and about the difficulty of buying anything in that country because there is so little to sell, and something about the temper of the peasants, and the severities of the Soviet Comintern and their willingness to shoot anybody whose views or conduct do not match Soviet standards, but it is hard to judge of such information as is available because one does not know how much of it is lies. In the late War all governments seemed to have used lies at convenience. They all spread propaganda suited to their needs, gave out false news at the front, told correspondents what to say, and on occasion forbade them to tell the truth. Most of us remember about that and may consider that if the Soviet authorities are lying it is nothing new. They probably consider themselves at war with the capitalist countries and say anything that seems serviceable.

Persons on the ground who ought to know something about the proceedings

in Russia, if anybody knows, seem reluctant to forecast anything. The Soviet government is like Prohibition in having outlasted expectation. Doubtless they are both Noble Experiments with which Destiny is concerned.

Besides that there is a great factor in Russia's problems which nobody seems able to measure, and this is the one hundred and forty millions of peasants. What do they want? What do they do? How long will they last? The Russian peasants are as enduring a breed as walks the earth. They can survive hardship unconscionably, but their strength is in endurance rather than in revolt or action. The opinion is very positively expressed that they can never be industrialized because they are too primitive a race and not far enough along to be able to handle machinery. One is told that the negroes in the South cannot be made into cotton-mill operatives and that neither can the Russian peasants be taught to use machinery. Of course they do use machines now, some of them, and use them very ill indeed, so one hears, with a consequence of large repair bills.

But the Russian peasant is not calculable, and that invites another suggestion—that there is an amount of psychic or soul force loose in Russia which no one can measure. One reads that “in no country has there been a greater wave of mysticism, a greater mixture of mystical and ritualistic idolatry and perversion of religious emotion than in Russia. When this has been coördinated it becomes strength and this strength is now Russia's.” The opinion also is held that this state pervades more or less other countries and “very much the same state of chaos must come to pass

in every country before it can work out as it ought to.”

This is not quite an inviting prospect for the other countries that have not got the shakes yet, or perhaps one should say have not gone quite chaotic yet, for all countries seem to be considerably shaken. However, no country is like Russia, and no other country will undergo the particular line of chaos that now prevails in Russia. That all countries must experience a variety of pangs before they can adjust themselves to the economic reorganization which our present world seems to invite is likely enough, of course.

And then about that soul force which is said to be loose. One summer soon after the War, Bishop Brent at Bar Harbor was quoted as speaking of the detrimental psychic cloud which was left over Russia by Rasputin. Bishop Brent thought and knew more about such matters than most people. Whatever you call it—whether you call it soul force or something else; whether you call it psychic or merely malignant—there is something in Russia that makes a fight against good, but there is also something that makes a fight *for* good. If the Russians merely had bodies, it would be easier to measure them than it is. As it is, since they have both bodies and souls, it is hard to figure on their souls because Russian souls seem to have peculiarities.

So we sit in the seats in the grand stand and watch the game going on in Russia, try to make out who is at the bat, and try to discover whether there is any umpire; but, as said, nobody seems to know who is going to win nor whether the game will be finished before dark.

It would have interested Lawrence Oliphant. No doubt it does.



IRON MEN

By Anthony Pugliese

Courtesy of the Kennedy Galleries

*APugliese Imp.
1929*



Harpers *Magazine*

CAN BUSINESS MANAGE ITSELF?

BY ELMER DAVIS

A DAY or so after the late Congressional elections wiped out the Republican majority the leaders of the Democratic party issued a statement which might have been read with some perplexity by the proverbial visitor from Mars. The Democrats would not "seek to embarrass" the President; they would co-operate with the administration "in every measure that will conduce to the welfare of the country." Soon they were further declaring that they would not try to force a special session of the new Congress this spring, but would defer the exercise of the power the people had entrusted to them till next December.

Why, then (the Martian visitor might have asked) were they elected? The Republicans had promised prosperity and given us hard times; most people who voted for Democrats did so because they wanted to embarrass the President. If the Constitution had permitted, they might have embar-

rassed him to the extent of turning him out, as the Canadians had just done with their Premier under less provocation. Also (our logical Martian might have reasoned) if the people wanted more Democrats in Congress they presumably wanted them there as soon as possible.

Actually, of course, the declaration was good politics and good sense, shrewdly adjusted to the paradoxical realities of American public life. "The task ahead," said the Democratic leaders (or rather Mr. Charles Michelson, who phrases their thoughts and perhaps sometimes supplies them) "is to get the ship of state back on an even keel. . . . Even enlightened political selfishness demands that business should not be frightened." Which is more easily said than done. American business is one of the most timorous of organisms. It is always uneasy when Congress is in session; it is traditionally afraid of the Democrats.

The existence of these beliefs was a condition which the Democratic leaders had to recognize; and a further condition was the fact that their party has served as a catch-all for dissenters from the dominant Republican philosophy, who are apt to disagree with one another as violently as they disagree with the Republicans. In thirteen months the leaders might evolve an integrated policy, which most of their followers might (possibly) accept; but if Congress reassembles in March or April, the Democratic program may have to be opportunistic; and the Democrats are not very good opportunists. They had a golden opportunity in the long session of 1924; but they allied themselves with the Northwestern irregulars—a much smaller group, but one which had in the elder LaFollette a leader so much more forceful than any Democrat that the tail wagged the dog. The consequence was the re-election of Calvin Coolidge. Democratic leaders of the next Congress, who must depend on the Northwesterners for their working majority, are unlikely to forget that precedent.

We may have a special session anyway—you will perhaps know by the time you read this. As I write (January 19th) expert opinion in Washington is about evenly divided; but if we have a special session it is not likely to be the fault of the Democrats. We shall owe it to the determination of the United States Senate to maintain Senatorial dignity, whether the public business gets done or not. But it does not look now as if even in special session Congress would do anything to frighten business. The chief enthusiast for a special session is Senator Borah, who thinks that its most urgent duty is the relief of the railroads from privileged competition by buses and pipe lines. The industrial world can hardly go into shivers over that.

Further, the Democrats have promised to co-operate with the administra-

tion in all measures conducive to the public welfare; but it does not appear that the administration will give them much chance. The administration's present policy is to sit tight and wait for the breaks; if that policy is to be changed, no intimation of it has yet oozed out of the White House. Why should it be changed? Business will improve sooner or later; and the later it improves the nearer to the election of 1932, in which Mr. Hoover can be advertised as the prudent executive who pulled us out of the depression.

What will the Democrats do of their own motion? Conjectures two or three months ahead are subject to the proviso, *rebus sic stantibus*. But it looks as if the Democrats will do nothing alarming. They may tinker with the tariff a little, but not much. They will try to amend the flexibility clause so that the Tariff Commission shall report needed changes to Congress instead of to the President (who of course still has his veto on what Congress enacts). Probably they will help repeal the capital-gains tax, on the theory that fear of that tax encourages excessive bull markets. The theory may be mistaken, but people who act on it can hardly be called hostile to business.

With Northwestern co-operation, the Democrats will try to pass Senator Norris's constitutional amendment eliminating lame-duck sessions of Congress—a long-needed reform to which there can be no reasonable opposition. And (also with the Northwesterners) they will probably bring up again the famous debenture scheme for farm relief, though there is no prospect that it can be repassed over the President's veto. Even if it were, while it would probably do little good to the farmers, it could hardly do as much harm to the Treasury or the grain business as the disastrous endeavor of Mr. Hoover's Farm Board to peg wheat prices.

So business has nothing to fear from the politicians this spring. While business is trying to pick itself up and get started again everybody will walk on tiptoe and speak in whispers, for fear of scaring the timorous creature into another collapse. And of course when the revival comes—when factory wheels are turning and security prices rising, and everybody begins to feel prosperous once more—nobody will want to frighten business, then. Nobody frightened it between 1922 and 1929, except as Republican campaigners worked up a scare over the LaFollette candidacy in 1924. For seven years business kept slugging on; and whenever it showed signs of slackening in its aggressiveness it heard the reassuring voice of the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since David F. Houston shouting, like the prize fighter's second safe outside the ropes, "Go on; he can't hurt us!" So business went on—and here we are. Factories idle, buildings empty, apple sellers on every corner; people starving to death because there is too much food and freezing to death because there is too much coal; and business, which nobody dared to frighten, afraid at last of its own shadow.

This happens about every seven years. Always, in the past, we have recovered; no doubt we shall recover now. But unless we change our ways we shall be in it again, up to our necks, about 1937; and more and more people are beginning to wonder how many such strains the fabric of society can stand. The machinery grows continually vaster and more complex, easier to jam and harder to set going again; the simple society of 1837 could rally from a shock which would be far more destructive a century later. Suggest that we might better change our ways, and you frighten business; leave business alone, and it frightens itself into periodic catalepsy—a catalepsy

from which, some day, there may be no recovering. Is there not enough intelligence, enough imagination, enough leadership in American business to devise a better system than that?

I thought so, three months ago. I still hope so.

II

What got us into trouble—overproduction or underconsumption? The experts debate that, endlessly and irreconcilably. But if underconsumption is the answer, why was there underconsumption *before* the crash? Wages were higher than ever before, consumption was stimulated by a sales drive unparalleled in history; more than ever before people were willing to spend beyond their incomes because they all hoped for easy money in Wall Street. Leaving out the technologically unemployed and the distressed farmers, the rest of us were consuming as hard as we could, buying not only all we could pay for but all we could hope to pay for later on. There is underconsumption now because people are out of work; but they are out of work because more was produced before the crash than even the overstimulated consumer of boom days could swallow.

With continued technical improvement, potential production is bound to increase more rapidly than potential consumption. Why must all of this excess capacity be employed, in boom days, when only part of it could supply the greatest demand yet known? Because every producer, aware that the market is not big enough to go around, works as hard as he can to get enough of it to make a profit for himself; with the result that there is presently no profit for anybody.

That is the way of the fathers, the system of individualism, unrestricted competition, that has made America rich and great. Is there a better one? The great majority of American busi-

ness men would almost certainly say "No," even in this gloomy winter. Our system is, roughly, about fifty-five per cent efficient; since the Civil War it has given us in every decade five or six years of greater or less prosperity, against two or three years of moderate recession and two years of panic. What alternative would work any better?

The Russian system is the only alternative now in operation. It seems to be working—but on a much smaller scale than ours, in a much simpler national organism, and at terrific cost. To make it work the Russians have been compelled to give up about all that makes life worth living for anybody but religious fanatics or semi-barbarous peasants. Our system, even at the price of a septennial panic, seems cheaper than that. At least it seems cheaper to a man to whom panic means loss of dividends, restriction of expenditure, the giving up of luxuries. The apple seller on the street corner may take a different view of it, next time if not now.

So there is a good deal of evidence to support the view that our system—so far—is less unsatisfactory than any other. But where is it leading us? Mr. Julius H. Barnes, that inveterate Gabriel of the economic millennium, told the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce in January that investors want assurance that "the basic philosophy of this government for the encouragement of individual initiative will not be altered under the panic effects of fear and hysteria." Let eagle shriek from lofty peak the never-ending watchword of our land. But what does it mean? At about the same time, an advertisement of Mr. Bernarr MacFadden's *True Story Magazine* was pointing out (with pride) the implications of Mr. Barnes's doctrine. "Low-priced commodities merely mean that everybody can have

them. But automatic line production means that everybody must have them. . . . Economic America has no other problem than that of getting enough of its commodities into the hands of the masses of wage-earning America in order to keep the wheels of its mass production turning at the other end."

There you are. Individual initiative is a privilege not permitted to the consumer. He *must* take the goods, not because he wants them but because somebody has to sell them—somebody who has not brains enough to make a living by any other method than continual overproduction of goods which the customer is asked to buy to help out the manufacturer. Grant that many people want and need more than they have now, you can't keep that up forever.

Of course there is the foreign market. Sentimentalists may grieve over the "Americanization" of the quaint peasantry of other lands, but the quaint peasant is, at the moment, an eager convert to the American standard of living; the South Sea Islander forgets his native pottery because Standard Oil gasoline cans make better containers, and the Indian of the Andes forgets his native cobbler because he can cut more serviceable sandals out of worn-out automobile tires than he could make himself. Culturally, this is deplorable; economically, it appears to be inevitable—but its spread will take time. Dr. Hjalmar Schacht lately wrote in the *Harvard Business Review* of the duty of carrying prosperity to the uttermost parts of the earth; but he added that it would be a task of "years and decades." Not much nourishment in that for the manufacturer who wonders how he can keep the wheels turning in 1931. Even Mr. Maynard Keynes, arguing in the *Forum* that the world problem is not overproduction but underconsumption, admits that

America has built up such an immense producing plant that we have "somewhat exhausted for the time being—at any rate so long as the atmosphere of business depression continues—the profitable opportunities for yet further enterprise."

Teach the resident of African jungles or Asiatic steppes that he needs an automobile, a radio, an electric refrigerator, if you will; but by the time you get him educated somebody else may be ready to sell it to him. Somebody, it may be, whose industrial plant was built up by American engineering intelligence, with American machinery; who will be able to undersell his American competitor because he has cheaper labor costs—and because his whole national industry is organized, intelligently directed toward a determined end.

Whether or not the Russian export menace has been exaggerated, it appears that international trade is not quite the simple process that Mr. Hoover described in his campaign speech at Boston. The foreigner was to have his part in it, but a humble secondary part; as the dogs eat the crumbs that fall from the children's table, so the foreigner was to be permitted to make what we do not feel like making, and to sell where we do not choose to sell. And within two years American producers were going, hat in hand, to the Belgians who mine low-cost copper in Africa and the Dutch who grow low-cost sugar in Java, begging them for God's sake to forego some of their profit so that poor old Uncle Sam could pick up a few crumbs.

Foreign trade cannot be counted on to take care of that ever-increasing surplus productive capacity so long as the foreigners are unwilling to let us tell them just how much of it they can have. What, then, is the answer? Well, in general terms it is obvious enough: if consumption cannot be

forever inflated to meet the demands of production, production must be adjusted to the needs of the consumer.

III

Is this the armchair theorizing of a man who never made any money himself? Not altogether. Business men may be slow to accept it, but the economists and experts who advise them are preaching it, ever more vigorously. On January 16th the American Engineering Council, in session at Washington, expressed the hope that "some competent agency" would "integrate the facts and information bearing on the balancing of the forces of consumption, production, and distribution for the purpose of indicating and promoting methods and organization designed to bring about a controlled balance between these forces." Engineering English, but its meaning is clear enough. Consumption, the engineers held, ought to be increased; but "distribution agencies should be balanced against consumer requirement."

A week earlier Mr. William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, had said that "industry should plan to regulate production with market requirements so that peaks and dips could be overcome and avoided as far as possible." (This seems to have been about what Mr. Paul Warburg meant when he suggested that the best way to flatten out the business cycle would be to "sit on the bulge during an excessive upward swing.") Not long before that Dr. Royal Meeker had told the Society of Mechanical Engineers that "we ought to balance production with reasonable consumption, making allowances for a moving equilibrium to care for natural growth and necessary changes." Not to speak of Mr. Stuart Chase, who has been saying the same thing for a long time.

Such a balance as this would take care of most of the problem of unemployment. A manufacturer who knew fairly well at the beginning of the year how much he could sell would know how much he wanted to make, and accordingly how much labor he was likely to need; get a job in his plant and you would probably keep it. If everybody knew in advance about how much he was going to make, the demand for labor would be fairly stable everywhere. . . . And much smaller than it is now? Well, smaller than in the boom years of our present system; larger than in our years of depression. But the point is that if the manufacturer knew how many man-hours he was going to need, he could have the work done as well—in fact better—by twelve hundred men working a forty-hour week as by a thousand men working a forty-eight-hour week.

So the Federation of Labor program adds that "industry should regulate employment so that all may enjoy an equal distribution of the work available. This would serve to keep every worker a purchasing unit." It would also mean the five-day week, and short days at that; before long, as technology improves the productive capacity of industry, it would mean the four-day week—but jobs for everybody.

Everybody? What would become of the sales force if industry produced only to meet a reasonable demand? A good many of them would be out in the street, for the moment—but a good many of them are out there now. It would take time to work the superfluous salesmen into other and more productive employment, but if industry were ever stabilized it would probably be possible to find them a better occupation than selling apples.

But of course this readjustment of the whole direction of American industry would be tremendously difficult, in detail. Grant that it ought to be

done, who would do it—and how? At the meeting of the Engineering Council above mentioned, a former dean of the University of Pennsylvania's School of Commerce and Finance (no ignorant amateur, presumably) proposed the institution of a sort of Industrial General Staff to make a continuing inquiry into economic conditions with this same idea of balancing production with demand. Another speaker suggested that this general staff should include representatives of bankers, manufacturers, real estate men, union labor, research organizations, and public service commissions. Boards like that worked well in war time; and such competent business men as Mr. Bernard Baruch and Mr. Ivy Lee have lately suggested that they could do us much good in the emergencies of peace.

Nobody has proposed as yet any such High Command of Business that would have authority to give orders. It could only investigate, make recommendations, and rely on the intelligence of business men to carry them out. Business itself so far has made no move toward establishing any such general staff; but people who think that balance between production and demand is the answer ought to be cheered by what is being done in the raw-material industries. Oil men, copper men, sugar men are all trying to get together and restrict production, because the price of their products has fallen below production cost for any but the most fortunate or most economically managed units. The manufacturers are not doing that now; but there have been cases in the past when manufacturers' trade associations similarly limited output. Here is the beginning of a machinery of control, if business will use it.

But does business dare use it? How about the anti-trust laws, framed under the influence of the philosophy of individual initiative, designed to enforce a competition that now seems to

threaten disaster? Those laws have been considerably modified by court decisions (notably the interpretation of the "rule of reason" in the Standard Oil and American Tobacco cases), but a good many business men feel that they must be still further amended before business can get together.

The oil men were warned by the Attorney General last spring that the Federal Oil Conservation Board could not relieve them from the operation of the laws, no matter how worthy their purpose in restricting production of an irreplaceable natural resource. But the alarm raised by that announcement seems to have been unnecessary. Colonel William J. Donovan, who was in the Department of Justice long enough to be presumed to know about such matters, discussed the anti-trust laws before the Petroleum Institute last November. The conclusions he drew from the various court decisions amounted to this: that the courts have set up a doctrine of economic self-defense, limited in much the same way as the right of personal self-defense. Output may be restricted to meet an emergency, even if it means an increase in price—provided the price increase is incidental to the meeting of an obvious economic need.

That changes in the administration of the present law would improve its workings Colonel Donovan conceded, but he saw no need for amendment of the law itself. "Industry will have to pay a price," he warned the oil men, "for the change or modification of the anti-trust laws, and that price may well be the surrender to government of a greater participation and control than now exists."

Now very few Americans, whether they are business men or not, want that; the average man has been taught to distrust the multiplication of bureaus and commissions in Washington; granting that they may be needed, he does

not want to do anything that would necessitate any more of them. But apparently there is no need of more supervision; apparently, even under the present law and present machinery, industry can take what steps are needed for self-preservation in an emergency.

Well, you say, all this is good news. Certain industries are already adjusting production to consumption; the machinery for adjustment exists in others; and the law interposes no obstacle. What hinders us from proclaiming, on better grounds than in 1928, the speedy abolition of poverty? Several things; but chiefly human nature.

IV

By adjusting production to consumption we might achieve the abolition of poverty; but the probable price would be the abolition of multi-millionaires—and of the theoretical opportunity of every American office boy to become a multi-millionaire. It might not be so bad as that; but if you divide the work among all the hands, when part of the hands could do it, it would mean the five-day or the four-day week; and to keep up the purchasing power of the community you would have to pay better than four-day, perhaps even better than five-day wages, on the present scale. I should think that a well-managed industry could show a profit under such conditions—but not a profit that would justify stock pools and four-for-one split-ups. Gone would be that easy money; gone, too, the golden hope of the shoestring speculator who might always get rich over night; and as for the promotion bankers, they would feel that the sun had darkened and the moon had turned to blood.

There are not many multi-millionaires; but there are—or were before October, 1929—many people of no present consequence who dreamed of

becoming multi-millionaires. One in fifty thousand of the dreamers might get there; but the other 49,999 would howl to the skies if a reform of our industrial system took away the hope that keeps them going.

Even if business attempted such a reform, it could not go very far before it ran into the anti-trust laws—unless the courts interpreted the doctrine of economic self-defense very elastically indeed. The oil men, the sugar men, the copper men are not adjusting their production to “reasonable demand”; they are adjusting it to the unreasonably small demand of a market glutted by long-continued overproduction. Nine-cent copper means that many producers must shut down; the Supreme Court may well hold that the rule of reason permits the copper industry to limit its output to escape that disaster. But if they go on limiting it long enough it will be the consumer, not the producer, who needs self-defense; and a combination which so limited the output of copper that the price was kept at eighteen or twenty cents might be held unreasonable.

But long before it reached that point the combination would probably have exploded. The law permits only voluntary combinations; and a voluntary combination which is successful subjects human nature to a dreadful strain. Suppose that you and I and some thousands of other people are in the business of manufacturing, let us say, doughnut holes. You can sell them profitably at eight cents a dozen, I can sell them profitably at seven cents a dozen; but now the price has dropped to five cents a dozen and we are all on the rocks.

So we all get together, low-cost and high-cost producers alike, and voluntarily agree that each one of us will reduce his output twenty per cent. When the outstanding stock of doughnut holes is exhausted the demand

becomes acute, the price goes up. It rises to six cents, and that low-cost producer over in Czechoslovakia begins to make money; it goes on to seven cents, and I breathe easily once more; it rises to eight cents, and you begin to think of resumption of dividends. But at eight cents the customer is slow to buy; business slackens. And I reflect that my boy in college is pretty expensive, that my wife wants to take that round-the-world cruise, that I do not want to have to lay off my expert workers again and see them drift out of town to look for a job somewhere else. So I produce all I can—and sell it at seven cents.

Change the name of the product, and a thousand business men could tell you stories like that. Consider agriculture, the oldest industry of all, and in late years the most painfully distressed by overproduction. Because there was too much wheat, the chairman of the Federal Farm Board advised wheat farmers to reduce their acreage and thus get a better price per bushel. Did they do it? Not noticeably. Every farmer reflected that the man who would profit most by that better price would be the man with most wheat to sell, so he decided to let the fellow across the road do the reducing. And nobody got a better price.

There lies the fatal defect of all voluntary combinations for the limiting of production. As an experienced business man put it, “The trouble about making a gentleman’s agreement stick is that when you get in a jam there are practically no gentlemen.” They may all agree to adjust production to demand when there is no demand; but the moment the market picks up every man, quite naturally in view of his training and the ways of the society in which he lives, tries to get as much of it as he can.

Don’t blame him too much; the

consumer may be partly responsible. Last year A may have supplied ten per cent of the market and B seven per cent, and their quotas for this year have been estimated accordingly. But this year B has a new gadget on his product that makes people want it more than A's. Is it human nature to expect B to stick to his quota and see customers who want his product driven to his competitor? Your business man, further, will tell you that the customers will prefer the better product—and if ballyhoo advertising and supersalesmanship are taken out of the picture (as they would be in regulated industry) that is probably true. So it is objected that control of output would put a premium on inefficiency. That might be avoided by proper planning, but it would take a good deal of work.

These are all serious practical obstacles to the control of production; they support the American business man in his conviction that our present system is the least unsatisfactory yet devised—whether that conviction is right or wrong. But behind that reasoned conviction lies a force far stronger than reason—the emotional loyalty of the average business man to the system that made him rich, such a loyalty as the typical old grad feels to his alma mater. With that loyalty his religion and his patriotism are interwoven; whoever suggests that the business system might be improved spits on the flag and blasphemes God.

The satirical novelist may ridicule this gentleman, but the worried patriot had better take him seriously; he is the most formidable obstacle to reform, the most dangerous incendiary of disaster. If things are going badly now he blames it on the newspapers that spread pessimism, on the Bolsheviks, on critics of the system, on the damned consumer who won't buy as much as manufacturers need to sell.

Talk of an advisory board of business men to plan for a sane production, and he will call it Socialism. Even if you could show him that he would be better off, decade by decade if not year by year, under a reformed system, he would not listen to you; the merest hint that anything is wrong with the system that brought him those fat profits in 1928 (though he is in the red now) would set him waving his arms and shouting. He is possibly even yet in the majority, in American business.

So it is no wonder that, aside from the producers of raw materials, no industry has yet made any attempt to adjust production to a reasonable demand. No wonder that miserly investors are already figuring on the stocks they may buy in at a new low in the panic of 1937. No wonder that a man who has ten times as much opportunity as you or I to know what is going on inside, ten times as much reason as you or I to be devoted to the present system, remarked to me the other day that unless the greed of private management is somehow abated it is likely to drive American business into control by the government almost as rigid as that in Russia.

V

Nobody but the radicals wants that, and there are not enough of them to count, yet. Neither of the major parties wants it. The Republicans have been the agents of business for two generations, and could hardly change their spots over night even if they wanted to. The faction at present strongest in the Democratic party represents the vestiges of the Cleveland tradition; it may not have a majority of Democratic votes but it probably has a majority of Democratic brains and certainly a majority of Democratic money.

Hence the complaints of excited

radicals that the major parties are alike agencies of big business, and that government must be "restored to the people"—meaning to the radicals, some disinterested and some not, who are willing to act for the people. This is an emotional attitude to which no logical answer is possible; but it seems to me all wrong. It is true that "business should not be frightened" seems to be the general watchword in Washington this winter; but that is because the politicians realize that recovery from the present slump, and (if possible) the prevention of the next one, calls for technic rather than emotion—a technic which business men possess, if not in adequate quantity, at least in greater quantity than the politicians.

There is (or has been to the date of writing) less wild talk, less inclination toward hasty action, in Washington this winter than in any other major depression of modern history. Almost everybody is willing to stand aside and give business its chance to find its own way out, and ours too. But politicians represent constituents, and the constituents are suffering from an economic disaster brought on by the inflated expansion and inflated conceit of business. Unless business finds a way out a lot of people are going to be disappointed, and they may not all take their disappointment out in talk.

In the meantime Senator Wagner has been trying to get enacted a batch of bills dealing with unemployment. So far the administration has manifested little enthusiasm for them, possibly because Mr. Wagner was tactless enough to say that unemployment was a serious problem while the administration still insisted that it was not. One of his bills—providing merely for collection and publication of unemployment statistics—became law last spring; the measures now before the Senate go deeper. One of them provides for a national system of labor

exchanges that will take care of the residual unemployment—largely technological—that we shall have always with us, enabling men to shift promptly to places where they might find work. Another would actually start that long-range planning of public works to take up the slack of unemployment at the beginning of a depression, which everybody has approved in principle for years, but which nobody did anything about till the emergency had actually arrived. Still others offer aid in various forms to programs for unemployment insurance that may be set up by the states. It may be that despite the indifference of the Republicans all these bills but the insurance group can be passed by March 4th; conceivably, if there is a special session, the insurance bills may get through too. These are medicines that deaden the pain and reduce the fever of a panic, rather than preventives; but they may be extremely useful, in so far as they go. And they are the contribution of a politician, not of business.

Your average emotional business man, of course, roars at the idea of unemployment insurance. The dole! Well, it is not the dole; as Dr. Royal Meeker told the engineers, the dole is something we are paying now in bread lines and soup kitchens. This is not unemployment insurance; it is unemployment damages, of a most uneconomic and immoral sort. The burden falls on only part of the community—the people who are charitably inclined; instead of being distributed over the fat years it comes all at once in a time of depression, when people are least able to bear it; and it reaches only a part of the sufferers—those who are not ashamed to take charity. Many of those who need it most would rather starve than accept it. Unemployment insurance is open to none of these objections, nor to any other except that it is un-American; which is noth-

ing for Americans to be proud of. The business man would have to pay for part of it, of course (though one of Senator Wagner's bills provides for Federal tax exemption on his contribution); but he would get his money back in the sustained buying power of the consumer.

To the old-time individualist unemployment insurance may seem a very radical measure. Well, it seems quite possible that unless business organizes itself more efficiently we are going to see much more radical measures proposed in Washington—not at this session of Congress, probably not at a special session if we have one; but eventually. And these radical measures may be proposed by men who are classed as conservatives.

It may be only the gang-prejudice of a conservative that makes me believe that conservatives will make the most successful radicals, if radicalism there must be. Your habitual radical is apt to have acquired an Ishmael-complex; he is against everybody and if he once gets the upper hand he may fall in love with radicalism for its own sake. The conservative will go no farther than he has to; his creed commits him to support of the established order, so long as it works. Ours, at the moment, works badly; but most of us are willing to give the business men every opportunity to repair it. Most of us, even, would forgive them one or two failures to repair it. But if they will not even try—

VI

What will the politicians do unless business does something of its own motion? I cannot guess; even the politicians cannot guess; the one thing that can be said with confidence now is that they do not want to do anything if they can help it. The only suggestion of immediate action I heard in

Washington was from a Senator who would do no more than call together the leaders of business and ask them to sit down in one room and see if they could think of something.

Well, now is the time to do it—now, before the automatic recovery of business makes people unwilling to listen to the suggestion that anything needs to be done. Mr. Paul Warburg remarks that the business cycle is a problem for psychologists rather than economists; its length is determined by the question, "How long does the memory of painful experience prevent human greed and conceit from regaining control?" Mr. Warburg thinks that in the boom years the central banks can prevent greed and conceit from running wild; but to do that they will have to sit on the lid pretty hard, and the most probable consequence will be a general demand for the dismissal of the Federal Reserve Board.

If business displays no leadership of its own the logical place to look for leadership is to the White House—especially when the White House is occupied by an engineer. When Mr. Hoover was Secretary of Commerce he set up an information service which collects and distributes to those who want them continuing and detailed estimates of the actual demand for all kinds of goods all over the country. For the first time the home market is accurately mapped. If industry should ever make a concerted effort to adjust production to reasonable demand, here is an indispensable tool of the transformation.

But Mr. Hoover, who made the tool, has done little to encourage industry to use it. His campaign speeches suggested that it was not production planned to fit the demand, but a continually increasing production with the demand inflated accordingly, that was going to abolish poverty and en-

hance still further the supernal glories of the American home. When Mr. Hoover was an engineer he thought as a scientist, he understood as a scientist, he spoke as a scientist, but when he became a presidential candidate he put away scientific things. Maybe, before you read this, he will have employed the immense prestige and publicity of his office to try to persuade business to get itself organized and avert the panic of 1937. Or maybe he will go on sitting tight and waiting for the breaks. He can reasonably count on them; 1932 ought to be a pretty good business year, and he will have finished his second term before we are very far into 1937.

But it would be unfair to imply that the administration has no policy for industrial reorganization. As I write, the papers publish a statement by a member of Mr. Hoover's cabinet disclosing that plans have been drawn in detail for exactly such a planning and direction as industry seems to need. When the emergency arises "eminent men in all branches of industry, finance, and labor will be brought together to serve in a governmental agency directly responsible to the President for co-ordinating and unifying the industrial effort we must put forth." Exactly what was suggested to the Engineering Council? No more of unrestrained individualism; the manufacturer will be told exactly what and how much the general welfare requires him to produce, he will be supplied with labor and material for that and no more. This is not Socialism, be it observed; it sets up no such tyrannous governmental machine as that of Russia. The planning and direction will be in the hands of men who know—bankers, merchants, manufacturers, labor lead-

ers; government merely lends its powerful support to their decisions.

And when is all this to happen? Why, in the next war.

It could be done only in war time, you say—only under the influence of the powerful emotions that war lets loose? Maybe; we all remember how for a few months in 1918 half the world was working together as a unit, laboring for what had to be regarded, just then, as the general good. It was an astounding and inspiring example of what the human race can do when it tries. But if we must have a war—the ruinous war of a scientific age—to bring about this co-operation, the price is more than it is worth.

Furthermore, no man knoweth the day or the hour when the next war cometh, but the economic history of the past few decades suggests that the return of a panic is almost as exactly predictable, under our present system, as the return of a comet. If another one is due in 1937 why not get ready for it now, and if possible head it off? . . . But to change our ways so completely requires a great emotion, and the emotion as yet is mostly on the other side—the old-grad loyalty of the business man to the system of individual initiative which brought this panic on us, and will bring panic on us again.

An increasing number of men who love the old American individualistic system as the old grad loves his alma mater love it, to-day, as an intelligent old grad might love a backward and out-of-date alma mater, where he had a good time in his day but to which he would not send his son to be educated now. Are there enough of them to apply an ounce of prevention, before we need a pound of cure?



MR. ARCULARIS

A STORY

BY CONRAD AIKEN

MR. ARCULARIS stood at the window of his room in the hospital and looked down at the street. There had been a light shower, which had patterned the sidewalks with large drops, but now again the sun was out, blue sky was showing here and there between the swift white clouds, a cold wind was blowing the poplar trees. An itinerant band had stopped before the building and was playing, with violin, harp, and flute, the finale of "Cavalleria Rusticana." Leaning against the window-sill—for he felt extraordinarily weak after his operation—Mr. Arcularis suddenly, listening to the wretched music, felt like crying. He rested the palm of one hand against a cold window-pane and stared down at the old man who was blowing the flute, and blinked his eyes. It seemed absurd that he should be so weak, so emotional, so like a child—and especially now that everything was over at last. In spite of all their predictions, in spite, too, of his own dreadful certainty that he was going to die, here he was, as fit as a fiddle—but what a fiddle it was, so out of tune!—with a long life before him. And to begin with, a voyage to England ordered by the doctor. What could be more delightful? Why should he feel sad about it and want to cry like a baby? In a few minutes Harry would arrive with his car to take him to the wharf; in an hour he would be on the sea, in two hours he

would see the sunset behind him, where Boston had been, and his new life would be opening before him. It was many years since he had been abroad. June, the best of the year to come—England, France, the Rhine—how ridiculous that he should already be homesick!

There was a light footstep outside the door, a knock, the door opened, and Harry came in.

"Well, old man, I've come to get you. The old bus actually got here. Are you ready? Here, let me take your arm. You're tottering like an octogenarian!"

Mr. Arcularis submitted gratefully, laughing, and they made the journey slowly along the bleak corridor and down the stairs to the entrance hall. Miss Hoyle, his nurse, was there, and the Matron, and the charming little assistant with freckles who had helped to prepare him for the operation. Miss Hoyle put out her hand.

"Good-by, Mr. Arcularis," she said, "and *bon voyage*."

"Good-by, Miss Hoyle, and thank you for everything. You were very kind to me. And I fear I was a nuisance."

The girl with the freckles, too, gave him her hand, smiling. She was very pretty, and it would have been easy to fall in love with her. She reminded him of someone. Who was it? He tried in vain to remember while he said

good-by to her and turned to the Matron.

"And not too many latitudes with the young ladies, Mr. Arcularis!" she was saying.

Mr. Arcularis was pleased, flattered, by all this attention to a middle-aged invalid, and felt a joke taking shape in his mind, and no sooner in his mind than on his tongue.

"Oh, no latitudes," he said, laughing. "I'll leave the latitudes to the ship!"

"Oh, come now," said the Matron, "we don't seem to have hurt him much, do we?"

"I think we'll have to operate on him again and *really* cure him," said Miss Hoyle.

He was going down the front steps, between the potted palmettos, and they all laughed and waved. The wind was cold, very cold for June, and he was glad he had put on his coat. He shivered.

"Damned cold for June!" he said. "Why should it be so cold?"

"East wind," Harry said, arranging the rug over his knees. "Sorry it's an open car, but I believe in fresh air and all that sort of thing. I'll drive slowly. We've got plenty of time."

They coasted gently down the long hill towards Beacon Street, but the road was badly surfaced, and despite Harry's care Mr. Arcularis felt his pain again. He found that he could alleviate it a little by leaning to the right, against the arm-rest, and not breathing too deeply. But how glorious to be out again! How strange and vivid the world looked! The trees had innumerable green fresh leaves—they were all blowing and shifting and turning and flashing in the wind; drops of rainwater fell downward sparkling; the robins were singing their absurd, delicious little four-noted songs; even the street cars looked unusually bright and beautiful, just as they used to look

when he was a child and had wanted above all things to be a motorman. He found himself smiling foolishly at everything, foolishly and weakly, and wanted to say something about it to Harry. It was no use, though—he had no strength, and the mere finding of words would be almost more than he could manage. And even if he should succeed in saying it, he would then most likely burst into tears. He shook his head slowly from side to side.

"Ain't it grand?" he said.

"I'll bet it looks good," said Harry.

"Words fail me."

"You wait till you get out to sea. You'll have a swell time."

"Oh, swell! . . . I hope not. I hope it'll be calm."

"Tut tut."

When they passed the Harvard Club Mr. Arcularis made a slow and somewhat painful effort to turn in his seat and look at it. It might be the last chance to see it for a long time. Why this sentimental longing to stare at it, though? There it was, with the great flag blowing in the wind, the Harvard seal now concealed by the swift folds and now revealed, and there were the windows in the library, where he had spent so many delightful hours reading—Plato, and Kipling, and the Lord knows what—and the balconies from which for so many years he had watched the finish of the Marathon. Old Talbot might be in there now, sleeping with a book on his knee, hoping forlornly to be interrupted by anyone, for anything.

"Good-by to the old club," he said.

"The bar will miss you," said Harry, smiling with friendly irony and looking straight ahead.

"But let there be no moaning," said Mr. Arcularis.

"What's *that* a quotation from?"

"The Odyssey."

In spite of the cold, he was glad of the wind on his face, for it helped to

dissipate the feeling of vagueness and dizziness that came over him in a sickening wave from time to time. All of a sudden everything would begin to swim and dissolve, the houses would lean their heads together, he had to close his eyes, and there would be a curious and dreadful humming noise, which at regular intervals rose to a crescendo and then drawlingly subsided again. It was disconcerting. Perhaps he still had a trace of fever. When he got on the ship he would have a glass of whisky. . . . From one of these spells he opened his eyes and found that they were on the ferry, crossing to East Boston. It must have been the ferry's engines that he had heard. From another spell he woke to find himself on the wharf, the car at a standstill beside a pile of yellow packing-cases.

"We're here because we're here because we're here," said Harry.

"Because we're here," added Mr. Arcularis.

He dozed in the car while Harry—and what a good friend Harry was!—attended to all the details. He went and came with tickets and passports and baggage checks and porters. And at last he unwrapped Mr. Arcularis from the rugs and led him up the steep gangplank to the deck, and thence by devious windings to a small cold state-room with a solitary porthole like the eye of a cyclops.

"Here you are," he said, "and now I've got to go. Did you hear the whistle?"

"No."

"Well, you're half asleep. It's sounded the all-ashore. Good-by, old fellow, and take care of yourself. Bring me back a spray of edelweiss. And send me a picture post card from the Absolute."

"Will you have it finite or infinite?"

"Oh, infinite. But with your signa-

ture on it. Now you'd better turn in for a while and have a nap. Cheerio!"

Mr. Arcularis took his hand and pressed it hard, and once more felt like crying. Absurd! Had he become a child again?

"Good-by," he said.

He sat down in the little wicker chair, with his overcoat still on, closed his eyes, and listened to the humming of the air in the ventilator. Hurried footsteps ran up and down the corridor. The chair was not too comfortable, and his pain began to bother him again, so he moved, with his coat still on, to the narrow berth and fell asleep. When he woke up, it was dark, and the porthole had been partly opened. He groped for the switch and turned on the light. Then he rang for the steward.

"It's cold in here," he said. "Would you mind closing the port?"

The girl who sat opposite him at dinner was charming. Who was it she reminded him of? Why, of course, the girl at the hospital, the girl with the freckles. Her hair was beautiful, not quite red, not quite gold, nor had it been bobbed; arranged with a sort of graceful untidiness, it made him think of a Melozzo da Forli angel. Her face was freckled, she had a mouth which was both humorous and voluptuous. And she seemed to be alone.

He frowned at the bill of fare and ordered the thick soup.

"No hors d'œuvres?" asked the steward.

"I think not," said Mr. Arcularis. "They might kill me."

The steward permitted himself to be amused and deposited the menu card on the table against the water-bottle. His eyebrows were lifted. As he moved away, the girl followed him with her eyes and smiled.

"I'm afraid you shocked him," she said.

"Impossible," said Mr. Arcularis.

"These stewards, they're dead souls. How could they be stewards otherwise? And they think they've seen and known everything. They suffer terribly from the *déjà vu*. Personally, I don't blame them."

"It must be a dreadful sort of life."

"It's because they're dead that they accept it."

"Do you think so?"

"I'm sure of it. I'm enough of a dead soul myself to know the signs!"

"Well, I don't know what you mean by that!"

"But nothing mysterious! I'm just out of hospital, after an operation. I was given up for dead. For six months I had given *myself* up for dead. If you've ever been seriously ill you know the feeling. You have a posthumous feeling—a mild, cynical tolerance for everything and everyone. What is there you haven't seen or done or understood? Nothing."

Mr. Arcularis waved his hands and smiled.

"I wish I could understand you," said the girl, "but I've never been ill in my life."

"Never?"

"Never."

"Good God!"

The torrent of the unexpressed and inexpressible paralyzed him and rendered him speechless. He stared at the girl, wondering who she was and then, realizing that he had perhaps stared too fixedly, averted his gaze, gave a little laugh, rolled a pill of bread between his fingers. After a second or two he allowed himself to look at her again and found her smiling.

"Never pay any attention to invalids," he said, "or they'll drag you to the hospital."

She examined him critically, with her head tilted a little to one side, but with friendliness.

"You don't *look* like an invalid," she said.

Mr. Arcularis thought her charming. His pain ceased to bother him, the disagreeable humming disappeared, or rather, it was dissociated from himself and became merely, as it should be, the sound of the ship's engines, and he began to think the voyage was going to be really delightful. The parson on his right passed him the salt.

"I fear you will need this in your soup," he said.

"Thank you. Is it as bad as that?"

The steward, overhearing, was immediately apologetic and solicitous. He explained that on the first day everything was at sixes and sevens. The girl looked up at him and asked him a question.

"Do you think we'll have a good voyage?" she said.

He was passing the hot rolls to the parson, removing the napkins from them with a deprecatory finger.

"Well, madam, I don't like to be a Jeremiah, but—"

"Oh, come," said the parson, "I hope we have no Jeremiahs."

"What do you mean?" said the girl.

Mr. Arcularis ate his soup with gusto—it was nice and hot.

"Well, maybe I shouldn't say it, but there's a corpse on board, going to Ireland; and I never yet knew a voyage with a corpse on board that we didn't have bad weather."

"Why, steward, you're just superstitious! What nonsense."

"That's a very ancient superstition," said Mr. Arcularis. "I've heard it many times. Maybe it's true. Maybe we'll be wrecked. And what does it matter, after all?" He was very bland.

"Then let's be wrecked," said the parson coldly.

Nevertheless, Mr. Arcularis felt a shudder go through him on hearing the steward's remark. A corpse in the hold—a coffin? Perhaps it was true. Perhaps some disaster would befall them. There might be fogs. There

might be icebergs. He thought of all the wrecks of which he had read. There was the *Titanic*, which he had read about in the warm newspaper room at the Harvard Club—it had seemed dreadfully real, even there. That band, playing “Nearer My God to Thee” on the after-deck while the ship sank! It was one of the darkest of his memories. And the *Empress of Ireland*—all those poor people trapped in the smoking-room, with only one door between them and life, and that door locked for the night by the deck-steward, and the deck-steward nowhere to be found! He shivered, feeling a draft, and turned to the parson.

“How do these strange delusions arise?” he said.

The parson looked at him searchingly, appraisingly—from chin to forehead, from forehead to chin—and Mr. Arcularis, feeling uncomfortable, straightened his tie.

“From nothing but fear,” said the parson. “Nothing on earth but fear.”

“How strange!” said the girl.

Mr. Arcularis again looked at her—she had lowered her face—and again tried to think of whom she reminded him. It wasn’t only the little freckle-faced girl at the hospital—both of them had reminded him of someone else. Someone far back in his life: remote, beautiful, lovely. But he couldn’t think. The meal came to an end, they all rose, the ship’s orchestra played a feeble fox-trot, and Mr. Arcularis, once more alone, went to the bar to have his whisky. The room was stuffy, and the ship’s engines were both audible and palpable. The humming and throbbing oppressed him, the rhythm seemed to be the rhythm of his own pain, and after a short time he found his way, with slow steps, holding on to the walls in his moments of weakness and dizziness, to his forlorn and white little room. The port had been—thank God!—closed for the

night: it was cold enough anyway. The white and blue ribbons fluttered from the ventilator, the bottle and glasses clicked and clucked as the ship swayed gently to the long, slow motion of the sea. It was all very peculiar—it was all like something he had experienced somewhere before. What was it? Where was it? . . . He untied his tie, looking at his face in the glass, and wondered, and from time to time put his hand to his side to hold in the pain. It wasn’t at Portsmouth, in his childhood, nor at Salem, nor in the rose-garden at his Aunt Julia’s, nor in the schoolroom at Cambridge. It was something very queer, very intimate, very precious. The jackstones, the Sunday-School cards which he had loved when he was a child . . . He fell asleep.

The sense of time was already hopelessly confused. One hour was like another, the sea looked always the same, morning was indistinguishable from afternoon—and was it Tuesday or Wednesday? Mr. Arcularis was sitting in the smoking-room, in his favorite corner, watching the parson teach Miss Dean to play chess. On the deck outside he could see the people passing and repassing in their restless round of the ship. The red jacket went by, then the black hat with the white feather, then the purple scarf, the brown tweed coat, the Bulgarian mustache, the monocle, the Scotch cap with fluttering ribbons, and in no time at all the red jacket again, dipping past the windows with its own peculiar rhythm, followed once more by the black hat and the purple scarf. How odd to reflect on the fixed little orbits of these things—as definite and profound, perhaps, as the orbits of the stars, and as important to God or the Absolute. There was a kind of tyranny in this fixedness, too—to think of it too much made one uncomfortable. He closed

his eyes for a moment, to avoid seeing for the fortieth time the Bulgarian mustache and the pursuing monocle. The parson was explaining the movements of knights. Two forward and one to the side. Eight possible moves, always to the opposite color from that on which the piece stands. Two forward and one to the side: Miss Dean repeated the words several times with reflective emphasis. Here, too, was the terrifying fixed curve of the infinite, the creeping curve of logic which at last must become the final signpost at the edge of nothing. After that—the deluge. The great white light of annihilation. The bright flash of death. . . . Was it merely the sea which made these abstractions so insistent, so intrusive? The mere notion of *orbit* had somehow become extraordinarily naked: and to rid himself of the discomfort and also to forget a little the pain which bothered his side whenever he sat down, he walked slowly and carefully into the writing-room, and examined a pile of superannuated magazines and catalogues of travel. The bright colors amused him, the photographs of remote islands and mountains, savages in sampans or sarongs or both—it was all very far off and delightful, like something in a dream or a fever. But he found that he was too tired to read and was incapable of concentration. Dreams! Yes, that reminded him. That rather alarming business—sleep-walking!

Later in the evening—at what hour he didn't know—he was telling Miss Dean about it, as he had intended to do. They were sitting in deck-chairs on the sheltered side. The sea was black, and there was a cold wind. He wished they had chosen to sit in the lounge.

Miss Dean was extremely pretty—no, beautiful. She looked at him, too, in a very strange and lovely way, with something of inquiry, something of

sympathy, something of affection. It seemed as if, between the question and the answer, they had sat thus for a very long time, exchanging an unspoken secret, simply looking at each other quietly and kindly. Had an hour or two passed? And was it at all necessary to speak?

"No," she said, "I never have."

She breathed into the low words a note of interrogation and gave him a slow smile.

"That's the funny part of it. I never had either until last night. Never in my life. I hardly ever even dream. And it really rather frightens me."

"Tell me about it, Mr. Arcularis."

"I dreamed at first that I was walking, alone, in a wide plain covered with snow. It was growing dark, I was very cold, my feet were frozen and numb, and I was lost. I came then to a signpost—at first it seemed to me there was nothing on it. Nothing but ice. Just before it grew finally dark, however, I made out on it the one word 'Polaris.'"

"The Pole Star."

"Yes—and you see, I didn't myself know that. I looked it up only this morning. I suppose I must have seen it somewhere? And of course it rhymes with my name."

"Why, so it does!"

"Anyway, it gave me—in the dream—an awful feeling of despair, and the dream changed. This time, I dreamed I was standing *outside* my stateroom in the little dark corridor, or *cul-de-sac*, and trying to find the door-handle to let myself in. I was in my pajamas, and again I was very cold. And at this point I woke up. . . . The extraordinary thing is that's exactly where I was!"

"Good heavens. How strange!"

"Yes. And now the question is, *where had I been?* I was frightened, when I came to—not unnaturally.

For among other things I *did* have, quite definitely, the feeling that I *had been* somewhere. Somewhere where it was very cold. It doesn't sound very proper. Suppose I had been seen!"

"That might have been awkward," said Miss Dean.

"Awkward! It might indeed. It's very singular. I've never done such a thing before. It's this sort of thing that reminds one—rather wholesomely, perhaps, don't you think?"—and Mr. Arcularis gave a nervous little laugh—"how extraordinarily little we know about the workings of our own minds or souls. After all, what *do* we know?"

"Nothing—nothing—nothing—nothing," said Miss Dean slowly.

"*Absolutely* nothing."

Their voices had dropped, and again they were silent; and again they looked at each other gently and sympathetically, as if for the exchange of something unspoken and perhaps unspeakable. Time ceased. The orbit—so it seemed to Mr. Arcularis—once more became pure, became absolute. And once more he found himself wondering who it was that Miss Dean—Clarice Dean—reminded him of. Long ago and far away. Like those pictures of the islands and mountains. The little freckle-faced girl at the hospital was merely, as it were, the stepping-stone, the signpost, or, as in algebra, the "equals" sign. But what was it they both "equalled"? The jack-stones came again into his mind and his Aunt Julia's rose-garden—at sunset; but this was ridiculous. It couldn't be simply that they reminded him of his childhood! And yet why not?

They went into the lounge. The ship's orchestra, in the oval-shaped balcony among faded palms, was playing the finale of "*Cavalleria Rusticana*," playing it badly.

"Good God!" said Mr. Arcularis, "can't I ever escape from that damned sentimental tune? It's the last thing I

heard in America, and the last thing I *want* to hear."

"But don't you like it?"

"As music? No! It moves me too much, but in the wrong way."

"What, exactly, do you mean?"

"Exactly? Nothing. When I heard it at the hospital—when was it?—it made me feel like crying. Three old Italians tootling it in the rain. I suppose, like most people, I'm afraid of my feelings."

"Are they so dangerous?"

"Now then, young woman! Are you pulling my leg?"

The stewards had rolled away the carpets, and the passengers were beginning to dance. Miss Dean accepted the invitation of a young officer, and Mr. Arcularis watched them with envy. Odd, that last exchange of remarks—very odd; in fact, everything was odd. Was it possible that they were falling in love? Was that what it was all about—all these concealed references and recollections? He had read of such things. But at his age! And with a girl of twenty-two!

After an amused look at his old friend Polaris from the open door on the sheltered side, he went to bed.

The rhythm of the ship's engines was positively a persecution. It gave one no rest, it followed one like the Hound of Heaven, it drove one out into space and across the Milky Way and then back home by way of Betelgeuse. It was cold there, too. Mr. Arcularis, making the round trip, by way of Betelgeuse and Polaris, sparkled with frost. He felt like a Christmas tree. Icicles on his fingers and icicles on his toes. He tinkled and spangled in the void, hallooed to the waste echoes, rounded the buoy on the verge of the Unknown, and tacked glitteringly homeward. The wind whistled. He was barefooted. Snowflakes and tinsel blew past him. Next time, by George, he would go farther still—for altogether

it was rather a lark. Forward into the untrodden! as somebody said. Some intrepid explorer of his own backyard, probably, some middle-aged professor with an umbrella: those were the fellows for courage! But give us time, thought Mr. Arcularis, give us time, and we will bring back with us the night-rime of the Obsolete. Or was it Absolute? If only there weren't this perpetual throbbing, this iteration of sound, like a pain, these circles and repetitions of light—the feeling as of everything coiling inward to a center of misery . . .

Suddenly it was dark, and he was lost. He was groping, he touched the cold, white, slippery woodwork with his fingernails, looking for an electric switch. The throbbing, of course, was the throbbing of the ship. But he was almost home—almost home. Another corner to round, a door to be opened, and there he would be. Safe and sound. Safe in his father's home.

It was at this point that he woke up: in the corridor that led to the dining saloon. Such pure terror, such horror, seized him as he had never known. His heart felt as if it would stop beating. His back was towards the dining saloon; apparently he had just come from it. He was in his pajamas. The corridor was dim, all but two lights having been turned out for the night, and—thank God!—deserted. Not a soul, not a sound. He was perhaps fifty yards from his room. With luck he could get to it unseen. Holding tremulously to the rail that ran along the wall, a brown, greasy rail, he began to creep his way forward. He felt very weak, very dizzy, and his thoughts refused to concentrate. Vaguely he remembered Miss Dean—Clarice—and the freckled girl, as if they were one and the same person. But he wasn't in the hospital, he was on the ship. Of course. How absurd. The Great Circle. Here we are, old fellow

. . . steady round the corner . . . hold hard to your umbrella . . .

In his room, with the door safely shut behind him, Mr. Arcularis broke into a cold sweat. He had no sooner got into his bunk, shivering, than he heard the night watchman pass.

"But where—" he thought, closing his eyes in agony—"have I been? . . ."

A dreadful idea had occurred to him.

"It's nothing serious—how could it be anything serious? Of course it's nothing serious," said Mr. Arcularis.

"No, it's nothing serious," said the ship's doctor urbane.

"I knew you'd think so. But just the same—"

"Such a condition is the result of worry," said the doctor. "Are you worried—do you mind telling me—about something? Just try to think."

"Worried?"

Mr. Arcularis knitted his brows. *Was* there something? Some little mosquito of a cloud disappearing into the southwest, the northeast? Some little gnat-song of despair? But no, that was all over. All over.

"Nothing," he said, "nothing whatever."

"It's very strange," said the doctor.

"Strange! I should say so. I've come to sea for a rest, not for a nightmare! What about a bromide?"

"Well, I can give you a bromide, Mr. Arcularis—"

"Then, please, if you don't mind, give me a bromide."

He carried the little phial hopefully to his stateroom, and took a dose at once. He could see the sun through his porthole. It looked northern and pale and small, like a little peppermint, which was only natural enough, for the latitude was changing with every hour. But why was it that doctors were all alike? and all, for that matter, like his father, or that other fellow at the hospital? Smythe, his name was. Doc-

tor Smythe. A nice, dry little fellow, and they said he was a writer. Wrote poetry, or something like that. Poor fellow—disappointed. Like everybody else. Crouched in there, in his cabin, night after night, writing blank verse or something—all about the stars and flowers and love and death; ice and the sea and the infinite; time and tide—well, every man to his own taste.

"But it's nothing serious," said Mr. Arcularis, later, to the parson. "How could it be?"

"Why of course not, my dear fellow," said the parson, patting his back. "How could it be?"

"I know it isn't and yet I worry about it."

"It would be ridiculous to think it serious," said the parson.

Mr. Arcularis shivered: it was colder than ever. It was said that they were near icebergs. For a few hours in the morning there had been a fog, and the siren had blown—devastatingly—at three-minute intervals. Icebergs caused fog—he knew that.

"These things always come," said the parson, "from a sense of guilt. You feel guilty about something. I won't be so rude as to inquire what it is. But if you could rid yourself of the sense of guilt—"

And later still, when the sky was pink:

"But is it anything to worry about?" said Miss Dean. "Really?"

"No, I suppose not."

"Then don't worry. We aren't children any longer!"

"Aren't we? I wonder!"

They leaned, shoulders touching, on the deck-rail, and looked at the sea, which was multitudinously incarnadined. Mr. Arcularis scanned the horizon in vain for an iceberg.

"Anyway," he said, "the colder we are the less we feel!"

"I hope that's no reflection on *you*," said Miss Dean.

"Here . . . feel my hand," said Mr. Arcularis.

"Heaven knows it's cold!"

"It's been to Polaris and back! No wonder."

"Poor thing, poor thing!"

"Warm it."

"May I?"

"You can."

"I'll try."

Laughing, she took his hand between both of hers, one palm under and one palm over, and began rubbing it briskly. The decks were deserted, no one was near them, everyone was dressing for dinner. The sea grew darker, the wind blew colder.

"I wish I could remember who you are," he said.

"And you—who are you?"

"Myself."

"Then perhaps *I* am yourself."

"Don't be metaphysical!"

"But *I am* metaphysical!"

She laughed, withdrew, pulled the light coat about her shoulders.

The bugle blew the summons for dinner—"The Roast Beef of Old England"—and they walked together along the darkening deck toward the door, from which a shaft of soft light fell across the deck-rail. As they stepped over the brass door-sill Mr. Arcularis felt the throb of the engines again; he put his hand quickly to his side.

"*Auf wiedersehen*," he said. "*To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow*."

Mr. Arcularis was finding it impossible, absolutely impossible, to keep warm. A cold fog surrounded the ship, had done so, it seemed, for days. The sun had all but disappeared, the transition from day to night was almost unnoticeable. The ship, too, seemed scarcely to be moving—it was as if anchored among walls of ice and rime. Monstrous, that merely because it was June, and supposed, therefore, to be

warm, the ship's authorities should consider it unnecessary to turn on the heat! By day, he wore his heavy coat and sat shivering in the corner of the smoking-room. His teeth chattered, his hands were blue. By night, he heaped blankets on his bed, closed the porthole's black eye against the sea, and drew the yellow curtains across it, but in vain. Somehow, despite everything, the fog crept in, and the icy fingers touched his throat. The steward, questioned about it, merely said, "Icebergs." Of course—any fool knew that. But how long, in God's name, was it going to last? They surely ought to be past the Grand Banks by this time! And surely it wasn't necessary to sail to England by way of Greenland and Iceland!

Miss Dean—Clarice—was sympathetic.

"It's simply because," she said, "your vitality has been lowered by your illness. You can't expect to be your normal self so soon after an operation! When *was* your operation, by the way?"

Mr. Arcularis considered. Strange—he couldn't be quite sure. It was all a little vague—his sense of time had disappeared.

"Heaven knows!" he said. "Centuries ago. When I was a tadpole and you were a fish. I should think it must have been at about the time of the Battle of Teutoburg Forest. Or perhaps when I was a Neanderthal man with a club!"

"Are you sure it wasn't farther back still?"

What did she mean by that?

"Not at all. Obviously, we've been on this damned ship for ages—for eras—for æons. And even on this ship, you must remember, I've had plenty of time, in my nocturnal wanderings, to go several times to Orion and back. I'm thinking, by the way, of going farther still. There's a nice little

star off to the left, as you round Betelgeuse, which looks as if it might be right at the edge. The last outpost of the finite. I think I'll have a look at it and bring you back a frozen rime-feather."

"It would melt when you got it back."

"Oh, no, it wouldn't—not on *this* ship!"

Clarice laughed.

"I wish I could go with you," she said.

"If only you would! If only—"

He broke off his sentence and looked hard at her—how lovely she was, and how desirable! No such woman had ever before come into his life; there had been no one with whom he had at once felt so profound a sympathy and understanding. It was a miracle, simply—a miracle. No need to put his arm around her or to kiss her—delightful as such small vulgarities would be. He had only to look at her, and to feel, gazing into those extraordinary eyes, that she knew him, had always known him. It was as if, indeed, she might be his own soul.

But as he looked thus at her, reflecting, he noticed that she was frowning.

"What is it?" he said.

She shook her head, slowly.

"I don't know."

"Tell me."

"Nothing. It just occurred to me that perhaps you weren't looking quite so well."

Mr. Arcularis was startled. He straightened himself up.

"What nonsense! Of course this pain bothers me—and I feel astonishingly weak—"

"It's more than that—much more than that. Something is worrying you horribly." She paused, and then with an air of challenging him, added, "Tell me, did you?"

Her eyes were suddenly asking him

blazingly the question he had been afraid of. He flinched, caught his breath, looked away. But it was no use, as he knew: he would have to tell her. He had known all along that he would have to tell her.

"Clarice," he said—and his voice broke in spite of his effort to control it—"It's killing me, it's ghastly! Yes, I did."

His eyes filled with tears, he saw that her own had done so also. She put her hand on his arm.

"I knew," she said. "I knew. But tell me."

"It's happened twice again—*twice*—and each time I was farther away. The same dream of going round a star, the same terrible coldness and helplessness. That awful whistling curve . . ." He shuddered.

"And when you woke up—" she spoke quietly—"where were you when you woke up? Don't be afraid!"

"The first time I was at the farther end of the dining saloon. I had my hand on the door that leads into the pantry."

"I see. Yes. And the next time?"

Mr. Arcularis wanted to close his eyes in terror—he felt as if he were going mad. His lips moved before he could speak, and when at last he did speak it was in a voice so low as to be almost a whisper.

"I was at the bottom of the stairway that leads down from the pantry to the hold, past the refrigerating-plant. It was dark, and I was crawling on my hands and knees . . . *Crawling on my hands and knees!* . . ."

"Oh!" she said, and again, "Oh!"

He began to tremble violently; he felt the hand on his arm trembling also. And then he watched a look of unmistakable horror come slowly into Clarice's eyes, and a look of understanding, as if she saw . . . She tightened her hold on his arm.

"Do you think . . ." she whispered.

They stared at each other.

"I know," he said. "And so do you . . . Twice more—three times—and I'll be looking down into an empty . . ."

It was then that they first embraced—then, at the edge of the infinite, at the last signpost of the finite. They clung together desperately, forlornly, weeping as they kissed each other, staring hard one moment and closing their eyes the next. Passionately, passionately, she kissed him, as if she were indeed trying to give him her warmth, her life.

"But what nonsense!" she cried, leaning back, and holding his face between her hands, her hands which were wet with his tears. "What nonsense! It can't be!"

"It is," said Mr. Arcularis slowly.

"But how do you know? . . . How do you know where the—"

For the first time Mr. Arcularis smiled.

"Don't be afraid, darling—you mean the coffin?"

"How could you know where it is?"

"I don't need to," said Mr. Arcularis . . . "I'm already almost there."

Before they separated for the night, in the smoking-room, they had several whisky cocktails.

"We must make it gay!" Mr. Arcularis said. "Above all, we must make it gay. Perhaps even now it will turn out to be nothing but a nightmare from which both of us will wake! And even at the worst, at my present rate of travel, I ought to need two more nights! It's a long way, still, to that little star."

The parson passed them at the door.

"What! turning in so soon?" he said.

"I was hoping for a game of chess."

"Yes, both turning in. But to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, then, Miss Dean! And good-night!"

"Good-night."

They walked once round the deck, then leaned on the railing and stared into the fog. It was thicker and whiter than ever. The ship was moving barely perceptibly, the rhythm of the engines was slower, more subdued and remote, and at regular intervals, mournfully, came the long reverberating cry of the foghorn. The sea was calm, and lapped only very tenderly against the side of the ship, the sound coming up to them clearly, however, because of the profound stillness.

"On such a night as this—" quoted Mr. Arcularis grimly.

"On such a night as this—"

Their voices hung suspended in the night, time ceased for them, for an eternal instant they were happy. When at last they parted it was by tacit agreement on a note of the ridiculous.

"Be a good boy and take your bromide!" she said.

"Yes, mother, I'll take my medicine!"

In his stateroom, he mixed himself a strong potion of bromide, a very strong one, and got into bed. He would have no trouble in falling asleep: he felt more tired, more supremely exhausted, than he had ever been in his life; nor had bed ever seemed so delicious. And that long, magnificent, delirious swoop of dizziness . . . the Great Circle . . . the swift pathway to Acturus . . .

It was all as before, but infinitely more rapid. Never had Mr. Arcularis achieved such phenomenal, such supernatural, speed. In no time at all he was beyond the moon, shot past the

North Star as if it were standing still (which perhaps it was?), swooped in a long, bright curve round the Pleiades, shouted his frosty greetings to Betelgeuse, and was off to the little blue star which pointed the way to the unknown. Forward into the untrodden! Courage, old man, and hold on to your umbrella! Have you got your garters on? Mind your hat! In no time at all we'll be back to Clarice with the frozen time-feather, the rime-feather, the snowflake of the Absolute, the Obsolete. If only we don't wake . . . if only we needn't wake . . . if only we don't wake in that—in that—time and space . . . somewhere or nowhere . . . cold and dark . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" sobbing among the palms; if a lonely . . . if only . . . the coffers of the poor—not coffers, not coffers, not coffers, Oh, God, not coffers, but light, delight, supreme white and brightness, and above all whirling lightness, whirling lightness above all—and freezing—freezing—freezing . . .

At this point in the void the surgeon's last effort to save Mr. Arcularis's life had failed. He stood back from the operating table and made a tired gesture with a rubber-gloved hand.

"It's all over," he said. "As I expected."

He looked at Miss Hoyle, whose gaze was downward, at the basin she held. There was a moment's stillness, a pause, a brief flight of unexchanged comment, and then the ordered life of the hospital was resumed.



THE SCANDALS OF NEW YORK

BY ALVA JOHNSTON

NEW YORK is colossal, astonishing, fascinating. Ibañez said that the sight of its buildings made him proud that he was a member of the human race. Paul Morand, a connoisseur of cities, finds New York the most charming spot on earth. But, politically, New York is a failure. As a municipality it is corrupt, incompetent, and sluttish to the last degree. New York is:

The city that disposes of its garbage by dumping it into the ocean, where any prolonged south wind blows it back to cover New York and New Jersey beaches with vegetables, bottles, domestic animals, and insecticide tins.

The city that transports the bulk of its population in accommodations that Armour and Swift would not offer to their swine.

The city that, in order to protect the bathers on its beaches, employed life guards fifteen of whom did not know how to swim.

The city that spent \$40,000,000 to construct inaccessible piers never visited by ships.

The city which for years allowed a group of crooked policemen, lawyers, and prosecuting officers to jail innocent girls, unless ransomed for \$500 each; the city in which a woman fifty-three years old, leading a quiet life, was perjured into jail for not paying blackmail to the Police Vice Squad.

The city where distinguished citizens, organizing to combat immorality, formed the Committee of Fourteen and

issued reports fervently praising the work of a deputy prosecutor, who now confesses that he accepted six hundred bribes to help the police frame six hundred women.

The city in which bribery is a stepping-stone to the judiciary; the city in which a police detective has been demoted on the ground that he disgraced the Police Department by associating with the friends of a judge; the city which chuckles at the musical comedy line, "We have the best judges that money can buy"; the city in which a decent private citizen on being hailed as "Judge" whirled round and snarled, "When you call me that, *smile*."

The city which, having the finest architects and city planners at command, allows its map to be altered at the instance of a horse-doctor.

The city which, although free from smoky industries and blessed by nature with a clear atmosphere, has succeeded, by sheer civic slackness, in making itself one of the murkiest and grimmest cities on the continent.

The city which, having potentially one of the finest police departments, has trained it so poorly that nearly all forms of detective work requiring brains have been forced into the hands of private agencies.

The city which deliberately educates its masses to a boorishness unknown elsewhere. By failing to provide transit facilities that would be adequate for a city half its size, New York compels its masses to fight their way into the

subway trains at the rush hours; it teaches that the standard mode of pedestrianism is to drive one's head into the small of the next man's back and plunge forward. New York exacts homicidally bad manners of its inhabitants. To give one example out of many, a mob trained in the subway school of deportment lowered its head at a baseball game at the Yankee Stadium and made a rush for shelter from a shower, trampling two persons to death and butting scores over the side of a wall. The crowd had no bad intentions. It has been drilled by a backward municipality to suppose that the charge of a wild boar was the conventional mode of progression.

New York is the city which arrested two hundred persons last summer for sitting on their own camp stools on a public beach, the offense being that of wilful failure to patronize a politician who had seats to rent.

New York is the city which refuses to waive immunity, the city which declines to testify on the ground that it would incriminate itself. Not that an isolated office-holder or political leader refuses to be questioned, but that many of the responsible chiefs of the city government, instead of aiding whatever investigations are going on, decline to sign the waivers of immunity which are handed them when they are called before the grand jury. Leader John F. Curry, the head of Tammany Hall and the real head of New York City, runs out, tears streaming down his cheeks, and says that the request to sign a waiver is an insult; twenty-three Tammany district leaders follow his example, refusing to waive immunity. Nearly every one of the twenty-three is a department head or assistant department head of the New York City government. For all governmental purposes, they are New York. It is the city itself which brands itself as refusing to run the risk of prosecution.

II

Is the citizen of New York disturbed by the incompetence and corruption of his city? Far from it. Charles H. Tuttle, the Republican candidate for Governor of New York State, tries to force attention on the Tammany graft and judgeship-buying. He is slaughtered at the polls. Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, who made light of the scandals of New York, is re-elected by the greatest majority in the history of the State.

It is true that Al Smith tried to do something for the old town in 1925 by throwing the pathetic John F. Hylan "into the ashcan," to borrow Hylan's own graphic phrase. After describing the breakdown of the city government in the face of its problems, Smith said, "He (Hylan) cannot tackle, he cannot solve, he has not the ability to tackle and solve, these problems." That was true enough. But, unfortunately, the political situation compelled Governor Smith to replace Hylan with James J. Walker, a man of wit, charm, and talent, but a man under whom the slightly soiled New York of Hylan has become a municipal Teapot Dome. To-day incompetence and corruption retard the growth of the city and threaten its future.

Where are the good citizens of New York? Where are the men of light and leading? Inquire at the Missing Persons Bureau. Put an advertisement in the "Lost" column. Send out a posse. Good men and great men are to be found in New York, but they are usually citizens of New York in name only. Their interests are national or international. They are too busy; they cannot be bothered. The aversion of the big New Yorker towards New York City politics is almost pathological.

Outsiders have some difficulty in understanding this indifference. They do not grasp the fact that millions of

New Yorkers care nothing about New York. The city is three hundred and seven years old; it thrusts a pretentious skyline into the clouds; it has a population of more than six million; but it still has the characteristics of a boom town. The Forty-niner had the same interest in the future of Hangtown Crossing or Poker Flat that millions of New Yorkers have in the future of New York. No other city has such a mixed and unsettled population. The place is a great business headquarters, a camp on the world's chief migration route, a nest of cities within cities; but it has not yet been welded into a community with a civic consciousness and an organized public opinion.

The inability of New Yorkers, even of the highest type, to co-operate for a civic end is illustrated by New York's opera trouble. The men who own and run the Metropolitan Opera House should be an elite corps of citizens. They want a new opera house, which is badly needed. The money involved is trifling. The leading citizens of Painted Post could settle a matter ten times as complicated in one night, but the most distinguished New Yorkers break down completely before this simple problem. Between the shooting season in Scotland, the gout, the grippe, the Newport and St. James social calendars, the Young and Dawes plans, the tarpon and muskellunge schedules, it is almost impossible to get a quorum; and year after year goes by with nothing done. The richer and more intelligent the New Yorker, the more of a civic nonentity he is. An exception must be made on one subject, that of private charities, which are generously and efficiently managed in New York. There is keen interest in philanthropy; little or none in justice or clean government.

Father Knickerbocker is like an enormously rich old proprietor who is interested in everything but his estate.

He engages Tammany as a steward. He knows that he is going to be robbed, but he would rather be robbed to a reasonable extent than be bothered. At times the steward grows avaricious and begins to impair the estate; Father Knickerbocker flies into a great rage and kicks him out; but after a few years he always takes the old steward back. Father Knickerbocker can be trusted to hang on to Tammany to the very last; it is only when he is on the brink of ruin that he can bring himself to part with his darling but larcenous caretaker.

Tammany is the result, rather than the cause, of the disorganized public opinion and the deadened civic spirit of New York. The Tammany boys are tempted beyond their strength by the opportunities presented by a town so slothful, so spineless, so indecently rich. In periods when New York makes a show of self-respect, Tammany is content with unobtrusive pilferings. The late Charles F. Murphy, a rugged autocrat and a passionate lover of moderation, forced on his disciplined followers a sense of proportion that was almost as good as a conscience. His ideal was that of a fairly well-governed city, cheerfully yielding the amount of indirect tribute that was absolutely necessary to keep Tammany workers interested in their work.

Fair-minded men must acknowledge the difficulty of governing New York City with its many racial blocs, its disorganized public sentiment, and the indifference or preoccupation of its abler citizens. The Tammany leader who picks men for merit would not last a year. When he prepares his ticket for November he must pro-rate his nominations with mathematical precision among the German, Jewish, Celtic, Italian, and African stocks. The Anglo Saxons, a negligible and futile element, get a consolation prize now and then; so do those curious and amusing sectaries, the Protestants; but

it would be fatal to a Tammany leader to give an office to John or Tom when it was the turn of Isadore, Aloysius, Heinrich, Salvatore, or George Washington. Ever reaching out for new forms of patronage, Tammany sought in 1926 to make a political plum of the world's heavyweight championship. It was then thought that Dempsey had deteriorated so badly that his next opponent would certainly beat him. Tammany, in order to strengthen the Negro vote, sought the championship for a third-rate black gladiator named Harry Wills. Working through its New York State Boxing Commission, Tammany battled for more than a year in the interest of the deserving Negro Democrat; it was the fiercest political contest in New York since the Sheehan-Shepard deadlock for the United States Senate twenty years ago. The other challenger of Dempsey was Gene Tunney, a native New Yorker of Irish extraction; but Tammany's Celtic fences at the time were in good shape, while its colored political fences needed mending. Rickard was forced finally to take his Dempsey-Tunney fight to Philadelphia. As the racial situation in 1926 compelled Tammany to sponsor a third-rate pugilist, so the racial situation sometimes compels Tammany to sponsor third-rate politicians and jurists. The Republicans have to cater in the same way to the city's ethnic groups.

Tammany's strength has been built up on its merits, not on its faults. For generations the nation turned loose tidal waves of alien immigration on New York City. Tammany has performed a remarkable feat in absorbing them politically. No other political unit has equalled Tammany's success in controlling variegated multitudes. The British in Palestine and the French in Syria could profitably study Tammany's administration of its mandate over New York. With every tempta-

tion towards religious and racial turmoil, New York is a paradise of toleration, and much of the credit belongs to Tammany and its subsidiaries. Consider the life work of John F. Curry, now the Leader of Tammany Hall. As a district boss, he built up his organization among Irish immigrants, finding them employment, naturalizing them, settling neighborhood quarrels, beating down the rent, lecturing wayward boys, arbitrating domestic wars, calling off prosecutions, fighting for suspended sentences, pleading for pardons, educating men and women for civil service posts, dragooning medical men into giving them free service, visiting the sick and sitting up with the dead. After he had put in twenty years of ceaseless toil on his district, it suddenly went Italian and Syrian, forcing him to do his work over again. By similarly laborious effort the important district leaders of Tammany have pushed their way upward. Generations of toil of this kind have given Tammany its grip on New York City. It is, however, a grip that can be broken. In 1913, when the national conscience was still squirming under the lash of Theodore Roosevelt, the Tammany candidate was beaten nearly two to one by John Purroy Mitchel. In 1920 a violation of the custom of renominating a good judge caused Tammany's judiciary ticket to be overwhelmed.

In recent years Tammany has abandoned the conservative policy of taking only what the public would never miss. There has been a long bull market in graft. Tammany has in the last few years placed every possible field of graft under intensive cultivation. Ordinarily, because of its immense wealth, New York does not feel the burden of misgovernment, but to-day it has placed a crushing load on the taxpayer. The cost of running New York in 1931 is \$620,000,000. Assessments have

risen sharply, as property values have dropped sharply. The greatest enemy of Tammany, as of other governments to-day, is hard times.

III

A vast amount of corruption has come to light, but the surface has hardly been touched. With the exception of the brilliant work of Isidor J. Kresel and Samuel Seabury in the magistrate's courts, no part of the government has been more than superficially investigated. The major scandals of New York have been exposed by accident. The one consistent muck-raker has been the stock-market crash. The panic threw hundreds of crooked concerns into bankruptcy; politicians and judges stood revealed among the financial bandits; the routine inquiry into these financial crimes shovelled up the evidence of judgeship-buying and bribery. When corruption breaks through the surface spontaneously in many places it would ordinarily be argued that there was corruption below the surface. But this reasoning is brushed aside by Governor Roosevelt and Mayor Walker. In their view, the spots which have broken out on the skin of New York are not symptoms of deep-seated disease, but are superficial, unconnected, trivial blemishes which should be touched up with a little soothing ointment.

One of the panic's masterpieces was the exposure of conditions in the Board of Standards and Appeals, which administers the so-called zoning law, regulating the heights of buildings and dividing the city into residence and business districts. This board has the power, in cases of supposed necessity, to change a residence site into a business site. By the stroke of a pen it can convert a \$100,000 lot into a \$200,000 lot. This, of course, is the kind of power which can be safely lodged only

in the hands of angels; it is a power that is extremely susceptible of abuse. Tammany had repeatedly blocked moves to investigate this board. The panic, however, came along to perform one of its great muckraking feats. The panic threw a New Jersey woman into bankruptcy. Her accounts showed the payment of \$10,000 to a horse-doctor named Dr. William F. Doyle. This seemed rather a stiff fee for a veterinarian. It is true that Doctor Doyle had had a long experience in treating sick horses in the Fire Department. In one noteworthy case he had cured a race horse of snuffles by tying a pail of vinegar under its neck and putting a hot brick in the pail, the horse entering the race next day with a clear head and galloping in winner. Still, even for this sterling hippologist, a \$10,000 fee seemed steep. But the investigation showed that Doctor Doyle had quit doctoring horses and was earning \$300,000 a year by doctoring the map of New York. The kindly touch of the old veterinarian had changed about \$5,000,000 worth of residence property into \$10,000,000 worth of business property. He confessed that he had split his fees with somebody, but declined to say with whom. Upon this exposure New York City adopted its conventional policy of "Forgive and forget." It is a moral certainty that the horse-doctor and other gentlemen influential in zoning matters were the subordinates of important politicians. This whole promising field for corruption has gone uninvestigated.

It was the panic, again, which sent Judge W. Bernard Vause to prison for fraud. Judge Vause is an advocate of the whipping-post for criminals; he contends that criminals adore jails, and that the cat-o'-nine-tails is necessary to make prison less sweet to them. He was a great after-dinner speaker and one of the most eloquent foes of what

he was fond of calling "the gross materialism of the age." He delivered a series of orations on "thrift," the last one coming within a month of the indictment of himself and his associates for collecting \$317,000 from investors and squandering \$316,000. But the chief importance of the Vause case was the incidental light which it threw on corruption under the Walker administration. The investigation of the affairs of Vause showed that he had received \$250,000 from a shipping company to obtain leases of three city-owned piers. Logic would indicate that, if pure accident exposed a \$250,000 deal in three pier leases, systematic investigation would show that grafters had profited on some of the thousands of other city leases. But this kind of logic has no standing in New York. There has been no general check-up on the city's leases.

The automatic or self-exploding nature of the New York scandals is further illustrated by the case of Albert H. Vitale, a popular Tammany magistrate of sunny Latin temperament. His trouble started at a dinner held in his honor by the Tepecano (broken English for Tippecanoe) Club at the Roman Gardens. Seven bandits held up Magistrate Vitale and his friends. The police found that eight of Vitale's dinner companions were notorious criminals. The Bar Association, looking into Vitale's record, found that he had borrowed twenty thousand dollars without security from Arnold Rothstein, keeper of a stable of gunmen, blackmailers, and burglars. Shortly after the loan was made, one of Rothstein's bandits was caught red-handed robbing a till. Vitale found him not guilty and ordered him to give back the money he had taken. Vitale was dropped from the bench, but not disbarred, and New York judges have vied with one another since then in heaping receiverships and other posts of trust and profit on him.

Another of Tammany's self-exposing scandals was the Ewald case. This started with a routine investigation of a mining-stock swindle, the Cotter Butte Mines, Inc. The inquiry showed that Magistrate Ewald had been the most successful salesman of the worthless Cotter Butte stock. As a Traffic Judge, Ewald was alternately conspicuous for startling severity and for startling clemency. He sent a first offender to jail for two days for having a glaring headlight. In one day he sent thirty-seven traffic violators to jail in a body. On the other hand, men up for the third time as reckless drivers went scot-free.

Further investigation of the Ewald case showed that Mrs. Ewald had raised \$10,000 in cash just before the appointment of her husband to the bench; also that Martin J. Healy, a district leader, had deposited \$10,000 in his bank at the same time. Mrs. Ewald, District Leader Healy, and a go-between named Tom Tommaney refused to testify before a Federal Grand Jury on the ground that they might incriminate themselves. Later, appearing before the District Attorney of New York County, who is a sachem or petty chieftain of Tammany Hall, they told a story which not only did not incriminate them, but which reflected the highest degree of credit on them all. One day Healy had a notion that he would like to own a \$10,000 house at Blue Point, L. I. "I'll see what I can do," said Tommaney. He applied to Mrs. Ewald. Healy was a stranger to her. Healy was rolling in money; Mrs. Ewald had none of her own. She had never shown any taste for philanthropy in the past. But, on learning that there was a man on the surface of the earth who desired to own a \$10,000 home, she raised the \$10,000 and handed it over as a loan. By coincidence, telepathy, fate, or fairy-godmothers, Ewald re-

ceived the appointment immediately after Healy received the \$10,000.

This beautiful and moving narrative affected the Tammany District Attorney to such an extent that although he laid the evidence before the grand jury he did not ask for an indictment. Ultimately, when the case came to trial, the defense impressed three juries to such an extent that each in turn disagreed.

IV

One world-resounding scandal, the disappearance of Justice Joseph Force Crater, burst upon the high Supreme Court bench. On Aug. 6, 1930, Justice Crater drew \$5,000 in cash from his bank, destroyed his personal papers, removed his identifying stickpin and cuff links, and vanished. The exact cause of his disappearance is not known, but Crater had been closely associated with a dubious Tammany group.

It was another accident which catapulted Judge Mancuso from the General Sessions bench and put State Superintendent of Banks Warder behind the bars. This accident was the sudden death of Francesco M. Ferrari, a financial thug of the first order, who had saved his City Trust Company from investigation by presenting fresh chickens and eggs daily, automobiles, cash, and other gifts to the Superintendent of Banks. On Ferrari's death the Ferrari bank collapsed, sweeping away the savings of sixteen thousand depositors. Ferrari had placed Judge Mancuso at the head of the bank and used the Judge's prestige to coax Italians into making deposits in the tottering concern. Mancuso was forced to resign when his commercialization of the ermine became manifest.

A curious tale is that of the late City Magistrate Andrew Macreary. Two years ago, in seemingly perfect health, Macreary entered a conference with certain Tammany men; at the end of

the conference he was dead. The story, as whispered in confidence to two or three million persons, was that Macreary had paid one installment on his judgeship, but defaulted on the second. One version of the story was that Macreary was beaten to death. A later version was that he was brow-beaten to death. A variant of the Macreary saga is that he died a natural death, and that hints of foul play were circulated solely for moral effect on other judges who had fallen in arrears. Major-General James G. Harbord challenged Tammany to have the incident investigated, but Tammany did not accept. Whatever the fate of Macreary, a Tammany multitude, led by the big chief, John F. Curry, turned out for the Macreary funeral. The choir, by request, sang "The End of a Perfect Day."

Incidentally, the big Tammany funeral is a civic institution which seems to have been missed by Lord Bryce and other commentators on our American civics. The big funerals are to New York City what the town meetings were to the early New Englanders. New York is governed by its funerals. This comes about in the following way: The man who achieves prominence in Tammany is born with or has cultivated a winning personality; he has made an art of friendship and is punctilious in all social relations. A big Tammany man by the time he has reached middle age numbers his close friends by the thousands. As he grows older, the mortality in his circle increases, and his schedule of funerals becomes heavier and heavier, until his day often consists of hurrying from one service to another. An occasion like the Macreary funeral calls together politicians from all parts of the city. After the ceremony they talk things over. Nominations are discussed, policies planned. The sentiment of New York's ruling class crystallizes at these

melancholy parliaments. In the political structure of New York the gambling joints and speakeasies called Tammany district clubs form a house of representatives, the great funerals a senate. The city, it is true, has a Mayor, a Board of Aldermen, and a Board of Estimate, but their normal function is to vote "Aye" on what is placed before them.

V

The creation of judges is mainly a racket of the Tammany District Leaders, each leader in turn naming his jurist as a vacancy occurs. Tom Farley, a District Leader, said, "I am responsible for three Supreme Court Justices," and he added proudly that all three had turned out well. The salary of a Justice of the Supreme Court is \$25,000 a year, or a total of \$350,000 for the term of fourteen years. The Tammany District Leader is often a man with a code and ideals of his own, but he is seldom the type that gives away \$350,000 of future salary on a basis of charity. He would be regarded as a rogue or an idiot, he would be hurled from his leadership if he practiced such crazy Utopianism. The price of a higher judgeship is a "contribution" of some kind. Not all judges pay in coin. Veteran Tammany lawyers have obtained judgeships gratis. Death and resignations cause vacancies between elections which are filled by appointment by the Governor. Al Smith, a strong man, who as governor rode Tammany with a hard bit, either made his own appointments or compelled Tammany to name worthy candidates. At times, in order to window-dress a weak ticket, Tammany has nominated an eminent lawyer for the bench without bribery.

Common sense says that a bribe giver will be a grafter and that a judge who buys his office will sell his deci-

sions; but common sense is wrong, so far as the higher courts of New York are concerned. Judges who are believed to have purchased their judicial robes in the open market have turned out to be models of austerity and rectitude. A man who has received a judgeship as a gift may feel himself under obligations; the man who has paid one hundred thousand dollars owes no debt of gratitude. The character development of judges of dubious origin is sometimes astonishingly swift. In an address to the New York Bar Association on this phenomenon, Don C. Seitz, citing the supposed natural law that running water purifies itself in three miles, suggested that there was a mysterious moral law which caused muddy judges to purify themselves in three years. After a man becomes a judge in the higher court, no matter how he got there, his ambition is to be considered a good judge. The dignity of the office seems to straighten out even characters that were badly bent by nature and early associations. The high salary and the long term promote the independence of the judge. Above the New York Supreme Court is the Appellate Court, composed of judges of the highest type; above the Appellate Court is the Court of Appeals, a distinguished tribunal presided over by Judge Cardozo, considered by many to be the greatest living jurist. The temple of justice in New York is constructed in defiance of all engineering principles; it is built on a morass of corruption; the foundation is decayed and crumbling; the lower storey is in ruins; the superstructure is firm and stable. The massiveness and dignity of the dome seem to support the rotten base.

VI

It is difficult to organize an opposition to Tammany because of the sorry state of the Republican Party in New

York City. The Tammany organization keeps fit by hard work; the Republican organization subsists on doles of patronage from Washington. The New York City Republicanism is a sort of pet of Tammany. Sam Koenig is the New York Republican Chairman. When Sam's brother took a notion to be a judge, Tammany, with the greatest camaraderie, supported him. It would probably distress Tammany beyond measure if anything untoward happened to the cute little Republican machine. Outside of New York City the once great Republican State organization is in the last stage of decomposition. For years its policy was one of feeble obstruction and sabotage against the progressive government of Al Smith. Long ago thoughtful old Republicans gerrymandered the State and filled it so full of Republican pocket boroughs that the Republicans still control the State legislature. The Democrats elected Franklin D. Roosevelt by 725,000 votes, but lost the legislature. On any fair system of representation the Democrats would control both houses by large majorities. Suffering from a guilty conscience, the Republican legislature has failed to make any effective attack on the Tammany scandals. Besides, there is always the possibility that any thoroughgoing investigation of Tammany would involve many Republicans. Tammany always makes a point of enrolling Republicans among its civic banditti; even the old Tweed ring was bi-partisan.

The relation of Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt to the New York City scandals is a matter of national concern, as Roosevelt is to-day the most conspicuous of the Democratic possibilities for 1932. Governor Roosevelt threw the light on the corruption in the magistrate's courts. He caused the indictments in the Ewald judgeship-buying case after the Tammany District Attorney failed. But, when the grand

jury sought to follow up indications that a general traffic in judgeships existed, the Governor objected and refused to allow the use of public funds for such a purpose. He was then, with ardent Tammany support, running for re-election; his chance of reaching the White House seemed to depend on Tammany; he was not willing to countenance an investigation which would seriously embarrass Tammany.

The grand jury did, however, call on all the Tammany district leaders and important New York City officials to tell what they knew about the sale of judgeships. They, with two or three exceptions, declined to waive immunity. Here were the big men of Tammany and of the New York City government at work to screen the rottenness of Tammany and of New York City. Governor Roosevelt could not openly side with them. He had to dissociate himself from such an exhibition. He did so in a peremptory letter to Mayor Walker.

"What I ask," the Governor wrote, "is that the pleading of immunity by public officers in regard to public acts shall cease." The State reverberated with that sonorous line about "public officers" and "public acts." It had the ring of Grover Cleveland's "A public office is a public trust." It seemed as if Governor Roosevelt in a burst of honest indignation had disregarded his own future and defied Tammany. But the hidden significance of the letter soon became manifest. The sound was strong, but the sense was feeble; bolder words and more timorous meaning have never been brought together. For the "public officials" had not been asked to testify about "public acts." The grand jury did not inquire whether they had been guilty of malfeasance in their municipal posts; the grand jury wanted to know whether, in their private capacity as Tammany leaders, they had sold judgeships and other

offices. The Tammany leaders took their cue from the Governor's letter. They offered to testify about their public acts if their private acts were not looked into. And their position was supported by Governor Roosevelt. The Governor's election by an overwhelming majority showed that he had not underestimated the apathy of New York. A great leader can rouse the public from its apathy; a Tilden, Cleveland, Hughes, or Theodore Roosevelt could rouse even the New York of to-day; but apparently Franklin D. Roosevelt is not of that school.

There are, however, signs that New Yorkers are stirred by Mr. Kresel's disclosures of the grisly transactions in the

magistrate's courts. The tax rate, bloated by plundering and waste, is afflicting the landlord class just when they are hardest hit by the business depression. A change of sentiment is possible which might make it better politics to attack Tammany than to defend it. Tammany has completed its service to Governor Roosevelt. There is no political reason why he cannot desert it. The Tammany wail of "ingratitude" is always music to the ears of the voters of forty-seven of the States. Even the feeble and pusillanimous Republican majority in the legislature is getting restless. Who knows what may happen? There is nothing so terrible, according to Balzac, as the rebellion of sheep.

EMBLEMS OF SPRING

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

WHEN in the woods the small white trillium-flower
 After long seasons of the snow and rain
 Gleams in the dead moss, and a sudden hour
 Of light is in the storm-clouds, and again
 Birds make their nests under the southern eaves,
 And sun and hail are alternate in the sky,
 And the apple tree with blossoms hides its leaves,
 And night is tremulous with the marsh-frogs' cry—
 Then, by these signs, men know another spring
 Has come upon the land, and are content.
 Winter is now a gone, forgotten thing
 As earth awakens to new merriment.
 Earth has no memory: the glad birds sing
 The song of last year's birds, who came and went.



THIS MODERATE DRINKING

ANONYMOUS

THERE has come over me a psychological change familiar to me for many years. I shall not want to take a drink again for weeks, maybe months, possibly years. This happens to me every little while, when I have been drinking. I do not consciously say, "Now I am going to stop drinking." I have never said in my life, "Now I will go on the water wagon." Instead, the water wagon has come to me, rolled up, as it were, in front of the door. The driver has touched his hat and said, "We have come for you, madam. Your taste for liquor has gone."

This swearing off which comes with such definiteness, apparently so outside myself, is due to a resolution made up in my unconscious mind. It is due to a thousand disgusts, to the defeats which come from having had, too often, more drinks than I should. It is the result of the piling up of days when I have not really worked; when drink of the night before has slowed up all my processes so that, though I have sat in my office all day and gone through all the motions of a busy woman, I have been only apparently there.

I am a moderate drinker. Were I a man I should be considered a model: I drink less than those about me. I do not drink every day and all the time. I have but once in my life had a pick-me-up in the morning. It never occurs to me to drink alone. There have been times when I did not even keep drink in the house. I drink very much

less than most of the younger women I know nowadays. Moreover, I am for the most part a timid if persistent drinker. I am seldom gay and relaxed, for I watch myself too much to see what the next drink is going to do to me, unless I am among trusted friends, seasoned drinkers like myself.

I am jealous of my dignity. I do not want to throw my hat over the wind-mill or relax the usual inhibitions which hedge about a woman of my generation. Why, then, those moral revolts of the water wagon? Why does my unconscious self pop up and take me by the shoulder and insist on absolute sobriety?

To drink not habitually, to drink only with friends at a party, to keep a watch and ward over your conduct—that is temperance for you, you would say. This is the outward story, the story I mostly tell myself, the story I tell my friends. The real story is something else, and in telling it I am persuaded that I am telling the story of the average moderate drinker.

The story of the moderate drinker is briefly this: there are almost no moderate drinkers. Not in this country, not now, not any more. Moreover, the so-called moderate drinker is not consistently moderate. At any moment he may drink to drunkenness. There have been the truly temperate, those who drank a glass or two of wine at dinner or one bottle of beer in the evening. My father was such a one. Nightly he drank his glass of beer. If

we were abroad and sat listening to music in Germany or watching a crowd from a French café he drank two glasses. The point is that my father didn't drink for the effect that liquor would have upon him. He used drink as a food. He had paid none of the prices which there are to pay for the pleasure drink brings with it.

For drinking has to do with feeling different. If you do not drink for a kick, a punch, sensation you do not really drink. In rather a pusillanimous and mid-Victorian way I often drink as much as I can without appearing too tight. I drink for change, liberation, let-down, and forgetfulness—as well as for talk and companionship.

Let me trace the last few days which preceded the water wagon's backing up to my door. On a certain evening I did not want to drink. But I was in a small group of pre-dinner drinkers who wanted me to join them. I took two drinks, and a delicious relaxation flowed over me; a let-down from the fatigue of the day, a softening of harsh contours, a mellowing of life but, more than anything, a harmonizing of existence.

With my two drinks I reached an admirable stage of equilibrium. My fatigue was melted, the jangle of New York's roar was stilled. Here was the moment for stopping. But does the moderate drinker often stop there in these days? I indeed have seldom seen him do so. I went on to dinner where there were cocktails, two rounds, served in cocktail glasses instead of beakers, as young people often serve cocktails; and a thimbleful of good cognac with the coffee. A sober party. So far so good, but after dinner I went on to another party to which, I may add, I should not have gone except for my first two drinks. I went to this third party precisely because my drinks had "died on me," and I wished to recapture the first fine softness of nerves, my first lovely adjustment to

life, well knowing, of course, that this would not happen.

The party was in the home of young friends of whom I am very fond. It was a large party. There was no cohesion to the various groups. It was a party with too many men and not enough women. In my early and soberer moments it seemed to me I had never seen in one room so many worthy and dull young men all at once. Now see what alchemy has drink.

I arrived at eleven. At three I was still there, still drinking, and we had managed, thanks to the common denominator of drink, to have a very pleasant, even gay evening. We had, these dull young men and myself, laughed extensively. No one was tight. No one was unseemly. No one was anywhere near the verge of that increasingly frequent phenomenon known as "passing out" which has happened sometime or other to most "moderate drinkers" of my acquaintance.

We had, thanks to plenty of drinks, passed a tolerable evening. We had found points of contact and something to say to one another when, had we been cold sober, we should no doubt have been as mute as eggs. Something at once kind and a little exciting had been evolved from unlikely elements.

II

How much of a price did we pay next day for a not very good party? How many kinds of hangovers are there? How much do you have to drink to get "jitters," and how many days in the year does the moderate drinker bump along on one cylinder?

I know my hostess called me up to say she had the jitters and her husband an awful hangover. I know that a number of the worthy, dull young men had been doing a hard shot of speak-easy drinking before they came.

I know that I awoke with that stuffy

feeling which late smoking and repeated highballs give me. I went to the office feeling agreeable, smooth, and totally unfit for work. I had a serious piece of planning before me, a tough sort of a nut to crack, something that would take hours of concentrated work. I knew, too, that I was going to be completely unable to do it; that my abused mind would reject nut-cracking of any kind; that it was weak as a rag, limp as a bit of seaweed swinging in the tide. My well-groomed appearance was a camouflage, my competent air a lie. Within me was a person unable to function; for what I wanted to do was to relax, to stretch, and especially to talk with friends. But plunging my mind into work was an impossibility. I went through my mail, called my stenographer, asked for my papers, and then sat turning them over and over, striving to get my mind to take hold. In vain, it slid away with that peculiar slipping, side-stepping motion of the reluctant brain. After sitting in contemplation, presenting all the outward signs of a busy woman, slowly, reluctantly, I forced my drugged brain to respond to the lash of necessity. I felt as if I were lifting an unbearable burden. A weariness as vast as the sea encompassed me, pains of fatigue ran up over my back; for the fatigue of overwork and the fatigue of alcohol are very closely akin. I have experienced more hangovers caused by sleepless nights spent over sick beds than by sleepless nights spent in drinking.

As I had done so often before, I sat cursing myself for a fool. Why had I drunk so much? Why had I spoiled my work? What, now that it was over, had I got out of it? Why?—the innumerable questions of the hangover. I felt better for a while after lunch, but after three o'clock the real hangover shut down on me. The cure, of course, would be another drink, as the cure for fatigue is a drink. But I never drink

in the middle of a working day. I seldom let myself take a cocktail before dinner for the express purpose of a pick-me-up. My Puritan conscience prefers to let me suffer from incompetence and fatigue, but especially to suffer from a feeling of unreality, as if I were not there, a feeling of sham, as though I were only a front with nothing behind it.

As I sat there I wondered how many people were making believe they were working but really feeling wretched and inadequate, beset by the miserable feeling of unreality and insecurity. I have known days in the country when, if I were able to lie on the beach in the warm sun, my hangover would be delicious and relaxing, but when to write a letter would be agony, and to drive a car, torment. Immediately after I have been drinking I am a very sure driver. I seem to become more instinctive and to drive by muscular memory as do those who learn young. But how painful is driving the next day! How offensive is activity of any sort! Anything, indeed, involving decision or judgment becomes impossible, anything involving anything but—talk.

I see men I know, moderate drinkers, who are purple as plums. No one has ever said of them, Tom or Dick or Harry is headed for a drunkard's grave. No one says to them they ought to stop. They drink as I do, only oftener and more at a time. Do they really fool themselves into thinking drink doesn't hurt them? Do they, like myself, sit at their desks going through the motions of working? Or do they say as I so often have, "I never drink enough to hurt my next day's work"?

What constitutes hurting my next day's work? Force of character, that peculiar quality which constitutes authority, goes first, choice next. Put me in a store and ask me to choose a hat after one of my modest sprees, and I am helpless. Still less can I decide on a course of conduct. All letters involv-

ing choice or decision must wait, as must any prolonged act of thought, concentration, or invention. What remains is a sham. On the other hand, I can talk. I am never more persuasive. I can sell an idea.

I have had days after drinking when I seem to have broken some dam of the spirit, and where no ideas were, they now flow through. For let us give the devil his due—there are times when drink stirs me up, rouses my spirit from its fog, opens the door on thought, throws a window up on a far horizon.

It happens, but it happens seldom. What has happened, however, over and over again is that an evening's moderate drinking has slowed my tempo, made me uncertain, lost me my impetus, and made it necessary to begin again, cranking myself up to that painful point of effort which a new piece of work requires.

All effort is bad at such times, but especially creative effort or physical effort. Driving a car, I repeat, is an agony. The swift, automatic response between eye and brain, how frightful it becomes; the need for sudden and precise action, the constant vigilance of judgment. Pain at last grips me in its paralysis, cold shivers of nervousness run up my spine, whereas, could I have remained quiet in the sun, the day up to five o'clock would have passed in a dim, relaxed pleasure.

Now if this happens when I have been drinking "moderately," what happens when I have been still more moderate? When I have no such definite hesitations and inertias? No such pathological fatigues? Then I suppose—no, I do not suppose, I know—that still my work is crippled. I work. I get through the day, but I am lame and halt. At the end of the day exhaustion has conquered me, and gratefully I drink the cocktail I must have if I am to contemplate going out in the

evening. Although only mildly, alcoholic fatigue has lessened my ability to do and to be and to live.

We have lately evolved a new measure for the unscathed drinker, the moderate. It is the ability to be down at one's work next day with a bright eye. A theory has crept even into our household fiction that drink does not harm one if one can appear fresh in the morning. I remember a recent magazine story in which the man contemplates his wife giving breakfast to her little ones. How crisp she looks, how shining, "no matter how late she has been up or how much she has drunk."

My belief is that few and far between are the people who next day do not feel their drinking, over whom alcoholic fatigue does not come like a dim fog; who keep intact those higher assets of humanity, creation, judgment, decision; whose nerves at some time in the day are not racked with the need of a drink. The moderate drinker's thesis is that he does not show his drink in any untoward social action, that he feels his drink in only a little pleasant relaxation, and that next day he suffers no ill effects. (Of course many who consider themselves moderate drinkers get frankly tight from time to time and frankly admit it.)

My contention is that there is nothing about which people are more deceived than how they act when they drink; and that there is nothing about which people lie more fluently than the after-effects of drinking. I know, for I have done all these things. In a lifetime of drinking I have known perhaps two or three persons whose personalities did not change after a given number of drinks.

III

Take it all in all, men can drink more than women, but there exists the occasional woman who can drink all the

men under the table, who at the end of a drinking bout remains well preserved, bright of eye, witty, unquarrelsome. She is rare, and even she sometimes falls from grace. Drink causes strange psychological changes which the drinker does not remember. A friend of mine whom I will call Roberta came to dinner with me. My husband had heard of her but had not met her. I invited another old friend to meet her. She is a woman of education, beauty, and an extraordinary smartness of appearance.

She arrived as immaculate, as fresh as I had ever seen her. I had seen Roberta drink everyone under the table and preserve what seemed to be her sobriety, though who knows in what caverns of illusion she was straying? Suddenly Roberta remarked, "Do you know Elizabeth is going to marry old Henry?" Henry is a relative of Roberta's, a very dull cousin. The men had never heard of Henry. "Yes," said Roberta, "old Henry's going to be married at last—to Elizabeth." In two moments more she said, "Did I tell you what I just heard? Old Henry's going to marry Elizabeth." Throughout that dreary meal my old friend continued to sing the changes on that one dull piece of information. Henry and Elizabeth were going to get married. She was insulated within her alcoholic aquarium. She showed no other effects of having drunk. You could not have "told it on her" but for her dull parrotlike reiteration. Yet how many people do this to a greater or less degree and are unconscious of it—men and women who think they are not tight because their legs are not wobbling or their tongues stuttering?

You may be sure if you have had what to-day is euphemistically known as "a number of drinks" that you are not sober, that queer changes are taking place within you.

I have another acquaintance who when she is drunk becomes quarrel-

some and a nuisance. She is a fine-looking, strong woman, usually charming to meet. Her censor does not allow a sign of drunkenness to appear; her eyes and speech are clear, but she becomes overbearing, arrogant, and finally sullen. I have another friend who grows suspicious of everybody; a conviction of the loneliness of the human spirit envelops her, an engulfing *Weltschmerz*. She knows her children do not care for her and want only her money. None of these three women shows any of the ordinary symptoms of drunkenness. Only after a long time have I been able to relate the lamentable changes which take place in them to drink. I know that lamentable changes take place also in me of which I am unconscious: that, without being "plastered," I become repetitious and tiresome, and that I do not drink as well as I think I do.

It is these minor changes—the strange obliqueness of the semi-drunken vision—which it would be interesting to know more about. The quarrels which occur between friends but especially between husband and wife when no one admits to being tight. For it is interesting to observe that, while people will sometimes admit to having been uproariously tight, they still lie to themselves perpetually about the lesser stages—the psychological variations from the normal of the moderate drinker who protests, even when you can see he is already a victim of high blood-pressure, that moderate drinking does not hurt anyone.

Let me go back to the events which brought the water wagon up to my door. One evening I met a friend, just returned from Europe, whom I had not seen for a long time. We had an hour before we were both due home for dinner. It was late for tea and we were in a district where speakeasies abound and tea rooms are practically nonexistent.

Neither of us felt the need for a drink, but in the past we had been drinking companions, and soon we took a second and a third drink. We asked each other if we had time for a fourth. By that time we decided to telephone our homes. We ordered a light dinner and drank all the evening together. It was a splendid evening, for one of the interesting things about drinking among women is the increasing pleasure which they have in drinking together. You may find them in twos and threes and in crowds, in town and in country houses, having a fine time drinking, getting free of inhibitions, getting to know one another. This is not something unknown before to-day. It is only more usual among more kinds of women. In my early drinking days I knew a number of women who enjoyed drinking together. With women drinking as generally as they do to-day, they drink together much more often, as men do. What I have done for a generation, more or less as an exception, has now become not unusual in our urban communities.

Women will gather in one another's house, take one or two drinks, and begin to discuss all sorts of questions. They become confidential about their troubles. They talk with freedom about their husbands and sweethearts. From time to time one will exclaim, "How late is it? I was expected home!" and go to the telephone with excuses which might be plausible were they not so old.

My evening's drinking with my friend, unexpected and delightful, left fatigue behind it. Soon came other evenings when there were only two courses. One was complete sobriety (for one can always mutter something about one's doctor and one's liver, and be let off drinking); the other was to drink. I continued drinking, facing a varying but cumulative fatigue, until within me a revolt took place,

and the water wagon arrived to claim me.

This battle fought out in my unconscious mind was the result of who knows how many defeats. Days had been given up on account of that peculiarly senseless drinking, when with drink after drink one keeps a certain delicate spiritual equilibrium, to be paid for next day by functioning in the void. I have on such occasions found myself lying to myself, declaring that I had no hangover because I had no headache, declaring how much good a little drink did me when I knew that my feeling of smooth emptiness would be succeeded by shrieking nerves at about five in the afternoon.

This apparently sudden arrival of the water wagon was the result of weeks of conflict. For I have known weeks when life was a struggle between work and drink. How was I to carry on a social life and not drink enough to hurt my work? I should be too tired for social life without drink. A great many people are in New York. Yet my social life is part of my business life.

From my present standpoint I review my days of drinking. It took me years to know what drinking really meant. For drink was never a forbidden thing for me, and I must have inherited a good head. I was young. I was happy. I didn't need drink. It was only after life had pressed down on me, after I had married and suddenly had to assume the responsibility of the support of brothers and sisters, that I first discovered that a cocktail could brace me up and kill fatigue. Still later I found out how the harsh outline of life could be softened, how dull people found their tongues and shy people came out of their shells.

There was a time before prohibition when I drank much more steadily than I have done since then. It was a time for me of fatigue and doubt, when there had been a great deal of illness in

the family, and drinking was my only release. It was during that period that the water wagon made its first peremptory appearance.

I repeat, it took years to establish a habit of rushing for a drink as an anodyne in the face of misfortune. If I have drunk mostly for amusement, I have also often "drowned my sorrows" as definitely as any Irish washwoman. Pressure of one kind or another, fatigue, grief, responsibility beyond my strength, were my real teachers, though I had learned my first lessons in the softer school of conviviality.

There is a legend arising that no one drank anything except wholesomely and sanely before prohibition and that no one ever drank more than one cocktail. I drank more before prohibition than I have since; though, what with bad liquor, the effects have been more disastrous since. Another legend is that the British can drink without ill effects, that their tolerance for alcohol is greater than ours. Why, then, the numberless pick-me-ups for sale at bars and chemists' in England? There, as here, people suffer through days for a moment's lessening of the burden of responsibility. There, as here, people lie about the harm it has done them.

One thing I feel sure of: that greater numbers and more classes of people are drinking to-day in this country than they did before prohibition. Especially among women has drinking increased. Wherever there is a social life, East or West, there is drinking.

IV

And here we approach the great social experiment of this country. It concerns ladies who drink. The theory, of course, has always been that ladies don't drink, or if they drink they never get tight. It is exactly the opposite in my experience. Of course there are

thousands of ladies who still drink not at all; but in my acquaintance it has been precisely the ladies who do drink, precisely the women who from time to time get lit.

Most of us can recall the elaborate subterfuges of our men friends before the War to conceal the fact that they were slightly addled. How carefully, and I may state vainly, gentlemen would try by the excessive dignity of their demeanor to deny the fact they had been "indulging." It was concealed from the children that father had a hangover. "Your father is not well to-day" was the phrase for it.

I knew a family which was sunk in penury because the father, a brilliant man, became an habitual drunkard. The mother and daughters supported the household, never admitting it, never allowing father to face the fact that they had nothing but the house in which they lived and the money which the women made. Father's "attacks" finally carried him off.

In those days ladies who drank naturally denied as long as they could—both in speech and in manner—the fact that they were drunk. Never from their lips fell the words, "How lit I was last night."

Their attitude, like that of the men, has now been reversed. Comparatively few people, men or women, now refuse to admit that they are tight. There is no longer any point in denying it. A young friend of mine said to me, "This drinking like a lady, trying to pretend you aren't tight when you are, is all the bunk! I used to use up all my energy trying to act as if I hadn't had a drink. Then I realized we drank for the sense of change, and I let go, and now I slop all over the place and have a good time." Indeed she does—for she is a slopper. She likes to lollop round and sprawl and laugh louder and louder. Her face disintegrates, as certain faces do—for

there are people whose faces, when they are drunk, fall apart in the most terrifying way. Yet this disintegration of a personality, this regression to childhood patterns, this uncertain speech and wobbling walk are signs of the demand of a man or woman burdened with responsibility to let go, to shirk being grown up.

I belonged always to a set of people to whom drinking was a matter of course. At the parties and lunches to which I went as a young girl there was always plenty to drink. But throughout the country, and particularly in the Middle West, before prohibition there were whole societies made up of non-drinkers. Now there are not so many. From a nation of class drinkers we have become a nation of mass drinkers. And, for the first time in the history of society, women are drinking along with the men—not only ladies, but great numbers of middle-class women.

Until our immediate era in America the heroes have wassailed alone. The great drinking bouts of all times were for men only. We hear nothing of three-bottle ladies in the eighteenth century, nor in all literature is there depicted one hard-drinking group of women. One never has seen Celia "passing out." The wassailing, the carousing, the saloon, the public house belonged by right of tradition to the sterner sex. There were only a few groups in which the women stayed by when the men were intent on a little serious drinking. Only a few fore-runners, radicals, said it was fun to drink with a woman they liked.

To-day bi-sexual drinking is the rule. Men and women of all classes habitually drink together. Only among the working class does the good old tradition linger that it is the husband's much grudged privilege to go out and get tight while the wife waits at home in tears or with rolling pin in hand.

This bi-sexual drinking has done

some strange things to society. It has broken down a number of barriers. In nine parties out of ten I go to everyone is decorous enough. A few people get a little loud. On the other hand there are certain charming but reserved women whom drink improves, who develop unexpected wit and spontaneity after a few drinks. I know some whose mouths lollop and who throw themselves with embarrassing abandon on the gentlemen next to them, but on the other hand I know others who are released from a burden of unbearable convention by a few drinks.

I have a friend who contends that the fact that great numbers of women are drinking and, therefore, finding themselves liable to human frailty is bringing a realistic attitude toward woman back to the earth. He contends that the relation between the sexes was falsified by the notion that women were by nature nobler, purer, better than men; that what is needed on this earth is not neurotic, recording angels, but poised and healthy animals. Gentility, he cries aloud, was the curse of the nineteenth century and is still the curse of the twentieth. Anything that will put an end to woman's gentility is worth any price.

Well, my friend's argument is already being put to the test, for prudish gentility, first cousin to prurience, is being chucked overboard fast enough. A new social order has come in with women drinking. I know women who complain that they drink to relieve what they somewhat euphemistically term their "sex inhibitions." I have certainly witnessed ladies who became frankly and embarrassingly loose—and others who became sluttish. I have heard tales of Babylonian orgies here and in London, where everyone changed partners in a disconcertingly public way. Maybe my friend is right, and we need the return of the Saturnalia.

Maybe we cannot pay too high a price for the death of gentility. But if this is true, we shall have to organize society differently, for the modern home seems singularly ill adapted for what is at present going on in it.

If you grant my first premise that there is mighty little moderate drinking and that there are few if any moderate drinkers who have not got tight on occasion, and my second, that women get tight in all degrees from charming abandon to sloppy lecherousness, you have to come to some conclusion about what happens to children's minds when they see their elders a little tight. For in American homes, where there is no privacy, where young people and older people are jumbled up together, the children naturally see their parents and their parents' friends drinking. They see guests who have passed out. They wake up to hear a group of moderate drinkers coming home to have a sandwich and what is known as a few drinks. How many times have I heard stories of a mildly wild party being interrupted by the children waking up and going to find out what all the row was about. What happens to children who witness the people they look up to and respect becoming a little foolish with drink? That is not an altogether pleasant thing to contemplate.

What generally happens is that in the early teens they register their shocked protests in a variety of ways. A friend of mine told me indignantly, "When Gladys said, in the tone of voice of the Elsie books, 'Mother, I wish you wouldn't drink cocktails,' I said, 'Gladys, I will trouble you to mind your own business and not to criticize what you do not understand.'" She was right, for if a lit parent is an unprofitable sight, a sanctimonious infant is still less profitable. But of course what happens is that the children soon stop being embarrassingly censorious. Soon they, too, grasp a glass in their hands

with determination. There is one thing certain in all this: there is not a child who can bear the thought of his mother being even the most infinitesimal shade altered by drink, the slightest iota lit. And that is what happens to the vast majority of women if they drink at all.

What to do—that I don't know. It's a question so new that society has not yet given its answer. There was plenty of drinking twenty-five years ago, but there were at that time very few growing children who had seen their fathers lit, and practically none who had seen their mothers lit.

So in a generation we have changed. The critic on the hearth used to be the average woman, who raised a splendid and awe-inspiring scene if her husband ever on any occasion, even once a year, got tight. The critic is now the youngster—who looks on his elders' antics with pained disapproval.

I am glad I do not have to answer these questions myself. And I am glad to be released—for some time at least—from the nagging problem of when to drink and how much. And how fraying this problem is!—this drinking a little too much, hurting one's work, stopping drinking, being in good company and going on drinking. I know men and women, all moderate drinkers, who fret themselves away with the checks and balances of their drinking. I am glad that for a long time drink is crossed off my list of problems. I have enjoyed drinking. I enjoy the unexpected friends one makes. I enjoy the release from fatigue, the sudden lifting of responsibility, the rest that a change of rhythm brings. But the price, for me anyway, is too high. This I know: My soberest years have been my happiest. Have I been happy because I was sober? Or sober because I was happy? I cannot tell you. It is among the psychological questions not yet answered.



THE THREE WIDOWS

THE TRUE STORY OF AN INTERNATIONAL CRISIS

BY ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

THIS is the story of an uprising in one of those remote "outposts of Empire" which exist in the less enlightened portions of the world—a revolt, to judge from the newspapers and from your own shrewd guess, against the oppressive rule of an alien race. On a certain day last August the Paris papers were full of the event. The *Paris-Midi* said the situation was grave; the *Petit Parisien* said it was tense; the *Matin* said that further reports were awaited with anxiety. And they all remarked, in concluding paragraphs, that undoubtedly the Bolsheviks had had a hand in it . . . the Bolos being ever active and quick to take advantage of any little happening that might otherwise fade out by itself.

A day or two passed, and further despatches came in: the papers reported that now the situation was well in hand, but it had been necessary to summon a few units of the fleet, which fortunately happened to be cruising in nearby waters. All was over. The rebels had come to terms, and no further disturbances need be feared. Then—such being the opportunity—the *Matin*, the *Paris-Midi*, the *Petit Parisien*, and various others, took advantage of the moment to speak once more of the subversive influences that the U. S. S. R. was exerting in all corners of the world.

I have shown you the thing as it was understood in Paris, London, and

the various capitals of Europe, in countries whose colonial possessions are far-flung, and so forth. Now let us go into this little, remote, and unknown colony and see how the thing looked from close range. It looks even worse in a close-up.

On the coast of a great continent, between the desert and the sea, both stifling hot, being so near the Equator, there is a small town which owes its existence to the presence of a certain foreign power. A neat little town, with wide streets shaded with palms, any number of pink stone houses (pink being the color of the native rock, found in abundance), arcades, with busy little shops, and the usual Government edifices—the residence of the Governor, the customs and post offices, and fine buildings along the harbor, headquarters of various shipping firms. For the town, small as it is, and an artificial growth on a barren and arid shore, is, nevertheless, of importance, a railhead into the interior of a continent, a coal-ing station for ships from the Orient, a commercial center rapidly rising to first-class importance.

Many years ago, when the town was first begun, when house by house it began to spring up on this hostile and lonely coast, various Arabs, keen on trade, saw its future possibilities, saw the stability offered by foreign control, as against native whimsicalities. They settled themselves there to trade, then

the natives from the desert—savage tribes of primitive character—recognized it as a refuge from a rather precarious existence, and flocked to it in great numbers. Hence the town grew with rapidity, though the native tribes contributed manual labor rather than business ability. But all was of value, and the harbor was excellent, and more and more often ships stopped to coal, to bring or remove merchandise, and the various Governors, as they succeeded one another, looked upon the enterprise with pride.

Among the early settlers was a certain rich Arab, a merchant who lived in a pink stone house a mile or two from the town. He had found a small oasis, too close to the town to be of value as a halting place for caravans; and to the few trees already existing he had added many more, palms, tamarisks, eucalyptus—anything that would grow—and in the course of time had transformed this bit of desert into a veritable garden. This he surrounded with a high stone wall and within the enclosure built a fine house for the accommodation of his three wives. Here they all lived in tranquillity, enjoying the cool house with its thick walls, the garden with shady paths, and in this lovely garden the ladies could take the air in the cool of the evening, at such times as they did not take it from the flat roof of the house. The roof afforded an extensive view of the desert, looking toward the great ranges which marked the beginning of the Abyssinian plateau. From the other direction the town was visible, lying low and pink against the sea. The three wives had nothing whatever to complain of, and they enjoyed their life of seclusion and harmony and peace.

They did not clash, these three. Quite the contrary. There was no jealousy, no resentment at having to share the great merchant among them. Each knew him in a different way, and

there was no overlapping of interests. The eldest wife had known him in his youth—she was perhaps rather tired when the second one came along. The second one knew him in his prime, when he was rising to importance and power and becoming the most influential man in the Arab community. And, his prime being past, the youngest wife knew him, perhaps, at the beginning of a rather fatuous period in life and accepted the situation accordingly. Therefore, there was no discord among them; instead, a complete and deep understanding, enhanced by a keen enjoyment of the good things which he so generously provided—the deep, cool house, the garden, sheltered, perfumed, and secluded, with its tall trees and a melon patch, and a high stone wall which protected them so well.

On a certain morning last August the three ladies were leaning over the wall of the roof, watching their lord and master prepare to enter his motor to drive to the town. It was a handsome motor, even handsomer than the Governor's, and with considerable pride they watched him go down the short pathway and enter the waiting car. A minute later he was whirled away in a cloud of dust, and the three then turned and spoke to one another. They commented with concern on the rather feeble appearance he had presented that morning—something seemed lacking in his step, usually so firm and jaunty.

"Age," said the eldest wife succinctly. Having lived with him longest, she was perhaps more conscious of the passing of the years.

"Too much work," said the second wife, who had known him in his prime when he was attaining the importance he had later achieved. She had realized his struggles, his fights to get ahead, to become the paramount figure among all the traders and merchants of the rapidly growing town.

The third wife, the youngest, kept silent. To her he had always seemed a rather feeble and senile old man, but there was no use mentioning it. The other two might not understand, having known him in earlier phases which left them with different memories. It was perhaps this perfect tact on the part of the youngest wife which had enabled the other two not to resent her, and enabled all three to lead their quiet lives in such full harmony.

"It is the heat, perhaps," ventured the third wife at last, feeling that something was required of her. "The rains are long in coming this season."

It was not an adequate explanation, for heat is so constant a factor on the Equator—or a few degrees either side of it—that to speak of it is superfluous. To the dwellers in a desert it is less remarkable than to foreigners, to whom it is sometimes overwhelming. Nevertheless, the other two were glad to seize upon this explanation of the disquieting appearance of their husband, as they had observed him from the post upon the roof. It had been really disquieting, and during the day they spoke of it frequently, and with some anxiety. Nevertheless, they were unprepared for the shock which came to them towards evening, when word was received of his sudden collapse and death. It was a shock, this sudden transition from contented wives to widows. Later, they learned that they were very rich widows, with the great house in its extensive and shady garden, and a great fortune left to them as well.

The sudden passing of the rich Arab trader was a nine days' wonder in the town, and then the wonder began to turn and revolve upon his three rich widows. The widows themselves had readjusted their lives with equanimity, once the period of mourning was over. Naturally, they continued to live as they had always lived, but frequently, behind discreet curtains, were able to

enjoy little drives round the town in the motor that was even handsomer than the Governor's. It was perhaps these little drives in the cool of the evening, almost daily as the months passed by, which aroused the Arab community.

Not the whole community perhaps, but three members of it, three merchants of minor importance, who suddenly began to feel, at almost the same moment, that it was not quite seemly that three widows should live all by themselves in that magnificent affluence. Male protectors were decidedly called for. It would be far more suitable.

One evening in a café these three Arab merchants met and conferred together. Torches and flares illuminated the interior of the café, but these three gentlemen removed themselves from the glare of the torches and took their chairs out into the roadway, to a table removed a little distance from the other diners. They discussed the matter in the soft tropical darkness. It was decided, after hours of circumlocution, that they should all three present themselves as suitors for the hands of the three rich widows. True, there was a little haggling as to which should take over the oldest one, but even the eldest had her advantages. All were equally rich and would doubtless prefer to live, even if married, in the great house with its garden. The house was large—very large—it could easily accommodate three husbands. A most pleasant place to live, adjacent to the town, and but a short drive in the morning, and a delicious, restful retreat at the close of the day. Long into the soft night the three gentlemen sat in the café, talking over their pleasant plans. It was decided to send an emissary in the morning to lay these plans before the three unsuspecting widows. With what joy, thought these Arab gentlemen, would their proposals be received! What joy all

round, everything considered! And as their plans developed they soon decided upon the very man who would make a most suitable ambassador, whose wheedling tongue and courtly manners could most ably present their case.

Now it never occurred to these Arab gentlemen that the ladies in question would be anything but overjoyed at this flattering offer. They believed they would accept with alacrity, nay, even with gratitude. It was a generous, wholesale proposal—not one of the three widows had been left out, though this might well have happened to the oldest one. But no, all three were included, all three desired by three ardent, prospective husbands. No separation, no alteration—or not much—in the lives of these peaceful ladies. Merely a charming addition was to be made to those lives in the persons of three gallant husbands.

But, astonishing as it seemed, the three widows thought otherwise. They thought so and said so in most emphatic terms. They thanked the ambassador when he called upon them next day, thanked him warmly, but made it most clear that they had not the slightest intention of altering their conditions. Under no circumstances, positively not, would they consent to change from widowhood to what they plainly intimated was a more precarious way of living. Positively, and once for all, no.

That same evening, a crestfallen emissary met his patrons at the café. Once more the chairs were withdrawn from the circle of the torchlight flares and placed discreetly out of earshot of the other diners. In a few brief words the emissary told of the abject failure of his mission.

The three Arab gentlemen were not only disappointed—they were furious. What temerity! What audacity! Had such an insult—such a col-

lective insult—ever been offered to three honorable men making a most flattering proposal, offering to take over the old one too, which was proof in itself of the disinterested nature of their motives! The more they talked of it the more wanton and gratuitous seemed the treatment they had received. Nor had the blow been softened by any counter-proposal on the part of the ladies to think the matter over. No, they had refused point blank. Pressed by his clients as to the exact language used in refusing this magnanimous offer, the Arabs became still further enraged. The three ladies had positively laughed, had even become quite hysterical over the matter. Their refusal had been made in language so downright that there was no mistaking its meaning.

There was but one thing to do, therefore, and that was to lay the question before the Cadi. The Cadi, powerful and upright judge, should be given immediate opportunity of deciding how such an insult could be avenged. They could count on the Cadi.

Accordingly, after the explosions had subsided, or somewhat subsided, since they could never do so completely, considering the provocation, the three gentlemen hastily took themselves off to the house of the Cadi, who was in bed. He was ruthlessly roused and made to come down and open the door; for the matter was too pressing to wait till morning.

The Cadi adjusted his turban and rubbed his sleepy eyes, and sat cross-legged under a lantern, listening to the tale. As it unfolded, little by little, he began to see the possibilities. His crafty eyes shone. These three rich widows—by Allah, they should be punished! The Cadi said that in all his life he had never heard the like! The three Arabs also said that they had never heard the like—it was something outside, completely outside, the bounds

of possibility. The talk was wild and vociferous at first, for the insult had been stinging. Later, as the night advanced, it became whispered and stealthy and bargaining, and cool reason began to assert itself. Finally, towards morning, when a wind from the sea began to flow in through the lattice, the matter had been arranged. It had been arranged to the satisfaction of all concerned. The Cadi decided, with perfect assurance, that the proper punishment for widows who had so insultingly rejected offers of marriage was to deprive them of their property, to confiscate their property, house, garden, the fine motor, and all those solid investments which produced the handsome income upon which they lived. It was a sweeping and drastic punishment, but richly deserved. It would teach them a lesson, most emphatically needed. Notice of this confiscation should be served upon these audacious ladies that very day. Their property, by order of the court over which the Cadi presided, would be turned over at once to the gentlemen whose feelings had been so outraged.

The conspirators parted in the early dawn, and the Cadi felt well recompensed for the loss of his sleep—his share of the transaction would be adequate. Soon the machinery was in motion, for Mohammedan justice moves swiftly when there is much at stake, and before many hours the recalcitrant widows received a long legal document informing them of what had taken place. They were henceforth to be penniless by reason of insulting behavior not to be tolerated.

When the three widows received this bit of information—this summons, or document, or notification, whatever you choose to call it—they met in hasty council of war. With amazing astuteness, considering the very sheltered lives they had led, they pounced upon

the central fact—that the Cadi was exceeding his rights; that the whole thing was a vile plot, compounded with these adventurers. And then emerged, slowly, another important fact, of even greater significance. There were others besides the Cadi who could administer the law. There were others also who could dispense justice. The eldest widow remembered (her mind working rapidly, for there was but little time to lose) that it was optional in this particular colony as to whether you submitted your case to the native court or to the Mixed Court presided over by the Paramount Power. As a rule one fought shy of this foreign court, preferring, if possible, to settle one's differences before the native tribunal. However, if the native tribunal, with a Cadi like *that*, was going to act in this high-handed manner, thank fortune there was another court to appeal to. The eldest widow explained this rapidly, for time was pressing.

Therefore, hardly had the Cadi's emissary left the house (he had lingered a moment to admire the garden and other signs of wealth) when the ladies commanded their motor. Into it the three widows scrambled, pulled down the curtains, and with utmost speed set off for the Governor's residence. Like the Cadi, the Governor was not prepared for callers but, like the Cadi, he recognized importunity when he saw it, and felt that so urgent an appeal for an audience was a request to be granted at once. You never knew with these people what things portended. Mohammedan ladies of the upper class do not seek out a Governor for nothing. Therefore, the Governor, being wise and shrewd, received them at once and heard their tale. He listened with closest attention and then acted at once. Promptly he set his machinery in motion to counteract that of the Cadi. After all, he reflected, these people were his

compatriots, in a manner of speaking, and as such entitled to protection.

Thus it happened that a few days later the three widows, heavily veiled, were giving their testimony in the Mixed Court, before a foreign judge. And later the Cadi took the witness stand and also made a statement before this foreign judge; and it was perfectly obvious to the spectators that the judge regarded the Cadi as a rascal. He spoke his mind freely about the Cadi and the methods he employed. He denounced these methods and then he denounced the Cadi, and ended by giving that official a long sentence in jail. The widows did not stop to hear whether it was five years or ten—that point was immaterial. All they wanted was to get home as quickly as possible. They hurried from the court with an immense feeling of gratitude towards the foreign power which had stood by them so well. Their curtained motor sped across the town, across the mile or two of desert, and landed them safely within the confines of their garden wall, before the door of the splendid house they had just missed losing. It had been a near thing! Panting but triumphant, they gained the haven of their home.

Had their return flight been less precipitate, had they been in less of a hurry and hung about the courtroom a little, listening to the comments of the spectators, they would have learned more. They would have heard angry remarks, indignant criticism, outbursts of fury against the Paramount Power. A foreign power, an interloper, a meddler, with no business to be there at all. To think that a foreign judge had dared sentence their Cadi to jail! A foreign judge who, at the plea of three veiled women, had so positively taken the women's side. Not only taken their side, but had spoken to and of the Cadi in terms of utmost contempt; calling him many most dis-

agreeable names. It was intolerable! The spectators dispersed feeling angry. They had been insulted and their institutions mocked and scorned. To think that their noble Cadi, dispenser of justice and protector of the poor, was henceforth to languish in jail, and a foreign jail at that! Positively, this was an insult not to be borne!

That night the town was in a ferment. At all the Arab cafés, and at all the Somali cafés, nothing was talked of but this high-handed, ruthless act, this indignity, this crushing humiliation, that an alien government had seen fit to inflict. All night long the torches flared, and people paced the streets, and at street corners, in cafés, in small shops, and by the town wells nothing was talked about save this unwarranted disgrace meted out to the Cadi, the most prominent citizen of the town. More than a citizen, an official of high rank. The crowd swelled and grew and paced and talked, and each man demanded angrily of his neighbor, who was this Governor, who was he, after all, to dare imprison the Cadi? Or, if the Governor had not done it, the foreign judge had, which was the same thing. And what had the Cadi done to deserve such treatment? Nothing, absolutely nothing, save what was right and proper. The three Arab gentlemen, thus suddenly deprived of their fortune, went about in three different directions, each covering as much ground as he could, vociferously explaining to all listeners that the Cadi had done nothing whatsoever save his simple duty. Was it for this that a foreign power had overwhelmed him with disgrace? The gathering crowds listened in sympathy. Feeling was mounting. It was rising high. The Arab population was becoming wild.

They saw to it that this feeling spread among the Somalis. The Somalis, miserable *indigènes* from the desert, were exhorted not to put up

with this tyranny. There were some ten thousand Somalis living in the town, and the Arabs suddenly felt they might be useful. It was a little difficult to make it clear to them, they being so primitive, but they were finally made to see that their institutions were threatened. Having but few institutions, being but desert people with the scantiest of backgrounds, they finally realized that what little they had was in danger. Ten thousand Somalis, with good spears, might bring the Governor to reason. So all night long the Arabs moved about, crying to heaven against the blasphemous treatment inflicted on one of their number, and working up the Somalis to think the same. The Somalis, quiet now for some years, suddenly felt old instincts stirring within them. Time was, long ago, when good spears and good daggers had a good use. They had been rusting, these spears and daggers, and it might be pleasant to use them again. The Somalis rapidly realized the time was ripe. Thus all through that long August night, in the dense heat, the ferment worked and bubbled, and the populace lashed itself into frenzy.

Next morning the Governor looked through a window of his Residence, set high in a commanding position above the town, and below, surrounding the palace, surged a great mob in angry, threatening mood. A stone crashed against a window pane. The Governor drew back. A second stone flew, and the shattered glass from another window fell in a shower at his feet. A spear, let fly from some strong hand, splintered the stonework of the window ledge. Acting at once, the Governor ordered the shutters closed, though it was now a trifle late, every pane in the official residence being broken. Below, the mob howled and screamed and demanded that the Cadi be released.

A few streets away, at the home of

the judge of the Mixed Court, similar scenes were happening. Like the Governor, the judge also barricaded himself in. The streets were full of yelling, maddened people, and prudent merchants put up the shutters of their shops. You never knew, once they started, where these things might stop. Somalis made a good mob, if it was a mob you wanted, but were a trifle dangerous if old instincts became aroused. It had been a long time, now, since they had had a real fight. Thus reflected the Arab merchants, in full sympathy with the Cadi but, nevertheless, hastening to put up the shutters of their shops.

The Governor took council with his staff. It looked pretty nasty through the chinks of the shutters, and was undoubtedly getting worse. The Governor had a few hundred men, the household guards, Somalis well drilled and armed, but he hesitated to order them to fire upon the mob. It was too risky to give the order—they might well refuse. Better keep them inside the palace walls, to repulse any attempt to scale the walls, which were fortunately high. They might perhaps be counted upon to repel a scaling party, but that was about all.

By some fortunate chance the Governor remembered that there was a gunboat cruising in neighboring waters, but just where he did not know. It might be across the Red Sea near Aden, or somewhere in the Indian Ocean—or indeed it might be beyond call. But he would try. Soon urgent messages were being sent out from the wireless station, searching for the gunboat, urging it to make all haste, to come at once, and to fire when it came.

So the long day passed, and again a long and menacing night. The officials remained shut up within their houses, and the mob, surging and shouting, throwing stones and spears,

kept yelling and demanding that the Cadi be released.

On the third day the gunboat got the message and crowded on full steam and raced for the harbor of this little town, lying near the Equator, between the desert and the sea. From upper windows, the Governor and his staff could finally see this little speck upon the waters, this small craft that was to raise the siege.

"Fire!" was the message sent out from the Residence. For three days now the mob had been in possession of the town, and the officials were sick of their position. So, approaching quite close, right inside the breakwater in fact, the gunboat sent up a little shell, and it came down with a bang.

"Fire again!" wirelessly the Governor, thoroughly tired of his position. And again a little shell, flying upward at a high trajectory, fell upon the town.

"Again!" came the orders from the beleaguered town, and again the gunboat did its duty. But three was enough. With screams and shouts of terror, the surging crowds dispersed. In an hour the streets were clear. The Somalis dashed back to their huts on

the edge of the town, wondering what was overtaking them. What dire enemy, powerful and mighty, could be raining such a hell of metal in their midst? And the Arabs, with equal speed, rushed back to their shops, to their cafés, to their houses and holes, and all was quiet. With great dignity, the Governor issued forth from his Residence, and thanked the commander of the gunboat for his timely aid. And the Cadi remained in jail.

Thus it happened that the Paris papers, the *Paris-Midi*, the *Petit Parisien*, the *Matin* and all the others, carried a brief item saying that all was well. One and all, they were able to report that the situation, which had been causing grave anxiety for several days, was now well in hand. But feeling the need to enhance this brief despatch, and with a little space to fill in, they all filled in their little space with remarks about the vicious Soviet propaganda seeping into all corners of the world. And not one of them, because they knew nothing of the real inwardness of the thing, made any mention of the three widows.





MOTES, BEAMS, AND FOREIGNERS

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

BREATHES there a man—breathes there a woman—with soul so dead as never to have thrown a plate across the table at the graciously condescending person who has just remarked, “Why, nobody would ever think *you* were an American!”

When I was younger that well-meant phrase roused me to throw metaphorical plates, to boil inwardly, to stamp away, to slam doors behind me. “How would *he* like it,” I used to mutter under my breath, “how would he like it if I told *him* with a congratulatory grin, ‘why nobody in the world would ever dream you were English (or German, or French, or what not)!’”

I used to flatter myself on my superior international broad-mindedness, until one day not long ago it occurred to me that, though I didn’t say them aloud, I was constantly thinking those very words myself.

If I met an Englishman (one does occasionally) who was sensitive to nuances of all kinds, with quick, kind intuitions about other people’s feelings, who did not lose all human decency if he couldn’t get his afternoon tea, who did not assume that God must be English or he wouldn’t be God, who did not take it for granted that English homes are the only real homes, into whose voice there did not creep when he spoke of or to a person with a title that peculiar quality we have all heard in English voices when a title is in the

offing, and who did not think that the adjective “un-English” was a synonym for degradation—whenever I happened to meet such a prodigy, what did I say to myself about him? You know what I said, “Well, who’d ever think that man was English!”

And the Frenchman or French woman who could pass a door marked “*entrée interdite*” without pushing it open, who refrained from using personal influence to get some special privilege unshared by others, who did not glare murderous hate at a traveler entering his railway compartment, who did not fly off the handle to one or the other acrimonious extreme on the Clerical question, who did not lose all human decency if he hadn’t hot soup in the evening, who did not consider French mothers the only preservers of sacred home life, who did not conceive of all civilization, past, present and future, as centering exclusively in Paris—had I not a thousand times murmured to myself my conviction, “There simply must be some Alsatian, or Flemish, or Swiss, or Jewish blood in that family!”

I ran rapidly through all my personal experiences of other nationalities. Every instance convicted me of being just as provincial and complacent as the people I had laughed at and hated. And you who read this article are just as bad as I, no matter who you may be! Consider the quiet, slim, reserved, gentlemanly person across the table from us on the steamer coming home. He had no roll of fat at the back of his

neck; his manner to his wife was courteous and gentle; he did not lean over his plate and breathe hard when he ate; even when home-life was mentioned he did not show that he considered German homes the only ones left alive in the twentieth century—if you had been there, you as well as I would repeatedly have suppressed the exclamation, “To think of that man’s hailing from Prussia!” Don’t tell me you wouldn’t! I know better.

Conscience-struck, I realized that my urbanity had been only surface-deep. What others blurted out, I hotly thought and felt. Who was I to resent the phrase, “Nobody would ever think you were an American,” with its clearly understood implication: “Unlike your fellow-countrymen, you respect grammar, never say, ‘Whoo-pee’ or ‘O. K.’, seem to conceive of other bases for civilization than a bathtub for every bedroom, ignore tooth-picks, do not attend revival meetings, retain some semblance of humanity even if you do not have cereal for breakfast, do not proclaim that American homes are the only ones where ‘true home life’ is to be found.”

“Well, well, what is the matter with us all?” I wondered, laying down my plate and closing the door gently. “Are we so one-sided that we all—not only ordinary folk but enlightened people like myself—consider other nations’ objectionable qualities (mostly universal to humanity) as the characteristic traits which make them what they are and different from us? And when a foreigner tries his hand at the same game about *our* nation, have we the face to cry out at his obvious shocking injustice?”

At first sight it looked very familiar—and hopeless. Just another manifestation of plain human cussedness about which there is no arguing. But the change away from the “God-I-thank-thee” attitude to the honest

humility of “Lord be merciful” carries one a long way towards a little fairness and understanding of human nature. The more I thought about the problem the less certain I was that contempt for people in all nations except our own is solidly based on the bedrock of inevitable hatefulness. We do not, for example—no, not even the least civilized of us—feel this same complacent contempt for all other humans except ourselves, or take unquestioningly this outrageous attitude towards individual human beings. When people of our own circle act disagreeably we do not assume that it is only their real nature coming out. Nor when they meet with our approval do we instinctively register the odious surprise which we find so natural when we occasionally approve of other nations. Mr. Emmet, your neighbor, stops his car and calls out, “I’m going down to the station to meet the six-ten, and I’ll bring Ned home for you. Might as well, since I’m going anyhow. It’ll save you the trip.” You do not as a natural way of praising his thoughtful friendliness shout heartily back, “Well, well, who’d ever dream you were Roland Emmet!” Except in rare exceptional cases, and in rare, exceptionally cantankerous moods, such a formula does not even cross your thoughts, hapless member of the human race though you are.

If then we have—most of us most of the time—got beyond the baseness of thinking and expecting the worst of individual humans close to us, why are the octopus suckers of international prejudice still so firmly fastened in the depths of our hearts? We can think of Roland Emmet as a fellow-human; why do we lump together millions of other fellow humans, as comic or objectionable Frenchmen, Germans, Englishmen? If we could find out the bad mental habits back of that injustice perhaps we could find out a way to

pry those hateful tentacles loose—at least from our own hearts. And that would be worth doing. For as long as they are fixed there they suck away every faint beginning of international understanding and friendliness. Our unconscious hostility to a foreigner merely because he is a foreigner wedges the nations apart. It is as real an obstacle to decent feeling between nations as tariff walls, immigration problems, hostile armaments—as real, and perhaps more dangerous because it is so intimately a part of everybody's personal life.

You think I'm overstating the case, don't you? You've said to yourself, "Oh, there are lots of people who react just the other way. How about the Anglomaniacs, the Francophiles, the German-Americans one meets on the Rhine boats who proclaim themselves about one hundred and fifty per cent American; the Londoner or Chicagoan who goes Oriental and becomes more Chinese or Indian than any real Chinaman or Hindu?" They certainly show, don't they, that cosmopolitan good feeling is common enough? I thought of that apparent contradiction, too, and explored it for a moment. But it turned out, of course, to be only a by-pass of the main road leading to the same horrid goal of offensive complacency and unfairness. Such people, the fanatic converts to one or another civilization not their own by birth, do not judge any nation more fairly than the rest of us. They have merely changed the point of view from which they judge unfairly. A Francophile is only an American (or an Irishman, a German or whatever) who takes over the egregious cocksureness of a Frenchman; an Anglomaniac is only a foreigner who transfers his unreason to the English base; the blatant German-American merely says to his German kin (instead of to an American) "Well, nobody would ever think *you* were . . . etc."

II

I could spare no more time to these perverse transplanted jingoes, for through the fog of my discouraged bewilderment I thought I saw looming vaguely ahead a "principle." I don't know what your definition of a principle is; I define it as a tool which helps me make sense out of a mass of facts till then chaotic. When I finally caught up to this principle it turned out not such a very big one, nothing grand or epic about it; it never would have dug the Panama Canal. But it was big enough for my purpose. The moment I took it into my hand dirt began to fly and order began to come into the facts piled up in my mind, higgledy-piggledy, still lying in illogical confusion just where many years of transatlantic comings and goings had tumbled them in.

There are in your mind, too, I am sure, just such uncatalogued heaps of inexplicable facts. Haven't you wondered, sometimes with laughter at his absurdity, sometimes with profanity at the bad blood he stirs up, how the American traveler, after an expensive round of Paris-pleasures-for-sale, can have the nerve to report (as he often does) that "French women" are heartless gold-diggers? Haven't you turned the same wonder, laughter, and profanity on the French lecturer, who after a flight across country, or a month or two in New York, writes a book to show that "American women" are heartless gold-diggers? Haven't you asked yourself, not rhetorically but in honest amazement, how people can be so outrageous as to apply to other nations a method of judging which, when applied to their own, they recognize as downright unfair? Take the "American business man" (that pet scarecrow of European journalists), the dollar-making-machine with no personality outside his office,

knowing nothing but how to run his factory, touching in no way the lives of his wife and children except to furnish money for them to spend. You are annoyed perhaps by this aged, fly-specked caricature but you do not take it seriously. Because the moment it is brought out in your presence your mind flies to the flesh-and-blood American business men you really know, all of them something more than successful industrialists; one is a collector of first editions, another a Gibraltar of helpfulness to local social service, an expert on the wild-life of his region, an explorer of some phase of American history, or a pretty good second violin in a string quartette. But wait a moment before you congratulate yourself on your wisdom. If you hear somebody remark carelessly that Frenchmen, of course, have no moral standards, does your experience with the falsity of sweeping generalization prompt you to protest? Aren't you apt to wag your head with the air of a man who knows life for what it is, and say in unison with the French voice from across the sea, "No, indeed, I shouldn't want my daughter to marry a Frenchman (an American)"?

Why, only this last summer when I was visiting a Danish friend near Copenhagen, didn't she ask me challengingly, "You're always standing up for the French. I want to ask you straight—could you have brought yourself ever to *marry* a Frenchman?" I could see that she felt for a decent woman there could be but one answer, "No, heavens, no! Of course not." Through my mind ran the thought of one after another of the serious, exemplary Frenchmen of my acquaintance, devoted, magnanimous husbands, delightful companions, impassioned fathers. But I did not try to convert her, for even as I recoiled from the injustice of her prejudice, I thought, "If she had asked me if I could ever have

married a Bulgarian, wouldn't my instant impulse have been to answer, "No, no, of course not!" Now that Danish friend is one of the wisest, most deep-hearted women I know. And I don't consider myself altogether provincial, either. How had we two, on most subjects open-minded, strayed so far from fairness?

We have plenty of company, and of the best. In the last book of Georges Duhamel—one eloquent wail of sorrow over Christopher Columbus' betrayal of humanity—he recounts the following incident as part of the evidence he collected here of the loathsome, hypocritical, Puritanical spirit of America. The fine, distinguished woman who was secretary of the *Maison Française* of Columbia received for him some mail from France. Knowing that he was anxious about the health of a member of his family, she went with it herself down to the Pennsylvania Hotel, where he was staying, and—presumably to spare him the shock of receiving bad news in the midst of strangers—took it up to his room. One of the letters did announce the death he feared. While he was still holding it in his hand, too stricken to speak, the central office of the hotel called his room by telephone, told him that men guests are not allowed to take women to their rooms, and would the strange lady seen entering his bedroom please go away.

The little episode is recounted with the dramatic skill of the wonderfully gifted writer that Duhamel is, charged to the last word with his power for making his readers share the suffering of his heroes. You, the reader, stand there, too, staring at the tragic words, your heart wrung with grief, your thoughts far on the other side of the Atlantic, with the stricken family there. Your nerves as well as his are shattered by the hateful, intrusive American jangle of the telephone. Only half-

conscious of what you are doing, you take down the receiver and, with him, you shudder at the brutality of the insulting suspicion that lies back of the brusque summons in the harsh foreign language. You are swept along over the edge to the conclusion where Duhamel wants to land you, that a country where a sensitive, self-respecting man can be subjected to such a humiliation is indeed a crass, coarse, materialistic, hypocritical place which it was a great mistake ever to have discovered. What is wrong with this picture?

Well, one thing that is wrong with it is that good European hotels aren't any too enthusiastic about having men guests receive women in their bedrooms. Even the Grand Hotel of Vicki Baum, which certainly did not err on the side of Puritanism, drew the line at women secretaries in business men's bedrooms. Still more to the point, in M. Duhamel's home country the better class of café will not allow a woman alone, or with another woman, to sit down to a table and order a glass of lemonade (or anything else) no matter how thirsty she is. Many and many an American school-teacher, in France to absorb some of that fine civilization she has heard so much about, stopping at a café to get a drink of something cool on a hot day, has shuddered as much (though not as eloquently) as M. Duhamel, on being told plainly by the *garçon* that they do not serve women unaccompanied by men; the presumption of the country being that women who go alone to cafés are prostitutes, likely to annoy men patrons with solicitations. I have heard women recounting the humiliation to which they have been subjected, claim passionately that a country where such a thing could happen to a sensitive, self-respecting woman can be nothing but a putrid mass of moral corruption, just as they always heard before going there. Strange, isn't it, that Duhamel in holding up the

Pennsylvania Hotel rule as proof of depraved Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy, should ignore the strikingly similar rule in Parisian cafés; strange that the school-teachers crying out upon French foul-mindedness should forget that in parallel circumstances their own country is as suspicious as any other!

III

It is more than strange, it is illuminating. Just set those two oddly assorted shudders side by side before you and look at them with an analytical eye. Look at them fairly, even if you think them a little over-squeamish. To be sure, a hard-boiled commercial traveler in M. Duhamel's place would not have registered indignation and a lasting hatred of the United States. Instead he would have laughed the matter off with some such words as, "Trot along, Cutie. Anthony Comstock down in the office has got us wrong, but just the same, beat it." And at the café any of the youngish American women who try to keep in water hot enough to boil them might have taken the hint that she was no better than she should be as a welcome tribute to the chinciness of her costume and make-up. Still the fact remains that our sensitive, not-at-all-hard-boiled M. Duhamel and the school-teacher did suffer and were perfectly right in feeling wounded and resentful. But they were hardly right in jumping to the conclusion that their suffering was caused by a beastliness *peculiar to the country each was visiting*. Why did they jump to that conclusion? Well, the first reason that leaps to visibility, of course, is that each found in the visited country just what he had been taught to expect. We all know that the American school-teacher's mind, before ever she saved up her passage money, was loaded to the gunwales and awash with the tradition of French

immorality. And with all due respect to M. Duhamel's very superior mind, we may be equally sure that any Frenchman brings with him to the U. S. A. an attitude very receptive to any evidence of Puritan nasty-niceness. After all what happened to them? It was about the same thing, wasn't it? Each was humiliated by being told by a foreigner that he (or she), a decent, self-respecting person, had by a harmless, unconsidered action quite natural under the circumstances, put himself in a position which by the dirty-minded custom of the country laid him open to the suspicion of sexual irregularity. Their very reactions are similar. Each hates and despises the country where the humiliation happened. Each refuses to believe that anything similar could happen in the homeland. Why, oh why, that last assumption?

Yes, yes, patience! I am approaching that "principle." According to the best pedagogic practice I am taking you through the steps which led me to it. We have seen that on arriving in the country each held a prepared label in his hand, ready-licked so to speak, to paste on whatever happened. But much more than this, it is quite possible, it is probable, it is almost certain that they did not consciously and unfairly turn their eyes away from the custom in their own country corresponding to the one they encountered abroad, because they honestly had never heard of it—or so vaguely that it made no personal impression on their minds. How would the American school-teacher ever have run into that rule in American hotels? It is the rarest thing in the world for her, I am sure, to go to a hotel in the States at all, and it certainly never would occur to her to invite a strange gentleman to come up to her bedroom. In fact, though I am past fifty and have been around to American hotels myself a good deal,

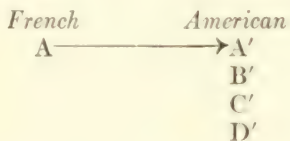
and have repeatedly patronized the Pennsylvania Hotel, I never heard of that rule till I read about it in the book of the French traveler. I ask you, how should I? On the other side, M. Duhamel has certainly sat down a great many times at a café table to order a cool drink on a hot day. But he probably would have heard vaguely if at all of the reception given self-respecting American school-teachers who try to do the same thing. How would he? No French school-teacher or any other well-bred French woman of any class would get into such a situation. If she wanted a cool drink, she'd step into a *pâtisserie*, where she would be welcome.

Everybody knows his way around his own country and does not step through those invisible high-tension wires which fence off what "is done" from what "isn't done." But when he is in a foreign country he doesn't see them till he has blundered through and is writhing in misery from the consequent electric shock. All travelers in the nature of things constantly find themselves in foreign countries in positions which do not correspond with anything that ever happens to them in their own. But humans—you know their habits—cannot encounter a thing, not the smallest thing, without passing judgment on it. We are made that way. For good and for bad, that is one of our most marked qualities. And you can't judge anything unless you have something to compare it with. So our wounded or indignant or contemptuous travelers usually—*faute de mieux*—compare what happens to them in a foreign country with *something entirely different from it in their own*.

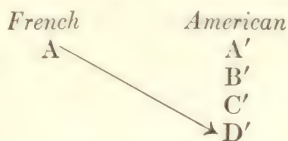
And there's my principle. I'll put it like a mathematical formula. "Much, perhaps most, international misunderstanding and dislike is not **inherent** and inevitable, but comes from

the comparison of customs and people in our country not with corresponding customs and people in another, but with others totally different." I'll make it clearer. Since everything is put down in graphs nowadays, I'll make a graph of it. It's so simple even I can draw it.

What the enlightened, perfectly just (and almost nonexistent) tourist should do, in judging the customs of the country where he is visiting, is expressed in the following graph, in which A represents the foreign custom he is trying to evaluate, and A' the corresponding custom in his own country, and the other letters, B', C', D', other customs, that have no relation to the one he is encountering.



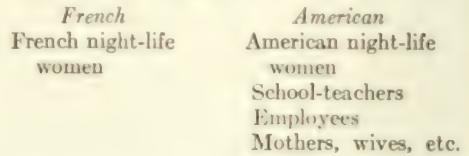
The straight line drawn from a foreign custom to the one corresponding to it in America expresses, of course, the route that should be traveled by the fair-minded traveler. The graph below expresses the route his mind usually does follow.



Perhaps you can follow me better if I diagram a concrete case already familiar to you, the American visitor to Montmartre night life. He feels the impulse, universal, human, inevitable, to make some estimate of the life he is encountering. Now you can estimate or measure a thing only by setting it up against something the dimensions or value of which you already know. As a standard of comparison for the night-life women in Paris, the visiting

American knows, say, the night-life women of New York, the women who taught school when he went to school, the women employees in his office, his own mother, wife, and daughter, etc., etc.

Here is the graph:



With no more explanation of my principle, I can trust you to draw his line anywhere but straight across to where it should go. Just draw it anywhere you think he's likely to have drawn it and see graphically what is wrong with that man's report on what "French women" are like.

Here's another concrete case, in which I applied the principle and the graph to my own enlightenment, this very day. I was reading a witty, Heinelike article by a German about France, about the fact that whoever fights France must be prepared to find God on the other side, about the complacent French assumption that whoever fights for France fights for humanity, etc., etc. I couldn't help laughing at the picture he drew of embattled French self-righteousness, the likeness was so deftly caught. But after a time, I stopped reading to exclaim, "But see here! How ever has he the nerve to consider that characteristic of the French alone! Didn't he ever hear about *Gott mit uns*, and *unser alte Deutsche Gott*? Not to speak of English cathedrals ringing sonorously with the certainty that God is in danger when England is. How *can* a man have . . . " But, of course, I saw at once how he could. He had drawn his line crookedly, namely from the large number of self-centered, savagely nationalistic people in France, not to the similar large group in his

own country with exactly similar views, but to the small number of broad-minded, fair people capable of seeing the murderous absurdity of such national self-glorification. And having hidden from his vision in this way the existence of a small group in France, just as broad and internationally minded as the similar circle in Germany, and about as numerous, he sped on his way making clear and open the road to hell with a perfectly good conscience.

Our unfortunate American school-teacher got herself misunderstood and insulted by assuming in her mental graph that a smart French café is equivalent to an American soda water fountain, which is about as sensible as to assume that a leopard, because it has four legs like a lap dog, can be treated in the same manner.

IV

I said that the fair-minded traveler is almost non-existent, almost but not quite. M. Dubrueil represents the intelligent minority. A French skilled mechanic, he came to this country and worked in various factories (Ford's among others) to see for himself the life the American workingman really leads. His graphs are not crazy quilts. He draws them with the skill and intelligence of a craftsman. On one page he describes the Sunday of an American working family. They spend their morning like dumb driven cattle, reading the comic strips in the newspapers and listening to the radio. After dinner they sit for a while, listening to the phonograph playing jazz, and then, utterly barren of any inner resources, incapable of any conversation except trivial personalities, leave the house and climb into yet another machine in which they spend the rest of the day, racing through scenery at which they do not look. So far his account sounds exactly like the usual European recipe

for pictures of American life—the main ingredients of the dish being plenty of stupefying mechanism well stirred together with ignorance, seasoned by the European cook with contempt and a dash of fear, and served piping hot. But M. Dubrueil gives an O. Henry twist at the end simply by drawing his line with accuracy straight across the Atlantic. He does not compare this family with a group of intellectuals in Paris (as subconsciously most French writers do because that is the group they personally know) but with a similar workingman's family such as he alone among French writers on America has lived with. In France he tells us such a family would not have any radio, phonograph, or Ford car. But it wouldn't have had any conversation either. Sitting out on the porch with the wife and children of a summer evening and calling across to your next-door neighbor once in a while is flat and banal and American, but the talk is about on a level with that of a French family of *the same class* sitting around that much admired center of civilization, a table in a café. Civilized, cultivated conversation is everywhere, alas! restricted to very small groups, and most of the time even they don't bring it off.

But my Danish friend, my wise, fine Danish woman, who has as a matter of fact scarcely traveled at all in France and has never personally had a French friend, how can my formula and my graph apply to her? Ah, so easily, so completely, even more perfectly than in any other case. She, like hundreds and thousands of well-read people, was making the fatal, the abysmal mistake of comparing people she met in foreign books with the real people in her own country. Ah, what a fault was that, my countrymen—everybody's countrymen! The greatest. And we all do it. Even those who have written books themselves commit that fault,

although they, if anybody, ought to know how little the people in books represent the general run of humanity as it is found. We are never sufficiently on our guard against the danger of judging foreign countries from their fiction because we are never seriously misled by the people in the books of our own native tongue. As we read, we mentally set back of them and around them the millions of real people who, if they existed in real life, would surround, modify, and dilute them to a recognizable humanity. But when we see them in a foreign book we take them for all there is. A Frenchman turns from Flaubert's white-hot indictment of small-town narrowness, meanness, stupidity, cruelty, and aridity of soul, as shown in *Madame Bovary*, saying to himself, "What a strong, true picture of *one* aspect of human nature." The same man lays down *Main Street*, remarking, "So this is American nature!"

Do you read Scandinavian fiction? If you do, you must have noticed what violent, dark, morbid goings-on fill the days in the old Nordic part of Europe. Infanticide, melancholia, brooding, murderous moods, religious mania, all-pervading despair is the chief of their diet, isn't it? My Danish friend, of course, also reads and admires those books. But she knows perfectly well what relation they bear to the reliable, pleasant-mannered good citizens in real life all around her, devoted to their healthy, fun-loving children, fond of their wives, good bridge players, with tennis courts on their lawns, wet bathing suits hanging on the line, civilized books on their shelves, and radio loud-speakers in their living rooms. Yet she goes right on comparing the Frenchmen she meets in books, subtle, devilish, sex-tormented fellows, not with the Scandinavians she meets in books, but with her own agreeable circle of Nordic friends, relatives, and neighbors. Her graph line being all wrong, it's no

wonder she comes to the oddest conclusions about the French—as odd as those we have about Scandinavians or those held by the French about America.

Do I mean that people are just alike everywhere, with no national traits at all? That's a rhetorical not a real question on your part. You know I can't mean that. Even if, as the Watsonites would have it, a Chinese baby and a Norwegian baby are made of the very same protoplasm (or whatever it is Watson thinks babies are made of), Norway and China soon arrange that protoplasm into different patterns. I mean that we can't make the faintest beginning at accuracy in knowing anything about national traits, customs, habits, or individuals as long as we keep trying to measure the flavor of string beans by comparing it to the rain-resisting qualities of roofing paper, so to speak. I mean considerably more than that, too, as I hope you'll see in a moment.

We cannot have the most approximate idea of what another nation is if we do not realize, and with all our fibers, that it is made up of all kinds of folks; that, for instance, France is not inhabited solely by French people but mostly by human beings. We shall always harbor absurd and unfair ideas of other peoples and other races so long as we think we know something about any given individual human being when we have been told what his race or nationality is, instead of comprehending that we still know nothing, nothing, nothing! One authentic fact about him himself, the smallest, the most baroque—such as that he is apt to be late at appointments, or that he likes green neckties—gives you just one hundred per cent more reliable information about the flesh-and-blood individual he is than to know that he is Swedish, or Swiss, or Jewish. Because, doggedly as our minds set themselves

against the idea, there are all kinds of Swedes and Swiss and Jews.

Perhaps one reason why we so mulishly balk at this idea is that we do not really admit it in the case of our own country. We know, of course, there are in our own nation a great many people who are "not our kind." Pennsylvania believers in witchcraft and hex-masters, Southern lynch-mobs, New England back-road degenerates, California religious maniacs, to mention a few. But when we speak of "Americans" we don't include them. We mean by Americans those we know, and we naturally gather around us those who are our kind, because we don't like to have anything to do with the others if we can help it. It does not occur to us, for instance, to look about us in the day-coach of a railway train, or in the subway, or on the station-platform of a country junction, to "see what Americans look like." We already know what Americans look like—our kind; and we keep our eyes glued to our magazine. Going abroad to a new country we leave behind "our kind," which makes up our own country for us, and transfer ourselves, not into the corresponding circle of the other country, for it takes years, a lifetime, several generations to locate that circle, but into the crowds who fill day-coaches and subway trains, and stand listless and inelegant at country junctions. There we sit, wide-eyed and observant, note-book in hand—French in America, Americans in France, everybody away from home anywhere—drawing graph lines that look like the trail of intoxicated serpents, and writing rapidly home about what foreign parts are really like.

Dubreuil, the philosophic French mechanic, points out that most French observers and commentators on American industrial life are singularly handicapped by a lack of the slightest acquaintance with French machine shops,

that most of the French literary and academic visitors who shudder over a visit to the soulless hell of the Ford factory are in their own minds comparing it to their own pleasant studies or lecture-rooms, not at all to a French automobile (or any other) factory, because mostly they have never set foot in one, let alone never having done a lick of work on any machine, under any conditions. And those other untraveled but well-read French people, pitying us for living in a country so under the heel of tyrannical public opinion that Babbitts must conform to the pattern or perish—just let them leave their big-city, impersonal Paris life, where they can do as they please for the sole reason that they can keep people not their kind from knowing about it, move into a French small town of marked clerical tendencies, and invite the nice teacher in the public school to tea! Ah, if we could but hold our pencils from drawing graph lines when we have no idea which way to point them, what a long step forward in international good feeling would have been made!

For it is my opinion that the longed-for breakdown of narrow, hateful nationalism, which must come if we are to escape poison-gassing one another off the globe altogether, can never come as idealists would have it, by a warm-hearted, world-wide recognition that all men are brothers. In the first place, because we are not a warm-hearted but on the whole a hateful race, and in the second place because all men are not brothers, nor anything like it. It would be impossible for us to love all humanity, and knowing more human specimens through more travel is not going to turn that trick, *rather the contrary* if we can't find a "principle" to sort out facts. For one thing, we can love only individuals, not "men" or "women" in a mass, because they do not exist as a mass.

Much of our human misery comes because we fail to recognize that there is, accurately speaking, no plural to "child" or "man" or "woman." A generation of intensive study of child psychology has begun to teach us the danger of laying down rules for the correct treatment of "children." But we haven't even made a start at realizing that it is equally dangerous to try to pass judgment on "Frenchmen" or "American women." The ignominious surrender to barbarism involved in all race or national prejudice is based on this insistence of ours on treating other people in the plural, although nothing arouses more hotly one's own indignation than to be so treated himself.

I have said that we can love or be friendly only to individuals. More yet, we are so constituted as to be able to love among individuals only a few people who are "our kind." Internationalism solidly based on the realities of human nature can in my opinion only come from the knowledge that, since all nations are made up, like our own, of a jumbled lot of all kinds of specimens, "our kind" are scattered far and wide in all nations, and all races. And that the other kind, the people whose traits are so detestable that we must go to war against them once in a while, are also scattered far and wide over all nations, with a good many of them living on our street, right now. Exhortations to feel

friendly toward other nations and other races cannot succeed because—there is no use talking about it—we do not "feel friendly" towards the majority of the human race anywhere. We can refrain from throwing bricks at them, perhaps from a sense of duty, perhaps from a fear that their bricks are bigger than ours; with an effort we admit theoretically that they have some right to live on the same globe with us; but we can feel friendly only with people with whom we have a good deal in common. The real barrier to international good-will is that we do not realize that there are such people in every nation and every race on earth.

Nor do we realize that the other kind are everywhere. Those hideous faults, and ridiculous flaws, and ugly vices, and bad manners, and cruelties which anybody with half an eye can discover in any country he visits, why does our race, in spite of all protests of hatred for such things, seem to make no headway against them? Isn't it because we will not look for them where we could find them, but insist on attributing them to this or that national or racial trait or custom? Of course they evade us. We could pull them out of their lairs and make at least a beginning of strangling them if we resisted with ferocity our human tendency to locate them in someone's else country, or community, or race, and would attack them where they live, in every human heart.



PAVES

BY ORRICK JOHNS

I HAVE always an eye for the paves,
And a thought for the feet that have trod them.

*The great rose travertine blocks
At Pæstum where sun-bitten slaves
Who laid them envied the flocks
At noon on the Apennines.
I am touched by the patience of paves,
Classical, cloistral, or laic—
Tiberius' royal designs
Washed by Tyrrhenian waves,
And the baths of Caracalla
Where the grass grows between the mosaic;
Roofless, battered, betrayed,
In the long Italian rain
They lie where the artisan laid
The colors that nothing can stain.*

*I am awed by the durance of paves,
Piombo and rosso and granite;
Under the dim gold naves
Of San Marco they ripple and roll
Like sand on a low-tide shoal
Or the wind-blown silk of a pool.
I am consoled by the paves
In crypts cut out of the stone
Older than man on the planet,
Forever silent and cool.*

*I love to walk them alone
In temples and chambers and towers,
Paves that are whiter than bone
Or vivid as flowers;
They are the soul of the stone,
They are the keepers of powers,
They are humility's own,
They are the works that atone,
They are the last that is ours.*



BEATING THE ECONOMIC SYSTEM

ONE WAY TO INDEPENDENCE—AND SOLVENCY

BY ALICE BEAL PARSONS

"IT'S a bad year," my painter said to me. He was sitting on the floor of a dismantled apartment, eating his lunch. The floor was littered with scrapings of plaster, dirty newspapers, dust, and paint cans. The brisk fall air tried vainly to blow away the conglomeration of smells released by his morning's labors.

"A bad year," he said, shrugging his shoulders expressively. "Work now. But what is work now? No work in July and August. No work in November, maybe. No work in December, maybe. But rent in November, yes. Groceries in November, you bet. It's a bad year," he said and munched his sandwiches glumly.

"Sixty dollars my apartment costs me. In July and August one hundred and twenty dollars to pay and no work. In November and December one hundred and twenty dollars to pay, and maybe no work."

"Is it a nice apartment?" I asked.

"Sure," he said. "It's a fine apartment. It's a whole floor, five rooms. In July and August I take one hundred twenty dollars out of my savings account for rent only. I take also one hundred dollars for other things. In November and December maybe I take one hundred and twenty dollars more. Then I take not much more because there ain't much more. When I take no more what happens?" He shrugged his shoulders and munched his sandwich.

What happens? I thought. He runs around among his friends to see if they'll sign a Morris Plan note for him; but his friends are out of work too, and their names do not impress the bank. He beseeches his boss to sign for him. His boss says that he'd like to, yes. But it's a bad year, and he has borrowed money everywhere. If he signed notes for other people in a bad year, his boss says, he'd be bankrupt already. As it is, he's almost bankrupt already. So Joe goes to a pawnbroker and gets a little money to tide him over another month. At the end of another month what happens? I wonder. The landlord puts Joe's furniture out on the street. The landlord doesn't want to, no; but it's a bad year. Some of the furniture has already gone, because it's been bought on the installment plan, and the landlord has meditated as he has watched it being carted away.

"This installment plan is all right if you have a job," Joe said, munching his sandwiches. "But when you stop paying, what have you? Nothing you have. You haven't the money. You haven't the furniture. Nothing you have. Exactly."

So the furniture that is left, after one company's wagon has come for some of it and another company's wagon has come for more of it, is put out in the street. In the street the miscellaneous articles that once made a home do

not make a home any more. They are melancholy rubbish, heart-breaking rubbish.

"It's a bad year," Joe said, pulling himself off the floor and beginning to paint again.

It would set him back a long way, this bad year. It would take his savings, half, maybe all his furniture. It would leave him naked in the world after years of work. Yet he is a highly paid workman. He gets thirteen dollars and twenty cents a day. My mind wandered to other men who make much less and yet face no such gloomy future as a year of partial employment has brought to Joe. Why? I wondered.

Joe is completely involved in the system. He owes everything to the system and loses everything by the system. Thirteen dollars and twenty cents a day is very good pay. When he made it he could well afford to spend sixty dollars for an apartment and to buy food that didn't take his wife long to cook, and to get the family's clothes ready-made, and to pay five cents to the subway every time he or his family went anywhere or came back from anywhere. The system did well by Joe when it was working. It did better, perhaps, as far as actual money returns are concerned, than any system ever did for so many men before. But when it breaks down for a few months it casts Joe out naked into the world. And if we know anything about its mysterious workings we seem to know now quite definitely that no mechanism we've yet contrived is going to prevent its breaking down periodically.

Our bad year has already lasted twelve months and seems about to start on another. "See how your system has broken down," the able Mr. Norman Thomas tells us; while the economists and engineers who had been preaching the most acceptable doctrine that the world had entered a new era

in which there would be no more such amazing crumbling away of the ground beneath our feet are wondering just why their neat little calculations broke down. Pending the Homeric tug of war between them and Mr. Norman Thomas, a layman picks up a few odd facts lying around loose and apparently overlooked.

One of the most striking of these is the fact that many men who didn't make nearly as much as Joe aren't nearly as hard hit. They aren't as completely involved in the system as he, and so its temporary balkiness does not affect them so much. But Joe's eggs are all in one basket. Do they need to be?

Except for serfs and slaves, seldom before have workmen been so completely at the mercy of their trade's continued prosperity. In America, at least, they used to own their homes. The new era of universal prosperity came on us so rapidly and conquered our hearts so completely that in a few years we have almost forgotten our old proud boast that we were a nation of home-owners. When multi-millionaires don't own the houses they live in, why should people like you and me bother to own ours? And we haven't bothered. We have sold the homes that in the good old fashion we owned free and clear. We've given away or sold or stored or burned up the furniture that used to stand in those many rooms, and moved down to New York, or into Chicago, or Pittsburgh, or Cleveland, or San Francisco. The money the houses brought we have invested. First we invested it in bonds and guaranteed mortgages, and later, when we read leading economists explaining how, over a period of years, that investment known as common stock, hitherto considered wildly speculative, was safer and surer than bonds and possessed infinitely greater possibilities, we invested in stocks. The

stocks have fallen, the apartment we swapped for our house is now too expensive for us.

Joe's father owned his house. He came to New York about the time that Mayor Walker's father did. Mayor Walker's father put his savings into a house on St. Luke's Place, and Joe's father put his into a house near Second Avenue. His neighbors were small tradesmen or painters like himself who also owned, or hoped to own, their houses. When they were temporarily out of a job they could putter around at home without too much worry. The house wouldn't fly off, anyway. But Joe began his working life in the new era of prosperity when it wasn't necessary to have an anchor to windward. Such few savings as he made went mostly into installment buying. He is wholly involved in the system.

II

Although he is an extreme case, Joe represents several millions, and—more to our point—his close connection with the system is the goal toward which most of the country is at present headed, whether consciously or unconsciously. Between him and the man I am about to describe there are many intermediate stages. Most of those who read these pages will either belong or wish to belong to one of these intermediate stages, and if they do they will probably exert a greater influence on eventual solutions than those persons at either extremity. Nevertheless, before coming to them, it is essential to understand Frank Wheelock. The striking difference between him and Joe marks the distance we have traveled since the inauguration in this country of mass production, which has effected such radical changes in our way of living that it is now generally referred to as the Second Industrial Revolution. Yet Wheelock still rep-

resents several millions. And his system of life, as Stuart Chase recently pointed out in this magazine, has been called the "most stable of all the forms of economic organization that have been so far developed." It is the purpose of this article to inquire whether it is possible to combine at least some degree of the stability of Wheelock's life with the earning power of Joe's, and if a considerable part of our loss of stability has not been quite unnecessary and unconnected with the essential elements of mass production.

Wheelock lives about a quarter of a mile away from my summer cottage on the slope of a mountain facing the Hudson, forty-five minutes from Jersey City. Like a surprising number of other charming places within easy commuting distance of New York, our neighborhood is, roughly speaking, undiscovered country. If I were to advertise my cottage for rent in a New York newspaper, very few of its several hundred thousand readers would recognize the name of my town.

In the neighborhood Wheelock's cottage is called The House of the Seven Bays, a title which is not only descriptive but awakes literary echoes, and proves that this is a solid American neighborhood where everyone studied American literature in high school. The house really hasn't seven bays, but I never succeeded in counting seven gables on that house which has long been the pride of Salem; and if it hasn't seven, it has enough to make it bulging and comfortable, though not enough to spoil its looks. The House of the Seven Bays isn't warty or flamboyant, nor is it gloomy like the famous prototype in Hawthorne's pages. No gaunt white face looks out of its windows at a tragic past or sits brooding over its fire.

Instead, a plump, round, curly-headed girl of eight or nine is usually to be seen playing about its lawn with

a plump, round dog, to whose never completed training she sedulously devotes herself, wrinkling her brows every time he forgets his decalogue and waddles out after a passing car or a passing dog. And during the summer months, before he set out with his father in the family car to cross the Alleghenies on his way to college in Ann Arbor, a tall boy of eighteen could often be seen energetically practicing the pole vault in a near-by field. Except for this field there isn't much level ground about. A hundred feet behind the house, the hill on which it stands flings up a last rampart of rose-colored stone against the sky, and in front of it a flower-carpeted meadow slopes toward the Hudson.

I had watched the house grow, slowly. First it had been a garage for which and for the land on which it stood, Frank Wheelock had paid \$1,000. Apparently this had just about cleaned him out, for during his first year of occupancy the only addition to the garage visible from the outside was a small kitchen wing and the two ditches he dug for pipes. Wheelock was a mechanical engineer who "took sick" shortly after his second child was born and before he had time to do much more than finish paying doctors' bills on the new baby. By the time his own doctors' bills were paid his savings had shrunk almost to the \$1,000 he paid for the garage.

Fortunately it didn't cost him much to live. His wife, like himself, came from thrifty village people, and knew how "to do on a little." She didn't go into a store and ask for the most expensive cut of meat. Not she. She could make delicious things with lima beans and kidney beans and common beans and rice and potatoes. While he was convalescing Wheelock put in a vegetable garden and kept a few hens. In the garden he raised fresh vegetables for the summer and enough pota-

toes for the year. For their occasional meat they ate chicken, or sold a chicken to a neighbor and bought a roast. All told, their food cost them about \$35 a month, and they grew fat and healthy on it. Their taxes were \$15 a year. The interest on their original investment was \$50 yearly. Electricity is high in the suburbs, and so, although the lines passed their house, they used oil lamps for the first year or two. Their fuel they got, and still get, from the mountains, fallen branches and trunks that Wheelock and the boy, then eleven years old, dragged down from the woods directly behind their house, and worked up in their spare time.

Their household expenses at this time, exclusive of clothes, amusements, and doctors' bills, came to about \$40 a month. Wheelock met them by picking up odd jobs here and there. In a community which tries to live inexpensively, as most country communities still do, the odd-job man tries his hand at most of the crafts. He mowed lawns in summer, tinkered about houses, and painted a little. For this work he received \$4.50 a day, the standard wage in the neighborhood for non-union day labor. If he had gone out of the neighborhood, down into the more settled part of the town, he might have received more than this for his various sorts of handyman's skill. But Wheelock was taking it easy, and at the price the jobs sought him. He didn't have to go after them. A week and a half of work at this wage paid his current expenses, and every day which he worked in addition went to clothes and extras for the family or to savings. At first he seldom worked more than two weeks in a month. As he grew stronger he often did, but in the seven years I have been watching the growth of The House of the Seven Bays I doubt if he has ever worked every day steadily for a month.

Joe would scoff at the wages Wheelock makes. He would say they were a slave's wages and no man could live on them; and indeed it would require considerable ingenuity to live on them other than very badly in a city, though it might be managed even there. But I doubt if even Joe would laugh at the house any more. No one laughs at it now. We all did at first. We all said that it wasn't a fit place for human beings to live, and wondered how the Wheelocks managed to emerge from their garage looking so neat and well put together. We didn't like the idea of houses being built in that shambling way in our neighborhood. But we don't laugh at the house any more.

A pretty path of marble slabstones, that Wheelock picked up somewhere for nothing, leads up to the door from the street. On either side of the low stoop are clumps of evergreens and flowering shrubs. In the living room, which has windows on three sides giving views of the river and fields and mountain, are a piano and two violins and a bookcase, in addition to the other appurtenances of a living room; for unlike Joe, who makes so much more than they do, the Wheelocks' reading is not confined to the tabloids and movie titles. They take the magazines and know what's going on. And unlike many more of us than Joe, they can still make their own music, very pleasantly. Besides the living room, considerably larger now than the whole of the original garage, there is a dining room out of which opens a pleasant porch, built just this summer, a kitchen and pantries and there are four bedrooms upstairs. The Wheelocks can entertain their friends, and have done so many times.

The house would sell now, in our uncouth neighborhood, for about \$4,000. It is considerably better than many houses that sell for much more in made-to-order suburbs closer to the

city. And while Joe was sitting on the dirty floor, gloomily munching sandwiches and wondering what would happen when his last savings had dwindled away, Wheelock was proudly driving his boy out to Ann Arbor to enter college. It would be cheaper to send him nearer home, of course, but the boy had a fancy for Ann Arbor!

If Wheelock's were an isolated case, the fact that he is surviving the present economic crisis better than many men whose earning powers are normally higher would have little bearing on the problem. What is extraordinary about the contrast I am drawing is that most of my readers will insist either that Wheelock is an isolated case or that he is the product of a fanciful imagination, though they will grant me Joe without hesitation. Ten years ago, more readers, even among city dwellers, would have accepted Wheelock, and many would have sniffed at Joe. Twenty years ago almost no one would have conceded that an ignorant boy like Joe could command \$13.20 a day. But granting it, for the purposes of argument, none would have dreamed that it would enable him to live only in a cheap tenement house on the edge of poverty. The main outlines of Wheelock's life were common property twenty years ago, but with an important difference.

His buying powers are far above those of a man who was making only day wages twenty years ago. Then a man could have worked a lifetime without putting as much in the bank as Wheelock has casually salted down in this seven years of taking it easy. A day laborer then would not have thought that he could afford a good driving horse and carriage, yet Wheelock owns a car. It is a 1927 car for which he paid \$100 this year, scrapping an old one he had driven for some time before. Wheelock has profited largely from the new system that is about to thrust Joe out

naked into the world. He profited by it when he got a good second-hand piano for \$50. He is profiting by it when he enters his son at one of the finest universities in the world for a trifling tuition fee. He profits by it every day, but he isn't wholly committed to it.

And instead of being an isolated case, there are still millions of him. It is a curious fact that we forget our past even while it is still with us. In my town, though it is within easy commuting distance of New York, there are almost as many men who live as Wheelock does as there are men who go into New York offices or work in the one town factory. In non-commuting country, or in villages in Massachusetts or Iowa or Missouri, one will often find the number of Wheelocks exceeding the number of Joes. There are, of course, many highly industrialized towns where almost the whole population is directly dependent on jobs wholly outside their control, living in rented houses, or in houses of their own without gardens or fruit trees. But such towns, although they have a comparatively dense population, are still for the most part small spots in a large surrounding country where quite different conditions obtain. In that surrounding country and in numerous small countryish towns several million Wheelocks pursue their placid way, often under much more advantageous conditions than the Wheelock I have described.

III

Wheelock's way, of course, is anathema to many modern men and women, because of the nature of the work that makes it possible. If independence can be secured only at the price of patching leaky roofs and digging up gardens and chasing potato bugs, they think it is a pretty expensive commodity. Many, in fact, sedulously

avoid the country under the erroneous impression that such occupations are inseparable from it. For some thirty years my own father, who loved it passionately, kept away from it because of his sad memories of milking four cows every night after school through the rigors of a Maine winter. It took him thirty years to separate his concept of country life from chores. The moment he succeeded, he moved back, to his own great satisfaction. One can live without tinkering in the country quite as well as one can in town, provided one has something to live on besides tinkering. Wheelock tinkers because he makes his living by tinkering, just as many more Wheelocks make their living from small farms.

One can, of course, find a country home within commuting distance of a great city if one wishes. If one dislikes commuting, there is a field outside the city for practically every vocation which finds a field in the city. Newspapers are written and edited and printed in the country as well as in the city. Factories are quite as likely to flourish in the country as in the city. Every village boasts its stores. On one country road near my house some of the finest pottery in the country is made, on another fine glass ware. Two miles away is a famous chemical works. Furniture is made in the country quite as well as in town. Books are usually written rather better, and pictures are painted quite as well. Watches and biscuits and candy and breakfast cereals and fountain pens and tractors and automobiles and baby carriages are made in the country. This does not mean, of course, that a skilled watch-maker can select a house haphazard in any country locality that pleases him and find a watch factory next door; but neither is he very likely to be able to do this in the city. No truly satisfactory arrangement of the complicated desires

and necessities of modern life is ever arrived at haphazard.

When the industrial system is working smoothly, it works as well in the country and small towns as in large cities. And when it breaks down, the laid-off mechanic or clerk or carpenter or painter who owns his own house and garden can sit tight until the storm blows over because he has a toehold which is wholly his—shelter, and the possibility of producing his own food and often even of securing his own fuel. At the same time the laid-off mechanic or clerk or carpenter or painter in the great city finds himself unable to meet his rent and store bills and faces eviction and the loss of years of savings.

If this is so, why has the tide of immigration from the country to the city kept up so steadily? Partly because, sad as our occasional hard times years are, they have so far been shorter and fewer than our good times years (though whether this will continue to be the case no one knows), and so have dropped out of memory more easily. Partly because every age seeks adventure in its own way, and for us the city is adventure.

Whether it happens to be in California or Illinois or New York, the city is to-day the goal of many of the most adventurous, the most talented, and most ambitious people of our time. It is also the flopping place of those who follow the line of least resistance. All roads lead to it, and to-day most of America is on the road. As a result the cities are full of people who have gone to them rather because they have an affinity for adventure than because they have any particular affinity for metropolitan living under present American conditions, and who often accept poorer jobs there than they can find elsewhere.

Many of the legions who have torn their roots out of the soil in order to live the lives they thought they

wanted in the cities find themselves withering after some years of diminishing returns of happiness. Life in a great city, even in a great city of the industrial age that rides roughshod over man's nerves, deprives him of sunshine and fresh air, and cages him in steel cells, is a tremendous experience. I doubt if anyone's capacities for perception and work and enjoyment can be fully developed without it. One's first year there is an Arabian Nights Adventure. In one's second year one settles down to enjoyment. In one's third one's senses begin to dull. In one's fourth and fifth one looks somewhat patronizingly on newcomers who still go sightseeing. One remembers that the Metropolitan Museum is there, but it is such a job to get to it. There's no use buying a season ticket to the Philharmonic, because something is always interfering, and it is so often impossible to get single ones that one has given up trying. Only when country cousins or European friends come to town does one see again the wonders of one's first year. Most New Yorkers and Chicagoans and San Franciscans after a half-dozen years live in their fabulous cities just about as the Sam Clarks lived in Gopher Prairie, except that they leave them whenever they can.

When they become sufficiently conscious of the withering process going on in themselves they sail for France or Africa, if they can afford to. If they can't, they hang around in doorways and in one another's cluttered rooms and in smoky underground cafés and complain bitterly about the world. To both classes I suggest that sunshine and country living are to be found nearer home than France or Africa, and almost as cheap, perhaps.

Those among them who don't wish to tinker or farm, who have definitely turned their backs on Wheelock, and yet would like to have an anchor to

windward in the shape of a house and garden of their own will be limited in their choice of neighborhood to one within accessible distance of some place of employment suited to their training and desires. But this limitation still leaves a wide field of choice, even if they must be near a large city. My commuting town is far from being the only one that combines great natural beauty with prices that are within the reach of every wage-earner. Of course, in certain limited suburban areas fashion and near-fashion and would-be fashion send prices sky high, but necessarily there are comparatively few fashionable centers. And as would-be fashion crowds in upon them, fashion flits nimbly away. When its flitting begins to be whispered about, prices start sliding back to more normal levels. When it is fully known, expensive country estates are offered for much less than their real value. But fashion, even with the Four Hundred expanded to Four Thousand, is an infinitesimal affair in any city and quite swallowed up in the environs of a city. One can find innumerable pleasant places that have never been grazed by it. If one counts one's pennies one had best not look for those places in the towns most widely advertised in metropolitan papers. They are advertised because someone expects to make a lot of money out of them. If Wheelock's house were situated in various well-advertised suburbs I could name it would cost about \$15,000 and be none the better as a house, and considerably less attractive as to neighborhood. The man who wishes to buy cheaply and well had better look around pretty carefully first. My own discoveries have all come from prowling about the country unattended by agents. With ferries and tubes and buses to help, prowling is an inexpensive and rewarding sport. With a car of one's own it is even easier.

If he does not need to keep within commuting distance, the man looking for an anchor to windward is in very much the same position to-day as tourists with a few thousand dollars in their pockets who visit a country in the throes of revolution and carry home an invaluable loot of pictures and tapestries. For although there is evidence that the tide may begin to turn before very long, at present the country lying around our great cities is strewn with the houses sloughed off by the disciples of the New Era when they rushed into the cities to earn the \$13.20 a day which has bought so little for Joe. Some of the houses are actually empty, others occupied by makeshift tenants. Many of them are large, well-built, and attractive. Most of them have fruit and nut trees about them, and fields already fenced. They cry aloud for someone to come and reap from them again the wealth they drop each fall onto neglected orchard grass. A friend recently bought such an old house near Brewster. It is in excellent repair, has ten rooms, four fireplaces, one large barn, several small ones, and some eighty-five acres of woodland, pasturage, and tillage. He paid the owner's asking price of \$4,000. This suggests that if he had bargained he could have bought it for considerably less. I know others who have bought houses in livable condition with several acres of land for as low as \$500. For years I have driven extensively about the outer fringe of the metropolitan district of New York, in Westchester, Rockland, Dutchess, and Putnam Counties, and each year increases my wonder at the extent of available country near New York. This year I circled the outer belt road around Chicago and was astonished to find how few traces of intensive building there are, and how much real country.

If one leaves metropolitan districts

behind and goes into real country, still more astonishing bargains are to be found. In the Poconos, for example, one finds bargains in old houses and excellent farm lands on almost every tarred or dirt road that meanders off into the country from the concrete highway. Yet the Poconos, unlike the better known New England stamping ground for so-called "abandoned farms," have a temperate climate and are near large industrial towns which offer an excellent market for their produce. Rash buyers of "abandoned farms" in New England often find that they have been abandoned for imperative reasons. They abound in sections where the crops are in danger of being nipped by frost every month in the year, where only a stunted variety of corn can be grown, and where one is lucky if the vegetable garden produces its first contributions by the Fourth of July. But the Poconos, which I mention here only as an example of innumerable other available regions, are a different matter. The farmer there can plant early and has no fear of premature frost. His kitchen garden supplies his table with fresh vegetables for a good four months, instead of the scant two he could wring from much of New England. Wheelock would find few odd jobs here, except in times of stress in the summer, but if he were to plant some twenty acres to potatoes, he would have a cash crop that would bring him in anywhere from one to two thousand dollars. In good years potatoes can be sold advantageously here right out of the fields. In less favorable ones the farmers of the region I happen to know club together and take turns carting them into a near-by industrial town, where they peddle them at retail prices. Farms are abandoned here not because only the scantiest sort of living could be wrung from them, but because their slow rewards looked like nothing com-

pared with the \$13.20 a day Joe could earn.

It is true that if one goes into such a neighborhood and buys for \$500 or \$1,000 a good house and a dozen acres—a real independent foothold on which a man can make shift to live even in the hardest times—one is reaping fruits one has not sown. Many decades have passed since a good house could be built for \$500. It takes years to bring an apple orchard into bearing. And generations have broken their backs clearing those fields that are now abandoned to Queen Anne's lace and meadowsweet and goldenrod. This vicariously acquired fruit may be, and sometimes is, the fruit of some other man's defeat; but more often it is the cast off, though still valuable, shell of an abandoned way of life.

It is also true that if this article should stimulate the millions of New York and Pittsburgh and Philadelphia and Cleveland and Chicago and Denver and San Francisco to scour the accessible country roundabout for old houses the supply would eventually give out, though the number available is astonishing and to be explained only on the known but not always remembered grounds that a whole people is sloughing off one system of economy and eagerly trying on the new clothes of another.

And it is true that when the great engines of our industrial system creak and groan and start going again, and Joe finds himself earning \$13.20 almost every day in the year, without any expenditure of responsibility or risk or ingenuity or resourcefulness, he will look with scorn on the slower profits of the independent man. These slower profits do involve responsibility and risk and a lavish expenditure of ingenuity and resourcefulness. Yet independence is not their only compensation. They offer rewards such as Joe has never dreamed.

There is rare satisfaction in picking apples from one's own trees, and this satisfaction is immensely increased if one has pruned and sprayed and fertilized the trees oneself. A really first-rate vegetable garden is a work of art as well as a valuable possession. I doubt if any other work I ever do will give me more satisfaction than I reap from two small 40x40 patches on a rocky hillside from which I supply my family with a delightful variety of fresh vegetables and small fruits for five months each year. There is satisfaction in watching the shadows change on fields and hills from hour to hour. There is endless satisfaction in watching the pageant of the countryside, the shad blossoms succeeded by dogwood, the wild azaleas by magnolias. There is satisfaction in watching the purple shadows on the snow and roofs gleaming silver in a winter sky.

But are these satisfactions enough to make up for all one barter in exchange? the withered city dweller asks. For Thoreau, perhaps, for Emily Dickinson, for some old farm-wife with quiet eyes, for many others besides. But if we are not among them, we can have the country without loneliness or self-sufficiency if we desire, or we can have a foothold of our own without venturing farther afield than some pleasant town, or village, or suburban street. We can draw the high wages of the city, if we choose, without paying its high rents, or submitting to its cramped conditions, its noise, its bad air, its smells, its complete lack of all natural living things except men and cats. We can profit by the collective strength of the system and still keep an individual anchor to windward in the shape of a house and garden where we can intrench ourselves with some degree of security against economic storms.

Most urban dwellers are completely ignorant how far afield one can have this without resorting to farming or

odd jobs for a living. Pleasant country houses from Maine to California are inhabited by families whose wage-earner motors in to some near-by town or village or city for his day's work. If you are driving in the Berkshires or on the Illinois prairie or in the California hills and approach any town about five o'clock, you will find the roads crowded with the cars of workers returning to their homes in the country.

Last summer I spent a night in a comfortable farmhouse in an Indiana farming country, far from any large town. Approaching it, I had noticed with surprise that in spite of the richness of the land there were many neglected-looking farms. Last year's decayed cornstalks even stood disconsolately in some. As we rocked on the front porch that evening, watching cars speed past us on the Lincoln Way, I asked the farmer the reason for this neglect. "Oh, they all go into Blank to work," he answered, naming a little industrial town thirty miles away. "Some drive in every day from here. Some moved their families in. Now it's hard times, they're coming back and opening up the empty houses. They'll be plowing the land again in the spring, at least enough for gardens. Me, now, I always have enough to eat."

IV

There is nothing in the nature of the industrial system as we work it in America to prevent our reaping the economic gains of collective enterprise at the same time that we enjoy the satisfactions and security of owning our own homes and personal possessions. In fact, it is just this possibility that has been repeatedly pointed out by believers in our system as one of its chief advantages; and yet during the last dozen years several million Joes have thrown it away with never a backward look.

That is only another way of saying that during the recent Era of Universal Prosperity several million Joes have been communized, not by the doctrines of official communists, but by their own sense of security aided and abetted by all the prophets and press agents of the Manifest Destiny of Americans to be Rich. I think it is an open question whether in the years since the War Russia or America has made greater progress in communization. Russia has done it by degrees and regulations and committees and propaganda and political organization, encountering no little opposition on the way because of man's desire, whether inherited or innate, to own his own foothold in the world. Several million Americans have done it quite unconsciously by voluntarily abandoning all individual ownership. If asked by their government to make this sacrifice for an abstract dogma of foreign origin, they would have fought and bled rather than do it, even if the dogma had made greater promises than communism. But as the next step in their march toward higher wages and shorter hours, as a method of eliminating responsibility and worries and risk, they threw overboard individual ownership without a qualm.

A house of one's own is a responsibility. The roof may leak, the furnace may rust, the paint may peel, the neighborhood may deteriorate. All these responsibilities Joe shifted to his landlord's back, the only drawback from his point of view being that when his pay temporarily stopped the landlord put him out on the street. But there are other drawbacks. Man enjoys exerting energy constructively. One of the ways he has in the past most enjoyed exerting it has been in creating a home, making it more comfortable, more beautiful, more satisfying, more expressive of himself from year to year.

It is not my purpose to inquire here

whether man would be happier, all things considered, if all varieties of individual ownership were given up. The answer to such a question can amount to little more than the expression of a desire for or against until several generations shall have made an experiment that has not been tried before in modern times. The Russians hope to be able to enforce such an experiment. At present they seem to be in the final stages of their struggle to make the peasants relinquish private holdings and work on collective farms. The outcome of this struggle is still in doubt. If the present government succeeds in bringing its recalcitrant beneficiaries around, the world will watch the result of its forcibly imposed experiment with the keenest interest.

Meantime Joe's situation presents an instructive contrast to that of the Russians. Unlike them, he has not abandoned private ownership in exchange for communal ownership in public control. He has abandoned it partly for higher wages, partly to avoid responsibility. With these wages he hopes to be able to buy all of his necessities. The wages are paid by industries either privately owned and controlled, or collectively owned and privately controlled. The avowed object of these industries is profit. When profit conflicts with that continuous payment to Joe of the \$13.20 a day on which his whole existence is built, profit is considered and Joe's existence is allowed to topple.

A belief is growing that the heads of industries would further their own ultimate well-being as well as Joe's, if they were to continue to pay him his \$13.20 a day even when they really have no use for his work. This could be done by piling up surplus stock that might, in the case of a long depression, prove a serious obstacle to economic recovery, or by the adoption of various socialistic devices. Industry has been urged, for

example, by socialistic theorists, to reduce the hours and days of work to a point at which labor's purchasing power and the amount of commodities produced would be in equilibrium, thereby obviating the present vicious circle of miscalled surplus production. Obviously, in an industrial system which is modified by every new invention, such an equilibrium could be maintained only by elaborate federal machinery and control. Other theorists have urged the government to adopt an adequate system of unemployment insurance. Some such devices as these may ultimately be grafted onto our system, in which case we shall have a modified form of socialism. But they are admittedly future possibilities, and Joe lives in the present.

At present industry operates on purely individualistic principles. The extraordinary thing about Joe's present plight is that he finds himself thrown into this individualistic arena as naked as a monk who has taken a vow of poverty, or as a communist. Only Joe is neither a monk nor a communist: for the monk looks to his heavenly Father and to all the earthly followers of his heavenly Father, to feed and shelter him; and the communist looks to a wealthy and powerful state; while Joe can look only to himself. He is

living a communistic life in an individualistic regime. To some extent we all must do so; but we can still hold our individualistic foothold if we choose.

It is curious that the first voluntary renunciation of property on a vast scale should have occurred in a country so large and so comparatively little exploited. Let anyone who doubts that there is elbow room and to spare for everyone drive from New York to Chicago. It is quite another thing to jump from city to city in a train, to go to sleep at Syracuse and wake up in Chicago. Let him instead pass through those thousand miles of Jersey plains and hills and Pennsylvania mountains and valleys, and Ohio mining country and prairie and Indiana plains, in his car. He will be amazed to rediscover how much country we have for a comparative handful of people. If he keeps on from Chicago to the coast, I do not think he can fail to be profoundly stirred by the vast, unexploited wealth of a country whose people hive together in a few nests, like bees in a wood. Whoever wishes to retain some degree of independence in this era of unconscious communists stumbling impotently about in the individualistic arena would do well to strike root somewhere in this rich land.



AND SO MY WIFE DIVORCED ME

ANONYMOUS

IT HAS now been five years since the court signed the decree which gave my wife an absolute divorce, the custody of our two small children, a liberal award of alimony, and a substantial allowance for the children's support. Looking back over those five years, and through the ten years of married life which preceded them, I am still at a loss to explain to my own satisfaction how the divorce really came about. I cannot put my finger upon anything that I can say was the cause of it—the fundamental cause, I mean. Nor do I believe that my former wife, alone with her own thoughts, or alone with me and speaking with the utmost candor, could tell what led her to demand her freedom, to destroy our home, to take my children away from me. I know simply that she wanted the divorce, or thought she wanted it, and easily got it, as the wife of any moderately well-to-do man can.

Now if one who has been made a victim of the social conventions and legal fictions of present-day divorce can retain a detached or scientific attitude toward it, I suppose I should say that I believe divorce should be made easy for those who want it; as easy, that is, as it can be made in a society in which marriage, the family, and monogamy continue to receive the sanction which they are still almost universally accorded. I have held that belief in easy divorce as long as I have had opinions of my own on social questions. Actually, however, as I have reflected

upon it many times in these last few years, I have realized that it was but an abstract theory of justice which I held, something I desired for others, exactly as I should desire for anyone freedom from incessant strife and from ties which bind so tightly that they cut to the quick of life itself. Fine, liberal principles, these, but conceived in a youthful spirit, and without any thought that I might one day be compelled to test them by my own experience. For when it was my own wife who wanted a divorce—an easy divorce—my liberalism and tolerance and generosity took flight; I could see in the demand no justification upon her part and no justice for me. First I resisted; then, reluctantly, bitterly, I yielded, yielded because at length I came to see there was nothing else that I could do. She got her divorce, got it easily, as I have said; and just as easily got the children, the alimony, and the children's allowance, the last being an item which in our State she can continue to collect for each child until it is twenty-one years of age.

So there was my belief, my abstract conviction, being put to the practical test. There was easy divorce brought right to my own fireside, to the bedside of my little girl and boy. With merciless irony it put out the fire in the fireplace, it took the little girl and boy away, it made the house, once so cheerful as only children can make a home, a place uninhabitable, unendurable. It lowered my pride, broke my spirit,

undermined my ambition. Each month, year in and year out, it has exacted a heavy toll in dollars that it galls me to pay. This, in stark reality, is the easy divorce I had advocated, the social principle and reform that have the support of the most advanced, enlightened, and highly regarded thinkers of our time who deal with the problem of divorce.

Even now, I must confess, I know of no ethical argument to advance against its theoretical application. Considered abstractly, as our leading philosophers and sociologists consider it, I still subscribe to it. Yet in my own case, which I believe not to have been exceptional, I am convinced that there would have been no separation at all unless the law and society had made it easy for my wife to obtain, not the divorce only, but more particularly the children's custody, plus the alimony, plus the children's allowance. For my wife would not have sought the divorce had there been any doubt in her mind that the children and the money would be included in the court's decree.

When I say that I do not regard my case as having been out of the ordinary, I refer both to my inability to discover just what made my wife want a divorce and to the ease with which she obtained a decree giving her everything that she demanded. Obviously, the ease with which the divorce could be obtained did not of itself originate the desire for it. Neither did the knowledge that, in addition to the divorce, she could get the children and a considerable part of my income. She already had these and, in a material sense, far more besides, much more than she could hope to have after divorcing me, unless it were her intention to marry someone of larger means than mine. And my means were not small. I was getting into the stride of my earning power, and my income had multiplied well over ten times since the year of our

marriage. My heart was in my work and my home; my children were devoted to me, while I found in their companionship a constant delight and in their mental development an inexhaustible source of pride; my wife had undeniable physical charms and social attainments, a flair for intellectual and artistic pursuits, a keen mind, a sound college education. Yet, though my own life was moving serenely along, I knew that all was not well, for my wife was mentally restless and physically restive; and in time she persuaded herself—or was persuaded by sympathetic friends—that she was unhappy, restricted, miserable; in short, mismated. Add to this state of mind the knowledge that divorce is easy, the certainty that she can get the children and the money, and you have the defiant cocksureness which is characteristic of the modern “uncontested” divorce case; a cocksureness against which no man can hold out at home or dare fight in court.

This attitude is common, I believe, to all women of our leisured and semi-leisured classes who seek freedom, or independence, or liberty, or release, or self-expression, or whatever they call it, through divorce. In the circles in which I move I have never heard of a woman contemplating divorce who was not positive of the outcome; and I have no doubt that nearly every married woman, even if she has no thought of divorce, will say that she could, of course, get a divorce if she wanted one. A typical example of the cocksure attitude to which I refer may be found in an earlier discussion of certain aspects of divorce which appeared in *HARPER'S MAGAZINE* last September under the title, “Who Gets the Children?” The author of that article, a woman between whom and her husband love had vanished, knew “the overwhelming yearning one may experience to assert independence once and for all by one great act of rebellion”—i.e., divorce—

but for her children's sake decided to make the "sacrifices" involved in continuing to live with her husband. "To be respected by existing courts" her case for divorce "must distort the truth somewhat." However, evidence of "mental cruelty" was not hard to find and in her State would suffice. Hence she asserted with assurance, "I do have grounds for divorce from him and in the settlement should probably 'get the children.'" She had an acquaintance who had just obtained "a very satisfactory divorce." The acquaintance told her, "Of course, I should not have considered applying for it if I hadn't been assured that I should get the children." Mention of alimony and the children's allowance is delicately avoided, but we may take for granted that both women were as cocksure of these as they were of the divorce and the children's custody.

The degree of assurance expressed by a woman seeking a divorce is by no means in proportion to the legal grounds or private reasons which impel her to that action. On the contrary, those whose claims are flimsiest and whose grievances most fanciful are more likely to be aggressive and belligerent in demanding their "rights" than women whose domestic troubles are tangible and grave. Let me quote again the case of the contributor mentioned above, because I agree with her statement that her situation is "fairly typical." Speaking of the legal aspects of that situation, she says of herself and her husband, "Neither of us is very 'bad' judged by the world's standards, so neither has what is considered a serious claim for divorce." Yet of her moral right to a divorce, judged by her own standards, she is quite certain. Having decided, however, that in her case, as in others, "divorce is not always the wisest way of attempting to get out of unhappy domestic situations," she surrounds her renounce-

ment with an aura of self-sacrifice and makes it plain that she lives for the day when she can confide to her children the story of what she has given up for their sake and what she has endured. This is all quite characteristic of the woman who makes a virtue of the fact that she refrains from dragging her husband into a divorce court, and there taking his children and his money away from him, even while admitting that she has no claim for divorce which she could justify in the eyes of the world.

What are the mental cruelties which such a woman endures? What are the spiritual sacrifices which she makes? Again I cite the case of the anonymous contributor to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, partly because I regard it as typical, partly because it so closely resembles my former wife's. The woman whom I have been quoting endured the disillusionment which came with the discovery that her interests and ideals were different from her husband's, the inference being that his interests were narrow and his ideals out of date. She endured her husband's objection to women's smoking, and gave up cigarettes. She endured his objection to her reading certain writers with "mildly iconoclastic ideas," and hid Lippmann, Hemingway, and Mencken in the clothes hamper. She endured his "inherited notions concerning woman's subservience in the social order," and gave up her "individual liberty" and "self-expression." She endured his being "very kind as long as my life seems to conform to his code," and gave up her "personal freedom." She endured "being tied by the old rotten strings of marital bondage," and gave up "the greatest pleasure on earth," which would have been to break them. She endured, hardest burden of all to bear, his Christian morality, and gave up her desire to have her children taught solely to

"utilize their reason—not an authority's command—in determining their behavior in every situation of life." But when her husband took the children to church with him and had them taught the catechism, it was too much; her bitter opposition took the form of deception, and she devised a way of undermining the children's faith which she deemed "more adroit and more likely to make the children differ from his opinions." Confiding to the children her disagreement with many of their father's views and encouraging them secretly to belittle his authority even as she did, she eventually "got the children"—got them away from their father in all the intimate relationships of life. A form of "mental cruelty," I submit, strongly sustaining the Kipling position as to the female of the species.

If we accept this woman's situation as typical, then I dare say that we have in her complaints and "sacrifices" a great deal of enlightenment upon that question which has puzzled me for more than five years, and which in the same manner doubtless puzzles many other men whose wives have demanded divorces for no reason that seemed valid to the men. The picture which she draws in no way taxes my imagination or credulity, for I myself, as a husband, resembled in many respects the husband she describes, and she in many respects resembles the woman who was my wife. Nevertheless, despite the earnestness and indignation with which she asserts her moral right to a divorce, even while relinquishing it, none of the instances of "mental cruelty" which she relates, none of the apparent lack of intellectual and spiritual accord, none of the points of disharmony, seems to me, as the former husband of such a woman, sufficient to warrant her feeling that she is bent down under the "yoke of unhappy marriage," or to make her very soul cry out for the "privilege of living her own life unhampered."

II

I am sure that many men whom the world would adjudge good husbands and fathers object to their wives' smoking. Also, I can readily conceive and shall presently relate circumstances in which one might resent his wife's devotion to some of the best-known writers of our period. Equally understandable to me is a husband's irritation with his wife's passion for "self-expression," "individual liberty," "personal freedom," "independence," "rebellion," and all the other like concepts which to some modern women seem very real, but which to men are not only meaningless but mystifying when projected against the domestic background. Above all, though I am as much an agnostic as, say, Albert Einstein or Julian Huxley, I can fully appreciate and sympathize with the point of view of a father who wishes religion to be a part of his children's experience and mode of life. About such things—women's smoking, reading, and freedom, and the religious training of children—my ideas, now that I reflect upon them, are doubtless old-fashioned. But, to use an old-fashioned phrase, I "come honestly by them." So, I imagine, do many other moderately well-educated and liberal-minded men of my generation, without any of us being conscious that we are asserting a selfish and unreasoning desire to dictate the conduct of our wives and children. I refer here not to men old enough to be grandfathers, but to men of my own age and condition of life—men between thirty-five and forty-five, who have children of school age, who are doing fairly well part of the necessary work of the world, and who are only vaguely aware that the wives of this new era of emancipated women are violating the traditions in which their husbands were bred. For men, I believe, without being aware of

it, do hold more tenaciously to their traditions and have their prejudices more deeply rooted than do women, and are slower to accept new ideas and have a stronger emotional attachment to old ones.

Let us consider women's smoking. If I relate at length my own experience in what may seem a trivial matter, it is only in an effort to discover whether it is in such little things as cigarettes, perhaps, that "incompatibility of temperament," "irreconcilable differences," and "mental cruelty" have their beginnings; whether "tremendous trifles," to borrow a Chestertonian paradox, are just as likely to result in the mental state that causes divorce as the "grounds" recognized by law and society.

I have an innate aversion to women's smoking. Abstractly, I recognize my aversion to be wholly unsupported by logic, for I cannot adduce a single argument against smoking by women that would not apply with equal force to smoking by men. Since I myself smoke, my attitude toward women's smoking is obviously inconsistent. Were I so much as to intimate in any social gathering that smoking by the women of my acquaintance is distasteful to me, I should regard myself as giving singular evidence of ill-breeding, as well as laying myself open to ridicule. I proffer the lighted match to the delicately poised cigarette of a woman companion as quickly as does the next man, though mentally I shudder at the gesture; and while her cigarette lasts, though only for that interval, I am vaguely conscious that an ancient prejudice is being stirred and a pleasant illusion destroyed. Having been born in the last decade of the Victorian era, I grew up in the period when our mothers and grandmothers, as well as our fathers and grandfathers, looked upon smoking by women as a mark of coarseness, confined almost exclusively

to the demi-monde and to women who were—well, a bit fast. My youngest brother, born ten years later than I, entertains no such notions as mine; and my son, accustomed from childhood to women's smoking, will certainly not see in his mother's cigarette one of the possible causes of our divorce.

My father did not smoke, nor did his father. They refrained, not from abstemiousness, but simply because they had no taste for tobacco. Both of them used wines and spirits and both provided cigars for their guests. Cigarettes they disdained. They evidently were of that school of American thought which regarded the big black cigar as masculine but left cigarettes to callow youths of college age, among whom they were deemed a fad or affectation. I am certain that my father communicated to my boyhood mind his disdain of cigarettes; just how or when I do not now recall, but very definitely he implanted the belief, strong enough to last throughout my youth, that cigarettes were for "sissies." He made no use of the stunted-growth, nail-in-your-coffin warnings of that period, but on the contrary assured me that smoking was quite all right if one did it "like a man." To this day, though I have made many sporadic attempts, I have never been able to acquire a taste for cigarettes; I prefer a pipe.

My mother's father was among the great number of men whom Grant's death in 1885, from cancer of the tongue, caused to forswear smoking, it then being popularly supposed that Grant had suffered an infection of nicotine poisoning as a result of his addiction to tobacco. When my grandfather renounced his pipe, he was in earnest; all entreaties of my grandmother and others for him to resume what had been the harmless habit of a lifetime were ineffectual. Thus his pipe became a family tradition, which my mother never wearied of recounting

with affection and pride. She hoped that when I grew up I, too, would smoke a pipe; she was sure it would do me no harm—"and grandfather always seemed to enjoy it so."

Can a son, never forbidden the pleasure of smoking, become a husband who would restrain his wife from seeking that same pleasure? Apparently he can.

The Victorian grandmothers and semi-Victorian mothers of the men of my generation were not conscious of being denied the right to smoke. I think it reasonable to assume that they had no desire for it, no thought of it. Smoking by "nice women" was neither practiced, nor condoned, nor agitated. This was true, not of our mothers and grandmothers only, but also of the girls with whom I went around as a young man; at least, if they held contrary views, I did not know it. The girl I married in 1915 did not smoke. Neither she nor I, however, regarded her abstinence from cigarettes as a virtue; like her mother and grandmothers, she simply gave it no thought—nor did I. But a revolution in thought and conduct in respect to women's smoking was impending. A few years later the cigarette habit had taken hold of my wife so completely that her smoking began with her morning toilet and ended only when the lamp on her bedside table was turned out at night.

I do not know whether delicacy and refinement are physical attributes or states of mind, objective or subjective. I do know that my respect and affection for my wife were never the same after she acquired the cigarette habit. My disapproval grew into positive resentment when our children in turn acquired the chewing gum habit, which I thought vulgar and odious. My wife could not deny them a "confection" which she now kept always at hand for an obvious purpose; and the

children, of course, felt that my objection to their use of it was unreasoning and harsh. To-day my fifteen-year-old daughter has begun to smoke, with her mother's acquiescence. I am not supposed to know about it. It is one of the "secrets" between her and her mother that I would not understand.

Contemporary society would put a man down as insane if he sought to divorce his wife and take her children away from her because she smoked cigarettes—even if she smoked them to harmful excess. It would say, and justly so, I believe, not only that smoking by women has come to be an accepted social convention, but that, even if it were still regarded as a vice, it would be trifling in comparison with the consequences of divorce and the disturbance of the children's custody. Yet this same contemporary society will condemn as "mental cruelty" in a man, to the extent of justifying divorce and separation from his children, a prejudice against women's smoking that certainly is as "natural" as women's smoking itself, and that until a few years ago was an accepted social convention for more than three centuries. To such absurd lengths have we carried this emancipation of women and liberalization of divorce.

III

When my wife and I were married the vast literature of parenthood, which has illuminated the raising of children during the last five or ten years, was still incubating in the minds of its authors. Its path of progress was from the schoolroom to the playroom, and lastly to the nursery. When our first baby came, fifteen years ago, we had Holt's *Care and Feeding of Children*, and colic was a graver concern than psychology. We knew nothing of behaviorist conditioning. John

Dewey and Madame Montessori were known to us because my wife had been a teacher, and a fairly progressive one, in a private school that rated well; Hillyer's *Child Training* had been published the year before our little girl was born, but it, too, dealt with the child of school age. Russell's *Education and the Good Life*, Watson's *Psychological Care of Infant and Child*, and other works recognizing the mentality of infancy, were yet to be written. Although my wife and I were alike in rejecting the established creeds, without being aggressively or offensively agnostic, the idea of protecting our children against the superstitions and dogmas of the churches had not occurred to us. We might have said of our former religious beliefs, as Havelock Ellis has since said of his, that "the process of disintegration took place in slow stages that were not perceived until the process was complete." By similar slow stages we came at length to realize that "what to tell the children" was one of our marital problems.

At first it was simple enough. The children were christened, with their mother's willing consent, as their High Church father and his Anglican forebears had been christened for many generations. To my wife's New England parents, who had drifted toward modernism and indifference, the manner in which their grandchildren received their names was of no consequence; to my parents it was. When the children could lisp the words we taught them the "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," and later the "God bless mother, and God bless daddy, and God bless our doggie Pete," plus whomever and whatever else they included in their improvisations. When the time came for the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and the Catechism, my wife balked, swallowed hard, and let me have my way.

As I look back, I think that the ideas of neither of us at this stage were very clearly defined. My wife's point of view, however, will be made clear if I quote what Bertrand Russell subsequently stated in regard to the moral instruction of his own children: "I shall prevent them from learning a moral code which I regard as harmful. Some people who themselves hold liberal views are willing that their children shall first acquire conventional morals, and become emancipated later, if at all. I cannot agree to this, because I hold that the traditional code not only forbids what is innocent, but also commends what is harmful." My point of view was that religion, though not indispensable, was one of life's great emotional, spiritual, and moral experiences which could come only in childhood to the boys and girls of this modern age whom science would claim in maturity; an experience both primitive and eternal, suggesting, as Havelock Ellis has said in *The Dance of Life*, "a time when the mystery of the blossoming of the soul was one with the mystery of the upspringing of the corn," and projecting itself into the future as long as the riddle of the universe shall remain unsolved. I felt, too, if I may quote further this same philosopher to illustrate an experience common to many of us, that in my own life "the loss of religious faith had produced no change in conduct, save that religious observances, which had never been ostentatiously performed, were dropped, so far as they might be *without hurting the feelings of others.*" The latter consideration (the italics are mine) was one which I could not overlook because of the vital part which religion had long had in my family's life; and they knew that for me, too, its influences and discipline had been profound and enduring.

I cannot speak for men whose religious experience as boys was derived

from the churches and Sunday schools of the evangelical denominations, but as a father who in his own boyhood has known the exaltation inspired by the divine communion, the intimation of the real presence, the word made flesh, I can say with Arthur Christopher Benson, who was a master at Eton for twenty years, that "the worst evils of boy life, the sensuality, the greediness, the materialistic views of things, are apt to shrink and die in the presence of that holy and awful mystery." The child whose depths of feeling have been stirred by the mystic rites, the solemnity of the liturgy, the communion of saints, dwells in a spiritual world of which his elders have no intimation. For him right rules of conduct are made easy, and evil hard. There is no fear in his religion, only love—love of God and of all the child holds dear. The spiritual insight then gained revives in later life, I believe, in his feeling for music, for poetry, for love, for all mystical experience.

I well remember how many things I did as a boy because I felt them to be pleasing to God, how many I refrained from doing lest He be disappointed in me. I remember how much He did for me—above all, how one dreadful day, when I was about ten or eleven years old, He gave back my mother's life after my father, tears streaming down his face and pressing me close to him, had told me she was going to die. I climbed on to her bed in the hushed, darkened room; her hand touched me feebly; I kissed her good-by. But she did not die because I went into my room, knelt down and prayed God to make her well, and not let her die. I prayed as only a child can pray who "knows" God and believes in Him implicitly. No one, not even my mother, ever knew that it was because of my prayers that she lived: a child's religion is not worn upon his sleeve.

Long before my children were born

I had lost that faith. But what man, having lived it, would not wish his children to share it?

What I wonder, as I consider the modern point of view, is whether those who would protect their children from the superstitions of religion have ever known its mysticism; and whether those who talk of the rule of reason for children have not forgotten childhood's omnipotent imagination. A child creates his own world and peoples it and governs it. In it he dwells apart from us, independent of us. It is in that world chiefly that he obeys his instincts and satisfies his cravings. His plastic powers, to which religion gives boundless scope, dwarf the rule of reason. He will not live by it, and does not live by it, except when he returns casually or *vi et armis* to this commonplace world in which adults dwell. And very seldom then.

No order of court relating to our children's religious training or secular education went with the decree that gave my wife their custody. About these things she could do more or less as she pleased. Having adopted, toward the end of our married life, the view that in such matters as religion children should be taught to "think things out for themselves," she dropped all pretext of religious instruction for them immediately after the divorce. In their home life with her there is no religious observance of any kind, and they are rapidly becoming as godless and churchless as she is—and as I am. My idealistic point of view she dismissed as antiquated and absurd. The children were to have no such silly illusions.

IV

The disillusionment of the woman who discovers that her interests and ideals are different from her husband's would be understandable and familiar

even if one were without personal experience in observing it. In literature it is as old as Homer's *Iliad* and as recent as Eugene O'Neill's *Strange Interlude*. The classic example, of course, is Emma Bovary, sitting after supper with her well-fed and sleeping Charles—Charles exhausted by the day's work among his patients, while Emma muses upon the meaning of the felicity, the passion, the rapture that had seemed so beautiful to her in books. Disillusionment, boredom, melancholy; only easy divorce is lacking to fit Flaubert's story into a twentieth-century setting. It is a familiar theme, this disillusionment, perhaps because it is a universal experience, one which in some measure nearly every wife must at some time have known.

In many of the critical studies of our modern industrial civilization we find the opinion freely stated that the successful business and professional men of to-day have permitted their work to narrow their interests and destroy their ideals, to make life for themselves—and their wives—a drab and dreary thing, devoid of cultural aspirations and intellectual advancement. And we know it to be true, many of us, that during much of the time in which we are building a business, adding to the material well-being of our families, our wives are broadening for themselves alone the interests which we and they once had in common, absorbing the ideas of a new world of thought. The wife of the successful business or professional man, if she be moderately well-educated and have an inquiring mind, has vastly greater opportunities to enlarge her mental horizon than has her husband. If they were well mated when they started out upon their married life, she is almost certain to outstrip him in her intellectual growth. Sooner or later she will look with some disdain and a conscious superiority upon his preoc-

cupation in the material things which have themselves given her the leisure to cultivate fields of knowledge wherein he has no more than scratched the surface. We who are under forty-five, and still forging ahead in our work, cannot have for ourselves the leisure we give to our wives. And apparently we cannot have our wives if we give them the leisure.

Lest in seeking to understand I seem to condone the divorcing propensities of these disillusioned modern wives, who find their husbands' everyday pursuits and attitudes neither as interesting nor as loftily intellectual as they appeared in the days of courtship, let me say rather that I think it unfortunate that a woman of the intellectualist type should have marrying propensities, unless her intellectualism is infused with a truly scientific spirit, human and comprehending enough to adjust and adapt itself to the domestic and social scheme as it is. The trouble with this doctrine of pure reason, by which the intellectualist wife would have her husband and children guided in every situation of life, is that it does not work as a matter of practical policy. My modernist wife's immoderate indulgence in books was part of our domestic tragedy. That is why I said earlier in this narrative that I could understand the point of view of that husband who objected to his wife's addiction to certain contemporary literature—e.g., James Truslow Adams, H. L. Mencken, Walter Lippmann, Ernest Hemingway—and thus seemed to be "censoring" her reading in the same manner that he had seemed to "forbid" her smoking.

With the exception of the novels of Mr. Hemingway, I have read a large part of the writings of the authors she mentioned, as well as of a great many other moderns. Nothing would be farther from my wishes than to deny anyone else the pleasure, the stimula-

tion, the benefit I have derived from that wide reading. Nevertheless, I have known times when I wanted to lock up these books, burn them, give them to the sailors—anything to keep my wife from reading them. Because they went to her head, inflated it, inflamed it. Like other women whom I have observed, she took her serious reading too seriously. A book to her was not a book, but a living experience, or an experience to be lived. In the days when the *New Republic* was new, she was not content with being a parlor socialist, but wanted to be a long-haired radical. If she read a Shaw preface, a Wells novel, a Galsworthy play, she wanted to do something about it; she wanted to reform the world—or me. The philosophy of life expounded by Havelock Ellis, Bertrand Russell, H. L. Mencken, and these others I have mentioned, was to her, not an attitude of mind, but a plan of action; not a revolution of thought, but a revolution of conduct. I call this interpretation, characteristic of the reading of so many women, uncritical, unreflective, and shallow. I do not mean that the ideas of all the foremost thinkers of our time are impractical; I mean simply that they are not intended, *in toto*, to be of immediate application. It is an admirable thing for our educated wives to have, like the Mrs. Dean of *Wuthering Heights*, a disinclination to fritter their lives away in silly trifles; but in these days of commercially successful fathers and husbands there are not many college women who are like the Brontës in having “undergone sharp discipline, which has taught them wisdom.”

My wife's reading was something that must then and there be translated into the plan of her own living, superimposed somehow upon the suburban domestic life of a typical American family of the upper middle class—a woman with a house and

garden and servants and bridge clubs; two small children in primary grades at school; a husband in business that brought him into daily contact with the most conservative element of his community. This husband, recognized and respected by other men for his commercial success, and with some prominence in the community, seemed to his wife a prosaic fellow when contrasted with the brilliant minds with whom his wife dwelt; incapable of providing the stimulation that came from an Ellis, a Russell, a Wells, a Dreiser, a Mencken. Her husband, and other men like him, were Babbitts, Babbitt and business being synonymous in this undiscerning attitude to which I referred a moment ago.

It was among her bridge clubs, among the wives of other prosaic business and professional men, that my wife found sympathy and support and appreciation. The number of the bridge clubs increased, and there were book clubs, too, groups of women who exchanged their own and their husbands' books, and discussed them—both the books and the husbands. Soon I became aware that my wife's circle of friends was not only increasing but changing; women who were the friends of both my wife and me, who with their husbands belonged to the same social set in which we moved, to the same country clubs, to the same group of concert- and theater-goers—these women began to drop out of the clubs to which my wife belonged. Or it may have been the other way around; perhaps she dropped out of theirs. If I arrived home late in the afternoon, when a bridge party or tea was disbanding, I encountered new faces, heard new topics of conversation, was asked leading questions about this or that book or movement to which I had no ready answer. Some of these women were a good deal older than my wife; most of them impressed me as

being her inferiors in both education and intelligence. I thought them too consciously alert and "modern." The other women, the ones I had looked upon as "our kind," used to talk to me about my children, upon whom they knew I doted. These new women apparently did not know that I had children; they talked to me about my wife.

I began to hear that my wife was an exceedingly brilliant woman; her conversation held people enthralled; she was an advanced thinker, fully abreast of the times; living evidence that the woman of the new age need not allow herself to be submerged by matrimony and domesticity. Then she was invited to talk here and there, before this or that group, on a variety of social, economic and political subjects. I began to stay out at night to avoid the young intellectuals, the middle-aged divorcees, the old dowagers who now replaced the pleasant "younger married set" that used to drop in for a rubber or two of bridge or for a little serious music in which some of us managed to retain an interest. It was not long before our children began to be neglected while my wife was addressing other mothers on modern modes of raising theirs. Nor was it long before I began to hear echoes of the whispering women who sponsored the legends about my unappreciated and neglected wife—her husband was never home any more; and that, of course, meant only one thing. I did not know the "other woman," but in roundabout ways I heard much about her. Meanwhile our old friends had been almost completely crowded out of our home by the newcomers, and the fact that my wife now rarely called with me upon any of them, or appeared with me at the country clubs where I was usually chairman of this or that committee, gave color to the story that our domestic affairs were not going well. The story spread from the

suburbs to the city, and in a little while I realized that it was in my own office, whispered among my clerks and stenographers, and in the offices of the men with whom I did business. It was in the downtown clubs where I met my friends at luncheon, at the country clubs where I met them for tennis or golf.

My children and I became closer than ever in those days, and I have never been happier than I was in that companionship. On many of the afternoons on which I knew my wife was going to be away from home after they returned from school I made a point of going home earlier than usual, and there would be gay times; or if I were not able to get away from the office before the regular closing hour, I would have the car sent for them, and there would be the double thrill of going to daddy's office and riding home through the park—perhaps even stopping at the zoo, what luck! My wife received a good many dinner invitations in which I was not included. She invariably accepted them. Two or three times, when I was included, I went along; but the husbands I then met were as tiresome to me as the wives, and I am certain that with the latter I myself did not shine. In the days of the "younger married set" we had seldom gone out to dinner; that time, in our home as in the homes of our friends, was pleasantly complicated by children. Nor had we done a great deal of going around after dinner, since I had a book, piano, and fireside disposition which my wife had seemed to share. Now my wife began to be more and more in demand in the evenings among her new friends. Whether it was her skill at bridge, her brilliant conversation, her arresting personality (she had a drawing-room manner that commanded attention), or her prominent, prosperous, but absent and legendary husband that brought her so many invitations, I have never

known. Many a night, however, she was on the way before the children had gone to bed—nights I invariably spent at home—and the traditional order of things was reversed by my being awakened long after midnight by her car turning into our driveway.

I do not know why—I can only guess that women's adulation of other women soon exhausts itself—but my wife's circle of friends grew smaller and smaller after her popularity reached what must have been a climax. The intimates dwindled until there were not enough to make two tables of bridge. That handful of women, however, were the dangerous few. I made the error, if error it was, of meeting the danger head-on, voicing my violent opposition, trying to show my wife the mischief they were doing. For they, too, were discontented wives, or ex-wives who had not found in divorce what they expected, but were pretending they had. What my wife had become, without realizing it, was the center of a little coterie of divorce. Every woman in the group was divorced or planning a divorce; every one of them who had not then obtained a divorce has since gained her "freedom." My effort to separate my wife from these women was a dismal failure; it drove her closer to them. There was a scene: I had taken away her youth, I had deprived her of her independence, I had smothered her aspirations, I had sacrificed our love to my business; now I wanted

to drive away her "dearest" friends. She told them about it, and they told the world—as it had not been told before. Now it was not one woman who was divorcing me, asserting her right to live her own life unhampered, but half a dozen women. Vicarious divorce. Little, I imagine, did their husbands and ex-husbands know how the cocksureness of their wives was to be communicated to mine and visited upon me. They showed her how easy it all was; they urged her on; they told her what they would do, what they would demand in the settlement, if they were in her place.

Behind them they had the full force of the social convention which says that a husband must not, and the legal convention which supplements it by saying that he need not contest his wife's suit for divorce; the social and legal convention which says that the mother "gets the children"; the social convention which says that a husband should be, and the legal convention which says that he must be liberal in providing for his wife and children after divorce. "How easy they find it," says Anatole France, remembering how women will go from the most ardent tenderness to the coldest indifference—"how easy they find it to sacrifice what once they held dear and destroy what once they adored."

Easy divorce? Why all the agitation for it? We already have it. What could be easier—for a woman?



APROPOS OF ASSES

A STORY

BY LOWRY CHARLES WIMBERLY

WADHAM was an ass. It did Higgins good on this cold December night to call Wadham just that. There was a time, though, when Higgins had thought to help the word along with adjectives. An utter ass. Wadham was that. Or a consummate ass. Wadham was that, too. An unmitigated ass or an ass incomparable. Any one of these was good. But as a matter of fact the word didn't need bolstering up with adjectives. It was a strong word and could stand alone. Only three letters. Rather only two, to be exact. And Higgins liked to be coldly exact where Wadham, with his blathering hot air, was concerned. An ass, then. Simply that.

The trouble was that he had never been able to bring himself to call Wadham that to his face. To tell the truth, he had never called Wadham that where anyone could hear him. For countless evenings during the past ten years or so he had sat and listened to Wadham talk. And each evening, at the end of the hour—it had, in fact, been always more than an hour—he had joined in the applause. Then he had hurried out the door, jammed his hat on, lighted his pipe, and walked slowly homeward.

He had walked slowly for two reasons. In the first place, there was something genuine and wholesome about the fresh air. In the second place, he had plenty of time if he

walked slowly to try to square himself with himself for having sat there and listened. He had never, of course, been able to square himself, but he had had time in which to cuss Wadham out. And that was something. In ten long years one picks up a good many ringing epithets and cuss words, words that, as Stevenson says somewhere about words in general, come bidding to be used. Well, Higgins had used them all, off and on. But none was the equal of that little monosyllable.

It was a godsend, that noun. Higgins had actually thanked God for the word. Why shouldn't he? God must be good, he had often told himself, to have supplied man with a word like that. He was suddenly aware of the night—the tiny star pulsings and the full, round glow of the moon. The universe must, after all, be moral. At the heart of things, that is, there must be a profound sense of right and wrong. Higgins had, ordinarily, little faith in man. He had little faith in himself. He should have denounced Wadham long ago. And yet, man, in the lump, must be damnably wise. Or rather there had been a few wise men to leaven the lump. Mind and matter. The universe was a universe of mind in spite of such clods as Wadham. In the end mind would triumph. Prophetic of that triumph was its gift to man of that little word.

It was a good hour's walk from Hig-

gins' rooms to the university auditorium where this evening Wadham was to hold forth on the *Book of Job*. Higgins was, as usual, on his way there. He kicked himself for being on his way there, but he was on his way, nevertheless. Still, there was a difference. This time he had made up his mind to let the lecture run along for half an hour, say, and then he would jump to his feet and call Wadham an ass. It was a thing that for years he had been intending to do. Well, he would make amends for his long silence by doing it to-night. He must do it to-night. Higgins looked rather young. But he wasn't young. He was fifty. And after fifty there is not much time left. Anything might happen. His heart. The doctor had ordered him to give up smoking. He hadn't, though, given it up. He somehow relished the idea of standing out against the doctor. He had stood out against so few things—openly, that is.

But to-night he would stand out against Wadham. He would call Wadham an ass. It would create a stir. But why shouldn't he, for once in his life, create a stir? The Chancellor would be there. The Chancellor was always there. The Chancellor was everywhere. The fact is that Higgins wouldn't have gone to hear Wadham more than once had the Chancellor not always been there. The Chancellor, he reflected, had a way of counting noses. Or was it the Chancellor's wife? Anyhow, that was one of the worst things about a small church school. They counted noses.

Wadham was, moreover, Higgins' colleague; and one owed it to his colleagues to listen to what they had to say whether one's colleagues had anything to say or not. Job, the man of Uz, as Wadham had published him on his placards. Job and Wadham. Job among the ashes. Job covered with sores, and Wadham there to dwell on

the ashes and expatiate on the sores. Job would have called Wadham an ass. Or would he? Did Job know the word or its equivalent? He should have known it. He had had bitter need of it.

The history of damning vocables, Higgins reflected, as he passed the city library, would be the record of man's intellectual and moral achievement. There was a profound resentment and protest in such words. Or they were so many verbal clubs with which men of common sense had bludgeoned the fools of the world, bludgeoned them, occasionally, perhaps, into momentary silence, just as, this night, he hoped to bludgeon Wadham into a golden moment of silence.

It would, of course, be only a moment, for Wadham would go on. Wadham always went on. Wadham would, unquestionably, go on and finish his speech. Then, two weeks hence he would talk again; every fortnight, in fact, thereafter. And the Chancellor would be there. More people than ever would be there. The Chancellor. The people. They liked Wadham. But he, Higgins, would not be there. He would have the Chancellor to reckon with. The Chancellor would fix Higgins. He would be glad, doubtless, of a chance to fix Higgins. For one thing, the Chancellor didn't approve of Higgins' pipe. But it would be worth it all.

Luckily, Higgins didn't have a wife and family, though here again, it seemed, he came in for the Chancellor's disapproval. The Chancellor had a notion that without a wife and children one could not know the richer meanings of life. Higgins recalled that the Chancellor had had three wives. He had had two, that is, and was now undergoing the third. A wizened-up, chin-whiskered little fellow, but with an ungodly constitution. Three wives. Three of them. Good God! But

anyhow, Higgins had only himself to look out for. And whatever the consequences of this evening, they would be a small price for that moment when he, John Higgins, would come to his feet.

In that moment he, Higgins, would be spokesman for all men who, since the beginning of time, had suffered, or were now suffering, from Wadhams. To whom, he wondered, had that little word been first applied? Better yet, who had been the man first to apply it? He would like to shake hands with that man and with all men whosoever that had, at the end of their patience, jumped up and called someone an ass. The philologists had, he felt, neglected an opportunity in not having made a study of words like this. Or had they overlooked these words? Probably not. They seldom overlooked anything. Wadham, by the way, was something of a philologist. He was a little of everything, Wadham was. But he was all of an ass.

Higgins recalled men who had known the word, known it, that is, really—known it as a thing of life. They were wise, these men. They were mature. One of the surest signs of maturity is that a man prove himself capable of using strong words aptly. In a certain sense we may be said to live only as we make such words our own. Some words we never make ours. They are too much for us, too far above us. A word like this one, for example. To many people it could never rightfully belong. But there had been men of Higgins' acquaintance whose word it was. They often came to his mind. His father, for instance.

His father had been a preacher, a Methodist preacher of the old school. Higgins pictured him now as, some forty years ago, he had called his leading deacon an ass. The deacon—Gore, his name was—had agitated a movement against the tough element in

town. It was a little town, with only one saloon and three churches. To start things off, the deacon asked Higgins' father to flay Mart Fabian. Mart was the saloon-keeper. But Higgins' father wouldn't use his pulpit to flay Mart. For one thing, he liked Mart. Mart had points on the deacon when it came, for instance, to such a matter as Christian charity. But he wouldn't have flayed Mart even if he hadn't liked him.

The deacon got the whole church up in arms against Higgins' father and brought the presiding elder over from the county seat. The presiding elder tried to calm things down, but they wouldn't calm down. So Higgins' father had to resign. But some time before he resigned he met Gore down town on the street. A number of people were standing about. Higgins was only a little shaver then, but he had been there, too, his hand in his father's hand. His father and the deacon had talked for a minute or so, and then his father had called the deacon an ass. It had frightened Higgins, the quick pressure of his father's hand and the deep quietness of his voice. He wondered why his father had said that. But he knew now, and he was glad. It was a fine thing to do, better than any sermon his father had ever preached.

But the word had not, in that far-off day, been Higgins' word. It had been his father's word. And his father had used it well. But now Higgins was grown up, and the word was his, too. Forty years had given him the word. Or was it his? Could he really claim the word until such time as he should have used it openly and bravely, as his father had used it. Well, he would prove title to it to-night even though he lost his job just as his father had lost his. The ability to use that word in the right place was, he knew now, a test of a man's intelligence. And the

courage so to use it was a test of a man's character.

In a little while he would be at the auditorium. There was the seven-fifty train pulling out for the West, and whistling every now and then for a crossing. Higgins liked the whistle of a train. He liked a train and he wished he were on that one. It would not be long, though, after this night, until the Chancellor would give him numerous reasons for taking some train or other.

But anyhow it was good to hear the whistle. It was fine to have ears for sounds like that. With these same ears, though, one must listen to Wadham. Ears. These twin appendages, as Lamb called them. What would Lamb have thought of Wadham? Ears were funny things. Good for nothing unless there was somewhat to be heard. That was the way with life. This or that because of something else. The thorn in the side. But the thorn was nothing without the side.

So, too, with words. That little monosyllable in particular. It, also, had a reason for being. Many reasons, in fact. People like Wadham, for example. Wadham on the man of Uz. Wadham on anything. Paradoxically enough, however, the world, so far as that little noun was concerned, owed the Wadhams a kind of debt. For it was the Wadhams who, after all, occasioned the word's currency, insured it, moreover, against that verbal decrepitude which overtakes so many words.

But there must, of course, be someone with the good sense to apply the word, someone to hammer the Wadhams. Higgins thought it a hopeful sign, in a way, that the expression was widely current in America, and he accounted it no mean privilege to have heard it in the mouths of men in all walks of life. His own barber, a not incompetent judge of epithetical fla-

vors, was given to the word; likewise, a doctor he knew, and an old-time negro. It was a downright pleasure, moreover, to come across the word in print. Mark Twain had used it, Higgins suspected, with more gusto than any other writer. And he felt a certain kinship with Mark, for he, Higgins, would use it, too, and that shortly.

In a few minutes, now, Wadham would be on the platform with a pitcher and a glass. Midway in his lecture he would pause, fill the glass slowly and then as slowly drain it. Wadham always did this—did it, Higgins knew, for an effect. To-night, however, Higgins would create an effect on his own account. It would be just after Wadham had set the glass down, clinking it a little against the pitcher and then moving it, with a thoughtful hand, six inches, say, from the pitcher. Well, the clinking wouldn't have died away when Higgins would spring to his feet and clink, or rather clang, that little noun on the sound-box, so to speak, of Wadham's head.

But first there were the people entering the auditorium. Higgins could see them now, over a block away. He drew nearer. The Chancellor and his wife were doubtless already inside, already in their seats up front. You could depend on the Chancellor. He was always in a room ahead of you, waiting for you to show up, having already eyed out for you a space that you must fill. Higgins felt, though, that he had always filled, as it were, only a little space in the Chancellor's eyes. Higgins in a little space. Wadham in a big space. Wadham on the platform.

But no, the Chancellor and his wife hadn't gone in yet. They were just crossing from the other side of the street. They were on the sidewalk now, just ahead of Higgins. A monstrously big woman, the Chancellor's wife. Or did she look that way merely

because the Chancellor himself was such a little fellow? Anyhow, she was a waddling bulk that crowded the Chancellor, now and then, off the sidewalk. But he would see her under the sod yet, along with the other two, Higgins fancied.

Higgins hoped the Chancellor hadn't caught sight of him. But the Chancellor had, somehow, and was waiting for him at the steps. One couldn't escape the Chancellor. Higgins thrust his pipe into his back pocket. "Fine evening, Higgins," said the Chancellor. "I knew you by your hat." It was true. Higgins did look like his hat. He cursed his hat. But then if it hadn't been his hat it would have been something else.

"You'll have to begin wearing another hat, Professor," laughed the Chancellor's wife, as she gave him her hand. She had a deep, corpulent laugh and a fat, but strong, compelling hand, a hand that could, Higgins had often thought, make or unmake professors.

"Well, it isn't so much the hat as what's under the hat, eh, Higgins?" said the Chancellor. With his thumb he poked Higgins in the ribs. The Chancellor enjoyed a pleasantry or so. It kept the school in good spirits. But just what, Higgins wondered, did he mean by poking him, Higgins, in the ribs? He had never done that before. It was a thing Higgins hadn't counted on. It was disconcerting. It could mean almost anything. Had Wadham ever, Higgins asked himself, been poked in the ribs by the Chancellor?

But the little Chancellor had Higgins by the arm. His wife was on up the steps, talking to a couple of faculty women. The Chancellor was saying something in a low voice. "Between you and me, Higgins, and the gate-post, it's good of you to get out so regularly.

I know how you feel. But you'll find them everywhere—everywhere, Higgins, everywhere. He makes a big hit, though, with the people and the trustees—with the trustees, Higgins."

Higgins stood there for a moment, not knowing what to think or say. That poke in the ribs. Now this. Was the Chancellor up to some game? He turned and caught the other's eye, and he felt suddenly sorry for the little Chancellor. He took him by the hand. Three wives. The trustees. And on top of all that, Wadham. Wadham. Good God!

"Don't let on to her, though, Higgins," whispered the Chancellor. "She thinks he's hot stuff, too."

Then arm in arm Higgins and the Chancellor went up the steps. But just as they got to the door the Chancellor held back and drew Higgins aside. "He's not hot stuff, though, Higgins. He's an infernal—"

"Your pardon, Chancellor, but allow me—"

"No, Higgins, no. In this I'll stand on whatever prerogative may still be mine. You shan't say it for me, Higgins. All these years, Higgins, I've been holding in, but now I'll out with it. He's an ass, Higgins, an infernal ass!"

"And yet, withal," said Higgins, "an inconsequential ass."

"Alas, Higgins, not so. Not an inconsequential ass. The trustees, Higgins. Remember the trustees. An ass he is, but an ass, damn him, of some consequence."

"But an ass, nevertheless," said Higgins. "A blasted and colossal ass!"

"Agreed, Higgins, agreed," said the little Chancellor. "An ass, as it were, of the first magnitude. A most phenomenal and stupendous ass!"

Then they went inside, Higgins reflecting the while that the adjectives did after all help somewhat.



YOUTH TURNS TO WAR

A EUROPEAN PORTENT

BY GEORGE SELDES

IN THOSE peaceful days of the great armament race which later historians say caused the World War, little groups of school children in Paris were led to the statue of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde and told why that figure alone was draped in black. A day was sure to come for the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine. The boys would be called to serve a long period of conscription in order to hasten that *jour de gloire*.

In Germany youth was taught the superiority of everything Teutonic and the reason why soldiers must preserve and spread the newest and finest *Kultur* the world had ever known.

And it was the same in other lands. There was considerable militarization in Europe, there were large standing armies, there were usually three-year terms of conscription, there was a great fuss about patriotism in the schools. There was a cry for revenge in some countries and a feeling everywhere that war was inevitable, and that one must be prepared to risk and to win.

But not even in the most militaristic nations was there systematic perversion of the mind of youth, nor did Tzars and Kaisers dare to begin the physical training for war of children of six and eight and to place knives and rifles in their hands at twelve and fourteen and machine guns when they were in the high schools and universities.

That is what is happening now. The preparation of children for future wars is one of the most alarming facts of the present era of peacemaking in Europe.

To-day in all the countries of dictatorship and terrorism it is the government which occupies itself with a program of spiritual and physical preparation of the young for military adventure. Youth has become Communism's hope of world dominion. "It is the best part of the Third Internationale," said Lenin, and Trotsky has added, "The education of the young is for us a question of life and death." Youth holds the bright promise of survival of the reactionary Right. Mussolini speaks frequently of Fascism as a youth movement. "I look to the youth of Italy for the progress of the Fascist state" he said once; and Adolf Hitler, little imitator, who said "Blessed be youth" the morning of his triumph, is quoted by Lord Rothermere as assuring him that "the youth of Germany will be effectively organized against the corruption of Communism."

Noble or damnable as these expressions may sound to persons of radical or reactionary views, they indicate clearly that the Lenins and Trotskys and Mussolinis and Hitlers, strong men, dictators, leaders, have agreed on the importance of youthful militarization. Their words are not idle. Bayonets glisten behind them.

In two countries which represent the major political movements in Europe the military preparation of youth has been complete. In Russia an atheistic training has been added. In Italy an attempt to compromise between Christianity and Fascism has become both ludicrous and tragic. In Spain, Poland, Bulgaria, Hungary, Roumania, wherever a terror has existed or still exists, there, too, efforts have been made to mix religious fanaticism with national hatreds and revolver practice, "in the name of God, the Fatherland, and the Regime."

The sole purpose of this perversion of the mind of youth is to create conquering heirs to the thrones of terrorism. All except one or two dictators realize that they exist not by the will of the governed but by the bayonets of their private forces, which are not always reliable, as witness Spain where the military itself liquidated quietly the Rivera regime. Each dictator fears that his idea (if he has one) or his system (usually fundamentally unsound) will perish with him and desperately hopes to create a dynasty. Each of these desperate men has seen the success of the Roman Catholic Church founded on the principle of the training of youth, and each has tried to add politics and machine guns to a new sort of school education, frequently to the applause of democratic nations and, in the instances of both Russia and Italy, to the horror and indignation of the Vatican.

Both the Fascisti and the Bolsheviks have tried to make a religion of their political scheme, to substitute it for the Church. When the Soviets abolished all the conventional religions and set the cold philosophy of Communism in their place they found that the people wanted someone or something to worship. Lenin became a saint for the masses. The League of Communist youth is taught hatred

and destruction of the common enemy, the bourgeoisie, and love of Lenin. In Rome the question "Christ or Mussolini?" grows more important; blind devotion to the Duce is being preached to youth and, when all political questions between Vatican and Palazzo Chigi seem settled, the attempt to make Fascism the new religion of youth continues to irritate the Church and to lead to conference after conference which relieves but never settles the matter.

II

After the soldiers in Coblenz discovered that the Germans might be human after all, and the civilians at home lost their hatred in the overwhelming disillusion of the Versailles Congress, people of ideals came to see what could be salvaged from the wreckage of war and the peace treaty. These idealists—and among them I must place some so-called hard-boiled American newspaper men—found in Germany, first of all, a sincere desire for a republic, which has since proved itself, and the new youth movement.

The old Germany of the Kaiser and the Krupps and the Junkers, they wrote back home, is gone with its militarism and its egotism; the new Germany is striving for democracy and peace; we can hope for the best; noteworthy is the youth movement in Central Europe, notably in Germany and Austria; it is uniting all that is best in the new generation for peace and goodwill.

What these idealists actually saw was a resurrection of the youth movement. Its birth is recorded in the first days of the Twentieth Century, when the first groups of young men banded together under socialistic and pacifist influences held their first international conference in Stuttgart in 1907, discussed anti-militarism, economic equality, and socialist educa-

tion. This movement in twenty lands crumbled when the thrilling war standards were raised in 1914.

The post-bellum movement in Germany was pacifist and romantic, as it was in many other countries. It was a revolt of the young against the realism of everyday life in wartime. They, too, had hungered and suffered and felt the crushing weight of national defeat. They had lost fathers and brothers. They had eaten bitter bread and wept bitter tears. Now they were marching out in the sunshine, gay boys and girls, recovered in health and mind, and determined for democracy and peace. When the national organization of cripples held their annual Armistice Day demonstration in the Berlin Lustgarten, in wheel chairs and on crutches, the less horribly maimed and blinded each with a placard "*Nie Wieder Krieg*" (No More Wars), their younger brothers and sisters helped them limp and carry their banners, and when the cripples could not raise a fist, the children did it for them and shouted again and again, "*Nie wieder Krieg, nie wieder Krieg.*"

These cries fed the bright flames in a pacifist's soul. This, one could write home, was the real spirit of the new Germany. Let the old soldiers organize into Ehrhardt brigades and follow Kapp and Ludendorff into foolish bloody attempts at monarchical restoration. Let the Stahlhelm flourish in its steel helmets and military swagger. The future was for these romantic pacifist boys and girls of the new republic.

But organization is as typical a German feature as machine efficiency is American. There began the organization of the youth movement. Shrewd brains from Moscow and in the Wilhelmstrasse and in Munich raised banners and wrote programs and spread propaganda; and out of

the simple, naïve, romantic, pacifist, spontaneous youth movement there grew three distinct groups, the League of Communist Youth, the Reichsbanner, and the Hitlerjugend-Yungstahlhelm, representing respectively the Left, the Middle, and the Right. Behind them stood similar political parties.

The first group was completely under the control and guidance of the Third Internationale; the Reichsbanner was for the preservation of the republic; the third demanded the return of the "good times" the country had enjoyed under the Kaiser. All three protested the wrongs of the Versailles Treaty, the Polish rape of Upper Silesia and the Danzig corridor, the crime of the Ruhr occupation, and the impossible burden of the Dawes Plan. As the youth movement passed into the hands of politicians, its disgust with war was turned into a disgust with the peace. The masters, the Red leaders, the Stinnes-Hugenberg industrialists, the republican statesmen, achieved their purpose.

They spurred youth to action. Every crash of bugles, every roar of drums found the young men of Germany waving a stick or drawing a pistol. From the days of the army of occupation in 1918 to the present I have spent an average of six months a year in Germany. In 1920 in Essen I saw the young men dressed in a medley of forgotten uniforms, led out to fight the Kappists; in the Silesian plebiscite they were given arms again to fight the Polish irregulars under Korfanty; in the uprisings of Central Germany they engaged in battle, and sometime later I attended a review of the Stahlhelm in Halle when Ludendorff took the salute, and thousands of boys followed the 50,000 helmeted veterans; in 1923 there was the ludicrous Hitler uprising in Bavaria, the "beerhall revolution," which in a country possess-

ing a greater sense of humor would have laughed Hitler into dead history, but resulted in a treason trial for Ludendorff; I reported the attempt to capture the arsenal of Berlin at Kuestrin, a dozen battles between Communist youth and Stahlhelm, Hitlerites, Monarchists; there were riots, street-fighting, marching and counter-marching, much oratory, and considerable bloodshed. The three youth leagues were fighting one another.

The Communists also organized the Red Front Fighters, a purely military organization directed by Moscow, armed for war. When the government, at the order of the Allies, disbanded the Front, the Communists created the Red Sportsmen. The Stahlhelm, in addition to its 8,000 branches with 1,000,000 war veterans, organized the Ringstahlhelm which includes those who did not see service, the Jungstahlhelm, boys between seventeen and twenty-one, and are now organizing those under seventeen.

After the death of Stresemann the old middle parties were in a state of decomposition. The situation was very much that of Italy in 1922; and while there was no d'Annunzian-Roman clapping of salutes and yells—because after all the Germans are a serious people—the boy terrorists of the Fascist movement were replaced in Germany by Hitler Sturmabteilungen, or storm troops, in brown shirts.

If one looks at the past two years and the present state of the youth movement in Germany, one can see exactly what happened in Italy. For example, just before the Hitler victory there was a battle between the Berlin branch of the National Socialists, as the Hitlerites are known officially, and a group of Democrats holding a quiet meeting. The Berlin head of the Hitlerites, Herr Goebbels, led the young men. They had been chal-

lenged to a platform debate, but the Fascisti preferred clubs to propaganda. They declared they had no need for spiritual weapons when they could win the majority of voters by action of a determined, armed minority. (It was Italy all over again.) Youth gladly followed Goebbels. His boys of twenty and under beat up the Democrats.

Again, during a meeting of the Reichsbannerlokal in the Roentgenthal a telephone call alerted Branch 29 of the storm troops of the Hitler Youth; the Fascisti appeared in the dark, fired rifles and revolvers into the meeting, killed one boy, and disappeared into the darkness. Sixteen Hitlerites were arrested, the youngest seventeen, the oldest twenty-four; one was tried for murder. He was seventeen, a member of a Hitler "cell" in the Schliemann public school. In the first two months of 1930 there are police records of thirty-four such acts of violence committed by the Hitlerites. These little terrorisms are encouraged by the leaders; it keeps youth alert, ready with their rifles, preparing for the inevitable war on the Polish front or elsewhere.

The early days of Italian Fascism are being repeated in Germany in more ways than violence. It takes not only leadership of crafty elder men, but a lot of money to turn an undisciplined mob of young men, who never saw military service and are forbidden conscription, into an organized, illegal political movement. For the owners of the Milan and Turin metal industries, the Genoa shippers, the Milan bankers, and the great estate owners of Italy who financed Mussolini's youth movement, we have in Germany the Berlin manufacturers, the Hanover potash makers, the Rhineland industrialists, and the group which, with Doctor Hugenberg, once owned the Nationalist Party and which now

owns the Fascisti. As in Italy, there is a large subsidized press. It is Hugenberg's.

What happened in 1930 is, therefore, quite simple. Another 2,000,000 between the ages of twenty and twenty-three had become enfranchised between elections, which, added to the 5,000,000 young men and women of the post-war generation already having the vote, produced an electoral reservoir of war-ignorant youth, 7,000,000 strong, a large number in semi-militaristic orders and fascinated by the Fascist stream with its violent headlong, overwhelming flow. It was the end of the romantic pacifist youth movement. This time there was not only the gain for the Communists and the Ultra-nationalists, which marked every election since 1920, but there was a breaking of the reservoir; and Fascism, thanks largely to its appeal to the young, became the second greatest party in Germany and the most dangerous element against the continued existence of the republic. Europe, with the exception of Italy, was frightened; France found more justification for its lead in legal world militarism; the talk of a coming war, which had been a coda of harmonious peace conferences, became their discordant dominating notes, and one of Germany's militarist youth movements triumphed.

III

The present era of the militarization of youth is distinguished by the coming of age of Russia's young communists and the efforts of the Bolshevik masters to prepare youth in foreign countries for civil war.

There was no sudden opportunism in Russia as in Italy; there was a plan and a philosophy studied for decades, perfected in the nights of Swiss and Siberian exile. The leaders realized what power education of youth gave

the churches and they knew long ago the truth of Doctor Adler's theory that the behavior pattern of mankind is set before the fifth year. Lenin not only said that the seeds of communistic teaching which he could plant in children in four years of training could never be uprooted, but he organized the Pioneers, the children of eight to sixteen, of whom there are 4,000,000 now.

But the group coming into power, 2,500,000 strong, is the graduation class of the league organized by the Bolsheviks in 1917, before they seized the government. These boys and girls who have had just enough of the smell of gunpowder and the taste of the Tzarist whip and a tremendous fanatical education in Bolshevik doctrines, unhampered by the past, unfettered for the future, are now prepared to dominate the Russian state.

The Communist party strength is under 2,000,000. The Pioneers and Komsomols, the league of youth, increase annually, and soon there will be 10,000,000 young men and women trained in Communism from childhood, trained atheists, and trained in arms for the war the leaders threaten them with daily. In addition to atheism and militarism, there is a program of ordinary education, special discipline, frugality, love of labor, comradeship, and contempt of death. Not only must the league members be leaders in the extirpation of religion, they must be the enthusiasts among the annual conscripts. Article 22 of the constitution of the Lenin All Union Communistic League of Youth states clearly:

A Komsomol must remember he must be in a condition to defend the proletarian revolution with arms in his hand; that a Komsomol is the standby of the Russian Army and the Russian Navy; therefore every Komsomol must carefully study war strategy; he must always be first to learn

the tactics of the Russian Army and the Russian Navy; he must be first in discipline and first on the firing line.

Of course no foreign nation can protest the militarization of the young of another, or even go through the motions of censure and horror; but there certainly is justice to any complaint which may be made that the Russian government, or Third Internationale, if you desire to quibble, is militarizing youth in foreign countries, and not only militarizing but actually plotting disobedience, mutinies, civil war, whenever Moscow's young followers become numerous and strong enough in their respective armies. I have an amazing and effective piece of Communist propaganda printed in English, French, and German, distributed secretly in many countries, an appeal to youth urging the acceptance of conscription. "To refuse to serve in your army is treason against your own class" is the italicized warning, with this explanation:

Every youth, worker or peasant, who lets himself be seduced by the pacifists, in reality aids the bourgeoisie create a reliable army; deprives himself of the possibility of making revolutionary propaganda in the army and of learning the manipulation of arms with which to fight the bourgeoisie.

Therefore our slogan for young conscripts must be: *We enter the bourgeois army for the purpose of disrupting it.*

This work has borne its fruits: mutinies of soldiers, sailors, reservists . . . fraternization between soldiers and strikers . . . It is especially in the navies that we must continue our work because they will play the greatest role in future wars . . . the work is particularly hard in Germany, Britain, the United States, where military service is not general.

Young men, make the career soldiers your comrades, organize them into an illegal body of men of confidence, and you, young workers, enter the professional armies, form secret cells and create the

conditions for smashing the army from within.

When the war comes, there will be only one solution: transform that imperialist war into a civil war. (The italics are the Soviets'.)

Skeptical as many have grown about the effect of Bolshevik propaganda, this is one instance of its success. Communist teachers in the Pioneers and League branches in all countries have prepared boys so thoroughly in Moscow's ideology that they withstand the discipline, the patriotism, and the sergeants of their own armies. I have made a long record of mutinies and other serious disorders. It includes Britain, France, Germany, and smaller countries. Despite the censorship in Paris, one can read in the provincial press that French boys, trained by Communist elders, caused mutinies in Toulon, Clairvaux, and Calvi. In almost all instances of trouble in the army, notably the 12th Infantry at Haguenau, the Brest arsenal, the 95th Infantry Reserves, the 39th Infantry at Dieppe, and at the Metz garrison, Communist propaganda was found, and conscripts who were members of the French League of Communist Youth were arrested and imprisoned.

These organizers of mutinous cells and "borers from within" received also a complete atheistic education. "Religion and communism," says Bukharine's *A.B.C. of Communism*, guide book for the young, "are incompatible," and youth takes an oath: "I swear fidelity to the proletarian class . . . in the name of the war of the classes, and I proclaim that I do not believe in God."

In 1923 I saw anti-religion advancing with banners. I saw the youth of Russia carrying the effigies of Christ and Moses, Buddha, and Mohammed through the streets, vile caricatures of all the great religious leaders whose Eastern teachings had conquered the

Western world. I saw the effigies burn in great bonfires in the Red Square where the boys and girls of the Communist movement joined hands and danced, drunken with anti-religious religion. I saw them spit on the faithful; but I saw also the faithful kneeling in the snow, in their rags, before the shrine of the Iberian Virgin, that most holy of all Russian shrines, now destroyed "to ease the traffic congestion in the Red Square of Moscow." And in Kieff I saw the metal ikons, the faces of Christ and the Angel Gabriel with their eyes, once rubies and diamonds, gouged out by Soviet soldiers; but I saw also the faithful there, mostly old and sometimes hysterical peasant women, kissing these wounded images, crying over them, while the priests stood by with a towel, wiping the tears and spittle from the ikons after each ten or twenty women had embraced them fanatically. On Easter Sunday of that year I saw the boys and girls of the anti-religious movement join hands in a vast circle around the church of the old Patriarch Tikhon, dance and sing ribald songs and insult the worshippers as they emerged. I saw bonfires of crucifixes in the street. I saw also the faithful toll the bells of Moscow's forty times forty churches, each pull an inspired protest against Soviet persecution.

All the faithful were old people; all the anti-religious were young; most of them were members of the League of Atheists who number 200,000 in Moscow alone.

IV

In Italy all youth from the age of six is organized militarily in three categories: Balilla, Avanguardia, and the Fascist Militia. Each year there is an increase of 100,000 in the national Fascist Militia, graduates from the two younger classes. The education of all three is impregnated with a

bellicose spirit. Naturally Italy is exalted above all countries in the world, but there is also an inoculated hatred of all other nations, especially those which retain the "putrefying dogmas" of democracy and the rights of man. Fascism, the young are taught, is a divine force which will save the world from decay, therefore the army must be idealized as the weapon of a finer civilization.

In school and out of school, on the public playgrounds, in clubs and in homes there is an uninterrupted application of the new doctrines of Fascism, there are parades without end and harangues without end, all to inflame the young, without distinction of sex, for military action to bring the superior culture of Italianity to inferior European neighbors. France may not be the first objective of Mussolini's war preparations, but Fascism cannot bear to see the splendor of France's democratic institutions, the contrast between her own and France's enlightened workingmen, France's individual liberty and all the institutions which have made France the center of culture and civilization, especially since the Revolution which was greatly inspired by America. That is why Italian youth in its present militaristic education is especially turned against France as the representative of everything Fascism wants destroyed.

Not content with the Balilla and Avanguardia which will produce eventually 1,000,000 Fascist troops, Mussolini recently ordered the augmentation of the regular military establishment. Military training will now begin at eighteen, so that there will always be three semi-trained classes ready for the army, where conscription begins at twenty. Instruction will be given the young on Sundays and holidays; and to pacify the Pope there will be a field mass.

Training with guns, mental disci-

pline, and the open teaching of hatred are making a serious nation of boy soldiers in Italy, replacing the wild, undisciplined, reckless, romantic adventurers who followed d'Annunzio into Fiume and at first gave many too young to be regulars a chance for bloodshed. Under Mussolini they became "*squadristi*" and are glorified by him in his autobiography: "Whenever there popped up a vexation, a ransom, a case of blackmail, an extortion, a disorder, a reprisal, there would gather the Fascist squads of action." Their real leaders were Dumini, Rossi, and others, sometimes referred to as the Fascist Chekah—older men. When it came to something really big, such as the assassination of Matteotti and other deputies who stood in the way of Mussolini, it is noteworthy that the murderers were always members of the older, inner circle. Rossi, once of the Quadrumvirate, quotes Mussolini at a meeting of this so-called Chekah as saying: "We deplore, we expel, we demand the resignation of the (anti-Fascist) deputies, but they don't give a darn. There is nothing left for us but to club them without mercy. Our *ceca*, is it functioning or not?"

In those days before the "Totalitarian" system, when Opposition parties still existed and there was still a free press, there was so much violence between Fascist and anti-Fascist youth that school-teachers from time to time chalked warnings on the blackboards: "Fascist children must not bully non-Fascist children" or "Fascist children must leave their fathers' daggers and guns at home." But now Fascist teachers encourage children to become braggarts and bullies. It is held good for them. They are being prepared for the new militia. Mussolini, debasing many of Nietzsche's phrases to suit his own ego and love of power, tells youth to live dangerously,

to become an audacious generation, warlike and eager to fight at a moment's notice to safeguard the regime. Farinacci declares that "The purpose of the training of youth is to establish a warlike people ready with every audacity to assure the future and create history." Augusto Turati when secretary-general of the Fascist party, speaking at Isola dei Morti on the Piave, after the distribution of rifles to boys, said:

After the battle, after the war, we are handing over the rifles to our young men. We believe that a moment will again arise when it will be necessary for us to employ the dagger and the bomb. Let us invent terrible arms of destruction and death.

The first song of Fascism was "Giovinezza," the song of youth glorified. You got your head bashed in if you did not stand uncovered before the parading singing boys. And now to "Giovinezza" are added many warlike stanzas, such as

*Contro Parigi noi marceremo
E vittoriosi ritorneremo
Al nostro Duce riporteremo
La mozza testa della Marianna*

or, "We will march against Paris, return victoriously, bringing to our Duce the bloody severed head of France." And another nice little song, recalling that "Italy is surrounded by enemies," adds: "*ad uno ad uno li ammazzerem*," or "one by one we will massacre them."

In Bulgaria and Albania youth is organized by Italian agents. In Poland and other dictatorial lands there are indigenous movements. Nothing in my fourteen years of European correspondence impressed me more than the part youth played in the strange two-day revolution of Vienna. I arrived in that city the night of July 14, 1927, prepared for the usual easy-going month of visits to old friends,

afternoons at the Imperial Café, evenings at the Louvre Café, where all the journalists of the world gathered, and an occasional cable about a Macedonian stabbing far away. On the morning of the 15th there was a revolution. But it did not start that way. It began as an orderly spontaneous outpouring of fifty thousand unhappy, underfed, underpaid workingmen without leaders, without banners, protesting an act of injustice. Nothing violent happened until eleven o'clock when 200 of Moscow's disciples, armed with stones and knives and pistols, gained control of the crowd. That night there were 101 dead and 700 wounded, the city was cut off from the world, and the Palace of Justice was destroyed.

Who were the 200 who led the rioting? I saw them clearly. Two of them tried to cut my throat. They were young Communists, under or just over twenty. Who were the leaders who set the Palace of Justice on fire and flung the archives out the windows? Communist girls of eighteen with faces distorted by destructive passion and hair flying in the wind. Another victory for the Communist youth movement!

And, to parallel this incident with one from the reactionary side, there is the story of the rioting in Oradea Mara, in the zone torn from Hungary by the Roumanians. A day of complete terror, scores beaten, many stabbed, and general looting of Hungarian shops. And who were the aggressors? The hope of Greater Roumania, the youth of Greater Roumania, the boys and girls of the University of Bucharest holding their annual convention!

In Budapest and Vienna and Berlin and in Baltic and Balkan capitals I have seen school and university students engaged in rioting of various political colors. Crafty "statesmen" frequently have looked on and smiled.

V

The history of the youth movement is the history of the success of governments, dictators, and political parties—the older men—in taking control and propagating their policies. The socialistic - pacifistic - equal - economic - rights program of thirty years ago remains in the constitutions of the clubs and leagues which follow the weakened parties of the middle road, but the main trend has been to the Left and has resulted in the Fascist-Hitler reaction to the Right. The middle road is pretty empty nowadays.

I have said before that the dictatorial dreams of hierarchy, of political immortality through a worthy heir molded for despotism from the days of his youth, have met with opposition from one notable force, the Roman Catholic Church. Of the Pope's attacks on Bolshevism and the youth-atheist movement, every word has appeared in the eager public press of America; unfortunately several American newspapers and news agencies employ philo-Fascists in Rome who have belittled or suppressed the Pope's attacks on Fascism's corruption of Italian youth. The most important of these was the Mondragone address in which the Pope denied Mussolini's claim that the State bring up the children. Fascist education, said the Pope, aims "to create an aggressive, militant, warlike, conquering race"; he pleaded for Christian principles of humility and peace and, referring to a compromise with the Fascisti to preserve the Catholic Scouts, said, "We negotiated with the devil."

In France, owing to the slaughter of 1,700,000, there will be a shortage of 100,000 boys for the conscription classes of 1934 to 1937. Despite the numerous peace pacts, France is talking of renewing three-year conscription.

In Germany those who oppose mili-

tarization of youth can find some comfort in the conversion of the Jungdo, or Young German Order, once ultra-national, ultra-militaristic, now republican and the backbone of the State Party, which has twenty parliamentary seats. The list can be lengthened. From Barcelona come reports that the young men of the universities sometimes raise a flag or a gun for justice and freedom and against the dictatorship. Then there is the Boy Scout organization which has so impressed Sir Philip Gibbs. In his excellent book *Since Then* he reviews all the agony, the martyrdom, the terrorism, and the tyranny of post-war Europe; he notes the great fear which permeates the mentality of the world and the tragic, almost hopeless position of the true pacifist and the old-fashioned liberal. Sir Philip believes that intelligence and humanitarianism in England, the United States, and Germany are making some gains; he hopes these nations may establish "some new code of spiritual discipline without departing from liberty" and, telling how tremendously he was impressed with the international assembly of Boy Scouts, he concludes his fine history of the horrible twelve years with the almost necessary note of hope; he looks to the "tribes of youth"—a miracle may happen there.

I wish I could agree with Gibbs. I wish I could feel that the shaking of hands by the French and the German delegations to the Boy Scout convention promised a miracle, and that the roaring tens of thousands in Rome waving guns and shouting for the bloody head of France or the raging tens of thousands in Moscow demanding the death of the middle classes throughout the world were merely child play and insignificant. It is precisely in the youth movement that I see the worst perils for Europe.

Mussolinis and Stahlin's and Hitlers are preaching a Children's Crusade and arming them mentally and physically. Again the older men are leading the young into war. From the cradle to the firing line.

The youth movement, it seems to me, is now so far corrupted that little can be done with it. Even if we suppose that the Communist or the Fascist regime will give way to liberal government, it will take a generation to undo the evil of another generation. Meanwhile the danger of war grows daily, the really "great war" for which youth is being prepared. The best that can be done in this vicious situation is merely to prevent these millions from having the chance to exercise on vast battlefields their military eagerness, their well-trained hatreds, their super-patriotism. There is, of course, the League of Nations, which Mussolini has insulted and mocked on more than the Corfu occasion, and which the Russians usually shock by their patently insincere proposals of total disarmament; there are, of course, numerous peace pacts to which names of statesmen are attached but little more; there is, of course, a certain disgust and disillusion hanging over from the last war, and there is, perhaps, a new humanitarianism, and all these elements no doubt are hard at work trying to head off the impending war.

Perhaps they can succeed. Perhaps they can postpone wars for several decades, during which time some of the injustices of the Versailles Treaty may be remedied and that new era of good will which a few naïve American idealists planned to follow the 1919 conference in Paris may actually arrive. Then only could the present militaristic perversion of the young mind of Europe, like certain scourges in history, burn itself out, under the reassuring sun of world peace.



ROMANCE IN A REALIST WORLD

BY AVIS D. CARLSON

THE observation that this is an unromantic age has been made so often that there is perhaps no particular point in making it again. Most of such comment, however, is rather trivial because it is concerned only with the changing attitude toward love and marriage, which is but one small phase of the general situation. Our real lack of romance goes so much deeper and farther than that, were we not blinded by this unfortunate popular limitation of romance to love, even the most casual observer would have to see that nearly the whole of modern life is affected.

Romanticism has always been one of the phenomena best understood through their opposites. In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, when it was contrasted with classicism, it naturally expressed itself in all the qualities that Addison, Pope, and Chesterfield had disdained—in wonder and enthusiasm, in reverence for childhood, in a taste for country life and solitude, in an exaltation of feeling and imagination over the reason, in a passion for political and intellectual freedom, and in a marked heightening of the mystical value ascribed to love.

As this view of life definitely triumphed over Augustanism, a new contrast to the romantic temper grew up. I think perhaps its original English ancestor was Francis Bacon. Certainly Darwin and Lyell were in its immediate genealogical line. This new mood, which soon came to be known as

realism and whose dominion to-day is practically undisputed, places its emphasis upon facts. The intellectual leaders of the time are the scientist and the realistic writer. And since the first aim of the one is to search out facts and the first aim of the other is to make his picture of life conform to them, it becomes the chief business of the rest of us to face facts and to accept whatever view of life they seem to present. Scholars have frequently pointed out this shift in contrast. What they have not so often said is that the modern romantic's distaste for realism proceeds from the very same cause as that which set the young Wordsworth against Augustan self-restraint and placid respect for authority. The romantic protest is always against whatever seems to cramp and straiten life. And that may be submission to facts quite as well as submission to authority.

There have been many definitions of romanticism. Most of them, however, are incomplete, stressing one or another phase of the whole. The only general definitions are those which connect it with escape, with the human desire to "get into the land where I am not." Thus H. H. Boyeson finds "but one fundamental note which all romanticism has in common, and that is a deep disgust with the world as it is and a desire to depict in literature something that is claimed to be nobler and better."

Escape! To get out of the dreary or, at best, commonplace here and now

"into the land where I am not"; to be free from the routine and galling frustrations imposed by the bit of time and space in which one finds oneself, to exchange dullness for glamorous excitement; to transcend the baseness and cruelty inhering in what we know as facts; to be loosed from the necessity of trimming the sails; to have play for the untamed center of the being, which can never be reconciled to its bondage—that is the romantic impulse. A few men can thoroughly subdue it with the whips of common sense or scientific temper. For the rest of us it is a deep, nostalgic longing which expresses itself as best it can in a world where prudence and the safe middle-of-the-road are necessary if one is even to limp along.

If, as we are so frequently told, we are just now both unromantic and deeply thirsty for romance, the reason is not far to seek: one by one all the old well-worn avenues of escape have been closed or greatly narrowed.

That the door of wonder is all but closed is proved by the passing of our taste for myth. Even to poets it now seems quaint and pretty, something to be used for its decorative qualities. As soon as one is taught to think of thunder in terms of air expansion and of the marching dawn in terms of refrangibility, the myths of Thor's hammer and Aurora's chariot become merely pretty, fit only for beguiling an idle fancy. When a flower becomes a fusion of chemical elements and a product of biological adaptation to environment, as it does to the one who knows it only through facts, the breathless mood of contemplation is lost. Such an observer ceases to be able to pass out of himself into the universal mystery of which the flower seems the symbol. If his submission to fact has not been so complete as entirely to uproot the child and the artist in him, he may sometimes recover the mood of "flower in a crannied wall," but only at the

odd moments when some glad chance lifts the pressure of the contemporary. A first-rate scientific analysis of anything is almost fatal to the attitude of wonder at it.

The Victorian scientists felt that their explanations would add to rather than subtract from the things we might wonder at: that the more we knew about the exquisite mechanisms of life the more we should wonder at them. It has not turned out so. Instead of wondering at the expanding power of gas under combustion, we step on the starter. Instead of wondering at the marvel of sound amplification which blesses or infests our homes, we wish somebody would learn to control static. If we try to escape drabness by wondering at the stars, we fall to trying to think in terms of light-years, and presently with our minds reeling crazily we scurry back to the more restful realm of stock markets and monthly payments. As a method of escape from fact and self Betelgeuse is a dead loss.

II

If the door of wonder is practically closed, there is hardly even a keyhole unstopped in another of the traditional escapes. The love of adventure springs from the human need of a dash of fear to sharpen the sense of achievement. Because the nervous system tends to grow tolerant of familiar hazards, only the new and untried are adventurous. So long as the frontier lasted it was quite possible for anyone who found himself pining for a land where he was not to pack up his family and other portable possessions and proceed to an entirely new mode of existence with new hazards. But the frontier is gone. We can and do move about incessantly, but in Maine and California the billboards, hot-dog stands, prohibition jokes, and apartment house-rules are much the same.

Our excessive mobility is no doubt partly due to our hunger for adventure, but it certainly does little to satisfy it. Neither does our mania for speed, which is rooted in the same hunger. It gives such temporary and artificial relief that it is hardly better than a drug and, worse still, is accompanied by increased noise, one of the facts of life which we most sorely need to escape. In the end the great mass of us are reduced to getting our adventure vicariously, gulping a literary thriller or flocking to the movies.

Another of the age-old types of escape is through religion. It is not my purpose here to touch upon the thesis that religion originated in the need to escape a reality too harsh to be borne. Better pens than mine are hot upon that issue just now. What I want to say is that, no matter how or why religion originated, it has provided the warmest of all escapes from an austere here and now. In a sense it has been the Great Romance. As long as men were convinced that earthly life is only an unpleasant episode to be endured with as little fretting as possible they could always slip out of it for hours at a time by anticipating the joys of the real life. On its negative side religion carried the romance of sin, that futile gesture against the All-Powerful which could fire the imagination of a sensitive, rebellious youngster, and for the ordinary individual was a guarantee of his importance in the universe. Like faith, it was an evidence of things not seen.

All this has been rapidly changing. We of to-day find it hard to understand Heine's flashing metaphor, "Romance is the passion flower of the blood of Christ." We have lost the emotional background for understanding it. For that we may thank the good Victorians, who firmly rejected the medieval other-worldliness and set themselves to exalt and magnify the present. From a more or less unimportant episode, life

became a critical period of probation and testing. But the Victorian still believed in personal immortality as a reward for whatever well-doing could be crowded into the earthly life, and in that faith he found a kind of sanctuary from the pressing troubles of life. The modernists in religion no longer offer it very confidently. What they do is to urge us to the strenuous business of seeking truth, building our own religious systems, and subordinating our desires to the welfare of the race. That program means not release from facts but a new prodding into the stern work of facing them.

Space forbids any very detailed analysis of the fourth of the great avenues of escape. I am not so foolish as to maintain that there is any less falling in love than formerly. Indeed, the relaxation of the social prohibitions has probably increased what might be called the love-expectancy. A young person may sensibly expect to fall in love oftener than his grandparent did, simply because there is now so little to keep him from nursing each small flame into as large a fire as it is capable of becoming.

But numerous straws are blowing to show that romantic love is losing the mystical value ascribed to it by the period of Tennyson and Browning. When young people talk about their love affairs they poetize and rhapsodize very little. They perhaps feel just as people in love have always felt, but in talking they poke good-humored fun at themselves and the emotion that is overwhelming them. After their adolescent years few of them would subscribe to any such doctrine as "a world well lost for love." That they find love anything but sacred is evident in the humorous journalism of colleges and universities. To equal it in unadulterated cynicism about love one must go back to the age of Congreve and Wycherley.

Another straw blows from our novel. Among the books which sophisticated readers choose there is now rarely one built solely upon the good old pattern of romantic love. The ups and downs of married life, the struggle to financial competence, the hopeless attempt of a maladjusted personality to achieve balance and serenity—these are the favorite themes of our more important novelists. What is more, the occasional significant book whose climax simply describes the consummation of a romantic love affair has ceased to be satisfying. We put it down with a smile half wistful and half derisive, for we know all too well that the handsome young couple we leave in each other's arms are not going to live happily ever afterward. The trouble is that the novelists themselves have ceased to believe in the mystical value of love and that readers are rapidly learning to disbelieve it. And so, while people fall in love as much or more than ever, they do not get from the experience the escape it once afforded. They are forced to see it in its biological and sociological significance; and that is some more fact-facing.

Other methods of escape are being closed just as firmly. The door of mystical patriotism, for instance, was fairly slammed by the War and the subsequent revelations as to its causes, conduct, and ultimate results. The widespread lay interest in psychology is tending to close the old flight into phantasy, for when one is made to understand what he is doing when he slips out into rosy day-dreams he is ashamed. Mechanical inventions have gone far toward preventing escape through craftsmanship. Except for the fortune's favorites who can be golf-enthusiasts, adult Americans do not play.

Other doors could be mentioned, but surely it must be clear that romance is most difficult to come by. We may

hunger and thirst after it, but the whole spirit of the age is so thoroughly against it that we are ashamed of our craving and proud of our victories over it.

III

And yet—and yet, reality is no easier to face than it has always been. Life is no prettier or softer, facts no easier to endure. Escape is as urgent a longing as it was when the angry roll of Thor's hammer made even stout hearts quail. Indeed, since we were never before so tightly bottled up and never so thoroughly impressed with our gnat-like insignificance in the general scheme of things, our position is actually harder. For every advance in learning to make ourselves physically comfortable we have paid with an illusion that from time immemorial had served to veil our quivering smallness. This terrific conflict between the relentless force of the age pushing us into the realistic attitude and our aversion for facts is, I think, at the heart of much of the modern unrest and weariness. We miss the friendly doors that have always stood open and the veils that softened the bleakness of what could not be escaped.

Hence it is not surprising that the group of moderns who have most resolutely submitted themselves to facts and most completely surrendered their illusions should insist upon the utter unimportance of human desires and effort. No more than the rest of the world can the super-realist do without escape. He may laugh at romance and carefully guard himself against all its alluring little paths. But escape he must, for unveiled life at times becomes too hideous to be endured. If he will not let himself out through romance, which assures him that life is meaningful and himself a personage reserved for some high purpose in the universe, he must go out in the other

direction by belittling life until it becomes too insignificant to trouble or hurt him.

These are the two ancient escapes. Endless confusion and misunderstanding have existed between those who take one road and those who go the other. Each has felt that there is something fundamentally ignoble in the other's attitude. Both have failed to realize that their difference is only of means instead of end. The romantic has made the mistake of assuming that philosophic pessimism is no answer at all to Job's old question. The realist has usually failed to see that in avoiding the seductive snares of romance he has only taken another method of escape. The two are so temperamentally unlike that they irritate each other unspeakably, and even when they try to understand each other, which is a rare occurrence, they find it almost impossible to bridge their differences with sympathy.

Since adherence to one camp or the other is largely determined by environmental influences and by what Barnes calls "glandular orchestration," forces over which the individual can have little or no control, there is small point in all the invectives and ridicule that have been hurled back and forth. I certainly do not mean to add to their total. One comment, however, does seem to be in order, especially just now when the field belongs to the realists. It would seem that they really ought to recognize that the escape they offer is not particularly "modern" after all. The romantic cannot be held so accountable to facts and logic, for his first allegiance is not to them; but when the realist takes his stand squarely upon the duty of facing facts he ought surely to see that what he calls "the modern temper" is at least as old as the poet who cried, "I returned and saw under the sun that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the

strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all."

By virtue of his clear, vigorous style and his intellectual candor, Joseph Wood Krutch has become the spokesman of the realists. But when he declares that "Nature, in her blind thirst for life, has filled every possible cranny of the rotting earth with some sort of fantastic creature, and among them man is but one—perhaps the most miserable of all, because he is the only one in whom the instinct of life falters long enough to enable it to ask the question 'Why?'" he is saying nothing so very different from Schopenhauer's famous "And yet, when all is told, he [man] has been struggling ultimately for the very same things as the brute has attained with an incomparably smaller expenditure of passion and pain."

Because the American spiritual tradition is almost wholly romantic, it cannot be said too often and too emphatically that philosophic pessimism does offer escape. One of the finest literary expressions of this escape is in Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*, when Philip finally concludes that his agonized search for the meaning of life had been utterly futile because there is no meaning. "His insignificance was turned to power, and he felt himself suddenly equal with the cruel fate which had seemed to persecute him; for, if life was meaningless, the world was robbed of its cruelty. . . . He was the most inconsiderable creature in that swarming mass of mankind which for a brief space occupied the surface of the earth; and he was almighty because he had wrenched from chaos the secret of its nothingness." No wonder he wants to leap and sing as he exults, "Oh life, where is thy sting?" Nothing, neither pain and disappointment nor the pros-

pect of rotting in the grave can greatly perturb the one who has embraced the view that there is no more point in his desires and efforts than in "the life of the humblest insect that crawls from one annihilation to another." All his ethical tangles and emotional muddles straighten out magically. From the standpoint of pure defense against the misery and ugliness of life, it is at least as efficacious as romance. And so the romantic ought never to rail at it. He might perhaps even envy a little the one who can take it. If everyone were able to take it, there would be no point in trying to maintain a place for romance in a realist world.

But luckily or unluckily, not everyone can take it. People in general will never be trained for it from infancy, because that would involve the dissolution of society. Moreover, it depends upon the individual make-up whether or not he can take it. Whether we call it his soul or his "glandular orchestration" doesn't much matter. Something at the heart of his being, something in his very protoplasm either disposes him toward accepting the view that he and all his doings are meaningless or else sends him shivering back from it in horror. If he can accept it, his problem is settled. If he cannot, and if he is intelligent, he may as well gird himself for a battle that seems likely to last a lifetime for anyone now old enough to do critical thinking. How hard it is to retain romance in a realist world nobody knows until he has tried to do it and at the same time be in and of the life about him.

The first and in some respects the hardest phase of his battle is to make his stand seem to himself intellectually respectable. It is undoubtedly harder just now than at any time since the opening of the nineteenth century; for, because the realists have science and the machine on their side, romance seems old-fashioned and intellectually dis-

reputable. Over and over again the romantic must read and hear that he is naïve and sentimental, a "permanent adolescent." He must get used to being ridiculed by the most articulate and keen-edged minds of the day. Worse still, he must get used to being hailed "comrade" by cranks and conventional sentimentalists who suppose that his position with regard to facts is the same as their own, which is a complete denial or ignorance of them.

He may be able to get help from the scientists themselves, for some of the greatest of them feel that the abstract concepts of contemporary science are too rigid and limited properly to explain the concrete facts which have now been assembled for interpretation. It is comforting, if one is a romantic, to learn that the quantum theory, the theory of relativity, and other hypotheses now emerging from the laboratories of the world are somehow shaking down walls that seemed firm and somehow making way for a new imaginative freedom. Science seems to be losing its sense of finality. As Whitehead says, "Heaven knows what seeming nonsense may not to-morrow be demonstrated truth."

All this is cheering, but the abstractions of science are now so fine that probably the most help to be derived from them by the poor romantic, who is notoriously short on mathematics, is the knowledge that great dramas of study are under way, and the outcome not yet predictable. But that is much. The solidest single help he may ever get from anywhere may be this emancipation from the popular notion that science is a finished body of accumulated and catalogued facts. For the effect of its changing methods and interpretations he must be content to wait until they have had time to make themselves felt in his world.

Meantime his salvation depends upon working out a romantic escape

that does not involve denial of facts. To ignore them is the height of stupidity. To submit wholly to them is death to romance. Somewhere between those attitudes is the one for the modern romantic, who is rebelling not against facts but against their arrogant claim to be sovereign in the whole of life. He is willing to render to them every mark of respect that is due them, but he refuses to be overawed by them. Because he believes that they have no dominion in some fields, he stops being timid about them. He remembers that in every age some of the greatest minds have been rather contemptuous of them. He can imagine how little disturbed Shakespeare would have been if Bacon had charged him with occasionally failing to picture "real life"; or Cabell if Sinclair Lewis were to reproach him that Poictesme is like no place under the sun.

In short, the romantic learns to do what many intelligent Catholics have always done: divide the mind into two compartments, one for scientific knowledge and a shrewdly realistic attitude, the other for an intimate faith in things that could never bear scientific analysis—that simply do not belong in the world of facts. If the two compartments were ever opened into each other the chaos and suffering would be overwhelming. But a good Catholic does not let that happen. A technic of prevention has been in the building throughout the history of his church.

Facts belong to the external world, which is none of man's creating. There he can't blink them and he daren't disobey them. But in the worlds of his own making, he is free to use them as he pleases or as he can. In the imaginative world facts have no authority. Romance most certainly belongs to that world. The modern who feels that he cannot do without it must above everything else insist upon freedom of the imagination. Neither

freedom to love nor political and economic freedom are important to him save as they involve the larger and more fundamental freedom.

Once when a four-year-old nephew of mine was busy with modelling clay, a patronizing grown-up asked him what he was making.

"A bear," he answered promptly.

"If it's a bear, it will bite you when it's done."

"I know it," the small creator replied with fine irony, "that's what worries me."

I have always thought that the perfect answer to a foolish attempt to confuse the situation. When minds like that of the patronizing grown-up attempt to lug facts into a realm where they do not belong the romantic should hold steadily to his purpose.

IV

Earlier romantics felt that they must put out pamphlets on the necessity of atheism, run away with other men's wives, or at the very least dress outlandishly—that is to say, must carry into the world of fact their rebellion against it. That got them a bad name indeed. The romantic of to-day ought to render unto facts their due by realizing that running away with another man's wife might afford such a fleeting taste of romance that it would be hardly worth the cost. But he certainly will not deny himself the romance of love simply because we are in a period of reaction against a silly sentimentality which assumes that love has no connection with fact. He knows that it is based upon one of the most "irreducible and stubborn" of all facts, and that, therefore, he owes it to himself to learn whatever facts are to be learned about it. At the same time he will realize that on the substratum of biologic fact, stubborn and irreducible, the human imagination has

built a poetry which is distinct from fact and not accountable to it. From that realization, perhaps, he will derive courage to overlay his biologic hunger with as much glamour as he likes and to be quite indifferent to the charge of sentimentality which his realist friends and novelists are sure to level at him.

It is much the same with adventure. An aviator does not attempt an ocean flight or a polar expedition without taking into careful consideration all the facts he can get at. But this practical tribute he pays them does not constitute his adventure. That is born of his imagination magnifying the importance of what he is about, setting his activity in its historic perspective, thrilling to the chance and danger of it. If he is so unfortunate as to have had his imagination dulled and stunted during his childhood, he may as well drive a car through a familiar country lane for all the adventure he will get out of flying the ocean.

Someone objects, "That is all very well for fliers, perhaps, but how does it apply to me, Ellen Jones or Carl Brown?" In this way: while opportunities for translating the adventurous type of romantic escape into the world of fact are nowadays limited and apparently growing more limited with time, adventure itself is untouched, except as the imagination has been blunted. I used sometimes to ask freshmen students in composition to tell of an adventure they had had. Always when the assignment was given, twenty-eight or so young people looked first blank and then angry. They had never had any adventure. How could they when they had only lived in such-and-such a Middle-Western town? The more they thought of the matter the more indignant with me they became. Their themes were sure to describe either an automobile smash or a hold-up that never happened. But always one or two out of the class

would respond with themes that were a joy to read. The incidents described may have been nothing much in themselves, but they had been enough to stimulate the imaginative activity that is the essence of adventure. The duller the imagination the stronger the jolt of event required to make it create adventure. Apparently some of those seventeen-and-eighteen-year-old youngsters were already practically jolt-proof. Perhaps they might have got some sense of adventure from an ocean flight with Byrd or Lindbergh, but nothing short of that would have sufficed. They are doomed to go through life wanting adventure and never getting it.

The attempt of romantics in the past has been to escape the commonplace through valorous deeds in strange scenes, through reliving a far-away period like the Middle Ages or dreaming of a perfect existence in some remote Utopia or hereafter. That is one way of going about it. Another is to redeem the commonplace imaginatively. For that there are a hundred or two methods, most of them open to anyone whose sensitivity has not been jaded by noise and hurry, bootleg and piffle. I have space here for only the merest hint about two of them.

I know a woman with a secondary education who has managed to keep a sense of romance through ten years of heavy responsibility and a particularly galling type of poverty. She has done it by deliberately cultivating mental interests. Every fall she chooses a new field for study. She reads nothing very technical, of course; but fortunately many books of genuine worth are now written for such as she. In these ten years she has acquired a better education than many a college graduate ever gets, but that is not the main point. Instead of a grim misery those years have been meaningful. Instead of troubles she has had prob-

lems, instead of dullness enthusiasm. I think she even slightly begrudges the hours she must spend asleep. She hadn't one chance in ten thousand for physical adventure, but this other type, which is just as real and more lasting, was no farther away than the public library and no more costly than the fines she occasionally has to pay. Mental adventure has hitherto been the special possession of scholars. It need not be.

The same is true of the æsthetic activity, which is another way of redeeming the commonplace. No artist, whether musician, dancer, or painter, ever found life dull. He may have found it ugly and hateful, but not simply boring. The tendency for people in general, however, has been to leave the æsthetic activity to artists. A worse mistake was never made. Only painters can set a picture on canvas and only musicians can set sound into meaningful patterns on the keyboard, but anyone with eyes and ears and a free imagination can learn to have the æsthetic experience. And that is a sure redemption of the commonplace.

Perhaps an illustration from personal experience will be forgiven me for its concreteness. Several times a year I have to make a five-hour drive into a section of Kansas that grows an admirable brand of hard wheat but is lamentably deficient in the more obvious forms of natural beauty. On the first trip those level miles of monotony were a weariness of the flesh. By the third time they were weariness of the spirit. Earlier I might have simply refused to go again. That would have been one way of escaping

the commonplace. But fortunately I remembered hearing an intelligent woman talk enthusiastically of the beauties of just such a landscape. I determined to find them. The next trip happened to come in December, the month when the plains are most somnolent. But every minute of it was a vivid pleasure. The difference? On those first trips I had been lazily accepting the sights that I could not possibly miss if I were awake. When I began really to use my eyes I was literally thrilled by color and line I had never seen, by tall purple grasses, by a symphony of browns from the tawny color of a lion to the rich chocolate of bare fields, by the delicately interlaced branches of solitary trees, by green wheatfields and the long dun ribbon of trail, by a remote sky of an indescribably tender blue, by a many-toned haze deepening imperceptibly to the far-off horizon, by a thick brooding quietness that we could feel beyond the noise of the engine. The uplift and sense of power I got from finding that I could entirely re-create that stretch of prairie were of the essence of romance, and what was rare with the older forms of romance, were composed of pure delight.

Out of such experiences comes a passionate rebellion against a realism which seeks to make us walk sedately in a world where nothing but facts and common sense matters. Science may teach us to make existence so much easier that we can endure it with more equanimity, and the realistic temper may toughen our minds to accept our lowly place in the universe. But if we are born with a hankering for hyacinths we are likely sometimes to sicken on bread.



IN DEFENSE OF THE CLAUQUE

BY PITTS SANBORN

GROUPED in the darkness of Thirty-ninth Street is a little company of ulstered men. Why are they loitering in the early winter night beside this non-communicative wall of brick close to the brilliance of New York's Broadway? A bread-line? Hardly, with walkingsticks and doeskin gloves. Stormers of a Bastille? Their chatter is too gay. But what *are* they doing there? Look at them. From beneath the slouch felt hat or the stiff derby their eyes continually shoot glances at a door. What is the magnet that draws them there? What spoil, what loot, what rake-in? Abruptly the door opens, and the ulstered company enters the darkness beyond.

Two hours later we are seated in the orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera House. The vast yellow curtains have fallen upon a completed act. The lights in the auditorium are on again; they illumine the long concave of the Golden Horseshoe, catching the facets of women's jewels, while a buzz of talk breaks loose on every side. But what is that little company of men on the left, standing behind the orchestra circle down toward the proscenium arch, who are beating their palms together with a sharp and rhythmic insistence? And over on the right is another active cluster, and still another hugs the corner rail of the topmost balcony. The rest of the house has stopped applauding, and yet while these faithful companies keep up their

noise the curtains part and fall and part again until, as by a common impulse, all hands are quiet. Who may these be that have made the curtains work so industriously? . . . These are the hearteners, the protagonists of praise, the Romans of the Parterre, the Knights of the Chandelier; these, in a word, are that ancient and honorable body, the claque.

Obviously deriving sense from sound, the word "claque" sprang up in the French language, just as the institution which it denominates had its modern origin in the theaters of Paris. But the word has been domesticated in English, Italian, German, and other languages, just as the institution in question, following a profound human need, has passed from country to country. "Claque" is defined by the *Oxford Dictionary* as a "hired body of applauders." But do not take fright at the adjective. The men that make and influence our laws, the very officers of justice, are "hired" servants of the State, even when they serve no other master. What would a singer in opera house or concert room be without applause? I recall a distinguished singing actress who probably never employed one hired applauder, let alone a claque. Nor had she any instinct for publicity or knowledge of how to obtain it to her advantage. She lived very much to herself, if not precisely in a tower of ivory. She was completely absorbed in her art, in her work. Discerning persons who heard

and saw her in her Metropolitan days appreciated the presence of a great artist, but to the public at large she meant nothing; and to-day, though secure of her place in operatic history, she is forgotten by all but her little band of votaries. Very few of her colleagues, however, took such chances with either the present or the future.

If there is one singer of our century who stood in no need of a claque, we might suppose that Caruso was the man. Yet Caruso would never have dreamed of walking out on the stage unless he had "friends" in the house to applaud his entrance, no matter how soon they were hushed, and to receive his important solos with that impetuous and infectious clapping of hands which implies, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" plus an explicit "Bravo!" or so. Thus his nerves were steadied when he first appeared, and the continued response told him that his song had found favor, even if that favor had been planned beforehand. Expanding in the warmth of the reception, the artist was spurred on to do his best. This trustworthy reaction was indispensable to Caruso's operatic routine, and he assured it to himself through the distribution of free seats. It was his habit to purchase from one to two hundred dollars' worth of seats for every performance in which he took part, and he would personally inspect the plan of the house to see that the seats were located to his satisfaction before he distributed the tickets among his applauding retainers. Consequently anyone might have seen the curious and pleasing spectacle of the world's premier tenor visiting the box office the morning of the day on which he was to sing, and selecting and sorting tickets to place in their little envelopes, which he then proceeded to address in his own writing, some of them destined for employees of the Knickerbocker Hotel where he lived.

For years Caruso had a sort of claque chief whose duty it was to attend every performance in which the tenor sang. It is said that this musical majordomo was not on the regular Caruso payroll, for, after all, even the richest singer isn't going to pay out money for applause if he can get equally good results otherwise. This man, who had some fashionable connections, was enabled through his intimacy with the tenor to say to his friends, "Be sure not to miss our party—Caruso will be there!" In his scheme of life that privilege was of the highest importance both socially and in a business way. So well aware was he of its value that everything was done for the comfort of the tenor when he visited his house. Indeed, one room was held sacred to Caruso, so that in case he wished repose after an especially elaborate dinner he could seek it in that room and find it. It is even said that, as in the case of royal palaces which are shown at certain times to the vulgar herd, the couch upon which the tenor reclined and the armchair in which he sat were duly roped off from the rest of this withdrawing room for fear some lesser mortal should desecrate the tenorial upholstery. Nor did the unsalaried claque chief, it seems, hesitate to cash in in other little ways on his exceptional position. One day, the story runs, the tenor was to sing at a concert organized by a large club of women. About an hour before the time set for the entertainment to begin the claque chief, in a state of great excitement, sought the president. Alas! the hero of the occasion had been taken ill. How could the concert conceivably go through without him? Naturally the president shared the worthy fellow's upset. What on earth was to be done? Who at that time might be procured in his stead? And of course the singer didn't live who could *replace* Caruso. In the face of the impending disaster

the claque chief spoke his subtle word:

"But you know, madam, I happen to have the greatest influence with Signor Caruso. Strange, but it's like a healing power. If I talked with him, if I soothed him, if I persuaded him . . . Why madam needn't try to find anybody in his place. I am sure that for me he would sing, and if madam feels that my services in this fatal predicament are worth one hundred and fifty dollars, I will make every effort. Indeed, I guarantee that I will produce the incomparable tenor!"

In this instance, however, the claque chief had overreached himself. What he had not counted upon happened. Caruso, who had been in perfect health, learned later of the cunning maneuver on the part of his trusted henchman. His anger was great, and he dismissed the fellow from his service. But anger never lasted long with good-natured Caruso. Eventually he took him back.

All the tenors who have aspired to wear the mantle of Caruso have felt a corresponding need of the services of a claque, but none of them has assembled anything like the general staff that waited upon his great predecessor. Usually they have dealt in a less costly fashion with the accredited claque leaders. One tenor who employed a number of claqueurs in the course of a season gave a humorous twist to his reward. When the operatic year was over he offered them a dinner and supplemented the meats and drinks with a purse of two hundred dollars, which they were to divide amongst themselves as they saw fit. Meanwhile the donor, having given them a free hand, waited apart while his henchmen divided the spoils. There are said to have been numerous minor casualties. Sometimes, however, the artist will engage the services of a responsible claque leader for an entire season at a lump sum of, say, five hundred dollars.

Then, of course, special arrangements are made for special performances. If a singer wants to make a particularly brilliant *rentrée*, fifty to a hundred of these hired applauders are stationed among the standees, and the audience is never allowed to forget that it is witnessing a highly important event. One of the outstanding Metropolitan singers of this century, none other, indeed, than Miss Geraldine Farrar, found that the duties of a claque could be taken over by volunteer enthusiasts. The demonstrative band that applauded every performance she gave during her last seasons of opera was playfully dubbed the "Gerryflappers."

A more recent singer who has attracted floods of limelight let it be known when she reached New York—or at any rate her personal representative let it be known—that she would make her triumphant way without benefit of claque. Nevertheless, undismayed leaders hastened to her hotel to see if they could not still "take care of" her. But they met with an icy rebuff and were effectively invited to depart. However, the quarry was a rich one, and eventually the singer is believed to have seen the light; and so in the phrase of Auguste when the claqueurs of Paris were called back from a temporary exile, "Justice was done."

There is an odd story of a veteran prima donna who refused the ministrations of a claque leader while she was in her dressing room making up to go on the stage. This was Madame Melba, the last year that she sang in Chicago. A zealot knocked at her door and offered to make her famous that night in return for a mere fifty dollars. Madame Melba laughingly replied that if she wasn't famous already no fifty dollars could turn the trick for her. But Melba was then beyond the need or power of hired applause. Of course, her bungling visitor was not in the great tradition of claque chiefs.

II

It is a well-established principle that the claque, like charity, should begin at home. A musical critic who had dropped into the Metropolitan Opera House quite casually one evening noticed a vacant aisle seat near the back and, since the act was in progress, slipped into it. He recognized the occupant of the adjoining seat as the husband of a prominent contralto, at that moment on the stage busily singing an aria. The contralto's husband did not so recognize the musical critic, and at the end of the aria began most energetically to applaud. The musical critic, exercising the traditional privilege of his guild, kept his hands idle. His neighbor, noticing the omission, turned on him with a glare and in a loud whisper asked, "What's the matter with you? Why aren't you applauding?" Family boosting of this and other sorts is obviously of value when not carried to extremes. There is, for instance, a prima donna whose brother tows in little squadrons of their compatriots to do their duty by his sister whenever she figures in the cast.

One of the most curious demonstrations in the history of American music occurred when Willem Mengelberg made his final appearance as conductor of the National Symphony, which was later to be merged with the New York Philharmonic. Hovering over the stage of Carnegie Hall like an embattled Cupid, the tawny little Dutchman bowed and bowed and bowed in response to the gusts of applause that swept up from the house. Then an enthusiastic woman stormed the platform and hugged and kissed the fêted batonist. This was the signal for a general osculatory scramble, and the newspapers next morning glowed with the story of how Mynheer Mengelberg was captured by this army of musical mænads and even pursued by them to

his transatlantic ferry in Hoboken. Afterwards the dean of American conductors made some widely quoted remarks about the claque having moved uptown from the Opera House to the Carnegie sanctuary. There are those who have suspected that this thrilling drama had been planned and staged by a certain very active fellow whose enthusiasm for Mengelberg at that time knew no bounds. However, he has always laughingly denied the charge, maintaining that his sole part in the affair was to stand side by side with a certain composer who was no less a Mengelbergian and join with him in a tremendous and contagious clapping of hands. "Spontaneous combustion," he maintains, "did the rest."

Claque leaders worthy the name have always been intelligent and shrewd and sometimes possessed of exceptional judgment and culture. Italians still pronounce the name of Alfredo Morena with awe. This extraordinary man, an erudite and polished gentleman, was known as the cherished friend of artists and composers. Neither Mascagni nor Puccini, it is said, considered a "première" of one of his operas complete without the presence and aid of Morena. Puccini, by the way, has been called his own claque leader, but it is, nevertheless, reported that he went over each of his new scores page by page with Morena, pointing out passages which were particularly dear to his heart and which must be applauded by Morena's legionaries without fail—"for if your fellows shouldn't break in at this point with their applause neither the public nor the critics would grasp this beautiful detail." And Morena had that respect for his own function which found utterance in the following observation to a young artist who desired his help, "If you're good, we will make you great. But if we find you're worthless we will drop you."

The most celebrated claque chiefs of

the Paris Opéra, Auguste and David, were, like Morena, men whose mission was a question of art as well as of money. These men would refuse engagements to promote singers in whose talent they did not believe. Their affair was with the best and only the best. "No," a minor aspirant would be informed, "keep your money. I applaud those who according to my conscience deserve applause and I do not sell my bravos." David while he was official claque chief at the Opéra never missed a performance except through illness. He gave as the reason for such persistence that he "loved music very much."

Anybody who thinks it astonishing that a composer of Puccini's prominence would go through his scores with a claqueur should know the example of Wagner himself. It is one of the operatic traditions of Vienna that when Wagner visited the Austrian capital for the first production there of his "Tannhäuser" he was particularly insistent that the claque should applaud at the end of Elisabeth's "Greeting." "The 'Evening Star' song," he said, "will take care of itself, but the audience must not fail to be informed of the importance of the 'Greeting'." Here is something to be digested by those bigoted Wagnerites who maintain that any applause which breaks in on an uncompleted act of a Wagner opera is desecration. And it also throws one more vivid light on the practical side of a composer whose genius repeatedly out-soared his theories. Why should the venial inconsistency of an outburst of applause be forbidden when the major issue of success for "Tannhäuser" was in jeopardy?

III

The claque chief, whether an official functionary as he was in Paris during much of the nineteenth century or the

semi-secret agent of managers and artists as he is in this country, always stands in an intimate relation to the artistic throne. If he represents an opera house he has his part in its unpublished councils, even as the legal advisor has. The fact that he is paid to applaud does not mean that his own personal judgment has been blunted. He is a man who loves opera and whose experience of that form of art is enormous. He has become a discriminating judge of voices and singing and an authority on what may be expected to sway the crowd. He is a man who knows the individuals and the ensemble upon the stage, and he knows his audiences too. When Harel was director of the Paris Opéra there was question of a new tenor, though he had been passed by the officiating examiners. Doubtful as to whether their decision was right, Harel asked the claque chief for his advice. "In my opinion," the latter replied, "the fellow has a corridor voice." "In spite of you all, this man is right," declared Harel, and he refused to engage the tenor. Claque leadership has often formed a sort of dynasty, passing from father to son. In New York there is the case of the Lodovichetti family. No one who has been on the inside of American opera in the present century could fail to recognize the really eminent services of Duilio Lodovichetti, who with his energy and enthusiasm caused many a night of opera to boil gayly which otherwise would probably have stagnated below freezing point.

The prejudice against the claque that some people harbor in this country is due not to its intrinsic nature but rather to inadequate organization. To glance at the older history of an ancient institution, when the emperor Nero, lyre in hand, gratified his histrionic fixation by giving recitals in the Circus Maximus with all Rome under

sentence to listen, he caused five thousand lusty youths thoroughly trained in the etiquette of applause to be stationed among the vast concourse. These Roman legions of an organized support must have exalted their practice to a pitch of polished art, for Tacitus complains that at theatrical representations in Rome the ill-timed enthusiasm of country folk disturbed the cadenced applause of city-dwellers. When in modern times the claque re-emerged at Paris, the French gift for orderly thinking took it in hand and provided it with direction and design. The chief was its brain and, visibly or not, its pattern was worked out with a military precision. On great occasions the French chief has his captains and lieutenants who deploy the applauding legions throughout the house along approved lines of strategy.

In our lyric theaters while the claque applauds with rhythm, there is often a lack of well-studied cadence, of that irresistible crescendo which beginning softly and, as it would seem, far away, steals upon the house like a hurricane capturing a prairie, until the entire audience willy-nilly must applaud too through the sheer force and impetus of the storm. The fact that the groups of claqueurs are habitually stationed in three or four spots and that the dynamics and tempo of their applause are exasperatingly uniform has led some people to describe as a nuisance what is really a necessity. Of course this objection may be obviated by a more widespread distribution of the applauders and a more cunning discipline. By scattering the claque men far and wide among non-claque standees the commanding general could insure the unconscious co-operation of these latter, who through the power of suggestion and the desire to emulate would find themselves following the claqueurs' lead. One recalls the silhouette of a claque chief by Jacques Chabannes:

"He is there holding under his direction an army of beaters ready to burst out at a little signal in enthusiastic bravos. Then he is happy. He jubilates, commands, encourages, stimulates. He dominates the public with his scorn, for the public will only applaud—Oh, sheep of Panurge!—on his orders."

Besides the rank and file of the army of claqueurs, those "regulars" who either enter gratis or pay a small sum for the privilege, there is an occasional ultra-enthusiast to whom the opera house is as his hearth and roof-tree, and who rarely, if ever, misses a performance. The Metropolitan boasts one such habitu  , a gentleman of education and means who knows his scores as few musicians do and who is the most devoted of boosters where his friends among the singers are concerned. This man is the perfect living specimen of the real opera fan. And his tireless devotion is innocent of any financial angle. It is rich, however, in discernment and enthusiasms. He is always on hand to tell the laggard reviewer how the evening is going; and the reviewer knows that his judgment is to be trusted, except where his overflowing admiration for this soprano or that tenor or the other baritone must be discounted a little. Being fluent in half a dozen languages, he not only speaks with authority about the diction of the singers, but is a mine of information with respect to what goes on before the scenes, behind the scenes, and in the subterranean depths of the operatic world.

The usefulness of the claque to the people on the stage is obvious. The claque sustains a d  but which without its ministrations fear might paralyze. It stimulates singers to do their best and it calls attention to the salient passages in the music. Some of those who have profited by the claque have been quite outspoken in their

tributes. Véron, who for years directed the Paris Opéra, declared that claqueurs have definitely a mission: "Everybody who is exposed to public judgment needs the fever of joy which is caused by applause to encourage him."

The famous singer, François Ellevion, put the matter succinctly: "The claque is as necessary in the middle of the parterre as the chandelier in the middle of the hall." Even in the career of that most celebrated of English actresses, Sarah Siddons, there must have been moments when she felt the need of applause. She has told how difficult she found it to do her best work in the presence of the impassive Scots at Edinburgh. One night while she was playing the sleep-walking scene in "Macbeth" and endeavoring, despite the lack of response, to rise to her accustomed heights, a voice from the gallery impinged on the silence between two of her lines, "It's na so bad after a'." Mrs. Siddons loved to quote that as typical of the not especially encouraging brand of enthusiasm which was current in Scotland.

Until now I have dwelt on the value of the claque to performers. Its value to audiences is no less real. As one writer has said, the public is capricious. To-day it applauds frantically, to-morrow, taking no sides, it remains silent. Not that it dislikes what is offered, it merely lacks initiative. The duty of the claque toward the audience is to start the applause at points where applause should spontaneously follow the delivery of the artists. This might be unnecessary if an audience knew its scores intimately. But what audience does? Imagine an American opera house without a claque. You might as well imagine a national convention or a great football game without cheer-leaders. If the claque were not there to guide, what a mess the audience would probably make of

arias with deceptive endings like the "Suicidio" in "La Gioconda" and the "Racconto" in "La Bohème." Very likely the singer would be interrupted after the high note, or else at the end of the aria there would be no applause at all. For a part of the function of a well-trained claque is to impose an immediate hush upon indiscreet plaudits which interrupt. Take the case of the "Pagliacci" prologue. Familiar as that number is, our audiences always start to clap after the interpolated high notes, and if this demonstration were allowed to grow the baritone would be inaudible in the ensuing "*Il concetto vi dissi*." Invariably the claque has to steer the house through that ticklish channel, at the same time protecting the singer of the prologue.

What popular prejudice actually exists here against the claque is largely due to the fault of distribution in the auditorium and the marked insistence with which the applause of the claque sometimes keeps on long after the audience in general has stopped applauding altogether. In neither respect are the claque and its leaders likely to be to blame. If it is the will of a management that the curtain rise eight times after the first act, ten after the second, and twelve after the third, and the claque chief has received corresponding orders, he has no choice but to execute them. And certainly the management of a theater could co-operate with the claque chief in the wider distribution of the claque. With these precautions the aforesaid prejudice would perhaps disappear entirely. As a matter of fact, what we in America need is not the suppression of the claque, but more clagues and better. As an institution this band of "hired applauders" stems so unmistakably from necessity that a defense of it becomes nothing less than a defense of human nature.



The Lion's Mouth



L'AMOUR EN AMÉRIQUE

(Chansons favorites des indigènes)

BY MORRIS BISHOP

1. Chagrin d'amour (Début d'un drame populaire en vers)

Francine et Jeannot étaient des amants;

Ils s'aimaient avec une tendresse indécible.

Ils s'étaient juré une fidélité éternelle, En attestant les cieux.

C'était son "homme," lui, mais il se conduisait envers elle avec une légèreté coupable.

2. La brutalité en amour

Ma belle rose sauvage d'Irlande,

Fleur la plus belle,

On aura beau chercher, on ne trouvera pas l'égale

De ma belle rose sauvage d'Irlande.

Belle rose sauvage d'Irlande,

Fleur la plus chère!

Elle pourrait bien un jour me laisser

Déflorer ma belle rose sauvage d'Irlande.

3. Constatation lyrique de paternité

Oui, monsieur, cette petite enfant est à moi;

Non, monsieur, il n'y a pas de "peut-être";

Oui, monsieur, cette petite enfant est à moi maintenant.

Eh, à propos!

Eh, à propos!

Quand je les verrai, je leur dirai:

"Oui, monsieur, cette petite enfant est à moi;

Ah, non, monsieur, il n'y a pas de peut-être;

Oui, monsieur, cette petite enfant est à moi maintenant."

4. Sérénade des cœurs attendris

Adeline, mon chou,

Adeline, mon coco,

La nuit, ma petite chatte,

Tu me manques.

Dans tous mes rêves

Ton beau visage resplendit.

Tu es mon petit chouchou,

Adeline, ma cocotte.

5. Rappel des délices passées

En été, en été,

(Cette agréable saison)

On se promène dans les allées ombragées avec sa bonne amie.

On se tient la main réciproquement,

Ce qui est de bon augure,

Car c'est l'indication qu'elle est votre "tootsie wootsie"¹

En été, cette agréable saison.

6. Fin du voyage amoureux (chanson qui conclut les soirées américaines)

Faut-il oublier les liaisons de jeunesse

Sans en rappeler les extases partagées?

Faut-il oublier les liaisons de jeunesse

Et "il buon tempo antico?"

Oh! "il buon tempo antico!"

Ah! "il buon tempo antico!"

Allons donc boire une bonne tasse amicale [de thé]

Pour "il buon tempo antico!"

7. Excuses d'un fruitier

Non,² nous n'avons pas de bananes,

Nous n'en avons pas aujourd'hui.

¹ Doux objet de mes vœux (vulg.).

² Le texte porte "oui," une faute évidente.

Nous avons des haricots verts, des
oignons,
Des choux, des échalotes,
Et toutes sortes de fruits. Et tenez,
Nous avons des tomates dans le goût
classique,
Des pommes de terre de Long Island;
Mais je regrette, nous n'avons pas de
bananes,
Nous n'en avons pas aujourd'hui.

8. La bien-aimée transatlantique

Ma bonne amie se couche de l'autre
côté de l'océan,
Ma bonne amie se couche de l'autre
côté de la mer;
Ma bonne amie se couche de l'autre
côté de l'océan,
Oh, ramenez-la-moi.

O vents, soufflez au-dessus de l'océan,
O vents, soufflez au-dessus de la mer;
O vents, soufflez au-dessus de l'océan,
Et ramenez-la-moi.

Les vents ont bien soufflé au-dessus
de l'océan,
Les vents ont bien soufflé au-dessus de
la mer;
Oui, oui, ils ont soufflé au-dessus de
l'océan;
Ils me l'ont ramenée.



COMMITTEE REPORT

BY GEORGE BOAS

OUR University is democratically organized. We have academic freedom. Professor Aitch publicly admits believing in the government ownership of public utilities, and it is rumored that Professor Bee once had a negro to dinner. Yet nothing happens to either Professor Aitch or Bee. Much to their sorrow.

Being democratic, Our University is naturally run by its Faculty. When anything is thought desirable by anyone, a committee is immediately ap-

pointed or elected to do it with him as chairman, which leaves the President a free hand to do as he wishes. For the appointment of committees was a branch of government which Machiavelli forgot to put in his *Prince*. But when I write my book on *The President*, or *The Technic of Social and Political Management*, committee-making shall occupy the first chapter after the "Capitalization of Personal and Social Liabilities."

Our University received a committee report just the other day. The President sat at the head of the table flanked by the two members of the Faculty who claim to be our academic seniors. The rest of us pulled chairs away from the table towards the wall; for we are modest men. The greater we are, the modester we think we should be. But, like Martial's terribly satirized Cinna, *sed pauperes sumus*.

Professor Kayly is Chairman of the Committee, and his colleagues are Professors Elly, Emmly, Olly, and Pealy. They are all great men—the greatest on the Faculty. And the most modest. They sit so far back towards the wall that when they get up to speak every eye has to turn on them to hear them. The President likes to appoint great men to committees, for thus the University benefits by their combined greatness, and they never agree. But being modest men, they draw up a report which represents all their opinions and consequently no one's. This is a metaphysical principle. It is the complement of the great formula, All determination is negation. And it reads, All indetermination is affirmation. Or, in the vulgar tongue, The less you say, the more you affirm.

Our committee's Chairman makes his report. Then things move with the fatality of an uncoiling spring, until at the end there may be the same amount of energy as there was at the beginning, but it is unavailable for work.

Professor Kayly points out that his committee has made the following proposals for the following reasons. And he reads both the proposals and the reasons.

We agree, at the President's eminently wise suggestion, to vote on them one by one. (My treatise, by the way, shall particularly emphasize this play. If, for instance, you don't want someone to put salt on his egg, you say, "Would you put chlorine on your egg?" He shudders at the thought. "Would you put sodium on your egg?" He thinks of sodium bursting into flame when touched with his saliva. No, no! No sodium! "Then will you put sodium chloride on your egg?"—The Noes have it.)

Proposal One is put up for discussion.

Our eminent and modest Professor of Cacophony modestly and eminently begins the discussion. He says that of course he doesn't know anything about it (which is true), but that in his opinion we are already doing this very thing and have been doing it for years. It is curious how ignorant all committees are of history. Why, then, this new proposal?

Moreover, says the Professor of Neology before Professor Kayly can answer, such things should be left to the individual departments. Such a proposal would seem to imply that the departments are incapable of handling their own affairs.

Does his lip curl?

Since that is precisely what the proposal does imply, Professor Kayly leaps to his feet and says in indignation that it doesn't imply anything of the sort, but that after all it is a good thing to have our rules, no matter how ancient, in writing.

The word "rules" stirs up the Professor of Hyperbole. Rules, he cries, what's the good of rules? We have too many rules already. (Applause)

Conversation then breaks out all along the line which the President has to quell.

"There is a question before the house, gentlemen."

"Question! Question!"

But before the question can be put, the Professor of Hypocrisy gently suggests that other members of the committee give their opinions. The President gratefully rewards the Professor of Hypocrisy with a smile.

Professor Emmly has the floor.

He says that, though the proposal is not exactly what he would have wished for himself, yet it is a step in the right direction and will undoubtedly go a long way towards improving things in the University.

The President then calls on Professor Elly.

He is absent.

Ah-hah!

Wise glances are exchanged among the great and modest.

"Professor Olly?" says the President.

Professor Olly, who had originally initiated the proposal within the committee gets to his feet, trembling with emotion.

"Gentlemen," he says, "the University has come to a turning point in its history. All that we have stood for is at stake. This proposal alone can save us. It will eliminate all the evils in the present situation and introduce no new evils. It is the one thing we need. The Committee has worked for two months formulating it. Is this work to be wasted?"

It is, alas.

For the Professor of Advanced Senility opens his eyes, shakes his long white hair, and rises to his feet. The lesser gods cease their conversation, and the ocean waves still their murmurs. For is he not the man who proved definitely that Shakespeare bit his finger nails? Jove casts a sweeping glance over the gathering and begins.

"Gentlemen, I have been here forty-five years . . ."

(Applause)

"Yearly I have seen the old standards give way to new. To me this proposal is just another attempt to substitute slipshod modern methods for the old ways tested by time . . ."

His voice grows plaintive and menacing at the same time.

He begs us not to be false to our trust—we begin to weep silently—not to betray the ideals of our great Founder, to remember that we have always stood for the best which has been thought and said, that we must see life steadily and see it whole and not throw out the baby with the bath lest we lose sight of the forest for the trees but, following the light that never was on sea or land, to be true to the university motto, Philosophy the Guide of Life.

"Question, question," cries the Professor of American Morophily.

The question is put.

The Noes have it.

We advance to Proposal Two.

The spring rewound, runs down.

Proposal Three.

Some of us like Three, but we cannot agree.

Says the President, "I shall entertain a motion to appoint a committee for its consideration."

We democratically agree.

Then the defeat of proposals begins again. It is like a game of ninepins. We fight to see who can hit them hardest. Four, Five, and Six totter. We are laughing now.

Seven and Eight collapse without a struggle.

"I move we adjourn," shouts the Professor of Sophistry.

The motion is put and, for the first time during the meeting, the Ayes win out.

We leave grinning and slapping one another's back. Academic freedom and democracy have demonstrated

their usefulness once more. To the cause of Fascism . . .



HOW SHALL A POET EAT?

BY WILL THOMAS WITHROW

How shall a poet eat if there be none
To bring him meat when his day's work is done?

How shall he sing, if singing brings not bread,

Nor sonnets fling a roof above his head?

How shall the muse achieve celestial mood
When empty belly clamors for mere food;
When furtive fear flees fast from landlord's knock,

And last year's overcoat is still in hock!

O, kindly gods, regard me! Are you there,
Parked upon High Olympus or elsewhere?
If so, come down! Let us incorporate
In Delaware, or some complacent State,
Where gods and men may form a trust, and meet

To woo Miss Fortune. Thus may poets eat!

Should gods thus favor poets, what the odds,

Since poets first created all the gods!

If there be obligation still unmet—

The gods and not the poets owe the debt!



OF GARDENS

BY PRUDENCE PRATT MCCONN

BACON said, "God Almighty first planted a garden" (is there anyone present who does not know that Bacon said that?), and during the last two or three years I have

often been moved to wish that He had been the last.

Not that I object to gardens in themselves. I like hillsides and wild-flowers better, but gardens have their points, and in the old days I often had that mild urge to plant something which, with the coming of spring, stirs in every normal human heart. But of late gardens have grown so fashionable that now I feel I could never have one without the complete abdication of my self-respect.

Perhaps it isn't so in New York—though even there there are roofs, and I am sure some of my friends would be capable of casting seed upon asphalt "just to see what would come up"; but in every locality where soil is visible the entire female population (by entire of course I mean that part of it which is worth mentioning) may be found during spring and summer down on its knees, on a kneeling mat, with large gloves on its fair hands, and angeworms crawling into its shoes.

This would be all right—it keeps them out of mischief, such as visiting their children's schools—if they confined their enthusiasm to three hours' heavy labor every morning digging in their gardens. The trouble is they spend all afternoon and evening talking about them.

Dinner-table conversation, for example, used to exhibit variety if nothing else. People talked about the stock market, or the best way to go abroad, or motor accidents. Now they talk about nothing but gardens. Somebody is specializing in irises. She has thirty-eight kinds now and has heard of another. (Great excitement all around the table.) Another dotes on gladiolus. (*Is it gladiolus or gladiolus?*) A third has just discovered that something is attacking her Shasta Daisies. (General horror and commiseration.)

I am silent. I do know the difference between an iris and a Shasta Daisy,

but I do not know enough to contribute—I who always shone on any of the previously mentioned topics!

However, it doesn't matter. At a dinner party one doesn't have to talk. One can eat. But what is one to do in making an afternoon call?

I have been rushing around all day and drop in at a neighbor's, hoping for a cup of tea. Do I get one? By no means. My hostess seizes me. "You *must* come out and see my garden," she commands.

I go. I stand wearily, my high heels sinking deeper and deeper into the mud while she fatuously exhibits feeble bloom after bloom, or, more often, explains in an epic flow why there is no bloom to exhibit. The most forlorn spikes are hovered over. The sun blazes down on my head, or perhaps it is drizzling, and I am in a spotable silk frock. Such petty considerations mean nothing to the gardener. She never suggests that we go in the house and make ourselves comfortable.

The worst of it is the hypocrisy. In time it eats into one's soul. For I miserably pretend to know something.

"Oh, what beautiful larkspur!" I exclaim brightly.

"Larkspur? Oh, you mean the delphinium. Well, yes, it is related to larkspur, of course."

I try again. I exclaim about the color of her petunias. She looks at me in pained surprise.

"Those aren't petunias. Those are four-o'clocks. Oh, they are so *darling*. They keep tight closed all day and only open at four o'clock. Isn't it cunning of them? Yes, they are a lovely color. But look at my phlox. Isn't it awful? We drove a hundred miles into the country to get a certain shade of salmon pink, and the woman gave us the seed and swore it was the same, and now they have come out this awful magenta. I was just sick about it. You never can tell about phlox."

"Flocks of what?" I ask. I always give myself away.

And when I have given myself away I get such looks! I feel that I stand accused of something—of several things. I must answer to one or all of the following charges:

(1) I am a lily-livered indoor person who shuns healthful exercise and wholesome contact with the soil.

(2) I am blind to the beauties of nature and hence presumably to all beauty.

(3) I am a nonconformist. Everybody is gardening, and if I am not it is either because I have not waked up to that fact or else because I am deliberately unwilling to do what everybody else does. There is danger here. Perhaps I am a Bolshevik.

(4) I belong to that class, always suspect, which has not leisure enough to garden.

Ah, that is the crux of the matter! Gardening costs money both in continual outlay and much more in its possibilities as a time-consumer. It is not every woman who can spend her forenoons (of course the afternoons are accounted for by bridge) on her knees amid the angleworms. Good



old Veblen! How he pops up with his Conspicuous Waste and Vicarious Leisure! Some of my friends even raise their own vegetables and tell me proudly that it costs three times as much as to buy them at the grocer's.

But I have other things to do, which probably accounts for my bad temper.

Perhaps the craze will pass. There is miniature golf and—ah! the Japanese Beetle.

Experts confess they are mystified as to how this pest ever reached our shores. I will now divulge the secret: I brought him—I and a number of my acquaintances who also had suffered in being shown gardens. We went to Japan, and the Japanese, with smiles and bows, gave us some specimens. They are obliging little people. We brought the bugs back in our vanity cases.

Now while my hostess' back is turned as she croons over a sprout I let one of the little fellows loose. I am quite fond of the pretty creatures and want to do them a good turn. For the Japanese Beetle and I have much in common. *We are both fed up with gardens.*



Editor's Easy Chair

WORLD CHANGES AND WAR DEBTS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

IN THE first week of the new year Mr. John L. Balderston, of the London Bureau of the *New York World*, made a few remarks in London about the state of Europe which were broadcast and came to the notice of American listeners. He is not over-pleased with the state of Europe. That is nothing to wonder at. Nobody is, except possibly Old Nick. Mr. Balderston wound up by suggesting that if anything is to be done about economic distress, the United States has got to do it, and he suggested that persons who thought the United States was right to interfere in Europe in 1917 should ask themselves if interference is not needed now about as badly as it was then. Isn't it as important to us, in a business way, he said, to save nations as it is to save banks?

This question of Mr. Balderston's is worth attention. Undoubtedly it is important to save nations. For one thing, we need them in our business; need them very much. We depend on them to get rid of our surpluses. Unless they buy from us what we have to sell we do not prosper, nor unless they sell us what we need to buy. For though we have remarkable resources and are prone to claim to be self-supporting, there is an important list of things which we have to buy in order to be comfortable in modern life. Besides that, we need the mental contact

of other peoples, and some of them would admit that there is profit to them in mental contact with us, though others might feel they may get too much of it. For all sorts of reasons, in the pursuit of health, wealth, and happiness we need the rest of mankind and especially the more civilized nations.

Now Mr. Balderston does not say so but, since he speaks from London, it was probably in his mind that we might, if we got about it, concern ourselves more earnestly to save Britain. Britain is not going to pot, but she is having mighty hard sledding and is hard put to know what to do next in order to keep her population alive and make both ends meet. Britain is still the country nearest to the heart of the United States, still the country that we best understand and by which we are best understood. Moreover, she is the greatest power in sight for the orderly reorganization of world politics and world economics, the safest country in sight, and her best people are on the whole the most civilized people we know. Besides that, she speaks our language—or we speak hers, with modifications—and our prestige is more closely implicated with hers than most people are aware of.

Have we helped her out of this direful mess she is in, the mess of doles and taxes and unemployment and general hell-to-pay? No doubt we have helped

her in some ways. We have held conversations with her about disarmament and such things. No doubt our bankers have lent her money if she wanted it. Her trade here is worth something to her. But we have done some untimely things—we have collected too much money from her and we have bothered her with a stupid increase in our tariff.

That increase will disappear presently and one cannot well hurry its departure, but something might be done, if one knew how to do it, to check at least the present flow of English money into our treasury on account of war debts. That ought to stop. Probably it will stop presently unless times improve faster than is expected, but the sooner it stops the greater will be the gain to us as well as to England.

THE case of Britain is most impressive because we have actually got out of Britain since the funding of her debt nearly thirteen hundred million real dollars, whereas not all the rest of Europe has paid us an amount comparable to that. The expectation that the war debts and reparations will ever be paid as planned is an affecting testimony to the obstinate belief of human beings in the continuing orderliness of human affairs. We insist upon feeling that life will go on substantially as it goes at present. Doubtless it will—substantially, but with notable changes. Life depends mainly on human beings, and human beings do not change overnight. To change the attitude of the human mind about the fundamentals of living is a slow process, requiring, ordinarily, rude shocks to start with and continuing tribulations to carry on. We have had the shocks; the Great War furnished them; and after some years of progress toward recovery we are having the tribulations, worldwide and adequate in quantity.

Men of affairs and interested in busi-

ness say that the prospect is that for us the times will brighten this year, and perhaps they will. Let us hope so! But that the usual process after collapses in business will be followed in the present case is not so certain. There is a good deal to sustain the opinion of those persons who consider that we are slowly passing through a great crisis in human affairs like the Reformation, and must come out with a revaluation of our estimates of fundamental things, such as right and wrong, morality and immorality, the uses of money and what is profitable and what is not. There is the vast object lesson of Russia. Mr. Hindus writes of it under the title of *Humanity Uprooted*. What happens in Russia could hardly happen anywhere else, because nowhere else has the ground been so diligently prepared for it and nowhere else is the population Russian. Humanity is not going to be uprooted in this country nor in Western Europe, but undoubtedly its elbow is being jogged both here and there with far, far more energy than usual.

Consider merely the last thirty years, from the Spanish War until now. What vast changes there have been in human thought in these conservative States in that length of time! What an opening of all subjects to inspection and discussion! It is a new world even since the last fifteen years—since the Treaty of Paris. In those years knowledge in various departments, especially technical knowledge, has made enormous strides. Some things much respected in 1918 have lost their popularity, other things have gained some. Taste has had fits but will doubtless recover. What we shall be when we really get out of these woods no one yet foresees—what we shall shed, what we shall gain. In some parts of Europe, where the climate permits, people heretofore considered civilized are shedding their

clothes and seem quite pleased with the results. Religion has had remarkable experiences but without serious impairment of tranquillity. People whose religious views are deep-seated are used to bearing both with the religious and irreligious views of other people and no longer take disagreement very hard. Maybe we shall come out of these woods more interested in spiritual things and much less concerned for material things than we have been. If a crisis means great changes in the attitude of the human mind towards important details of life, we are in the thick of one now.

AS FOR current uses of money and arrangements in regard to it, we have some very good experts who have done remarkable service in Europe. There is Mr. Parker Gilbert, an intellectual, versed in finance and economics and highly skillful in the application of what he knows. At the first of the year Mr. Gilbert joined the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., which brings him into a place where it would seem his knowledge and his talents will find as good an opportunity to function as could well be provided for them.

And that is fortunate, for in these times there is an urgent need for the services of remarkable men, old enough and sufficiently practiced and informed to know what is going on, and young enough to do something about it if opportunity offers. And opportunity probably will offer.

One would like to know what are Mr. Gilbert's inner sentiments about reparations and about the policy of the United States towards Europe since the War? If he should say in the light of all he knows that the world would probably be much better off if we had not attempted to collect monies lent European governments to carry on the War, that would be an interesting opinion. If he should think that we

might still better matters, help our own trade, and assist the world to recover from economic depression by abandoning most of our governmental efforts to make collections, that would be still more interesting. That, however, would be largely politics, and finance is not exactly politics, and it does not follow that because Mr. Gilbert is a high expert in finance he would be also politically efficacious.

Mr. Gilbert has done an enormous service in arranging for the funding of war debts, but what his private views may be as to the expediency of collecting them has not, so far as is generally known, been disclosed. But Mr. Owen Young, his precursor in that work, indicated his own general sentiments on that subject at the Lotus Club Dinner on December 3rd. He asked for "adequate understanding by the greatest nation in the world in order that its privileges and responsibilities of leadership may not fail in these critical times and before it is too late."

Observing that it has taken us ten years to reach something like a reasonable definition of these international obligations between governments, he declared that: "Our politics and our economics are in conflict everywhere in the world to-day." What the solution may be he did not know. He went on to say that it was quite natural in times of depreciated commodity and security prices that debtors should ask for the readjustment of their debts. He would be glad to do so himself and could make a very good moral argument but would not expect to get a hearing unless his creditor was satisfied with his incapacity to pay. If he was, then it would be for the creditor to say what he wished to do. But as between great nations, he said, he would hope for "a breadth of view and a sympathy of understanding in dealing with problems of this kind greater than any individual had to expect from his creditor." He would

up with a warning that whatever action the United States took—"and it lies in the mouth of no private citizen to say"—let it always be definite. "Let us avoid in all relations the dreadful uncertainty which is worse than the heaviest payments."

MR. RAYMOND B. FOSDICK seems to be a preacher almost as much as his reverend brother, Harry Emerson Fosdick. He made an address in November before the Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburgh the burden of which was the interdependence of modern nations and the impossibility of any nation in the present world living for itself alone and prospering in that case. Mr. Fosdick told the technologists that modern inventions and technical developments tied our present world together so thoroughly that the policies of the 18th century, both economic and political, were out of date, and that we as a nation could no longer help ourselves at the cost of other nations, and that it was high time to recognize that our prosperity and theirs were all a part of the same job. Mr. Fosdick would have tariffs made, if made at all, as the result of international conferences.

It may be a long time before the mind of Mr. Smoot gets as far as that, but after all the present amazing economic pinch is well adapted to get minds out of ruts. We may realize before we are through that even so rich a government as ours cannot support the population of the United States, and that if liberty is to continue we have got to provide in some fashion for the continuation of profitable employment. If and when that time shall come we may find ourselves conversing with sundry nations of Europe after somewhat such fashion as this:

"Dear Friends: we are in trouble. Our matters do not go right. Our cities are full of bread lines. We have had droughts which made the crops fail, and where they haven't failed we can't sell our wheat and cotton profitably. Our farmers are desperate; our legionaries are practicing to raid the treasury, our skyscrapers lack tenants but are oversupplied with mortgages, our newspapers are full of murder, suicide, and robbery, and too many of our courts are being deloused. Taking notice, therefore, that we are losing money hand over fist and living largely on our fat, we have about concluded that our prosperity depends on yours, and that what helps yours helps ours.

"Accordingly, then, and as between fellow-sufferers, we beg to suggest to you to stop paying us money on war debts and spend what you can gather on yourselves and possibly on the neighbors. What you pay us is a bagatelle compared with what it costs us to have business so bad. Suppose, then, we let all war-debt payments by governments to governments go to sleep, or better still—since Mr. Owen Young warns us so anxiously to be precise and definite—follow the immemorial maxim that the tail goes with the hide, and wipe all these vestiges of calamity off the slate altogether, so that we may all concentrate on profitable trading and getting the orb of world-prosperity out again from behind the clouds."

But will Congress ever authorize a President to talk like that to Europe? Perhaps so! perhaps so! but only after a long, hard pinch. For calamity, not prosperity, is the parent of thought. Prosperity tends to hug itself and be timid and selfish. It is calamity that lets out its tucks and flouts the *status quo*.



Grant Reynard

CARNEGIE CONCERT

By Grant Reynard

Courtesy of the Kennedy Galleries



Harpers *Magazine*

BANK FAILURES: THE PROBLEM AND THE REMEDY

BY J. M. DAIGER

EARLY last year I was called on by a representative of the Bank of United States and its securities affiliate, the Bankus Corporation, who sought to interest me in selling the bank's shares or units. At that time Bank of United States units were being pushed by other investment organizations besides the Bankus Corporation, and I wrote to one of them, a well-known house with many branch offices over the country, for its widely advertised analysis of Bank of United States units and a comparative table dealing with "thirty of the leading New York banks." In response came some very impressive literature and a letter reading in part as follows: "With the gradual awakening as to the importance of this institution (Bank of United States), we confidently expect very wide interest in these units, which are now selling decidedly out of line

with other bank stocks. . . . We can make a very attractive commission arrangement with you." Being interested in bank stocks, but naturally skeptical of any security selling out of line with others in the same classification, I made further inquiry through an old, conservative Wall Street house, which promptly and bluntly advised me to let the units alone, because it did not regard them as a sound investment.

Thus it was equally easy, nine months before the Bank of United States failed, to get dependable information about its dubious status or to make a remunerative arrangement to participate in the continued unloading of its stock upon the investing public. Mr. J. Herbert Case, the Chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, has testified that some of the practices of the Bank of United States had been questioned for several years by Federal

Reserve authorities, who had admonished its president in regard to them. Mr. Joseph A. Broderick, the New York State Superintendent of Banks, has stated that his department was closely and constantly in touch with the bank's affairs for fifteen months prior to its closing. By the late summer or early autumn of 1930, if not earlier, rumors of its difficulties were circulating in Wall Street, and must also have reached many of the bank's larger depositors, as evidenced by the heavy withdrawals before the small depositors began their run on its branches.

The impending failure of an institution with the name Bank of United States and with four hundred thousand depositors, most of them of the so-called foreign element, carried a threat of panic which no bank in New York could contemplate without grave concern. If panic seized the four hundred thousand depositors of the Bank of United States, where would its frenzied spread stop in a city with New York's immense foreign population? Certainly not with the foreigners. If that bank went down, what others might go in the runs its failure would precipitate? If a banking panic began in New York, how many other cities might be affected? And what would the first news of the "Bank of United States" failure signify to populations abroad, where central banks are named Bank of England, Bank of France, etc.?

Cynically resigned to further reverses in the stock market, the public merely wondered, disappointed but no longer dazed, when the bond market, which had given a good account of itself and held its considerable gains throughout the year thus far, turned suddenly about early last autumn and fell precipitately to the lowest level in years. What puzzled "outsiders" most was the heavy selling of high-grade bonds, the secondary reserves of banks, which

earlier in the year had been bought with such avidity. By November the news of many small bank failures and a few large ones was beginning to come from the South and Southwest, and these were seized upon as the explanation of the dumping of bonds—receivers' liquidation for insolvent banks, forced selling by others to meet runs in the same localities. But that was really not the case. It was chiefly city banks, particularly in New York, that were sacrificing their bonds and also increasing their borrowings from the Federal Reserve. They were preparing for large-scale withdrawals of deposits and, if the worst came, for a panic.

It is doubtful that the checking of the stock market decline by the New York banks in November, 1929, brought any greater sense of relief to Wall Street than did the premature announcement late in November, 1930, that the Bank of United States and three others were to be merged to form a new billion-dollar institution, with the sponsorship and guidance of four of the large Wall Street banks, and with the chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York resigning that office to become executive head of the new bank. That the plan fell through was due to no lack of effort upon the part of "The Street" to find a legal and practical way to overcome a bad situation that in the end proved insurmountable. There is now enough of public record to make it obvious that no bank or combination of banks could have justified the use of their stockholders' money to buy, at a price high enough to "save" it, such a mountain of trouble, loss, and legal involvement as the Bank of United States.

When announcement was quietly made early in December that the billion-dollar merger was not to be, every bank in New York suspected what was coming, and every possible preparation had been made to meet a descent of

frightened depositors even upon the city's most highly solvent banks. Never had the banks of New York been in a more liquid condition than they were then; never had they so much currency heaped high in their vaults, with as much more as should be needed ready to be rushed in armored trucks from the Federal Reserve. In one week the New York member banks of the Federal Reserve System obtained from it \$170,000,000 of additional currency. It was obtained when the demand for currency to handle the holiday trade was already at its seasonal peak, the highest point of the year. The amount drawn during that one week in December brought the total emergency currency in use by the New York member banks to \$300,000,000. Never before had there been such a demand for currency to meet a banking crisis in New York City.

What is more important, had this demand occurred prior to the establishment of the Federal Reserve System, it could not possibly have been met. The Federal Reserve System, tested in the War, in 1920-21, and in 1929 as to its banking reserves, received in December, 1930, in New York City, its first test as a currency system.

To relate this story of how New York was forewarned of the failure of the Bank of United States, and forearmed to meet the strain imposed upon the whole community, is to provide a study in contrasts between the co-operative measures which are possible in our metropolitan centers and the plight of thousands of small communities throughout the country which are powerless to cope with the situation when a bank failure impends or occurs. The failure of the Bank of United States caused runs on many other banks, but only one of them, a tenth the size of the Bank of United States and not a member of the Federal Reserve

System, was unable to meet the emergency. Simultaneously with the closing of the Bank of United States, the New York Clearing House Association announced that its member banks were prepared to advance to depositors of the closed bank fifty per cent of their net deposits, thus relieving to a much greater extent than is generally recognized the injury to business and the individual hardship which the failure would otherwise have entailed. In the smaller communities of the country, where scarcely any banks are members of the Federal Reserve System, and where there are no clearing-house associations, we find one failure precipitating another, until a majority of the banks within a wide radius are compelled to close their doors. Sometimes entire counties are suddenly deprived of all, or nearly all, their banking facilities, disrupting business and imposing acute suffering upon a large part of the population.

The Bank of United States, although far from large in comparison with many other institutions of vastly greater resources, was the largest American bank ever to fail. Furthermore, it brought about a critical situation in the principal banking center of the country and provided a real test of the elasticity of our currency under the Federal Reserve System. Such facts alone would tend to focus more attention upon this failure than upon others. But in addition, the failure of the Bank of United States was followed by disclosures of a most scandalous nature, indicating that the rules of sound banking practice had been recklessly violated, particularly by manipulation of the bank's securities affiliate and the latter's subsidiaries. These disclosures have led the Superintendent of Banks to recommend sweeping changes in the banking laws of New York State, including one of extremely drastic character and far-reaching consequence which would

prohibit banks in that State from having securities affiliates, and which would compel some of the world's largest banks, which are located in New York City, to divest themselves of their huge investment banking companies. Since these companies have branches all over the United States—indeed, all over the world—carrying on both a national and international business in underwriting and distributing the investment securities of governments, municipalities, railroads, public utilities, and industrial corporations, Mr. Broderick's proposal to eliminate them has aroused an interest, not to say concern, that extends far beyond the boundaries of his own State. Moreover, the outcome of the proposal will be watched closely by large banks with securities affiliates in every metropolitan center of the country for its possible influence upon legislative action in other States.

Hence it is that the closing of the Bank of United States has come to assume in the minds of many persons a degree of importance wholly out of proportion to its relative position among the 1,188 bank failures of 1930, and threatens to obscure the far more serious problem represented by the insolvency of some 6,500 banks in little more than a decade. I do not mean by this to minimize the need of determining why the Bank of United States failed, and then deciding whether the banking laws of New York State require revision. What I do mean to emphasize is that the failure of the Bank of United States was an exceptional occurrence, almost unique in our banking annals; that the circumstances which preceded and accompanied it, and the disclosures which followed it put it in a class by itself; and that if the laws now proposed by Mr. Broderick had already been in effect in every State and in our Federal statutes as well, the total number of our bank failures would

not have been perceptibly smaller than it is now, and the problem which they represent would be with us just the same.

II

In no other country is there to be found any financial phenomenon to compare with the bank failures which began to assume large proportions in this country with the collapse of the post-war boom in 1920 and which are still going on without any present prospect of abatement. The 6,500 failures of this period have tied up between two and three billion dollars of deposits, and have caused untold distress and loss to more than five million depositors, most of them persons of extremely limited means—small-town merchants, farmers, and savings depositors in agricultural communities. Yet during this period, which has included the years of our greatest national prosperity, we have had—and we still do have—larger banking resources and reserves than any other country. The composite condition of our banks to-day is one of enormous strength, capable of supporting any degree of business recovery which our most sanguine expectations might now envisage. This strong condition existed even throughout 1930, the peak year of our bank failures.

From such an anomalous state of affairs certain inferences naturally seem justified to one who undertakes to approach the problem from the depositor's point of view as distinguished from that of the "insider"—the bank officer, director, or large stockholder. For example, it would appear: (1) that the failure of hundreds of banks each year for eleven consecutive years should be traceable to identical factors affecting large numbers of banks alike, rather than to special circumstances relating to each insolvent bank individually; (2) that the failures are due

either to defects in the Federal Reserve System, which was put into general operation in the years immediately preceding the marked increase in bank mortality, or to conditions which arose after the Federal Reserve System was created; (3) that since the failures have occurred in very large numbers even in years when business was at its best, they will continue to occur until an adequate remedy is adopted to prevent them; and (4) that the failures are an economic problem existing apart from and in addition to the world-wide depression of business.

If one seeks to test these natural conclusions by studying the informed opinion of the insiders, of the bankers themselves, one faces an extraordinary fact. During this whole long period of mounting bank failures no word or action has come from the bankers of the country to indicate that they regarded the problem seriously, or indeed that they regarded it as their problem at all. They have done nothing to show that they knew the condition of at least twenty per cent of all the banks in the country was so bad that insolvency would be the result. At the time I am writing—which is while the 1931 failures are steadily accumulating—the bankers have not yet initiated any movement or formulated any plan to protect those depositors whose money and confidence may still be misplaced in weak banks, or to help their fellow-bankers who are connected with such banks. The inertia thus evidenced makes one recall some words of Demosthenes which Alexander Hamilton, who was to become one of the great banking geniuses, perhaps the greatest, of the United States, noted down in his pay book in the early days of the Revolution: "They ought not to wait the event, to know what measures to take; but the measures which they have taken ought to produce the event." Either the "measures" which our

bankers have taken in the past produced the 6,500 bank failures, or those failures have not been prevented because the bankers of the country did not and do not know what measures to take.

Now I realize that these may seem harsh and alarming words; that I lay myself open to the charge of voicing rash judgments and indiscriminate generalizations. But remember that I am seeking to represent, not my own point of view, which is normally that of the banker, but the point of view of the bewildered and frightened depositor—let us say even the vindictive depositor, since vindictiveness is quite forgivable in one who has read the fatal words, "Taken Over by the Authorities," on the door of the bank he had entrusted with his life's savings. Nearly everyone who has anything to do with banking or investments has heard some outspoken criticism of banks and bank failures, not from reckless and irresponsible alarmists and agitators, but from persons who are genuinely puzzled and concerned. Where can they get a truthful answer to their questions?

When bank runs occurred last year in one town and city after another, in one neighborhood after another, the newspapers either ignored them or published spurious and unobtrusive accounts of them. The editors believed, as the bankers did, that publishing the facts would do more harm than good—a curious canon in our journalistic code, invoked only upon rare occasions when the public's, rather than an individual's, welfare is threatened. But what man or woman living in or near any community in which a bank run occurred could have lacked gossip about it? Such news travels faster than even newspapers can be printed, and gathers all sorts of ugly rumors as it goes. When one turned to the newspaper to read an account and explanation of the bank run one had heard about, or

witnessed, or been almost mauled to death in, one found either nothing at all or an inconspicuous and naïve report that was plainly intended as a deception. Thus the fuel of suspicion was added to the flame of apprehension. The psychology of the banking panic of 1930 was the same as that of every other financial panic: the public believed the worst, hoped for the best, and starved for the truth. When banks failed, scant notice if any got into newspapers outside the places where the failures occurred. But the news traveled, nevertheless, and everyone—everyone, apparently, except the bankers—was wondering where the lightning of failure would strike next. In all the larger cities of the country the banks gave the matter so little thought, and attached so little importance to it, that they proceeded as if they could be wholly immune from the mob psychology engendered by the cumulative effect of the 1930 failures. Month in and month out these banks went serenely along increasing their investments in bonds, only to have to sacrifice them later in the year in the manner I have already described.

Now think of this. Here was a condition which had been long developing, plainly approaching a climax in 1930, and coming not from outside the banks, as did the stock market panic of 1929, but from inside banks that were exceedingly weak and on the verge of insolvency. If the intensity of the business depression itself did not suggest that many of these banks would have to give up the struggle, as 5,000 others had been compelled to do in better years, there were the figures published each month in the Federal Reserve Bulletin, which is public property and free to anyone. In 1930 the Federal Reserve reported 97 bank suspensions for January, 85 for February, 75 for March, 95 for April, 52 for May, 67 for June, 65 for July, 66 for

August, 66 again for September, 66 again for October—and in November and December came the greatest avalanche of bank failures in our history. In the fifty business days of November and December, 564 banks closed their doors. All told, 1,326 banks suspended in 1930, and only 138 of these were able to readjust their difficulties and reopen. It was not until the Bank of United States went to the wall in the second week of December that any banking leaders referred publicly to the subject of bank failures and that news about them “made” the first pages of the metropolitan press. Then it was seriously asserted that no really “important” banks had failed; it was quite accurately pointed out that the Bank of United States itself was not one of New York’s great downtown banks; and we were assured that the aggregate position of the banks throughout the country, backed by the Federal Reserve System, left the public nothing whatsoever to fear.

Of course, to one who understands banks and banking from a Wall Street standpoint that was all true and clear enough. But it certainly was not true and not clear to the depositors of any bank that had failed. It was adding insult to injury to tell these depositors that their banks were not important, and a galling mockery to say that *on the whole* our banks were absolutely sound. As for the depositors whose money is in the 23,000 or more banks that are still doing business, the traditional policy of our bankers in regard to bank failures—a policy of *laissez faire*—leaves them completely in the dark.

III

Unfortunately, the history of neither the last decade nor any preceding period gives the depositor reason to assume that our bankers, acting through the American Bankers Association, or

by any other means of joint effort, will undertake to solve the problem of bank failures and provide an effective remedy against their recurrence. Banking reforms of nation-wide scope, and also the correction of banking evils local to a particular State, are not initiated by banks, but come slowly through hotly contested legislation, with the banks solidly aligned, as a rule, against any change in the banking laws. To be sure, we have always had individual banks which stand out conspicuously for their adherence to conservative policies voluntarily adopted, regardless of the possible inadequacy of legal restrictions and public regulation. It is mainly from such banks that we derive that great composite strength to which I have referred. Other important factors contributing voluntarily to the soundness of our banking position as a whole are the clearing-house associations in certain of our larger cities. These admit to membership only banks which, for their mutual protection and the protection of their depositors, agree to maintain standards of practice more rigid, and to submit to examinations more frequent and searching, than those required by the laws of their respective States. But that is as far as self-imposed regulation has ever gone.

Experience establishes the fact that major changes in our banking structure are not the result of foresight. They come in the wake of grave national emergencies and financial crises. Thus, in the early years of the new nation came the first Bank of the United States, designed by Hamilton and sponsored by Washington and the Federalist Party; out of the difficulties following the War of 1812 came the second Bank of the United States, sponsored by Madison and Calhoun, and operating along Hamilton's successful plan of nation-wide branch banking. Then followed a long period

when the State banking opponents of this plan kept any bank from operating under a Federal charter and left the country wholly dependent upon the separate State banking systems. Our present National banking system, except as modified by the Federal Reserve Act, grew out of the financial crisis of the Civil War. It was designed by Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury, and improved by McCulloch, the first Comptroller of the Currency. Lincoln sponsored the system, was twice rebuffed by its State banking opponents in Congress, and upon a third effort succeeded in having it adopted. Out of the crisis of 1907 came the last great fundamental change, the creation of the Federal Reserve System, which embraces all our 7,000 National banks and such State banks (about 1,000 out of a total of 16,000) as have qualified for membership.

And now what is the next great fundamental change to be? It is my contention, in behalf of the depositor, that the failure of 6,500 banks during the last eleven years is abundant proof of a defect in our banking structure as serious as any that was revealed during the nineteenth century; and, furthermore, that the breakdown in 1930 alone, involving the failure of 1,188 banks, the temporary suspension of 138 others, the suspension of payment, in specie or currency, of \$900,000,000 of deposits, is comparable with the panic of 1907. It is my further contention, in the depositor's behalf, that banking in the United States is still somehow in the experimental stage, and that where banking is concerned we are far behind any other commercial country, notwithstanding our undisputed preëminence as the money and credit center of the world. As Mr. Owen D. Young, who is deputy chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, recently told the Senate Sub-committee on Federal Reserve Inquiry, we cannot go

on with the banking tragedies that we have been having for the last decade and more, nor will the time soon come again when the public will so readily recognize the justification for a new system of commercial banking.

If we are to have a fundamental change in time to save our remaining small banks, both State and National, from extinction, that change must be, as the Federal Reserve Act was, one of nation-wide scope and effect. We shall get nowhere—at least not within the lifetime of anyone now living—if we regard our bank failures as forty-eight local problems, each to be solved in a different way, or even in some uniform way, by changes in the forty-eight sets of banking laws of the separate States. By a single piece of legislation the Federal Reserve Act bound the stronger banks of the country into a single system, through which each member bank, in proportion to its size, and within the established maximum limits, could share the strength of all other member banks within its Federal Reserve District, and each of the twelve Federal Reserve Districts in turn could share the strength of the system as a whole. In short, it made the stronger banks still stronger, and greatly diminished the possibility of failures among its individual member banks, as evidenced by the fact that five out of every six insolvencies are of State banks not members of the Federal Reserve System. From this it would seem that the next major change in our banking legislation should look toward a means of making it possible for weak banks, whether among the 8,000 in the system or the 15,000 now outside it, to share the strength of the stronger member banks—again I come back to that great composite strength of which we are not getting the full benefit—provided that in doing so the strength of these stronger banks is not diminished.

That should be, I believe, the first legislative objective from the depositor's point of view. The second should be to provide adequate banking facilities in those communities which have been deprived of them by bank failures. Any plan which would effectively attain these two objectives would be a general remedy. Any which fell short of this, however desirable—for example, the regulation of securities affiliates and group-banking corporations—would be but partial remedies. If our bank failures are a National problem, and not forty-eight local problems, the solution lies chiefly in a general remedy which can be immediately applied on a nation-wide scale.

As far as I am aware, only two plans have been brought forward which can be regarded as general remedies. I do not see how the depositor could go wrong in accepting either of them or a combination of the two. I do think that one of them might be regarded as a counsel of perfection, so revolutionary in its effect upon State banking as to present political obstacles which might seriously delay its enactment into our Federal laws, and legal questions which, as the author of the plan has stated, might actually require another amendment to the Federal Constitution.

The plan to which I here refer as a counsel of perfection is, of course, that advanced with most potent logic and persuasive lucidity by Mr. Young, who, although a States' Rights Democrat, has gone farther than any other witness in the recent hearings at Washington in opposing the retention of a banking system which permits "divided rather than unified power over our deposit banking." His argument is that "every bank of deposit is truly engaged in a national business"; that this business is "not local in character"; and that "it should be governed by the national law." The principal

points which he made in the draft of his plan submitted to Senator Glass and his associates in the Federal Reserve Inquiry are as follows:

1. All banks of deposit, as distinguished from savings banks, should be National banks.

2. If State banks are to be retained, they should all become members of the Federal Reserve System.

3. Savings banks and trust companies should be State banks, and National banks should not compete with them.

4. The Federal Reserve should have power to examine and discipline all member banks.

5. Security companies affiliated with banks should be examined and their statements made public.

Two-thirds of all the country's banks are State banks. Except for those which are exclusively savings banks and those which are exclusively trust companies, a comparatively small total, Mr. Young would require them all to become National banks. Ninety-four per cent of all our State banks are now outside the Federal Reserve System. Mr. Young would require all which do not fall within the two exceptions just mentioned to become Federal Reserve members. The magnitude of the opposition which such compulsory measures would encounter is obvious. As a practical economic remedy for bank failures, Mr. Young's plan, as Senator Glass remarked when it was presented, "would be an ideal model." But in Washington, as Senator Glass has observed more than once in the course of his committee's hearings, "banking is a matter of practical politics."

Whereas Mr. Young's proposed remedy would require extensive revision of both the National Bank Act and the Federal Reserve Act, and a still more extensive revision of both State and National banking policies and practice, the other general remedy which has

been proposed would require simply an extension of the present branch-banking privileges of the strongly capitalized and well-managed National banks in metropolitan centers, permitting these banks to extend to small banks throughout the surrounding agricultural areas a form of assistance which is not available to them under existing laws. This remedy could be readily enacted into law at any time that Congress saw fit to do so. It was first recommended to that body in 1929 by Mr. John W. Pole, the present Comptroller of the Currency and a member of the Federal Reserve Board. Its principle has been strongly endorsed by Mr. Young and other Federal Reserve officials who have testified in the hearings at Washington, and also by some of the leading exponents of group banking, which in several sections of the country has been adopted as a substitute for the plan which Mr. Pole would have incorporated into our National banking system.

IV

Shortly after his appointment to the Comptrollership by President Coolidge, in November, 1928, Mr. Pole quietly instituted upon his own initiative an investigation to determine why so many of the country's banks were failing each year and how these failures might be averted. Not many of us, in the latter part of 1928, were thinking or wanted to think about bank failures. Mr. Pole's first public mention of the investigation was at the convention of the Maryland Bankers Association at Atlantic City in May, 1929. What he had found up to that time, he said, convinced him that it was plainly desirable "to reëxamine the basic structure of our entire banking system and to formulate a new banking policy." He spoke of the manner in which public confidence had been severely shaken in many communities

and referred particularly to the difficulties which had beset such a large number of small banks, isolated in agricultural communities. How pathetically small they are is indicated by the fact that nearly half the total banking resources in the United States are concentrated in 1 per cent of our banks—250 banks in metropolitan centers—leaving 99 per cent of the banks, both city and country, with the remaining resources spread thinly among them. "The question is being raised," Mr. Pole told the Maryland bankers, "whether the unit bank can survive."

Several months later, in October, 1929, Mr. Pole went before the convention of the American Bankers Association at San Francisco to lay before its members the remedy for bank failures which he purposed recommending in his report to Congress upon the opening of its regular session in December. Anticipating the Association's opposition to his plan, and having in mind that its membership had formerly been vigorously opposed to any kind of branches for National banks, even in States which permitted some form of branch banking to State-chartered institutions, Mr. Pole said in his address: "This should not be regarded as a controversy between bankers, but the interest of the general public should be given full consideration." But the association went on record as overwhelmingly opposed to the plan, without proposing an alternative, or manifesting any concern over the problem, or taking any exception to the assertion by one of its foremost members that our "undue amount of bank failures" was but a "trifling" incident of the banking business.

Briefly, what Mr. Pole advocates is a system of branch banking under which certain National banks, with the approval of the Comptroller of the Currency, might establish branches

"within the regional trade areas of the commercial centers in which they operate." The privilege would be extended to banks with a capital of not less than \$1,000,000, with a strong management, and with a well-established record of successful operation in their own cities, to carry their facilities to a distance governed by the predominant flow of trade to and from the metropolitan cities as trade centers. The trade areas would be defined, as the twelve Federal Reserve Districts were defined, by a commission composed of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, and the Comptroller of the Currency. Like the Federal Reserve Districts, the trade areas would be established without regard to political boundaries of cities, counties, or States. Thus if a country bank, having a hard row to hoe, desired to become associated with one of the eligible banks in the nearest metropolitan center, it would be free to do so by the sale of its stock or by merger, just as hundreds of banks have done, many of them to avert failure, in those States where city or county or State-wide branch banking is permitted, and in those sections where group-banking corporations operate. Perhaps the most conspicuous example of the successful operation of a State law in this respect is in California, where bank failures are few and where experience has shown that smaller communities draw more from the metropolitan centers in loans and discounts than they contribute in deposits to the parent banks of the State-wide branch system. Under the proposed plan of regional trade area branches for National banks, the establishment of new branches would not be permitted in communities already adequately served by local banks. The primary purpose of the plan is to make available to depositors and borrowers in small cities, towns,

and agricultural communities the same protection and facilities which are now available to depositors and borrowers in the largest and strongest National banks in metropolitan centers.

Mr. Pole's investigation of the bank failures which occurred during the eight years prior to December, 1929, revealed not a single failure among large metropolitan banks. These banks have large capital and a great diversity of banking business, and can afford to employ the most highly trained personnel. The country banks have extremely small capital, a very limited opportunity to diversify their risks, and are unable to offer either the salaries or the prospects of a career that metropolitan banks offer. In most States as little as \$10,000, in some as little as \$5,000, is enough capital to meet the legal requirements. A National bank can be started with as little as \$25,000 in towns of not more than 3,000 population. The evident purpose of all the forty-nine sets of banking laws is to make it easy for banks to be organized.

The analysis of bank earnings made by the Comptroller in connection with bank failures showed that a very large proportion of the banks outside the metropolitan centers were either losing money or not earning enough to justify their existence. This was true even in such generally prosperous years as 1925, 1926, and 1927. In 1927 nearly 1,000 National banks were operating at a loss, and an additional 2,000 were earning less than 5 per cent—and an ordinary investor could get 5 per cent on a high-grade bond. This meant that the stockholders of these banks had an unsatisfactory and unprofitable investment by any standard of measurement known to corporation finance. Among State banks the showing was considerably below that of National banks. In one of the great agricultural States, in the five years from 1924 to

1929 inclusive, the average earnings of National and State banks combined were less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, which can only be interpreted as indicating that the vast majority of banks in that State were losing money. In four Middle Western States, comprising both agricultural and industrial communities, the combined average earnings of their 2,053 State and National banks for those five years were less than 6 per cent. Anyone in business knows that if he is losing money, or making only $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, or doing no better than 6 per cent in prosperous times, he is more or less certain to have his credit cut off, and is probably headed straight for the rocks. It is not different with banks.

How great the disparity is between the losses or small earnings of many of our banks and the showing of the great metropolitan banks is revealed by a recent compilation of the distribution and capital appreciation on the shares of nineteen of the strongest banks in New York. Over the ten years from 1920 to 1929 inclusive these banks made an annual average distribution to their stockholders of 13.75 per cent, and gave them in addition a capital appreciation of 101.4 per cent—an average annual return on their investment of 23.89 per cent. A bank, from the standpoint of the stockholders who own it, is a commercial enterprise, not an eleemosynary institution. If it cannot make enough money to meet expenses, charge off losses, pay a fair dividend, and add a little to surplus, it is but a question of time before it goes into receivership. Sixty-five hundred banks, four-fifths of them in agricultural communities, have gone into receivership during the last eleven years because they were starving to death. Nearly all of them were entirely too small to cope with the conditions prevailing in the small communities to which they were tied. Mr.

Pole found that in seven States from 40 per cent to 50 per cent of all the banks that had been in business in 1920 failed before 1929; in six other States from 25 per cent to 40 per cent of all the banks failed. In twenty-six States at least one bank out of every ten failed. Eighty per cent of the failures occurred in places with less than 3,000 population. Approximately 70 per cent of the banks that failed were trying to get along with a capital of \$50,000 or less, most of them much less—pitiful sums when considered as the basis for diversification of the risks that are inherent in commercial banking.

"Many causes have been assigned for bank failures in the country districts," Mr. Pole told the American Bankers Association, "but one primary and fundamental cause covers all others: namely, that diversification of business is not generally possible. And without diversification there can be no assurance of success in the long run."

In the long run. In the short run of wartime prosperity, while the whole world was clamoring for the products of our farms, and paying any price that we demanded, country banks were springing up like mushrooms overnight. When our own country entered the War the urge of patriotism was added to the incentive of commercial gain; new banks meant new outlets for Liberty Bonds and new sources of credit for agricultural production. Those who organized banks were "helping to win the War." The agricultural expansion and inflation of those years brought to country banks, new and old, opportunities for profit hitherto undreamed of. What was not foreseen was that after the War, after the reconstruction and rehabilitation, the war-torn countries of Europe and Asia would go back to producing food supplies of their own, plus an export surplus here and there. We had

opened country banks as if the War would last forever and high commodity prices also. To meet a five-year emergency we issued permanent charters, invested permanent capital, and created public depositories that were soon to be subjected to the deflation of agricultural land values and commodity prices, and to the natural reluctance of our farmers to decrease acreage in proportion to the decreasing export demand. Between 1915 and 1921 we had a net increase of 9,750 banks in the United States, after making full allowance for all mergers, failures, and voluntary liquidations. And until our banking authorities learned, too late, that by dealing out charters with lavish generosity they were simply storing up trouble for the next decade and longer, the demand for bank charters was almost equalled by the eagerness with which they were granted.

As matters now stand, our country banks in the great majority of States must either work out their own salvation or fail. They are isolated by law. There is no way whereby they can be taken over and saved from failure by large metropolitan banks in the manner in which so many small city banks have been taken over and saved. Testifying before Senator Glass's committee, Edmund C. Platt, who was for ten years a member of the Federal Reserve Board and who is now vice president of the Marine Midland group of banks in New York State, said of these isolated unit banks: "They haven't a Chinaman's chance—not even when they are well managed."

I would not leave this aspect of the story without some reference to the heroic efforts which many country bankers have made to keep their banks from failing. Community pride and community ambition often had more to do with the starting of these banks than any other factors; for with

the exception of the cashier, usually poorly paid, and one or two junior employees, the country bankers receive no salaries and have had no adequate recompense except in the few years of abnormal agricultural prosperity. When trouble came, many of these men—farmers, storekeepers, lawyers, doctors—went down into their own pockets and put up more money to wipe out bad loans or restore impaired capital. But the course of economic events has been too swift and overwhelming for the limited capacity of these men as bankers or for the limited capital of their banks.

V

Since the Comptroller began to bring the subject of bank failures into the light of day two years ago, many things have occurred to dispose all of us to face unpleasant facts more resolutely, and to devise ways to avoid in future some of the colossal wastes of the post-war years—wastes that have wiped out, first in agriculture, then in industry, commerce, and finance, nearly all the gains of our years of prosperity. Our banking system *is* out of joint if it dooms such a large proportion of our banks to failure, and if it deprives one of our major pursuits, agriculture, of the banking facilities which are essential to its recovery and orderly progress. No other banking system in the world does these things, and that we permit ours to do them makes a mockery of our boasted leadership in world finance. In the management of our banking affairs in the interior of our country we have done very badly. We have clung to a system of little banks and amateur bankers that cannot succeed under the present economic order and that it is plainly futile for us to attempt to perpetuate. Of what ultimate value are the vaunted individualism and

independence of our country banks if they are only free to fail?

Across the border in Canada there are only eleven banks, but their 4,000 branches stretch across the Dominion to every community that requires banking facilities; the strength of a large and stable bank is extended to the smallest depositor or borrower. The problems of agriculture in Canada are not unlike those of agriculture in the United States, but in Canada the problem of bank failures is non-existent. The great banks of England are free to use their resources to develop the remotest parts of the Empire through local branches, but the great National banks of our metropolitan centers may not establish branches outside their city limits.

What are the obstacles to the extension of our banking strength to our small communities? Chiefly these two: first, the opposition of the American Bankers Association; second, the reluctance of Senators and Representatives to vote for any banking legislation which the State bankers in their constituencies do not want. The bankers, through their State and National associations, are well organized and can make themselves heard in no uncertain terms. The five million or more depositors of the 6,500 closed banks, and the other millions whose money is in banks that are having a hard struggle for existence, are spread so thinly over the country, and in such small communities, that the echoes of their distress cannot be heard as far away as Washington. Thus the controversy there reverts, as it has always reverted, to the conflicting claims of State banking and National banking, with the proponents of State banking having always at the outset an overwhelming numerical majority. The situation is singularly reminiscent of that which existed when the Federal Reserve System was in the early stages of dis-

cussion and debate. Those who are unable to discover a defect in the logic of broadening the sphere of National bank operations, or to deny the need of a nation-wide remedy for bank failures, take refuge in the assertion that the regional trade area plan is "impractical"; that no one knows what is meant by such a "vague" term as trade area, and that to define the limits of one is impossible. Seventeen or eighteen years ago no one knew what was meant by a Federal Reserve District; it was said that the country could not be divided into such districts, and that it was impossible to say which cities should be Federal Reserve Bank cities, which should be Federal Reserve Branch cities, and which should have Federal Reserve agencies. But the country, nevertheless, was divided into twelve Federal Reserve Districts, with State lines ignored, and the banks, branches, and agencies of the system were established. Now we take their existence for granted and have long since forgotten the bitter fight that was waged over them.

We cannot, of course, stop bank failures altogether by any law which Congress might pass. With the inauguration of regional trade-area branches for our stronger National banks, however, we should have overnight a better National banking system and a general remedy for bank failures. We should not automatically have 23,000 better banks. Those which were weak on the day the law was passed would still be weak on the following day. A way would be open to them, though, to seek effective help and, if they were not "too far gone," they undoubtedly would be able to obtain it. For a strong metropolitan bank, under ordinary circumstances, is able to take over a small bank as a branch without any necessity even of retaining the latter's capital. This

would mean that much capital now tied up at a loss or with negligible earnings would go back into more productive uses in the small communities, and those communities would have the highest type of modern banking service without the necessity of making a capital investment.

Desirable as such a plan of relief may seem from the depositor's point of view, it is still far from being a reality. It is unlikely to come up for action at Washington until after the convening of the first regular session of the new Congress next December, and hence its adoption cannot be looked for earlier than sometime in 1932. Whether it will then be adopted or rejected will depend largely upon the vigor with which the measure is sponsored by the Administration, the Federal Reserve Board, and the officers of Federal Reserve Banks, and by the quality of leadership developed in the new Congress to steer it through its difficult course. Meanwhile it may be recalled that the American Bankers Association has been known to change its mind on the subject of branch banking, which it used to condemn in any form. It might again modify its stand if a new leadership within the association could persuade its membership to be something more than an opposition party in banking politics, and either to bring forward a constructive proposal of its own to meet the problem of bank failures in a comprehensive way, or to let the banks and the depositors who need it have the immediate benefit of the remedy advanced by Mr. Pole and the ultimate benefit of that advanced by Mr. Young. That kind of leadership might come from such bankers of independent thought and action as Mr. Albert H. Wiggin, the head of our largest National bank; Mr. Paul M. Warburg, the head of one of our largest State banking institutions; Mr. Melvin A. Traylor,

the head of one of the great banks of Chicago, and Mr. Henry M. Robinson, the head of one of the great banks of California, where branch banking has attained its highest development thus far in the United States. The aggressive leadership of such men in an effort to solve the problem of bank failures would be manifestly unselfish, because their own banks would have more to lose than to gain by the introduction of the plan which Mr. Pole has recommended, since there would be less concentration of banking business in a few of the largest metropolitan cities, and a greater diffusion of it among the regional trade-area centers all over the country.

Another important influence that might make itself felt both at Washington and in the American Bankers Association would be a little more of the belligerent attitude exhibited by the "foreigners" whose money was on deposit in the Bank of United States. The average bank depositor is as docile as he is uninformed. The very word "bank" fills him with awe and veneration.

He knows little, and apparently cares less, as to what kind of depository it is so long as it calls itself a bank. He may be among those who accept a bank's admonition to investigate before he invests in stocks or bonds, but he does not investigate before he deposits money in a bank, which is simply a way of investing in the bank's loans and securities. Men who were in college fifteen or twenty years ago will recall Horace White's *Money and Banking*, then a standard text book. Writing of the grave banking disorders of the nineteenth century, White said: "They were due to the lack of public regulation, to the want of any uniform system applicable to all parts of the country, and to the significant fact that public opinion was both torpid and unintelligent. An active and intelligent public opinion is indispensable to keep banks, as well as other institutions, in good order." In the light of what has happened each year from 1920 to 1931, that statement may well be applied to our banking situation to-day.





LOVERS

A STORY

BY LIAM O'FLAHERTY

IT WAS extremely hot. Old Michael Doyle had been to the shop to get an ounce of tobacco. Now he found it difficult to make his way home. Leaning heavily on his stick, he walked slowly along under the shelter of a high wall that lined the road.

"I'm sorry now," he grumbled, "I didn't send one of the youngsters to fetch it."

About a minute later he halted, straightened himself, and added:

"But they might have kept the money. Aw! 't's terrible the way I'm treated in what used to be my own house. Aw! I had better sit down and have a smoke. Christ in quarters! Isn't it hot?"

He was seventy-seven years old. He had once been a man of great size, but now he was huddled together, an ungainly heap, as if all his limbs had been broken and disjointed and then stitched haphazard. His nose was a lump, his lower lip had drawn together in a bun, and his bleary eyes, through constant running, had made drains down his cheeks. His clothes were patched in an astonishing way. They did not fit and had obviously been cast off by his son and grandchildren. One of his grandsons was thirty years of age.

With great difficulty he sat down under the shelter of the wall. When he stretched out his legs and crossed his feet the shadow of the wall reached

half way down his thighs. That was good. The upper part of his body was quite cool, and he sighed with content.

"Aye!" he said. "It's a mortal terror how strength leaves a person."

He fumbled in his pocket for his pipe. It had got entangled in his handkerchief, so that came out, too, and with it everything that was in that pocket. He dropped the handkerchief beside him on the grass that grew under the wall. Then he got his knife out of the other pocket of his waistcoat. He spent more than two minutes trying to open it and finally succeeded in doing so, by placing the edge of the blade against the sharp corner of a stone in the wall.

"Hoick!" he said with pleasure, "I'm not dead yet. Wasn't that clever now?"

Then he began to clean the bowl of his pipe. He blew through the stem. It whistled. It was clear. Putting the pipe down beside him on the grass, he searched in his pockets for the ounce of tobacco he had just bought. It was nowhere to be found. He took off his hat and looked into the crown, without success, even though he fumbled under the band and pawed all over. He opened his waistcoat and then his shirt. He searched about his chest. The tobacco was nowhere. Then he grew excited and began to get to his feet, crying angrily:

"That robber didn't give it to me.

She took money and kept the tobacco." As he was getting up, he put his hand on the handkerchief he had dropped. There was a hard lump under it. He cried, "Ha! Here it is. Who'd ever think of it?"

So he settled himself down again, but in the effort to do so he dislodged the tobacco and then sat on it. When he examined the handkerchief, there was nothing in it.

"Oh! Well!" he said. "There's devilry in this."

He began to scratch his head and then again set about looking for the tobacco, prodding the grass with his stick and clawing with his hands.

An old woman called Mary Kane, passing in the opposite direction, halted to watch him. She was seventy years old but quite brisk. Her face was withered like an old apple, but she still retained all her faculties. She wore boots with very high heels. It was obvious that she had once very beautiful legs and her carriage was that of a woman who was once beautiful. She wore a cashmere shawl that trailed down her back almost to the ground, in a triangle, with the apex at her heels. In spite of the heat, she wore the shawl right out over her head, almost hiding her face.

She halted in front of the old man and then, recognizing him, she threw back her shawl and made a dramatic gesture with her arms.

"Bless my soul," she said, "if it isn't Michael Doyle. Ah! Musha, how are you, brother?"

The old man looked up slowly, shaded his eyes, and said:

"God and Mary to you. What village are you from?"

"Arrah! Don't you know me?" she said.

"Pooh!" said the old man. "I don't know a person these days. They do be making fun of me. What village did you say?"

"D'ye mean to say ye don't know Mary Kane?"

"Oho!" said the old man. "Is that who you are? Well now! And how is everybody belonging to you?"

"Aren't you the artful creature?" she said. "Don't you know well I live alone and that I have nobody belonging to me, God help us?"

"Oho!" said the old man. "Faith, I don't know you at all."

"Oh!" said the old woman, throwing out her arms. "Isn't he artful? And what are you looking for, may I ask?"

"Eh? What would I be looking for?"

"I saw you pawing about on the grass."

"Begob, strangers are curious. And what would you be watching me for?"

"You're a sour old devil, Michael Doyle."

"Why wouldn't I be sour when I just lost my tobacco?"

"Haw!" she said, jamming her arms against her hips and shaking herself with violence. "Sure I knew you had lost something and that you were pawing about for it like a new-born infant, God help you. It's back you're going to the cradle, you that were the pride of the parish."

"Begob," he said, "whoever you are, you have the gift of the gab. But it's strange anyways. A minute ago I had it in me hand. And now the devil has swallowed it."

"Let me search," she said.

"Search away," he said. "You won't find a grain of it."

The old woman peered about sharply on the grass.

"What's this?" she said, picking up a button. "Did it fall off your waistcoat?"

He peered at it.

"It's a button," he said. "I found it and I'm keeping it for a young fellow. They like buttons. I do keep buttons and give them to the children. Then

they go messages for me. It's cheaper that way than pennies."

"It's nowhere to be seen," she said. "I declare to God, but I bet you're sitting on it. Move your old bones."

She pushed him aside and found the tobacco, half buried in the grass. She held it up before his eyes in triumph. He grabbed it from her without a word of thanks. Having found his knife, he began to pare off some of the tobacco into the palm of his hand. She sat down beside him on her heels. He paid no attention to her but began to fill his pipe. She watched him closely, with her lips drawn back from her teeth and her eyes narrowed, after the manner of people who are in the habit of looking long distances out to sea. Then she said:

"Now tell me on your soul, Michael, don't you know me?"

He looked at her sourly and said:

"Begob, you're a great woman for arguing, so you are."

"I declare he doesn't know me," she said plaintively. "Oh! Isn't this life cruel? It's five years since I saw you last, Michael, and you knew me then, although you passed me by with a sour nod of salutation, same as you always did since my marriage. Even the misfortunes that I suffered didn't soften you. And now your memory has gone completely. Like grass in a flooded field, it's buried under the weight of years. Ah! Sure it breaks my heart to see you so, all withered like a rooted bush. And I that can remember the day when you had golden curls on your head and your eyes glittered like the sea with the sun full on it. Aye! Death should come young to the unfortunate. They are foolish who weep over a young corpse. For it's an unholy sight you are, all crippled and not knowing me."

Unheeding, the old man cracked a match and put it to his pipe and sucked, making a great noise each time his

hollowed cheeks expanded. Smoke belched from the pipe. When it was well lit, he hurled away the match, spat, and wiped his mouth on his sleeve. All his movements were uncomely. Yet the old woman watched him with a queer longing in her faded eyes.

"This is queer talk you have, woman," he said gloomily. "Who are you, anyway? You're from a strange village, I'm thinking."

The old woman drew her shawl about her head once more and sniffed. She put a corner of her apron to her eyes. Taking his pipe out of his mouth, the old man looked at her closely. Then he spat, mumbled something, and pulled his hat farther down over his eyes. The old woman began to rock gently.

"Not like you," she said, "my memory gets sharper with old age. Like a sick nerve it stabs me when I'm least expecting, and then I go dreaming sadly through the years. Sure the first day I set eyes on you is as plain to me as the wall's black shadow on the road there. I was milking the cows when you came by on a horse in the evening. You blessed me, and I looked up, and then you stopped your horse, and we began to talk and I gave you warm milk to drink out of the can. Musha! There and then I belonged to you for the taking. Don't you remember that evening?"

"Oho!" said the old man. "What evening are you talking about?"

"Musha, don't you remember how we used to meet on the hill above my father's house, how I used to run up the little road after nightfall, and you used to be waiting for me?"

"Pooh!" said the old man. "The devil a bit o' me remembers anything o' the kind. There now. Sure I hardly ever stir out of the house. Me waiting for ye!"

"Sure it's not to-day or yesterday I'm talking about," she said, "but this

fifty-four years ago. I remember it well. I was sixteen, and you were just turned twenty-three. Poor man, it's all the drinking and fighting you did that brought you to this crippled state."

"Arrah! Be easy with you," said he. "What drinking did I do? A few pints now and again. An odd glass of whisky."

"God forgive you," she said. "You were four times in jail, not to mention the time you came with your relations and stole me out of the house with a strong hand and you gave Ned Kane such a beating with a stick that he spent three months in hospital and you got six months in jail for it."

"Who? Me?" he said, taking his pipe out of his mouth and looking at her intently. "Me in jail? What for?"

"For nearly killing Ned Kane with a stick the night you took me."

The old man's face suddenly lighted with a gleam of memory. He opened his mouth and then brought his right hand down heavily on his knee.

"Aw!" he said, with great emphasis. "Ned Kane. I remember the dirty scoundrel. Hah! Musha, the devil take him. If I hit him he deserved it. A dirty scoundrel from head to foot. Begob then, I did beat him and I beat him well."

He groped for his stick, clutched it, and said excitedly:

"By my soul! I don't care who's listening, but I'll say this much. There was a day when I could beat with my bare hands any man in this parish that ever sucked at his mother's breasts."

"But don't you remember the night you came to the house?"

"Eh?" said the old man.

He scratched his head and still looked at her intently with his rheumy eyes. But his face gradually grew vacant and he said:

"Well! Now, ye drove it all out of my head again with your talk. Ech!

I get dizzy with this heat. They do be making fun of me about it. I put down my hat and I declare to God I can't find it a minute after."

"Ah! God help you, poor man," she said wearily. "But sure it's me that is to be pitied more. Maybe if I had you in our youth it wouldn't be. There'd be the cure of children to soften the falling years. There it is. Every bit of it is plain to me, alive like a blister. You came then with your uncle and two men from your village to ask for me, and my father gave you the door. 'Is it to a drunkard that hasn't a shirt to his back I'd give my daughter?' said he. We had four cows then and we were rich, and it was well known that I had thirty acres of land and the stock and two hundred gold sovereigns for my portion. That's how it was. It was to Ned Kane he wanted to give me and it was Ned I married in spite of everything."

"Tare an' ouns," said the old man crossly. "My pipe is gone out."

"Let it be," she said, "and listen to me. Though you don't remember or pretend you don't, whichever it is, I'll tell you the truth now, for it's my first opportunity in all these years. When they wanted to marry me to Kane I came and told you, and you said you'd take me if the devil was sitting on my bed counter. So there it was. Ned Kane came with his people and they were in the house making the match, when all of a sudden there was a clatter of horses outside, and you called out. It was dead of night. 'Come out, Ned Kane,' says you, 'or faith you'll come out a corpse.' Your uncle Peter Timoney was with you and Simon Grealish and Hugh Rody and more men too. Then you burst in the door and laid out whatever was there. Such shouting was never heard before or after. Then you barged into the room where I was with my mother and the women. My mother marked you

with a tongs but nothing could stop you that night. And glad enough I was to go, too. Then you took me away behind you on the horse, but sure when the priest was awakened at the dawn he refused to marry us. Then the police came and we hiding at your uncle's house and every man was arrested. Back I was brought. Oh! That was the night. And d'ye mean to tell me, Michael Doyle, that you don't remember it?"

The old man paused, with a lighted match to the bowl of his pipe. He looked up at her and then, without speaking, he drew at the pipe, lighted it, and threw away the match.

"People do have great talk of the fighting I done," he said. "They're always casting it in my face. But I daresay I was no worse than others."

He began to grumble while the old woman continued her story.

"You went to jail then," she said, "and when Kane came out of hospital we were married. What could I do? Sure I had no hand or part in it. I'd have gone with you anywhere. I used to cry my eyes out then, but there was nothing to be done. And, God forgive you, it was me you blamed for it. It's been a long and lonely life of misery I had, with Kane drinking and routing whatever there was, all he could lay his hands on, until he died of sickness. Not a child blessed my hearth and hardly a relation is left to me now. And that's the way it is. Nor you left to me either, nothing only a sad, sad memory of a love that was strangled in its cradle."

She sobbed and rocked herself, with her shawl far out over her eyes. The old man moved about restlessly, looking at her from time to time, mumbling to himself. At last he said:

"Poor woman, you have your sorrow."

"Aye," she said. "It's a load I carry with me always. This talking has made it heavier. I wish I passed you by."

She got to her feet, shook herself, and straightened out her shawl. She dried her eyes with her apron. Then she threw back her shawl and looked at him. Her eyes were red and her lips twitched.

"Won't you say a gentle word to me," she said, "before I go my road?"

He looked up at her stupidly.

"God bless you," he said.

"And you, Michael," she answered. "May you rest in peace."

She turned and walked away, her shawl in a triangle, her high heels tipping the road sharply. He looked after her, pulling slowly at his pipe.

His withered countenance seemed to have lost all traces of human consciousness. It was apeline. His rheumy eyes, wrinkled like those of a gorilla, had no light in them.

"Pooh!" he said after a while. "What was that poor woman saying?"

He sat with his mouth wide open for another few minutes, as if trying to remember something. But his mind was a complete blank. Then he struggled to his feet and trudged homewards, walking on the grass by the wall in the shadow.



STILL INNOCENT AND STILL ABROAD

A PROTEST AGAINST AMERICAN HUMILITY

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

DURING the ten years just past Americans have been going abroad, and Europeans have been staying at home. Most of the relatively few Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans who have come to our shores have come to transact a specific piece of business, and it is only we who have, in any considerable numbers, crossed the ocean merely to see what we could find on the other side. Never before in the history of the world has so large a part of the population of any nation gone sightseeing in strange lands, and many secondary causes doubtless helped to occasion this new sort of *Volkswanderung*. There was, of course, the War which for the first time made Europe seem real to thousands, and there was also prosperity which made a margin of wealth and of leisure more common than it had ever been before. But behind these secondary causes lay another not always fully understood by those whom it affected. The time had come when America felt the need to compare its new world with an older one, to see itself as others saw it. The feeling that our country was essentially an outlying province of Europe—that feeling against which even the golden age of New England struggled in vain—had largely disappeared. American civilization had differentiated and detached itself from the older ones, and the time had come to check our accom-

plishment against them. The time had come, and we took it.

Satire has represented the returning pilgrim hailing the Statue of Liberty as the most welcome sight he had seen since leaving home and proclaiming his renewed conviction that God's country is some one or another of these United States. But satire seems to have forgotten that the majority of all the travelers of all nations have always said the same thing in the idiom of the locality from which the traveler happened to come and that the remarkable thing about our tourists is the number who have expressed exactly contrary convictions. Perhaps most of those past middle age merely heaved a sigh of content when they found themselves once again in a familiar world, but an amazing number of the younger ones—and they were far better able to express themselves—felt very different indeed. Some liked the cathedrals and some liked the bars, but their observations helped to swell the tide of self-criticism which was sweeping over the United States and which constitutes a phenomenon almost unparalleled in the history of a culture. America, they said, had much to learn. To build, to write, and to paint, said some. To eat, to drink, and to make love, added others—with even greater fervor.

Meanwhile (and despite the fact that Europe stays at home) Europe

thinks about America more often, more gravely, and with less favor than America thinks about her. The fact may some day be of considerable importance to us, and it is not worth while either to disguise it by taking too seriously the official speeches made by committees of reception or to fail to understand some of the reasons why it should be so. To us the Old World is a place to be visited; it is a museum of art, a repository of strange and sometimes delightful customs. But there is no fear mixed with our interest. Europe is a place we come to, not a place which comes to us and establishes itself in our midst. Our habits, our customs, and our ways of life are not threatened. Our country is not being rapidly interpenetrated with the goods, the manners, and the aims of a different civilization. But Europe sees our hordes debark upon her shores to rush here and there examining, judging, and buying. She sees, to take simple examples, the American movies with their foreign scenes and foreign faces all but driving native actors and native themes from her theaters. She sees our automobiles traversing the roads which our machines are keeping in repair. She sees our harvesters reaping her crops and she hears our voices sounding from thousands of phonograph records in thousands of middle-class homes. And Europe not unnaturally wonders what in the end we shall do to her.

She does not know us as well as we know her, and indeed many of her most cultured citizens seem to have formed their ideas of the American at home almost exclusively from translated rehashes of the most sensational of our Sunday newspaper stories. But her ignorance is only one more reason why she is haunted by a distorted image of a great new world rising on the other side of an Atlantic which is no longer very wide. She imagines us as even

larger, richer, and more powerful (as well as more barbarous) than we really are. She feels us alien and yet she fears that we are irresistible. No wonder that while the word "Europe" suggests to us a pleasant holiday, the word "America" suggests to her an unknown and terrifying future. It is hard to like an alien but it is impossible to like a conqueror, and Europe does not like us because it is, in part at least, as a conqueror that she sees us. Moreover, for that very reason, the theory that international misunderstandings would disappear as peoples came to see more of one another breaks down in this case. The more Europe sees of us the less we are liked.

II

Consider in particular the case of France. No other European country has been so frequently visited and no other has been regarded with such an excess of sentiment. References to the charm of "a little town in southern France" have become as platitudinous as references to the delights of Montparnasse. To her people such discordant virtues have been attributed that she has, on the one hand, been hailed as the promised land by disorderly bohemians and, on the other, held up as a model by the most respectable and patriotic of old ladies. Yet no one who has seen below the surface of French life can maintain that all this sentimental affection has been repaid with any considerable amount of genuine liking on the part of the French. Official delegations are welcomed with speeches, and gifts are received with something which often seems more like complacency than gratitude; but it is hard to escape the conviction that even the tourist business is regarded as a disagreeable necessity and that most at least of the leaders of intellectual opinion would prefer never to see an

American again if they knew how to get along without him.

One may, of course, disregard mere travelers' tales. A dispute with a taxi driver is enough to produce in some Americans the ineradicable conviction that all Frenchmen are thieves, and no one need be surprised that certain of our tourists are cordially hated. But more easily controlled sources of information are not lacking. To read the chief Parisian newspapers day after day is inevitably to feel, in the very tone of the many references to America and Americans, the pressure of an almost universally diffused dislike and to deduce from, for example, the gleefully exaggerated accounts of the current economic depression, the fact that nothing would please a French journalist better than the total collapse of American power.

An equal amount of ill feeling is, probably, not cherished by the simple private citizen, and undoubtedly there exists a contrary current in certain smart circles as well as in that section of the youth which does not feel strongly the effects of the extraordinary cultural solidarity of France. Cocktails and jazz are fashionable. Not a few young men and women admire what they have heard of the splendor and speed of New York. But though one may find their point of view expressed in a book like Morand's *New York*, it is far less characteristic of articulate French opinion than the vehement contempt of George Duhamel. When one reads current speeches on Franco-American amity one feels sometimes that Lindbergh must be the *only* contemporary American whom the French ever liked and Lafayette the last Frenchman who liked America.

Nor can one fail to get an uncomfortable, almost an alarming, sense of the strength of the resentment always ready to break forth if one observes how eagerly the newspapers seize upon any

pretext which can give an occasion for a general and unmeasured attack upon things American. The wave of anger which swept over France during the discussion of the debt question is well known, but a more recent incident is more significant for the very reason that the provocation was slighter. A few months ago several American fashion buyers were accused of stealing designs from the great dressmaking houses. The accusation was spread over the front pages of the newspapers and it was made the occasion of numerous vitriolic attacks, not merely upon the accused persons or even the industry which they represented, but upon American character and taste as a whole. All the old wounds were industriously probed, all the old rhetoric was refurbished, and the round statement of one editorial writer that "America is a nation of parvenus" was one of the least sweeping of the unfavorable judgments passed.

One can hardly imagine even the most irresponsible of American newspapers seizing upon the alleged misdeeds of a few private individuals as an excuse for denouncing the whole civilization of France or of any other country (unless, perhaps, it were Russia) and one cannot imagine it for the simple reason that America does not regard any nation (Russia again excepted) with a mixture of fear and dislike comparable to that with which France regards America. Ten years have passed since the War in which the two countries were allies. During those ten years Americans and Frenchmen have seen more of one another than the natives of any two widely separated countries ever saw of one another before; but the result has not been a happy one. Cocktails, jazz, and Charlie Chaplin may have conquered the world, but there can hardly be any doubt as to the opinion held in France by both the intellectuals who

write the books and the semi-intellectuals who run the newspapers. To them America is a half-barbarous country whose inferior culture threatens the morally and intellectually superior civilization of Europe in general and of France in particular.

III

We Americans are not unfamiliar with this judgment. Indeed, it is not very unlike that which has been expressed by the members of a dominant school of our writers, certain of whom have been widely read in translation and who may even have helped Europe in forming its opinion. But one who has lived through the age of Mencken and Sinclair Lewis, who has himself made some unflattering remarks concerning his native land, and who has, besides, visited France often enough to have replaced an idealized picture of that charming country by some knowledge of French life may be moved to wonder if the case against America is either so simple or so completely black as it is sometimes made out. Listening to the statements of French opinions about himself, he has been led to form certain opinions of his own concerning the mentality of those who formed the adverse ones and, in his own defense, has been led to observe virtues in his fellows which European eyes seem little inclined to see.

Our civilization suffers, to be sure, from defects enough. But if the American intellectual is to maintain with his country a contact close enough to make his criticism effective he must take care that the criticism is just, and he had best guard himself against the tendency, already rather widely manifest, to accept without question the criticism of a Europe which is actually neither very well informed nor, because of its own natural prejudices, capable of an unbiased judgment. Hun-

dreds of young Americans have used France as the country from which to gain a perspective upon the life amidst which they grew up, but little is gained if they merely substitute one set of prejudices for another; and few if any seem to have remarked what ought to be a sufficiently obvious fact—namely that France of all the great nations of Europe is the one which has always been the most completely self-contained and, for that reason, the most incapable of understanding any culture except her own.

In the Eighteenth Century the injunction "Let us cultivate our own garden" formulated for her a historic principle which has been reiterated in different words by some leader of every generation since. Undoubtedly there is much to be said in favor of the line of conduct which it recommends. To the fact that she has remained relatively indifferent to the social and intellectual movements taking place outside her borders she owes the solidarity and the homogeneity of her civilization. Thanks to it also she possesses a cultural tradition probably more consistent and more continuous in its development than that of any other Western nation. But no one could maintain either that such determined self-sufficiency is calculated to develop the catholicity of taste necessary for the judging of a foreign civilization or that, in actual fact, the French have ever manifested it. They have been—and not without reason—proud of the part which France played as a center of enlightenment and refinement but they have always tended to regard the foreigner as admirable only in proportion to the extent to which he showed himself capable of absorbing French culture.

Moreover, that tendency to regard the outside world as a region which has much to learn but nothing to teach is manifest everywhere to-day in great

things and in small. It is manifest both in the amazing indifference to foreign literature and in the attitude adopted toward the foreign visitor who is generally regarded as a barbarian to be tolerated (even made comfortable if necessary) primarily for the sake of the profit he brings and secondarily as a part of a burden necessarily imposed upon the nation chosen by destiny to civilize the world. For some two hundred years at least, Paris has been more frequently visited by strangers than any other city in the world, and yet even a few years ago when the tourist crisis was at its most acute few if any Frenchmen ever thought of anything except the money which the stranger brought as an extenuating circumstance. Nor is it possible to discover in the articles now frequently published concerning the best methods of developing the tourist trade a sign that any other point of view is ever considered. At his most generous the Frenchman regards the visitor as the possible recipient of the benefits of French culture. It would never occur to him to suspect that he had anything non-material to gain from contact with the representatives of other civilizations.

Even at the height of the uncritical enthusiasm produced by the War, Americans were sometimes a little startled by the calmness with which they found the French assuming that the interests of France were naturally the first concern of her allies as well as of herself. No one else seemed ever to have taken quite so literally the saying about every man's having two countries, which was, for the French, not merely a graceful compliment but a natural and reasonable fact. And when, a little later, there arose a "Party of the Intelligence" (composed of quite respectable French intellectuals) which calmly proposed—without the least suspicion that the phraseology might by others be considered insolent

—"an intellectual union of the world under the leadership of Victorious France, guardian of all civilization," we had a glimpse into that abyss of national complacency which in France is so familiar and so nearly universal that it is never even rebuked. American complacency, so often satirized, is, as a matter of fact, unsure and merely blustery by comparison—conspicuous chiefly because it is neither universal nor very skilfully articulate. The better educated an American the more likely he is to develop a spirit of self-criticism and a tendency toward cultural internationalism. But in France, on the contrary, exactly the reverse is true. It is the intellectual classes which are most arrogant, most provincial, and most sure that France alone is the guardian "of all civilization."

So early is the educated Frenchman indoctrinated with the conviction, so little does he care to learn what others say and do, that to assume the superiority of all things French becomes with him second nature and he reveals quite unconsciously a prejudice which he genuinely believes to be shared by the entire civilized world. For him Paris is the City of Light in an otherwise lampless universe, and it might be instructive to collect from the works of even the most cultivated French writers an anthology of those complacent stereotypes which are seldom absent for long. Logic is "that virtue peculiarly French" and so, for that matter, is wit. The "supremacy of France in things of the spirit" is universally recognized, and Paris is, of course, "the capital of elegance." When one adds that "French cooking is everywhere recognized as the best" and that "the solidarity of the French family gives an example to the world" it begins to appear that the sum of these individual claims amounts to the assertion that all the virtues are merely national traits, and such is, at bottom,

the opinion of the French intellectual. When he observes in a foreigner any signs of rationality, of wit, or of taste he attributes them, in all sincerity and innocence, to a veneer of French culture which the said foreigner has been fortunate enough to acquire by the reading of French literature or, perhaps, by residing for a time in Paris.

Nor does there (outside the communist press) exist in France any organ of dissent. An *American Mercury*, a *Nation*, or a *New Republic* even would be unthinkable there where even such so-called liberal newspapers as *L'Œuvre* are in everything except politics as chauvinistic as *Figaro*.

And it is certainly point one in favor of the future of American civilization that at least its development is taking place to the accompaniment of perpetual self-criticism. However full the country may be of "bunk" there are always at least a few people to call it by its name. No intellectual American can grow up without being familiar from the time of his first serious reading with opinions highly unfavorable to the peculiarities of the culture of which he is a part. He has heard every national idiosyncrasy of temperament or manners contrasted unfavorably with the tastes or habits of foreigners; he has seen every native development subjected to the most rigorous criticism; and he has acquired the habit of examining with suspicion every novel institution. But the Frenchman is taught from the beginning that whatever may be justly described as French is unquestionably superior. It is no more possible to get behind his faith in France than it is possible to get behind one of the dogmatic convictions of a sincere and well-trained Roman Catholic. To question fundamentals is simply not permitted, and whoever attempts to do so is merely met with vituperation.

Thus when, for example, some two

years ago Gemier told the International Congress of the Theater that the stages of Russia and America were more interesting than those of France the public indignation was expressed by Henri Bernstein who replied in the pages of *Comadia* that the director of the Odéon was certainly a bolshevik and probably a thief as well. And when, some few months past, Ambassador Claudel made a speech in Washington paying the sort of compliments which an ambassador is supposed to pay he was denounced in various French newspapers as little better than a traitor for having dared to say that America possessed certain excellences. Yet every ambassador to France (the American included) regularly makes speeches full of the most fulsome platitudes about the unrivaled virtues and charms of his second fatherland, and these speeches are taken as a matter of course. Every man has two countries. But for Claudel to reply in kind—that is treason. French editors who have never crossed the ocean quite regularly write leaders explaining the true inwardness of our manifold defects but their own attitude was well expressed by La Fouchardière (clever essayist of *L'Œuvre*) who devoted a column to a reply to a book by Upton Sinclair in the course of which a character made some remarks unfavorable to France. Many of these things, said La Fouchardière in effect, are true; but we do not permit foreigners to criticize France.

Doubtless various explanations and some excuses may be made for the arrogance of this attitude. The very frequency with which the superiority of all things French is insisted upon may be in part due to a feeling of insecurity, to a fear lest that artistic and intellectual leadership which was once a reality should become a shadow. Certainly the same newspapers which profess indifference to the unfavorable

judgments of others reprint with an almost pathetic eagerness every compliment paid by a foreigner and when, for example, Lunacharsky, the ex-commissar of education in Soviet Russia, recently told reporters that "after all Paris is still the capital of the spirit" this not very original utterance was blazoned forth in type of scare-head size. Such remarks are usually hardly more than the mechanical compliments which one pays to an aging belle because one knows that she expects them and it may be that France, like the same aging belle, receives them with all the greater eagerness for the very reason that in the bottom of her heart she fears that they may no longer be justified. But that is hardly a matter of concern to the American who, as the representative of a new, imperfect, but very important culture, needs a point of view which shall be critical without being, as it too often is, subservient to an opinion which is far from detached. He may well be humble before the past of Europe. It is much less certain that he need be so before her present.

The denunciatory articles occasioned by the alleged misdeeds of the fashion buyers have already been mentioned. In one of them the writer proclaimed that America had not the artistic gifts necessary to create fashions. We French, he continued, can make clothes for the same reason that we could build cathedrals. But such a remark implies its own answer. The cathedrals were not built yesterday and if, in the course of a few centuries, French genius has declined from the builders of Chartres to the designers of Paquin and Worth, what is likely to be left of it a few years hence?

IV

As for us, our greatest defect is often said to be our faith in the universal desirability of speed, of system, and of

mechanization. We seek to introduce them into realms where they do not belong and we are accused of insisting that even culture should hum. But however true the charge and however absurd the results may be, it is hardly to be concluded from that that where machinery itself is concerned there is any positive virtue in inefficiency. An art school run like a factory is scarcely more ridiculous than a factory run like an art school, and temperament is out of place in an elevator or a telephone system. The American who flees from too much mechanization at home may be understood if for the moment he discovers, as he sometimes does, a restful charm in the chronic failure of European machines to run; but his delight with this novelty hardly justifies one in concluding that the future lies with those races which cannot be persuaded to take the trouble to make the complicated machinery of modern life function as it should. Whatever the temperamental preferences of some of us are, God is going to be on the side of the nation with the best machines, and Art (wretch that she is) will continue in the future, as she has always in the past, to seek out the lands where wealth, and power, and ease are to be found in most abundance. Poverty and humility may be excellent things for the soul of the individual artist, but he is so nearly always poor and humble in the midst of a prosperous society that history hardly furnishes an example of a nation which was conspicuous for its achievement in the arts and sciences without being at about the same time conspicuous for wealth and power.

Europe learned to use the machine as a middle-aged man learns to drive a car—dubiously and without ceasing to feel that it is alien to his nature. America took to it with the enthusiasm of youth and manipulates its levers as though they were the muscles of its

own body. And thanks to that fact she has an advantage for which nothing can compensate.

A year or two ago a much touted French novel told the story of an industrial family in France. At the end one of its members returns from a sojourn in America with tales of the methods he had observed and he concludes with the statement: "We have much to learn from one another. We can master in ten years what they have to teach us but it will take generations for them to acquire what we have to teach them."

Undoubtedly the author who put

these words into the mouth of his character thought that he was being generous, but one wonders if the truth might not better be stated almost, though not quite, the other way around. What Europe has to teach may take a long time to assimilate but at least it is something teachable. What Europe has to learn from us is not learnable at all. The young man of twenty will come in time to know all that the man of fifty ever knew. But the man of fifty cannot learn the enthusiasm, the courage, and the eagerness which his pupil may gradually lose but which he can certainly never communicate.

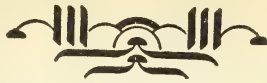
SIMPLETON'S SONG

BY SELMA ROBINSON

L*ITTLE reason, little sense
To build a love on such a base
As a man's gay insolence
Or the laughter of his face.*

*Wiser women frown and say
Love should build on firmer stuff
Than a smile, however gay;
But for me it's quite enough.*

*Since my will is all but gone
And my wit grows daft and dafter,
I shall build my love upon
Insolence and careless laughter.*



CHICAGO REVISITED

BY MARY BORDEN

I DID not see Al Capone, in spite of the fact that when I told them in Paris and London and New York I was going back to Chicago, my native city, they had all immediately said that I should. It was the inevitable response, though the tone varied. Sometimes scornfully, sometimes slyly, maliciously, sometimes enviously they said, "Oh! You'll see Al Capone." I didn't. I saw only his soup kitchen. But it was through no fault of my own, for I am a sufficiently typical daughter of my great, roaring, bumptious town to feel that it needs from me no apology; that as long as all American cities are going in for gangs and rackets, and all the American world, including congressmen, senators, wet and dry judges, policemen and parsons, are buying whisky, it need not be particularly ashamed of having produced the Ace of Bootleggers, Al the Scarface.

No. I saw the soup kitchen because it was there for all to see with "Free Soup, Coffee, and Doughnuts for the Unemployed" printed in large letters over its grimy doorway, and I didn't see Al Capone because he was invisible. Wanted by the police on the charge of being a public enemy, he was not, when I arrived, granting audiences to sightseers. Al is discreet if Chicago is not. He is more difficult of access than the Pope. But not from shame does he hide. No one is ashamed of anything in Chicago; everything is moving too quickly; everyone is too specialized, and it is all too much fun.

Each one, whether crook or politician or expert gunman, architect or banker or broker, is too good of his kind to be conscious of anything less positive and less exhilarating than his own power. The city itself is like that, too big, too busy, too powerful, and in too much of a hurry to have any negative emotions. There's a lot of room in Chicago. There's the whole prairie to spread over in three directions, but there's no room for doubt or hesitancy. Everything about the big, blustering place is positive and superlative. I should as soon think of apologizing for Henry VIII or Lorenzo de Medici.

Chicago the notorious, the talk of the world, laughs at its critics. To quote from Carl Sandburg: "laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of youth; half naked; sweating, proud pork butcher; tool maker, stacker of wheat, player with railroads and freight handler to the nation." Go there, as I did. Get out of your train and drive up Michigan Avenue. I defy you not to respond to the excitement in the air, not to feel the drumming pulse of the great dynamo beating in your own veins, not to throw your hat to the sky and shout.

Beautiful! How beautiful it is as you whirl northward past the Tribune Tower, cross the river, and make for the Lake Shore Drive. Palaces rise on your left, the lake shimmers on your right. On you go, fast, so fast. You can drive all day and not come to the end of it. The circuit of Chicago parks

forms a system of boulevards measuring a hundred miles, and the lake is ninety miles across, and the prairie to the west stretches out to the Rockies, and these establish the standards of measurement. Space. The City of Great Spaces. Everything is wide and open. Wide streets, wide parks, wide slums, wide open tracts of the underworld, blatantly spread out for all to see.

Chicago is gorgeous and it is awful. Seen from a high window near the lake shore, it is too beautiful to be credible, for its architects have made exquisite use of the space offered them, and the lovely towers of skyscrapers rise into the early morning sunlight, strange, pale rose-tinted clusters of spires with the blue waters of Lake Michigan gleaming between them, or burn white at night, translucent as alabaster against the sky. But if, leaving Michigan Avenue or the Lake Shore Drive behind you, you drive west along one of those wide streets that have no bending nor ending for twenty-five miles, you will pass through a vast scene of desolate ugliness, impossible to match in any slum in Europe. And I think what makes the slums of Chicago more dreadful than any others is that they are so flimsy, so shallow, so open, and so bleak. I saw no crowded buildings, no deep, cozy pockets of shadow, no warm, crumbling, tumble-down houses. Instead, there are thousands upon thousands of new, shabby, square wooden boxes, no more solid than packing cases, perched on the hard ground. They look as if the icy wind would blow them away, and round them, between them, are vacant lots, ragged patches of prairie littered with scrap-iron, stones, and garbage. "No place to hide in here," I muttered to myself and I realized that to be a bank robber, a gunman, or the driver of a contraband truckload of whisky one would have to be quick and always on the move in Chicago.

The bread line outside Al Capone's soup kitchen stretched down one of these bleak, windswept streets past Police Headquarters. I had been there, turning the leaves of what they call the Death Book, most dreadful of all souvenir albums in the world. And there was undoubtedly a connection between the two lots of men, those who stood shivering outside the soup kitchen and those who, enclosed in the covers of the police album, lay sprawled on the bare boards of matchbox rooms or crouched in the corners of taxis with their heads bashed in. For Al Capone is an ambidextrous giant, who kills with one hand and feeds with the other.

I had seen other sights that day and had met other notable, if less picturesque citizens. I had seen the University and had met its boyish President, the youngest university president in the world, and I had met, too, the Chinese Mayor, polished representative of one of the world's oldest races, and then, in the Arab quarter, dingiest and dreariest slum of all I visited, I had come upon a great aristocrat, also a member of a very old and civilized nation. He was sitting in the back of his little shop, behind piles of cheap rugs and cheaper embroideries, smoking an Eastern water pipe, and he rose as we came in and bowed to us with the easy dignity of a very noble lord and engaged us in grave conversation.

"Have you ever seen a pipe like this one?" he asked me, smiling gently as one would smile at a child.

"Oh! yes," I answered. "I have seen many in Damascus and in Palestine."

His face changed at that. His face was somber and deeply lined. Now it lighted up.

"You have been in Damascus and Palestine?" he cried softly.

"Yes. I spent a month in Palestine," I answered; and then again, in

that soft, urgent, longing voice he said, "Perhaps; it is just possible that you have been to a village named ——" and he gave me its name. "It is not far from the Sea of Galilee. I have not been there for thirty years and it is my home," and then he waited with his lips parted over his strong white teeth and his eyes fixed on my face.

But I had not been to his village and I could not lie to him. I longed to and to a lesser man I should have, but with him it was impossible. And so I said "No," and watched the shadow of disappointment fall on his pale, brown face and then, presently, when we had talked a little of his country, I asked him if he had ever heard of Lawrence of Arabia, and at that suddenly his eyes filled with tears.

"Know Lawrence of Arabia? But he is the friend of my people. We have called him King, and indeed he deserves the title, for he would have done everything for our country had it not been . . ." He checked himself. He looked at the man beside me who had been presented to him as a British general and smiled his apologies. "The British Government," he said lightly in the way a consummate man of the world would if he wanted to dismiss a difficult topic of conversation, "the British Government is in a very awkward position between the Arabs and the Jews in Palestine," and he smiled again.

He accompanied us to the door. "I have been in Chicago for thirty years," he regretted. He bowed over my hand, and we went out into the street, the long, awful street of gimcrack buildings and vacant lots and heaps of scrap-iron, and I looked again at the faces of the passers-by, and they looked ugly, vacant, idiotic, bestial, just as they had looked in the Death Book.

I went to a dinner dance that same evening and, haunted still by the pages of the Death Book and the face of the

exiled Arab, I met a lovely member of Chicago's four hundred who spoke to me with tears in her eyes of Capone. I was already getting rather sick of the Scarface, but this suddenly made me feel quite ill, this sentimentality frightened me. I had heard, of course, of the Capone fans—he had more adorers, so I'd been told, than any movie star—but I had not expected the friends of my childhood to be numbered among them. That the hungry and ragged army of unemployed waiting in the street to partake of his bounty should, with a catch of the throat, mumble the maudlin words, "Good-hearted Al" seemed natural enough; but that the petted and pampered daughters of Chicago's old families should be moved to tears by the spectacular display of the bootlegger's big heart was startling. It seemed to indicate a creeping civic paralysis, the spread of some moral intoxication or fever that, like the effects of certain drugs, will produce in time a complete immunity from the sensation of horror or disgust or fear; that will eventually distort the five senses themselves, rendering fetid odors agreeable to the most sensitive nostril and nauseous tastes palatable to the most delicate palate.

But what was the drug, if drug it was, that was penetrating the nervous system of my brawny, lusty, native city? Perhaps I am wrong. Perhaps I was foolish to be frightened. Perhaps this, too, didn't matter. Certainly I had seen no signs of paralysis in the living body of the city. The town didn't seem to care for any of us, that was all. It had apparently no time to waste on its gangsters or its old families. Probably neither element was important. It was moving so fast that it would sweep them along or sweep them away, and the pretty sentimentalist would be one of those who assuredly would not be remembered.

I looked about me. Would any of this lot survive? We were on the roof of a hotel downtown, a hundred of us, and the party represented the younger set of a very small knot of people known as Chicago Society. Such pretty, delicate girls, such nice, boyish men! Champagne was flowing and a jazz band was playing and everyone was happy as children are happy at a party. But weren't we dancing high up in the sky, above stored dynamite? I asked myself. For again my nerves were jumping. To get to the roof we had walked through the seething, smoke-laden lobby of the hotel; and I suppose that the crowd of men who eyed us over their large cigars, their hats pushed onto the backs of their heads, as we stepped past in satin slippers and ermine coats, represented as tough a crowd of crook politicians and crook business men as any you could find in the world. Just the usual hard-boiled American gang of grafters, gamblers, bootleggers, vice merchants, police superintendents, friends of theirs, shyster lawyers, and political bums that manage most American towns and traffic, much to their financial advantage, in crime. Suppose that crowd downstairs hadn't chosen to let us have our party? Suppose they decided not to let these attractive people have any parties any more? Suppose they told them to clear out of the town altogether? Weren't they helpless? Wouldn't they quickly disappear? What could they do about it? Fight? Well, why didn't they fight, then? Why wait? What actually were they doing in regard to the governing of this town of theirs? Nothing. And what were they waiting for? I had been waiting twenty years to see some of them take a hand in city or in national politics. Not one of them had done so. They were too nice, too honest, too decent, and too busy making money. That last was, after all, the point.

They didn't have to bother yet. The town might be corrupt. It was so prosperous that it could afford any amount of corruption. True, I had opened my London paper one morning to find that Chicago had gone bankrupt. That evidently had meant nothing of any vital consequence to the people who lived in it. Its City Corporation would have to go bankrupt half a dozen times, I gathered, before its decent citizens would touch its indecent management of the city's finances.

I thought of London. Then I gave up thinking of London. It was no good, I realized, thinking of London in Chicago. One got nowhere. One only grew bewildered. Nothing that mattered to us in London mattered here, and nothing that mattered here mattered in London. "But London, too, after all," I said to myself, "is a big place. Chicago isn't the only city in the world that has a Chinatown and an Italian population as big as Pisa and half a million Jews. What of Whitechapel and the London Docks? Isn't the Jew's market foreign enough in all conscience? Yes, but it doesn't matter. No one notices them. No one bothers about them except the police who keep them in order, and the deaconesses and other sweet old maids who run settlements among them down there in the East End. But Chicago's Little Sicily and its Little Mexico and its Black Belt, where half a million negroes, vice ridden, dope ridden, booze ridden, sprawl and laze and die of tuberculosis, not to mention the Germans and the Swedes and the Russians and the Greeks and the Irish—that's different; all that mixture is dangerous. Why?" I didn't quite know and I had no time to find out, to get to the bottom of anything, but I think that it is because it is all so new. It's a new mixture, a boiling, explosive mixture that hasn't had time to simmer down

or settle down. As yet few of these people speak English and few think of themselves as Americans any more than does my Arab friend, and to none has such an idea as civic responsibility ever occurred. Lawless? Of course they are. Each community, including the gangsters, has its own laws. Why should they respect the common law of the land? They know nothing about it. They couldn't understand it if they did. They come from old countries, bringing old racial habits, customs, and superstitions and they've squatted here, have set up their tents and their temples, and have taken the law into their own hands. One hears, applied to the racketeers, the phrase, "A government within a government," but my impression is that there are as many governments in Chicago as there are nationalities, and that these preserve what order there is in the city, and that there is no higher or central authority. The Chinese Guildhall with its Buddhist temple and its Mayor and its Council Chamber where the Tong meets in judgment, is only one example. Each race is organized, each is separate, each is antagonistic to all the others, and the racketeers invade them all, crashing with armored cars and machine guns through the frontiers that are marked by railway bridges and tramlines.

And the white men, the natives who've spoken English for three generations or even two, are so few. One is reminded of a new sort of topsy-turvy colony, a place the exact opposite of Bombay for instance, or Singapore. If you can imagine that the white men were in Singapore first and that the influx of Malays flowed in on top of them, you'll get a little the feeling I had at moments in Chicago.

It would be natural in such circumstances that the original inhabitants should be somewhat isolated and rather helpless, and natural, too, that within

their small circle they should keep rigidly to their own customs and develop within their citadel a mode of life increasingly exotic, fastidious, and stiff in direct proportion to the growing hooliganism and immorality outside; and that is just what the old families of Chicago are doing. They are living in a small world of their own, surrounded by a turbulent torrent of primitive life.

II

It is very pleasant inside the walls of this social citadel and very luxurious and very quiet. The streets are quiet, and the people are quiet and gentle. All the subtle amenities of life are to be found there. You might imagine at one of its dinner tables that you were in Paris, in London, or, better still, in the Chicago you knew as a child. You could almost imagine that you were safe. You would forget, and all your companions would conspire to make you forget, the wild, cold darkness outside. For it is dark, that darkness (the facts are black; let us have no nonsense on that score). But every now and then, at a bridge table or a dinner table, I would think of that immense black track of desolation cut into squares by black streets that stretched endlessly out across the prairie, with strange specters looming above it, the specters of gangland. And sometimes, sipping champagne from a lovely goblet, I would see on the wall beyond the lighted candles of this pretty dinner table, the giant menacing shadow of this thing.

But Lake Michigan during those November days looked just like the Mediterranean, so soft and blue and smooth in the bright sunlight, and people were sitting out in the sun on benches just as they do at Cannes or Nice. I stood there, one day, looking across the shining water, but I was not thinking of the Riviera. Nor did I see

in my mind's eye the silly, trivial architecture of those French hotels, casinos, and villas. I saw quite another city, a city that no longer existed anywhere on the earth, the town of Chicago that I'd been born in and that had vanished as if by magic.

Magic. That was and is the word to describe my true impression of the visit. Great magic had been at work here since I had been a child by this lake shore and had gone away to live in an older, safer country—beautiful, impressive, and terrifying magic. Genii had risen out of the lake and ogres out of the prairie land. They had woven monstrous spells above this spot where I stood, and the earth had opened, and towers of steel had spurted into the air like geysers, like fountains, and great blocks of marble had gone hurtling through space and had been planted in stone gardens and clustered, tapering groves of stone, and a great energy had poured through the bodies of these stones, galvanizing them into life. Obviously the magic wasn't finished. It had only just begun, but one could see what it was going to be and, seeing, one had that special, curious sense of being convinced at last of the impossible. I had grown old, you see, in London and resigned to a humdrum reality. I had learned to believe that there was nothing new under the sun and I had lost interest in fairy tales, did not believe any more, as Americans do, in miracles and had given up hoping for a big shock of surprise. Now I'd got it. Chicago had given me the surprise of my life. And as I stood listening, trying to catch again the echo of the sound of my far-away childhood, I heard the city shouting in my car.

"Hello!" it shouted. "Hi, there! You who've come back from London. You thought the world was tired, didn't you? You thought men would never do anything grand and awful again,

didn't you? Thought they'd not got the guts to cheek the Gods any more or the nerve to build a city with Gates of Pearl? Why, say, sister, those Pearly Gates you read about as a kid, they're nothing to what this town's going to show you, and pretty quick, too. You just shut your eyes again and count three and turn around, and you'll see something that'll make the New Jerusalem seem like No Man's Land."

I didn't want to listen just then to this boastful voice. I was listening for another, and I didn't want to look about me at the astounding proof that the boasting was warranted. I was looking for another place that was gone. Memory was strong that day. I was a child again, standing in my nursery window, looking out across the lake. It was my birthday, and we were going on a picnic. The brake that my Father drove, with its pair of shining chestnuts, was waiting at the front door, and presently a dozen of us would pile into it with our picnic baskets and drive out through Lincoln Park to Edgewater, where we would find violets in the woods. Edgewater. But I had just been through Edgewater, and there were no woods there any more. Great apartment buildings and hotels loomed gigantic where the trees had been. There was scarcely a blade of green anywhere to be seen. I rubbed my eyes. The brake with its lovely horses was gone. It would be of no use now. One couldn't drive a pair of horses eighty miles on a spring afternoon to hunt for violets. I turned, frightened, my back to the lake. The charming gray-stone house I'd been born in was still there and there was my nursery window; but immense towers of stone loomed behind it, seemed to bend over it as I looked, seemed about to fall on it and crush it. Soon that would happen. Soon it, too, would be gone. Chicago was on the move. It had no use for

old and pleasant houses or for old and gentle things or for gentle, indolent people. It would sweep them all away. If I closed my eyes, as it told me to do, and turned round and looked again, the few remaining landmarks would be gone.

What did it matter? It didn't matter. Chicago laughed at me as I stood there. Let London and Paris preserve their old, lovely stones, old streets, old monuments, old customs. They'd nothing better to do, nothing new to offer. Chicago had something new, and I saw that it had. I didn't know what it would be. I could not see how order was to be brought forth out of this disorder, or how all these warring tribes were to be welded together into a homogeneous civic body, or what type of man was going to emerge. I did not know what his ethics would be—Mexican, Chinese, Arab, or Semitic; I could not comprehend, in advance, his mentality. But I saw the shape of the city. I saw it forming against the sky; had caught

sight of it in the very process of being molded. Indeed, I seemed to see it that day moving, twisting, growing, being shaped before my eyes as if it were inspired clay being handled by a giant sculptor. And I knew that the strange creature that would emerge would be America.

I stared fascinated. I stared with a growing excitement. I forgot the city of my childhood and I forgot London, the city of my adoption, and when at last I went away, I was conscious of only one desire, to come back again so that I could see again what was happening in this astounding place. I wanted to be in it. I wanted to share in the drama. "And, after all," I said to myself as I got on the train for New York, and I repeated it a week later when I sailed for Southampton, "I've a right to it, for I was born here."

And that, finally, I declare bluntly, is the feeling I brought away from my visit. Gangsters and bootleggers and racketeers don't matter to me; I'm glad I was born in that town.





TWO SONNETS

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

LOVE me no more, now let the god depart,
If love be grown so bitter to your tongue!
Here is my hand; I bid you from my heart
Fare well, fare very well, be always young.
As for myself, mine was a deeper drouth,
I drank and thirsted still; but I surmise
My kisses now are sand against your mouth,
Teeth in your palm and pennies on your eyes.
Speak but one cruel word, to shame my tears;
Go, but in going, stiffen up my back
To meet the yelping of the mustering years—
Dim, trotting shapes that seldom will attack
Two with a light who match their steps and sing:
To one alone and lost, another thing.

II

THE heart once broken is a heart no more,
And is absolved from all a heart must be;
All that it signed or chartered heretofore
Is cancelled now, the bankrupt heart is free;
So much of duty as you may require
Of shards and dust, this and no more of pain,
This and no more of hope, remorse, desire,
The heart once broken need support again.
How simple 'tis, and what a little sound
It makes in breaking, let the world attest:
It struggles, and it fails; the world goes round,
And the moon follows it. Heart in my breast,
'Tis half a year now since you broke in two;
The world's forgotten well, if the world knew.



COLD ROAST LAMB

A STORY

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

THE price of spring lamb was outrageous, yet Hester Lancel decided to take no thought of expense. She laughed softly to herself at the memory of the playful thrusts with which her husband always pierced her spasmodic financial caution. How he would enjoy her confession that even in this instance she had entertained a fleeting impulse toward economy! And strawberries in April for a shortcake, too! What a feast they would have!

Begoni, the proprietor of the market, offered to send everything around in half an hour. Hester smiled back her refusal. No, she wasn't trusting anybody to-day. She would carry everything herself; it was only a block to her apartment anyway.

At this Begoni's dark eyes twinkled. "Who's the big guest?" he asked chuckling.

"My husband!" she threw at him, her voice thrilling with almost youthful vibrance. "He's been away three months!"

"Ah!" returned Begoni, winking with suggestive Latin candor.

She felt herself blushing. These Italians! Really they were terrible. Yet, somehow, even their indelicacies had a certain naïve friendliness. She decided to nod back at him gaily instead of frowning. What difference did a little questionable familiarity make on such a day?

At the bakery it was the same. Seeing her weighted down with so many bundles, the little Swedish woman in charge had said:

"Leave them here, Mrs. Lancel. I'll have my boy carry them home for you when he comes in."

But Hester would have none of it. "No, it's really nothing! You see my husband is coming home!"

The Swedish woman understood. She knew the feeling. Hadn't her dead husband been a seafaring man?

"Every time his ship made port," she admitted, "I was excited and happy. And I always planned a feast—things he liked. For one thing, we always had herring salad. Men are all alike, held by the fare they get. That's why America is so full of divorce. The women cook so badly."

Well, she tossed back, nations, like individuals, had different ways of "holding" men. She was thankful that she never had to take any thought on that score. Cooking or no cooking, she held hers. And with this last prideful fling, she gathered her bundles together and departed.

Bush Street was glistening from the effects of an April shower—about the only traditional trick of weather, barring a blustery March, in which San Francisco climate ever indulged. The sun had come out, glowing and warm, and waves of steam rose from the cement sidewalks. Broken lines

of automobiles rolled with unusual caution down the slippery street, scattering water and mud from depressions in the asphalt. The caprices of the skies had kept cautious females indoors for the most part all day, but now, with the dinner hour an imminent possibility, the laggards were swarming into the corner groceries, intent on indifferently replenishing scant apartment-house larders against the primitive onslaughts of their otherwise subjugated males. Hester had been a bit beforehand—it scarcely had turned five o'clock—and she felt a measure of triumph and superiority. She always resented these women who seemed suddenly to come out of a daze of bridge-playing or telephone gossiping or arrant idling to the realization of an impending dinner hour.

In her six months of apartment-house dwelling she had learned to know the faces of these women. Time upon time, especially during Philip Lancel's absence, she had met them scampering out at the hour when they should have been making mayonnaise and shelling peas instead of buying them bottled or canned in order to save time and energy. She had to admit one thing in their favor: they always were resplendent in crisp house dresses and freshly marceled hair, their rouged nails polished to shining inefficiency. At least the day of red wrappers and curl papers and grubby fingers was over. If they held their males at all, it was not by the culinary methods commended by the bakery-woman.

But, in a way, the little Swedish woman was right. Men did yearn mightily for the fleshpots. Yet Hester Lancel reserved the right to fancy that her culinary beguilements were secondary, a sort of accessory to the fact of some less prosaic quality. She liked to think that a matrimonial success of fifteen years' duration could be a trifle independent of domestic

excellence. She had the pride of her skill at housekeeping, so much pride that, in the face of her husband's breakdown, she had welcomed the chance to minister directly to his fastidious needs. She never regretted the twelve-room house in West Clay Park. There were too many compensations in drawing closer the ties which bound her to Philip Lancel. Somehow, the fact of a more circumscribed menage seemed fraught with tender revivals. But the experiment had failed. Philip's necessity had gone beyond personal comforts. "A change—a *complete* break in the damnable monotony!" That had been the doctor's final decision.

Damnable monotony! It was not a flattering phrase for any wife to hear in connection with a husband's state of mind, but Hester somehow let any inference that she had a part in his boredom fly past and alight on more impersonal ground. She had bowed, even to this, with a smile, burning with eagerness to show her quality. The doctor had not been put to the embarrassment of explaining just what he meant by a complete change. Hester had sensed it. And so Philip Lancel had gone away to Catalina, fishing—alone.

It had hurt a little, naturally. But Hester had faith in the law of compensations. There would be moments when he would miss her. *Moments when he would miss her*—she asked nothing more! He was coming back, whole again and, even if she had no tangible part in the mystery of his recovery, she was glad she had had the courage of surrendering so completely to her duty, however filled it had been with covert disappointment. . . . It was all over now, she told herself, like the spring shower which had just passed darkly down the street. From now on the sun would shine again.

As Hester stepped into the shadow

of the Wilmington Apartments, she was glad to come upon the figure of Mrs. Pottle, who lodged just over her, throwing open the main door. The box of strawberries was slipping from her grasp, and the leg of lamb had begun to poke its way through the indifferent wrapping.

"My!" exclaimed Mrs. Pottle, putting out a fatly jeweled hand in rescue, "you must be having a party!"

"Only my husband," Hester explained, this time with an odd sense of sounding ridiculous. "He's been away."

Mrs. Pottle, dangling the basket of strawberries out of range of her quite too-modish dress, glowed expansively. "Coming home, eh? Well, ain't that grand! I used to say to Al, over and over again, every night at dinner, 'It does seem a shame for that lady below us to be sitting down all by herself when we've got full and plenty.' And Al always said, 'Well, why don't you ask her up some night?' . . . That's the man of it! When I told him we hadn't been introduced he just snorted, 'Oh, hell, what's the use of standing on ceremony? Ain't we neighbors?'"

Hester smiled wanly and pressed the button for the automatic elevator. She would have preferred to let her neighbor's confessions of thwarted hospitality pass, but instead she said as politely as possible:

"I've been lonely, naturally. But I wasn't in the mood for companionship. I'm afraid I'd have made a very poor guest."

Mrs. Pottle opened the elevator door and waved Hester in with fine condescension.

"Blue, of course! I know how that is! Al goes to New York on business twice a year. And for the first week I ain't got enough pep to telephone my grandmother. But, after about ten days, I always pull myself together and think, 'What are you pining away

and dying for like this? You can bet Al ain't taking the veil anywhere.' And I just go out and round up a bunch of friends and have a party. . . . I'll say there's nothing like company to cheer you up."

"No, I suppose not," Hester returned helplessly.

"Especially if you've a little drop or two in the old cellar." Mrs. Pottle gave a pleasant wink. "Now I suppose you ain't exactly a desert yourself."

"Almost." Hester found herself laughing back in spite of her frigid inclinations. "I'm opening our last bottle of burgundy to-night."

"Only a quart left and wine at that!" exclaimed Mrs. Pottle. "That ain't any business with friend husband making a home run. . . . I'll tell you, I've got the grandest bottle of Gordon gin, and I'm just going to make you a couple of cocktails. When Al comes in I'll send him down with them!"

They had reached the third floor. Hester opened the door of the elevator in mild panic, taking her strawberries from the complacently generous Mrs. Pottle as she protested:

"Oh, that's very nice, I'm sure. But I couldn't think of robbing you!"

Her neighbor smiled back in placid triumph. "Rob us, nothing! If you don't get them somebody else will!"

And with that the door slammed and the elevator continued its clicking ascent to Mrs. Pottle's floor.

During the next hour Hester's thoughts were equally divided between preparing dinner and speculating on just what means she could direct against Al Pottle's untimely appearance with the cocktails.

The Pottles rather amused Hester. She was willing to take a closer view, secure in the conviction that she could keep their friendliness within bounds. But Philip, she felt sure, would have none of them. Especially would he

have none of Al Pottle, resplendent in a salmon-pink tie pierced by an incredible diamond horseshoe. She remembered only too well what he had said of the Pottles, following repeated encounters with them in the cramped quarters of the automatic elevator just before he had fled south, "My God! Can't we escape them anywhere? I thought there were tenements for such people!" He had been nervously on edge then, of course, but Hester had a feeling that even a recaptured tranquillity would not tolerate the Pottles.

She finished crushing the strawberries for the shortcake and looked at the clock: it was six fifteen. He would be home within a half-hour. Her heart began to beat quickly, as it did in the old days at the first hint of his nearness. The thrill repaid her for all the drab, lonely weeks. She was glad she had let him go on his holiday alone. No doubt Philip would expect her to meet him and be carried off to some indifferent table d'hôte. How surprised he would be, first to find her missing from the throng of welcomers and again at the meal she had prepared. There was something comic in the picture she conjured up of his disappointment at finding no one on hand to greet him. Men were such babies in spite of their reputed indifference to the amenities of life. The quick rush of speculations, impressions, and emotions which swept her was almost too poignant. She would never have believed that she could have recaptured youth with such completeness.

Overhead a door closed sharply, succeeded by a vigorous tramping she knew only too well. Al Pottle had come in. In a few moments he would be banging on her door with his wife's contribution to Philip's homecoming feast. At least she hoped he would come down and get it over before

Philip arrived. This was her hour, and she wished for no intrusion, much less an intrusion that she felt sure Philip would resent. . . . Quite suddenly she decided to go up after the cocktails herself.

Mrs. Pottle, still clad for the street, met her at the door. "Oh," she exclaimed a bit ruefully, "I was just going to send Al down."

Hester was not even apologetic. "I thought I'd better come myself," she explained as she stepped into the living room.

Mrs. Pottle had been shaking the cocktails into a state of chilled perfection. The silver container, frosted with clouded moisture, lay upon a tray. Hester took in the room swiftly: satin and lace pillows, heaps of cut-glass, bronze and marble statuettes, oil paintings in heavy gold frames—she had known what it would be like before she had entered.

"Al and I are going downtown for dinner," Mrs. Pottle volunteered, picking up the cocktail shaker and giving it a series of rhythmical shakes. "Once in a while I go on a strike and refuse to peel another potato or broil another steak. You know how it is!" A series of violent sneezes came from the open door leading to the bedroom. "Oh, Al, come in and say hello to Mrs. Lancel! You know, the lady who lives downstairs!"

Al came into the room with an open handkerchief in his hand. "Glad to meet you, I'm sure," he threw out cheerfully. He gave another vigorous sneeze. "Excuse me! Guess I musta been sniffing up some dust somewhere."

"Dust!" echoed his wife indignantly. "Not in this apartment." She turned to Hester. "He's catching cold but he won't admit it. The last time he began that way I had him in bed for three days."

Al mopped his brow and with a scornful sniff turned the subject.

"You oughta let me bring them cock-tails down. . . . Oh, no trouble at all—a pleasure, I assure you! Any time we've got anything you want, why just holler to the wife. What's neighbors for if you can't use 'em? That's what I say."

Hester escaped quickly upon the plea of her unbaked shortcake, holding the cold shaker between chilled fingers. She got back to her apartment to find the telephone ringing. Her heart was beating absurdly as she took down the receiver.

"Mrs. Lancel? . . . A wire from Los Angeles. . . . Plans changed. Back Sunday night. Signed Philip Lancel. . . . Shall we mail copy?"

She hung up. *Plans changed. . . . Back Sunday night!* The brevity of it had the brutal force of a blunt weapon. She brought her apron up over her head with a quick gesture, as suddenly, without warning, she burst into tears.

Her emotional outburst had the quality of an explosive touched off by final contact with a distantly lighted fuse. All the tremulous tensions of months had blazed up and flicked out with shattering violence. The succeeding calm began slowly to be rippled by little gusts of saving humor. She thought, smiling wryly, of the leg of lamb, sputtering in the oven, and the shortcake waiting its turn. She felt like the man in the parable who had spread a feast and found no willing partakers. From overhead came the sound of the Pottles closing their door.

She flew into the hall, signaling them to stop the elevator. "My husband isn't coming to-night, after all, and I was wondering . . ."

Mrs. Pottle repeated the invitation to Al. "Her husband isn't coming. Ain't that a shame? And she wants to know if—"

"Sure!" Al returned heartily.

A warm sense of relief mingled with

a curious sense of gratitude enveloped Hester.

On entering Hester's apartment Mrs. Pottle said:

"Well, this is what I call class. Kinda restful, ain't it, Al? You certainly have grand taste, Mrs. Lancel."

Al was more interested in the meal than the question of his hostess's æsthetic tendencies. He greeted every dish with fresh outbursts of delight. They both protested at the wine. "Not your last bottle, Mrs. Lancel! . . . What'll Mr. Lancel say when he gets home?"

After the shortcake Al expanded. It seemed that once he had been a saloon keeper; now he was an automobile salesman. He wondered if the Lancels by any chance were thinking of a car. Of course, his line was Packards. But he could set them up with anything from a Ford to a Rolls Royce. There were a swell lotta new models coming, with a lotta fancy trimmings and fixings, but, say, when it came to that, one of them old models was just as good on the road, and he could sneak a bargain for a friend that made it look like he was getting the car for nothing.

Mrs. Pottle remonstrated. "What will Mrs. Lancel think of you, Al, talking shop at her dinner-party!"

Al rose supremely to the occasion. "Oh, Mrs. Lancel—she'll understand."

And, curiously, she did. Al Pottle's interest was friendly, quite apart from his profits. There was something fraternal about his naïve assumption of intimacy. Hester was assured of his good will guaranteed for all time by the simple gesture of breaking bread at her table.

She nodded reassuringly to both her guests although she was forced to say:

"I'm afraid we shan't be thinking



about a car for quite a while. It's taken money to run two establishments."

"Two establishments?" queried Al, with a significant emphasis.

"Not the way you mean," his wife frowned.

"You see," explained Hester with faint amusement, "Mr. Lancel has had a nervous breakdown. We sent him away to Catalina. He took a cottage there."

"He's been gone three months, ain't he?" remarked Mrs. Pottle. "I remember the day I saw him leave. It was our wedding anniversary. I remember what I said to Al, 'That man downstairs must be going off on a long trip from the look of his baggage. He must be a traveling salesman!'"

"What made you think that?"

"Well, I certainly didn't think a woman would be letting her husband go away alone on a pleasure trip." She threw a warmly tolerant glance at Al. "Men get into enough mischief when they go off on *business*."

Al looked sheepish.

"That was part of the cure," replied Hester with a note of pride. "The doctor recommended a complete change. You see, my presence didn't come under that head."

"Of course the doctor was a *man*!" sniffed Mrs. Pottle with bland good humor. "Men always hang together."

"Ah, come on!" protested Al. "I don't call it very polite making phony cracks about a lady's husband. After all, when a man's sick he ain't apt to be flighty."

"Ain't he! Well, Al Pottle, I'd hate to turn *you* loose alone on one of them beaches down south sick or well. Not with all the movie queens lying around in one-piece bathing suits."

"Oh, well," put in Hester with a superior air, "if my husband comes home well that's all that matters."

"That's what you say now!" cried Mrs. Pottle with a laugh. "But any one would rather have a sick husband than an unfaithful one."

"Sure, don't I know?" grunted Al. "The old lady ain't never as happy as when she's got me in bed with a hot-water bottle at my feet."

"I know where you are then!" Mrs. Pottle threw back.

Everybody laughed, and Al Pottle had a violent attack of sneezing, upon which his wife turned a look of triumphant prophecy.

In the moment of silence which followed Hester found herself thinking of Philip with a touch of resentment. *Plans changed—back Sunday night!* Certainly her forethought had earned more consideration than that! At this point a misgiving submerged her displeasure. Could it be possible that Philip had mistaken her self-effacement for indifference? Did he fancy that his departure or return could have only casual significance? But she realized how absurd *that* was! She understood perfectly. Doubtless the fishing was so exciting that it had beguiled him into stealing just one more day. Men were such children, after all!

Mrs. Pottle was talking—complimenting her on the appointments of her table, especially the inspiring blue of her Canton china. "Mine's Haviland—pink roses and gold. You'll see when you have dinner with us."

"Oh, yes. . . . Yes, of course," Hester found herself murmuring, with fleeting trepidation at Mrs. Pottle's assumption of sustained friendship.

A silence fell again, and presently Al, stretching himself, said amiably:

"What do you say to a run downtown? We could drop in somewhere and dance!"

"With that cold of yours coming on?" said Mrs. Pottle.

"Sure, it will do it good!"

Mrs. Pottle shrugged. "They're all alike!" she said to Hester with a shrug of resignation.

"Well, what's the verdict?" asked Al. "Are you game?"

Hester was expecting Mrs. Pottle to voice another protest so she said nothing.

"Sure we're game!" cried Mrs. Pottle suddenly rising from her seat.

Hester felt routed past all objection. Oh, well, what did it matter, anyway?

Outside the night was glamorous and gay. They decided to walk, and Powell Street lay before them, a gilded cascade of light leaping like some fabulous and enchanted stream into the molten torrent of Market Street. The steep hill, falling away from Bush Street, made the women cling, pattering, to Al's arm. A man, climbing up, turned and looked after them, diverted no doubt by the spectacle of a single male supporting two such divergent types—Mrs. Pottle, flamboyant and bovine, Hester, gray-eyed and immaculate to a point of severity, her figure slender, if not precisely virginal, her brown hair straying out in little rebellious wisps to meet the evening breeze.

Al proposed the St. Francis. Hester's first impulse was snobbish. She couldn't help speculating whether anyone she knew would be there. She couldn't quite fancy presenting the Pottles to any of her intimates. But her sense of fairness intervened. She had no business to be ashamed of companions of her own choosing.

Al knew the hotel steward. He shook his hand, nudged him in the ribs, whispered an indecent fragment. The result was a perfectly placed table close to the edge of the dancing space. They sat down with the least possible formality, and Mrs. Pottle took out her vanity case and powdered her nose. Their entrance had been achieved with a more or less vulgar flourish.

Hester felt annoyed—sorry, in fact, that she had been beguiled into deserting her solitude; but presently the orchestra began to whinny, and its cadence got into her blood. Without realizing it, her shoulders rose and fell rhythmically. Mrs. Pottle began genially to chide her husband.

"What's the matter with you, Al?" she scolded. "Why don't you get up and dance with Mrs. Lancel?"

Al made a reluctant move toward rising. Hester checked him.

"No, please! . . . It's much more fun to sit and watch!"

The music began more and more to communicate its sinuous enchantment. Hesitating couples rose and flowed into the undulating stream of dancers. A wistful melancholy fell gently upon Hester Lancel, evoked by a minor strain in the placid flow of melody. The leader himself was performing now, blowing out a thin trickle of sound—the silver pipings of a twentieth-century Pan—which rose magically above the sensuous shuffle of bewitched feet. Hester found her thoughts slipping back to the days when she had been beguiled by the sense of Philip Lancel's nearness enwrapped in a flood of provocative sound. Dancing then had been gayer, more obvious and full-blooded—less a thing of subtle modulations and crashing climaxes. Now the saxophone was moaning, working up the entire orchestra to a fanatical frenzy. Would the dance end in the swirling laughter of brass or die out in a vague, cool whisper? . . . The sound fell again to the tranquil dribblings of the pipes. Ilex groves and splashing fountains and leaping fauns rose up to meet Hester's mood. Faintly the murmuring melody receded, grew dim, and sighing, spent itself. The dancers stood still. A faintly audible breath, slowly released, escaped Hester.

The encore began, sprightly and

charged with overtones. Mrs. Pottle's feet began to tap the floor and suddenly she said to Al:

"Well, ain't you going to ask friend wife for the pleasure?"

Al flashed a look of mock misery at Hester and rose. They dashed off, pumping their shoulders energetically. The music had grown strident and forthright. This time it seemed there were to be no inflections or repressions. Without varying the tempo, the quality of the dance was changed completely. What had before been dreamy and almost delicate was now a thing of gayety and joy. Everybody was smiling.

Hester decided to change her seat. She wanted a better view of the dancing floor. The waiter came, bringing the pallid drinks of prohibition—grenadine punches for the ladies and a horse's-neck for Al Pottle. She selected a straw and bent slightly forward as she sipped pensively at the sickly-sweet draught. The music no longer held her captive; instead, she began to take a faint interest in the personality of the dancers. Her first impression was a composite picture of sophisticated youth. The girls were very slender, and the boys lean of flank and towering. There were few couples past thirty on the floor. Time was when such a gathering had been full of personalities known to her—people she could at least place. But to-night she recognized no one. Was the city growing larger, more impersonal? . . . She transferred her glance from the dancing-floor to the tables in the hope of finding a familiar face. She wondered faintly whether, when Philip returned, she could beguile him into an occasional dip into this discreet bohemia? He hadn't liked the quality of these diversions lately. Well, he was like so many men, she supposed, growing more phlegmatic with the years, more content with his own fireside, more

and more a one-woman man. She was glad, of course. If Philip hadn't been just this sort of man she wouldn't have had the courage to trust him alone upon an extended holiday. She couldn't have borne to have had him like Al Pottle, ogling over his wife's shoulder at every responsive flapper who floated by him. Her hope for a greater gayety when Philip got home was not framed so much for her need as his. She didn't want him to get bored again.

Her thoughts became transferred to an arresting flame of head-gear lighting up a discreet corner. The startling red of it flashed between the dancing forms like the fitful gleam of a danger signal. She bent forward, curious to discover the personality back of such a positive and emphatic bit of millinery. But the woman's back was toward her.

She could see only the bared arms and the patch of skin below the nape of the neck, tanned to a gypsy brown. The slender arms proclaimed their owner's youth, and the sun-burnt skin suggested hours upon a strand of southern beach. . . . Would Philip be tanned? Hester found herself wondering. Naturally. He adored swimming and besides— At that moment the red hat dipped suddenly and Hester had a swift, terrifying glance at the man sitting opposite it. . . . Only when the music stopped and the voice of Mrs. Pottle had broken in on her with, "I guess we'd better go home, Mrs. Lancel!" did Hester realize that she had been staring at the face of her husband.

She closed the door upon the retreating Pottles and threw her hat into a corner as she sank into the first chair. Why didn't she scream or claw the tapestry on the arms of her chair or smash a vase? That's what Mrs. Pottle would have done. Why

did she sit, dry-eyed, stupidly opening and closing the palms of her hands? . . . *If my husband comes home well that's all that matters.* He had come home well, all right. It had taken only one glimpse of his sunburnt face to tell her that. His companion had been young and pretty, too. *Young and pretty!* Well, why not?

Was she expected to go down to meet the train to-morrow night and see her husband go through the comedy of arrival? Just what *was* the proper etiquette for a self-effacing wife to use on such an occasion? She wondered if he had seen her.

Go down and meet him? Well, just watch her! She'd pack her things that very night and let him have his recaptured health and his woman all to himself. She wasn't in the habit of making compromises. She'd show him.

She went into the bedroom and opened the closet door, rummaging through its shallow depths for her week-end bag. But after she had thrown it upon the bed, her hands trembled so that she couldn't assemble the articles to go in it.

Overhead she heard the heavy tramping of Mrs. Pottle. Al was sneezing again, and the reverberations echoed down the light-well on which

his bathroom opened. She had a comic picture of Mrs. Pottle filling up the hot-water bottle and badgering Al into the captivity of bed to-morrow.

She remembered the confusion of the kitchen and she suddenly left the room and the week-end bag lying open upon the bed. She lighted the water heater and began to scrape the soiled plates and pile them on the drain-board of the sink with neat precision. Her hands grew steady under the discipline of this routine. She threw out the remnants of the shortcake and the mashed potatoes. Philip never liked potatoes done over. But she saved the peas for a salad and the cold roast lamb. They could have cold roast lamb to-morrow.

Cold roast lamb, *to-morrow*. . . . *Cold roast lamb!* She felt trapped and began to laugh.

She went back into the bedroom and, taking the suitcase from the bed, flung it into the closet again. Al Pottle had ceased his sneezing. He was coughing now, in hard, tight gasps that were significant. Without doubt he was going to be laid up, and Mrs. Pottle would have her transient moment of security. . . . Well, she supposed that even Philip Lancel would have a cold occasionally.



THESE DOWNTRODDEN MEN

BY ALICE D. KELLY

ONE thing which is generally accorded to women in full measure is sympathy. There are few women so stoical, so healthy, or so happy that they cannot at certain moments weep over their lot or find someone to weep over it for them. Stories have been written, songs sung, and poems composed about the pathos of Everywoman's existence. A woman bears a child, and all the old wives keen for her. She keeps her house, and it is pointed out with pity that her work is never done. She copes with physiological difficulties, and her courage is extolled on all sides.

Who is there to sympathize with men?

There have always been definite laws laid down by human beings as to what each type of person in the world should be. Doubtless in the stone age the caveman refused to tear the meat into chunks for supper because it wasn't his work, and told his mate that she was subnormal or abnormal when she left her child with an ape to look after it and went out to watch her neighbor's husband fight with his rival. There have been preconceived notions of women as pure, maternal, and home-loving which have persisted through the years without much reference to actuality. Even now, when women everywhere are following professions and engaging in business, and when there is a distinct tendency for great numbers of women to minimize the claims of home, there is still the feeling

—more widespread than one would imagine—that they are doing this against their natural desires and are envying their more traditional sisters.

Motion-picture directors and song writers, at least, still believe that all children are sweet, innocent, amusing, and an inspiration to the most hardened adults. It is assumed that everyone shall like animals, want a family, revere his parents, and have a keen desire to own his own home. One could fill a moderate-sized file with the conventional classifications of humanity—classifications which are valuable since from them evolve many useful codes and traditions, but which are also responsible for a great many cruel and unthinking requirements that unnecessarily complicate life.

Of all the requirements arbitrarily made of human beings by their fellows, by far the harshest and most rigid, it seems to me, have been made of men.

II

Men are universally expected—just to start by listing the superficial virtues they must have—to be brave, shrewd, intelligent, high-minded, chivalrous, capable at all times of supporting several persons, and of being entirely and continuously adequate to the demands of this present highly complex world. This is a cruel kind of flattery which I should say—without having consulted any statistics on the subject—is responsible for a great many cases

of lunacy, drunkenness, and domestic desertion.

The shy and sensitive boy, grotesque and miserable among the "regular fellows" at school, is a traditional figure in fiction; and in real life, too, he is tortured—for his own good. He may have talent, charm, intelligence, and a feeling for the finenesses of life which are entirely lacking in his more average neighbor; but there are few parents or schoolmasters so cruel as to let him grow up as he is without doing their best to harden him. They know that without ruthlessness of various kinds he cannot survive in adult life and keep the respect of his fellows. The difficulty is, of course, that few schoolmasters and fewer parents know how to do an adequate job of hardening. The best they can achieve, as a rule, is a shell of conventional behavior covering doubts and fears which shadow all a man's inward adjustments.

The rank and file of grown men are allowed only one type of life, fundamentally speaking. Women have a wide choice of the manner in which they shall live. They may be domestic; they may, if they are lucky, be parasitic. They may fill responsible positions, have careers, a profession or a trade, or they may amuse themselves by earning pin money if they have a husband to support them. They may be too nervous to bear children, too frail to do housework. They are privileged to call laziness fatigue, restlessness sociability, and to label lack of aim and purpose in living with the worn-out tag of temperament.

Women can change their status with a minimum of effort. A girl with ordinary attractions often has a chance to marry social position or wealth, so that from the early twenties on, without doing a hand's turn of work, she is adequately supported—while the finger of scorn is pointed at her brother who has perhaps not yet found himself.

A girl can graduate from college and become a saleswoman in a department store or a waitress in a tea shop, and be commended for keeping herself at all; while a boy who has had the same educational advantages is expected at once to begin a real (and very remunerative) career. Let a girl find adjustment to the business world too difficult and come home to live, and everyone says how nice it is for her mother to have Lucy with her. Let her brother try to do the same thing—and just listen to the talk.

Now, in the majority of cases, when a man has chosen his profession he has made all the choice which, in the ordinary community, he is ever going to be permitted to make. Whatever he does, he is obliged by public opinion to concentrate on one aim: to earn an adequate, even an impressive living for himself, his wife, his children, and his dear old mother if he has one and she needs it. He may have but one point of view: that it is a matter of course that he shall bear the burdens placed upon him by present standards and, without even wanting to murmur, carry the heavy responsibility of whatever kind of family he has achieved.

And what is a living in this year of grace? It doesn't mean three simple meals a day, a roof, and adequate clothing for warmth. It means preventing your wife from ever saying to you, "It's funny Tom Edwards is five years younger than you, and they have two cars and that fat Millie Edwards has better clothes than I ever have. Do you think you make the most of your opportunities, dear?"

Or what is even worse—and I have heard this a number of times—"I never seemed to have all this worry about bills when I was making my own money before I married you."

In other words, the first and most discouraging thing which a man has to face in supporting a family is competi-

tion. There has never been an age in which competition in all aspects of life was as highly developed as it is to-day. In business and professional life competition for a man is an intensely personal thing. Not only has he to compete with men who have had better training or more capital or greater opportunities than he; not only must he accept the standards of living of men who may possibly have private incomes or wealthy parents or other advantages which he has not; but he must compete with men who are sometimes better adjusted to life than he, who are perhaps better equipped psychologically to run the obstacle race a man's life must usually be. He must sometimes add to other competitions the subtle one of keeping up with his wife's salary. But always, however retiring, however nervous, modest, and unassuming he may naturally be, he must "sell himself."

Selling oneself has become a slogan and an essential of life. In itself one would think the capacity to do so a gift to be used in moderation and with much thought. After all, the gigolo is the logical extreme of self-salesmanship, and there are qualities quite opposed to "putting oneself across" which are valuable and admirable components of character. But a man again has no choice. Except for the rare individuals who can have publicity agents, men must tell everyone how good they are.

Mothers of grown children will perhaps differ with me when I say that it is one of the hardest things in the world to go against one's early training. But it is none the less true. We bring up our sons to be modest and unassuming, to respect the opinion of their elders, not to go where they are unwanted; and then we send them out into a world where their success depends upon being self-confident, upon having initiative, and upon forcing

themselves and their ideas on busy older men. And we never realize what a complete and often painful readjustment this means to them.

There are some men who are definitely not able to make this adjustment, and these are not always men who are weak or who are not mentally equipped to stand on their own feet. There are men for whom it is temperamentally impossible ever to be "go getters"; men who will never make money, men who have not sufficient consistency of purpose to give everything they have to a steady job, men—thoroughly fine and admirable men, too—who simply cannot make the grade. These are the men one must despise whether or not their other attributes of character and spirit may make them distinct assets to the community. The lot of these men, as a rule, is humiliating and unhappy enough. But there is another and very large class of men who are even more deserving of sympathy.

They are the men who have strength of character, intelligence, and talent, who are real people, but who are still completely out of place in the business world.

I have in mind particularly a man whom I have known for a very long time. He is a natural teacher. He has a talent which amounts to genius for expounding and clarifying the most abstruse subjects. He has a keenly analytical mind, he is brilliant in thought and conversation. He is also forceful. Meeting him, one would say that he was a born leader. But he has a number of people depending upon him and he felt he could not afford to remain in academic life. He has gone into business, where he is totally bewildered and inadequate. The routine of office life, the stress upon what seems to him totally unimportant details, the preoccupation of his firm with what are to him quite uninterest-

ing aims are all entirely foreign to his type of mental processes. He does for eight hours a day things which bore him, things he does not understand, and he lives for that time a life which has no meaning for him.

Needless to say, his family are not particularly well cared for financially; yet there are few people whom I find more inspiring, more thoroughly worth while than I do him. And for every person who accepts him uncritically as a man who cannot make money but who, nevertheless, is really superior and admirable, there are ten who think of him as a "dub" and a failure. And he knows this and has himself begun to agree with the majority.

He is only one of many. There are men to whom, if they had an income, we should owe important discoveries in the intellectual and physical world, but who are struggling with debt and discouragement and the contempt of people who have possibly half their brains. There are engineers behind counters in shops, inventors who are selling bonds, artists who are teaching mathematics, and philosophers who are trying to manage chain-stores.

Economic pressure is driving them all. Few young men start life nowadays with better professional training or much better business equipment than their fathers had. Very few have more capital. Few start out on their first job with, let us say, more than two and a half times the salary their fathers got in the beginning. Yet, generally speaking, about five times as much is asked of them as was asked of men even twenty or thirty years ago.

And this is true not only of the man who has the wrong type of mind to succeed in the business market, or of the man who is definitely wrongly placed in his work. It is true also of the well-adjusted, competent man who is adequately fulfilling his responsibilities and is vocationally content. He,

too, is carrying these days a heavy load. His responsibilities are grave, his hours of work long, his worries many and diverse. He deserves as much sympathy, at least, as the badly adjusted types whose troubles are more obvious.

Certainly there are many women who find domestic life irksome, but no one despises them for it. And they have escapes which men have not. A woman can clean house one day and go downtown the next. She can generally manage in the course of a month a good many neighborly cups of tea, an occasional bridge game or *matinée*, and a fair amount of wandering through shops.

Few offices, however, can permit ten or twelve hours' work on Monday or Tuesday and a game of golf on Wednesday; few can encourage friends from neighboring offices to drop in for a chat at four o'clock to relieve the monotony of a dull day; and almost none would observe calmly a general exodus to the theater on a weekday afternoon, even if the personnel had had an exceedingly fatiguing fortnight and insufficient sleep. The escapes which are open to men are not so harmless. Drinking doesn't take much time, so they may drink—if they can afford it. Staying out late at night need not infringe upon business life, so they give up their sleep when they have to get away from worry. A flirtation with a secretary can sometimes be managed, so that they may get themselves into complicated situations just to have a little fun—a thing which public opinion does not seem to consider necessary for men over twenty-five.

Men's obligations are unremitting. A woman has the hope of change in her life. It may come through no effort of her own. Her husband may make more money. She knows that once her children are in school a great part of her burden will be lifted, that she will have greater freedom to amuse and enjoy herself. If she is ill, a few

weeks' work may accumulate and the household may not be so well cared for as usual; but the whole fabric of her life is not rent, her whole security is not threatened.

The husband, on the other hand, has an unending sameness about his days. Relief for the father of a family is remote. With each succeeding year of his children's lives his expenses increase. Even in those households where the children go to work after high school they generally take on obligations of their own before they have done much to make their father's life brighter. He has old age, illness, and disability always in the back of his mind. Even if he is insured, no one is presenting him with the premiums. Illness of any length is a tragedy for the breadwinner.

Late marriages with the inevitable moral difficulties they present, "bumming around" after leaving college, drifting from job to job, may all be traced in many cases to a shrinking from entering upon this terrifying round. A great many young men are afraid of life. And they have reason to be. For maturity means for the average man who has not inherited money nervous tension and increasing worry.

III

But men love their work, the cry arises; some men talk of nothing else. Yes, and women generally love their children, and when they see no one else for days on end they have no other subject of conversation. That doesn't mean that they wouldn't like other things if they had them. Or that they wouldn't be better for having them.

But men must not complain. They must not, except in dire illness or hopeless insanity, shift their burdens or ease them by occasional heartfelt moans. How many people have said:

"I met Mrs. Johnson at a tea the

other day and she was the most cheerful thing. I think it's wonderful, with those two babies and that difficult house to take care of."

How few have said:

"I met Johnson at a poker game on Friday. He's a wonder. Four people to support and a disagreeable boss over him, and he never grouched about it once during the evening."

Certainly not. Johnson must support his charming wife and two adorable children, and like it. Mrs. Johnson will take an interest in his work, she will tenderly care for him if he is ill, she will sympathize with him over his golf game, but it is extremely doubtful if she will listen with a loving and understanding ear while he tells her how unbearable it has become to him to keep her. And public opinion is with her. Unless she is wildly extravagant or openly unfaithful, it is his duty to provide for her. If the second car, the third child, and the new house are almost more than he can bear he must look proudly proprietary and keep his feelings to himself. He can expect nothing from his fellows beyond a brief word of condolence if the market goes down, or a perfunctory "How's business? Bad? That's hard luck," when he is lying awake at night with worry.

The physical handicaps of woman, her endurance, and her frequent courage in pain and illness are indisputable. It is true, too, that the physical side of most men's lives at the present moment leaves something to be desired. Few business men, for instance, except at the week-ends, get any exercise. And sedentary life, if it does not produce actual organic trouble, does tend to make a man sluggish and lethargic, to interfere materially with his bodily functions and, through them, with his mental attitude.

The appalling rentals make it impossible for any but the wealthy to live within easy reach of the business dis-

trict, and a man is often tired out before he reaches the office by an interminable, ill-ventilated ride in the subway, or an equally tedious and tiring journey by train or ferry, or both. Much has poetically been said about the advantages of suburban life for the office slave; but actually for every man who attacks the lawnmower of an evening with annoying vigor one meets seven or eight who, pallid and weary, contribute little if anything to the joy of the home when they get back at night. And while the woman who *never* has an opportunity to lie down in the daytime is exceptional, the man who may nap upon his roll-top desk to get additional rest is seldom seen.

We must grant that women in two or three aspects of their physical life have a good deal to endure. Yet a surprising number of women have agreed with me that they would rather bear a child than earn the money to pay a good modern obstetrician!

Another myth current in American folklore is that a woman suffers all the petty annoyances and nervous strains, while "a man has only the big things to think about." One has not to go far to meet men who find it intolerably humiliating to work under their own particular chief, who are terrified of the flip stenographer they share with the next office, who are tortured by the "L" or the cars going by their windows, who are repeatedly mortified by being too poor to join their associates on "Dutch treat" parties, who are depressed over their own shabbiness, who shrink from the business contacts they are obliged to make, who are pricked by dread of certain aspects of their domestic life, or who are overwhelmed by the mass of detail which few business men may escape. Meeting creditors, arranging loans, interviewing irate landlords over the small finger marks on the living-room paper, and other

nerve-racking tasks of this sort are almost invariably left for the man to do. And I have heard woman after woman say with convenient blindness and entire faith, "Oh, men don't mind those things. They are not sensitive, like us."

And even in this enlightened age many women pay a pretty tribute to male intelligence and usefulness in an emergency by requiring—the minute the husband gets home—a lightning diagnosis of the plumbing's latest indisposition, the disposal of the dead rat which Junior has innocently brought in, and a little heavy police work in the nursery.

It may be said that in this discussion I am overlooking the fact that woman has progressed, that the modern woman is independent and efficient, that she is prepared to share her husband's burdens and no longer needs or demands protection from men.

Well, I have met women in large centers, in provincial towns, and in small cities; I have known them in mining camps and universities and in art colonies. I know women who are domestic, and women who are brilliantly successful in professions and in business, women who are talented executives, women who write and who paint, and a great many women without any particular talents who are holding excellent jobs. I know women who support themselves and some who support their families, and I have met very few who were normal who did not in some way show a strong desire to have some man—possibly only in the background of their lives, and possibly as a last resort—upon whom they could lean and lean heavily.

Three of the most successful business women I know have said to me, in more or less the same words, "Goodness, I'm tired of this grind. I'm seriously thinking of giving in and marrying Tom (or John, or Bill). I

like him and he can give me everything."

There may, of course, be business men who are saying the same thing; but if they want to keep their friends they are saying it in very low whispers.

Numbers of women have to be self-supporting and carry many of the burdens and face the same problems that men do. And how they are cheered and lauded for it! Their courage, gallantry, and efficiency are spoken of in tongues. And the same people who sing hallelujah! for the young woman who is bravely supporting her one child will speak contemptuously of the man who lives next door to her and who is having difficulty in providing comfortably for his wife and two sons.

IV

To sum it up, what do we mean—barring drunkards, drug addicts, wife-beaters, and gangsters—when we say that a man is worthless? We mean that, for some reason or other, he has failed to make money. It is a state for which there is no mercy. The "fallen" woman, the sorely tempted thief, even sometimes the goaded murderer, may all hope for their meed of charity in the world. But never the man who hasn't "made good." He may have the virtues of a saint, the brains of an Einstein, the wisdom of a Socrates; he may be a loving father, a tender and devoted husband; but if he has been unable to transmute these things into money, what is there to admire about him?

Consider the case of a married couple of my acquaintance. By mutual consent—in fact, the wife urged the plan—they agreed that the husband should take several years to do the writing for which he has a splendid talent but which is of a type not immediately lucrative; while by running a small antique shop the wife should support

the family. It speaks well for their endurance that they have firmly kept this up for five years, until now his writing is becoming known. He has been so criticized that he has become bitter and unfriendly; and she so praised and so pitied that to save a shred of his own self-respect the husband has adopted a super-critical attitude toward his wife and her faults.

I have known many wives who were urged to leave their husbands because they were not being given what the world has decreed that a family shall have. I have never known a deserting husband, however nervously overwrought, however discouraged, however unhappy he might have been, whose name was not anathema. Wives may leave their unsuccessful husbands on the slightest of pretexts, and public opinion will back them up when they demand support from them for themselves and the children. But if a man takes money from his wife when luck is against him there is immediately a doubtful murmur.

Even when there are no children, unless the man divorces the woman and she consents to it, the wife may legally demand alimony; so that a woman who has lived only a few months with a man, who perhaps has brought him no happiness, and who may be perfectly well and strong, yet may by law be a burden upon him for the rest of his days. A well and capable woman may, in some States, sue a physically delicate and inadequately trained husband for nonsupport.

And the general belief in men's inherent toughness of fiber is a touching compliment. I met a perfect example of this simple faith the other day when an elderly woman said to me, with perfect seriousness:

"My daughter is coming home next week for her vacation. You know, she works in a bookshop in New York, and I'm going to see that she has a perfect

rest, poor dear, while she's here. Breakfast in bed and all the fresh outdoor air she can get. Tom's coming home next month too, for his holiday" (Tom is in a broker's office, has a family, and has been unable to afford a vacation for two years), "and I'm so thankful. Now maybe I can get the sink mended and the front room papered."

Men are strangely at the mercy of women. There is every opportunity for the average American of middle-class family to develop a fine, robust Oedipus complex. Deeply imbedded in his consciousness from his tenderest years is the illogical but lofty idea that every decent boy should treat all women as he would his mother or his sister. The ideal of the internationally famous good American husband is an ideal of male submission. Women in the United States have every weapon with which to subdue their men. His early training, the talk of the neighborhood, and masculine inarticulateness are all on her side. The man is beaten from the beginning.

Perhaps there is nothing to be done. Perhaps it is inevitable that men shall bear these loads of responsibility with-

out relief as long as the world is as it is. We can give the next generation a ray of hope. Children are becoming emancipated now, and we know more about what handicaps mothers may be to their sons. Possibly we can't do much for their fathers.

But we might feel less superior and take much less for granted than we do. It might be well for the great number of women who are old-fashioned enough to want marriage to remember that with the changing *mores* of the present age it is possible for a man to have charming associations which cost him no more than an ordinary courtship would cost him, and which create no claim upon him, so that unless he is unusually paternal or sufficiently far-seeing to be willing to pay heavily for the obvious advantages of a permanent relation, he need not burden himself with a household at all. And it does seem to me that more sympathy, greater understanding, more actual awareness of men's problems, and a realization on the part of women that men have their own sensitiveness, shrinkings, and capacity for suffering might conceivably lubricate the grating wheels of their difficult progress.



EXIT THE GOSPEL OF WORK

A NEW PHILOSOPHY FOR A NEW ERA

BY HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD

THE Gospel of Work! How familiarly its slogans ring in our ears: "If any would not work, neither should he eat." "For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." "In work that keeps faith sweet and strong." "The right to work."

From time immemorial work has been glorified. Song and story yield their homage to the solid merits of work, however romantically they may extol the delights of indolence, while essay and biography axiomatically acclaim work as the sure means to personal success and social esteem. The more prosaic and academic discussions of contemporary life, in their exaltation of work as the great social panacea, do but reëcho the words of Carlyle, who describes it as "the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind." The Rotarian mind makes work co-equal, if not identical, with service. Nowhere has this doctrine been better summed up than in the words of that past master of pious platitudes, Calvin Coolidge: "To provide for the economic well-being of our inhabitants, only three attributes, which are not beyond the reach of the average person, are necessary—honesty, industry, and thrift." (Oh, if it were only so simple!)

Yet in this year of unemployment, nineteen hundred and thirty-one, the one word that is on every expositor's

tongue is "Overproduction." It is overproduction that is the cause of the business depression, of unemployment, of the collapse of the stock market, of international friction—industrial overproduction, agricultural overproduction, overproduction of everything in general. Shades of the Classical Economists! What has become of the elaborate argument that they were so learnedly developing scarcely a century ago proving that general overproduction is an impossibility, and which is still the stock in trade of most of the teachers of conventional economics to-day?

Now when you look at it squarely, what is overproduction but the tangible consequence of too much work? Here is surely a rare paradox. Work the great panacea, overproduction the besetting malady. Yet the characteristic features of the disease are the logical result of the remedy. There must be something wrong with this picture.

The simple fact is, that the current social concept of work and the usual personal attitude toward it are two items in our traditional impedimenta which must be completely revolutionized to fit the conditions of modern times. "Honesty, industry, and thrift" have had a long and honorable career and have rendered yeoman service in the evolution of human welfare. Doubtless, honesty is still a serviceable

virtue, where it can be found. But industry and thrift have outlived their pristine usefulness, and ought to be put on part time.

For about 999,950 years the chief preoccupation of man has been getting a living. The bare task of keeping soul and body together, and providing himself with a few simple comforts and an occasional modest luxury or two, has engrossed his entire time and energy. The one imperious demand that Nature made of him was work. There was a direct and conspicuous relationship between the amount of work he did and his chance of survival, not to speak of any positive enjoyment or contentment. Society needed the full output of productive energy of every one of its adult members, however unevenly the product of that energy may have been distributed. Starvation was never far from the lower classes, want from the middle groups, or privation from the privileged. Famine was something more than a remote possibility. During this long period the utility of work was so great that reverence for it became so thoroughly ingrained in human nature as to seem almost instinctive, and social sanctions in favor of work were developed of the most imperious character.

Now, within the last fifty years, man suddenly finds himself possessed of a productive mechanism so capacious and competent that if he expends his habitual amount of work on it it will swamp him with more goods than he has the ability to grapple with. No wonder many of his traditional values seem all awry! No wonder he stands trembling, bemused, awestruck before his own devices, the wise use of which defies his intelligence, the power of which far outstrips his ability to control.

In June, 1918, Mr. H. L. Gantt, one of the foremost efficiency engineers

this country has ever known, said, "On the whole, only about fifty per cent of our industrial machines are actually operating during the time they are expected to operate, and on the whole these machines, during the time they are being operated, are producing only about fifty per cent of what they are expected to produce. This brings our productive result down to about one-fourth of what it might be if the machines were run all of the time at their highest capacity."

This was during war time. Millions of men were engaged in military (largely wealth-destroying) activities, and other millions of workers were occupied in extraordinary lines of production necessitated by the military situation. Yet in spite of these handicaps, the operation of our machines at one-fourth capacity resulted in such accumulations of goods that they were an embarrassment to government officials for years after peace was restored. It is quite a conservative estimate that if all our productive plant were operated at its maximum efficiency we could turn out more goods than we now know how to dispose of wisely with an average working day for all the available labor of not more than four hours.

In brief, we have achieved a New Freedom beside which the paltry emancipation usually referred to by that term is trivial and insignificant—the Freedom from the incessant task of making a living, the Freedom to *live*. But we have not yet learned what to do with it. We keep on working because we don't know how to stop.

II

One factor that hampers our readjustment to the new situation, and which is itself a consequence of our age-long subjection to work, is an extraordinary inversion in our conception of

production and consumption. The origin of this is natural enough. As primitive man, gradually emerging from the shadows of savagery, began to catch a vision of the capacity of material things to gratify human wants, he became acutely conscious of the fact that one great limitation to his enjoyment was his meager ability to produce these devices. He learned by experience that the surest way to enlarge his equipment for happiness was to improve his productive technic. Thus he came to regard increased production as an end in itself because the results of production were so easily taken for granted. He did not perceive that there was a necessary and natural limit to the principle. Consequently, when the Industrial Revolution came along, with its unprecedented expansion of productive capacity, instead of causing mankind to turn its attention to the ultimate ends and purposes of production, it raised the adulation of production to the *n*th degree. Western society became completely hypnotized by its new powers and followed blindly in whatever direction the new machines and factories and consolidations and expansions happened to lead.

This perverted attitude was caught up, systematized, and standardized by the contemporary leaders of social thought, so that the whole characteristic economic doctrine and teaching of the nineteenth century were completely dominated by the beneficence of productive devices and activities. This philosophy has been admirably and ironically summed up by James MacKaye in his little book, *The Happiness of Nations* (a title obviously chosen as an antithesis to Adam Smith's famous work): "Wealth is a means to happiness. The more wealth there is, the greater will be the happiness. Consequently, to be as happy as possible, spend as much time as possible producing wealth."

So, by the beginning of the twentieth century, the people of the Western world were thoroughly trained to think of themselves as producers, but were completely untutored with respect to their capacities as consumers—in fact, almost never received the slightest encouragement to think of themselves in that light. The whole philosophy of the contemporary Western world is a producers' philosophy.

Expressions and applications of this outlook abound on every hand. On almost every important economic question practically all the arguments, on both sides, are based upon the importance of production and consideration of the producer, and either completely ignore, or at best simply take for granted, consumption and consumer. The most conspicuous example of this generalization is, of course, the tariff. The whole defense of this incredible monstrosity is built upon the necessity of cherishing and fostering the productive interests of the country—individual producers, producing classes, the nation as a producer. But every single argument in favor of protection has an equally weighty, and much more logical, rebuttal when viewed from the standpoint of the consumer—but we seldom hear the latter. One of the redeeming features of conventional economics is that, for the most part, it does teach free trade; but the prevailing business dogmas are too strong for the academic economists.

Another vastly significant case in point is the typical business man's attitude toward wages. Wages appear to him as an important item in the cost of production. Only recently has he begun to glimpse the fact that wages are an identically important factor in the consuming power of the market. The first thing the average employer does in a period of overproduction like the present is to pare down the pay-roll as near to the core as possi-

ble, forgetting that in so doing he is intensifying the evils of under-consumption, which are the real root of the trouble. All practices aiming at the limitation of output, whether engaged in by employers or laborers, are based on the same conception. The great question is, "How can I promote my interests as a producer?" not "How can I best serve myself and other consumers?"

This attitude was variously and vigorously expounded during the years of the great fight for the restriction of immigration. All the economic arguments of the "liberal" camp were based on recognition of the immigrant as a producer—it occurred to none of them to remember that he was exactly as much a consumer.

Recent striking examples of the situation have been furnished by the alleged "dumping" of wheat in America, and cheap electric-light bulbs in England, by the Soviet Republic. This has been axiomatically regarded as a dastardly deed. The Bolsheviks have been held up to withering scorn and contumely for making it possible for American consumers to buy wheat and Englishmen to buy lamps cheaper than would otherwise have been the case.

To be sure, within the last few years there have been a few gleams of light on the horizon. A number of books have been written that recognize consumption as an important social phenomenon, and particularly the work of Stuart Chase is doing much to educate the public to think of themselves as consumers. We not infrequently hear the present economic situation referred to as a period of "under-consumption" rather than "overproduction." Manufacturers and advertising men have begun to recognize that the consumer exists, and must be taken into consideration. The doctrine that prosperity depends upon increased consumption of goods has been

diligently preached by Foster and Catchings and others, and has enjoyed a good deal of popularity. But even so, the consumer has been almost invariably brought into the picture as a stimulus, a prerequisite, a *sine qua non*, to production. Thus Garett Garrett: "To be able to say in the evening, 'I have consumed more to-day than I consumed yesterday'—this now is a duty the individual owes to industrial society." Fancy the *duty* of consumption!

All our high-pressure salesmanship is devoted to stimulating consumption, not in the least in order that the consumer may be happier, or healthier, or more contented, but that he may multiply the possibilities of production. Says Ralph Borsodi, "No matter how much the consumer who can afford to pay may resist, he must be made to eat more, to wear out more clothes, to take more drugs, to blow out more tires. He must consume, consume, consume, so that our industries may produce, produce, produce."

It will take Herculean efforts to reverse this attitude, and accustom ourselves to thinking of ourselves as consumers, and of production as the humble handmaiden of consumption, justified and tolerable only to the extent that it genuinely subserves the consumptive requirements of the human personality. But this must be done before we can even begin to reap the full advantage of our New Freedom.

Hand in hand with admiration for work, naturally, has gone condemnation of idleness. In Western countries idleness has been habitually regarded as a vice, just like drunkenness or gambling. Numerous laws have penalized the idle on the same terms as serious criminals. Every proposal for the shortening of the working day of the common laborer has always been vigorously opposed as yielding too

much leisure, to be expended in the demoralizing and depraving pursuits of idleness. "Spare time" has been considered as something dangerous, or at best irksome. It has been something to be disposed of, to be got rid of with the least possible effort and disturbance.

Among the staunchest devotees of the god of work has been the Christian religion. As so frequently happens, religion has espoused a doctrine that already enjoyed full social sanction, and has given it back to the community with the added weight of divine support and approval. Work has been presented as a pious duty. This was conspicuously illustrated in the case of the Protestant founders of this country. Starting with the assumption that the Lord would provide for his own in material ways as well as spiritual ("Yet, have I not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread," "The righteous shall inherit the earth"), it was an easy step to the conclusion that the degree of worldly prosperity enjoyed by an individual was a measure of his favor with the Lord. And from this it was a simple deduction that the pursuit of wealth was one form of service to God. And this meant work.

We all remember with what gusto we used to sing the good old Gospel Hymn that adjured us to "Work, for the night is coming, Work mid springing flowers . . . Work through the sunny noon" (no time off for lunch), and so on till we finished "under the sunset skies," having fulfilled perfectly the injunction to "fill brightest hours with labor." And all for what? What was the reward? "Rest comes sure and soon." Work in order that you may rest, rest in order that you may work! What are sparkling dew, springing flowers, radiant sunsets, all the splendors of glorious Nature for but to work in?

And so illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely—the *New York Times*

editorially heralding the discovery that work is no longer a curse but a blessing—just because, forsooth, without work many persons cannot fill their stomachs; a popular magazine paying money to advertise the doctrine that "Economic America has no other problem than that of getting enough of its commodities into the hands of the masses of wage-earning America in order to keep the wheels of its mass production turning at the other end." But enough! The existing situation should be sufficiently clear. The great question is, what are we going to do about it?

III

What is needed is obviously a revolution in some of our basic philosophies of life. First of all, as already intimated, we must have a complete reversal of our characteristic attitude toward economic activities. The god of work must be cast down from his ancient throne, and the divinity of enjoyment put in his place. We must learn that consumption is the only justification and guide of production. We must learn that consumption requires the same scientific study and research that we have so generously lavished on production. We must develop a technic of consumption. Hitherto we have relied upon the assumption that human beings know by intuition or instinct how to utilize the products of their own inventive achievements. This is utterly false. Our instincts trace back to our cave ancestors or their simian forbears. It is just as absurd to suppose that a man knows intuitively how most efficiently to enjoy a radio or an automobile as that he knows instinctively how to operate a steam shovel or a linotype. We must develop first a sound theory of consumption, and then a system of education and training for consumption.

Along with this, we must have a new philosophy of work. Work must be recognized not as a virtue or a blessing, but as an intrinsic evil. The only justification for work is its product. Work is a means to an end, and the end should govern the means. To be sure, it should be remembered that there may be, and often are, useful products of work aside from the ostensible and direct object of the work—by-products, as it were. There is doubtless a high disciplinary value, and often an intense personal satisfaction, in tackling a hard job, throwing all one's energies and capacities into it, and seeing it through to a successful conclusion, or even, in case of failure, realizing that one has done the best he could. But to secure these benefits, work must be voluntary, intelligent, purposeful, and essentially self-directed. These characteristics are conspicuously absent from a large portion of modern industrial work. Very frequently the machine worker of to-day does not even know what he is making or what its relation is to any general scheme of things.

Sometimes, too, there is pleasure in the very work itself. To the extent that this is true, the activity ceases to be work in the strict sense of the word. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the satisfaction which justifies the work comes directly, without the mediation of any concrete product of work. One man works hard in an office all the week so that he may play golf on Saturday afternoons and Sundays; another man becomes a golf professional from sheer love of the game. These are simply two different ways of getting satisfaction from work.

In the new day work must not only not be encouraged but not permitted unless there is some positive and demonstrable social good to be derived from it. Work is too potent a thing to be indulged in irresponsibly. We can't

allow people to go about working at their own sweet will.

We must have a new philosophy of thrift. In the old days saving was practiced to provide against want or dependency in old age or to substitute future enjoyment for present. A small part of saving is still for these purposes, and that part is fully justified. But most modern saving is for investment, and investment means more machines and more productive plant, and so more potentialities of work. People in the future will not be allowed to save and invest recklessly.

We must have a new philosophy of waste. In the past waste has been considered as almost a mortal sin, virtually equivalent to a form of robbery. The assumption has been that the waster keeps somebody else from getting goods that he otherwise would have enjoyed, or possibly that waste makes somebody work harder than he otherwise would need to. But under modern conditions waste is not necessarily an evil; it may be a distinct benefit. There are two types of waste which should be clearly distinguished. The first is waste which tends to deplete the natural resources of the land more rapidly than necessary. This is emphatically an evil—if anything, a more flagrant evil to-day than ever before. It is a form of robbery—the robbery of unborn generations. The other form of waste is simply the consumption of a certain commodity with less ultimate satisfaction than it is capable of yielding. If this means merely the arbitrary destruction of a part of the surplus product of past work it may be positively beneficial, by making a larger place for the product of the work that is now going on.

We must, most emphatically of all, have a new philosophy of idleness—or rather, we must substitute for the present philosophy of idleness a sound and comprehensive philosophy of leisure

time. We must come to realize that leisure time, that is, time spent in pleasurable employment, is the only kind of time that makes life worth living. All other time is tolerable only as it contributes to the richness and developmental content of our leisure. But, of course, leisure, to be itself tolerable, must be immeasurably more than mere idleness. Leisure time should mean the opportunity for all those pursuits that really contribute to the realization and enlargement of personality. Many of these activities, in the case of certain individuals, may, as has already been intimated, bear the outward semblance of work. Every amateur photographer, cabinet maker, or gardener knows this. The distinction between work time and leisure time depends not on what is done but why it is done.

In this connection, the phrase "idle rich" must lose its current uncomplimentary significance. Idle is exactly what the rich ought to be. Idle, of course, in the sense that they are not doing remunerative work of a kind that keeps somebody else from getting the income that he can get only from work. Let us desist from lauding the scion of a wealthy family who puts on overalls and goes out to take his part in "the work of the world." There is not work enough to go around, and he already has his share of the good things of life. Let him devote his time to some noncompetitive pursuit—art, or philosophy, or research, or the breeding of Chow dogs or dahlias, or what you will—and leave work to those who have to have it.

One final requirement—we must have a new philosophy of education. There has been endless argumentation about the purpose and end of education. One of the most modern and popular theories is that education is to teach us to think. To-day this doctrine is wholly inadequate. The pur-

pose of education should be to train us to *live*. Thinking is a part of the art of living, but it is by no means all of it. We already have machines to do a good deal of our thinking for us. What we need to learn is what life is really for, what it has potentially to offer, what is its relative scale of values, and how each of us, as a person, may best attain these values. What changes this new concept may induce in the average curriculum time alone can tell. But the change in basis for evaluating courses is revolutionary. Education in the past has been almost exclusively focussed on work time; the education of the future must be centered on leisure time. As already intimated, a part of this new system of education must be the development of an inclusive theoretical science and practical art of consumption. This will involve the working out of formulas to enable us to establish the correct ratios between productive time and consumptive time. We must learn to recognize that consumption takes time just as truly as production, and we must discover precisely the amount of productive time which is required, under varying social and economic conditions, to provide just that combination of material goods and leisure time that will yield the maximum degree of satisfaction in consumption.

And when this is all done, when all these philosophical revolutions have been accomplished, and their teachings put into effect, we shall probably discover that work, in the ancient sense of the word, has almost disappeared, vanished into thin air. All the drudgery, all the dirty and disagreeable tasks, will be done by machinery, and the others will have lost the characteristic features of work. The machines will be so intelligently administered that they will operate only in such ways and for such periods of time as are necessary to turn out the goods

required for the most efficient consumption of the community. The residuum of activity still necessary to be done by human agencies will be so limited in quantity, and so evenly distributed among all the individuals in the community, that it will be at worst neutral, and for the most part positively pleasurable. For, as already observed, the distinction between work and play is not what is done but how, to what extent, and for what purpose it is done. There is practically nothing which is done by masses of people as work that is not also done by individuals for pleasure and recreation. When mechanization has been carried to its ultimate perfection there will be so little of routine production left for human hands and minds to do that in all probability there will be actual competition for the doing of it for its own sake, for the interest, variety, and stimulation that it has to offer.

Thus the distinction between work and recreation will at last be wiped out altogether. Everyone will be left free for genuinely creative activities. Type will still be set, clothes made, fur-

niture built, gardens planted, and ditches dug by hand. But these things will be done in just the same spirit as now pictures are painted, songs sung, and doilies embroidered—for the delight and pleasure in doing them, for the expression and development of personality. Few enjoyments are higher than those which come from impressing one's own individuality upon a material medium, especially if it be in measurably permanent form. Mankind is endowed with limitless capacities for creating beautiful and useful things in varied and individual forms. The men of the future—and not such a distant future, either—will devote themselves to these and kindred pursuits, and will look back upon their ancestors who spent their time and energy in the routine production of standardized, conventional, and largely superfluous material objects in much the same attitude with which we regard the savages who knock out their teeth, brand their skin, or cut off the joints of their fingers for some traditional reason that they do not even think of trying to understand, but just blindly obey.





A CORONATION IN ABYSSINIA

BY ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

ONE August morning in London, I received a cablegram from E., "Abyssinia October seventeenth." The following week came a letter, saying we might as well see the coronation of Ras Tafari, which would be a great African spectacle—probably the last of them. It ought to be, she added, a remarkable sight. Thus it happened that we set forth to Abyssinia to see Ras Tafari crowned as the Emperor Hailé Selassie I, King of Kings of Ethiopia, Lion of Judah, and all the rest of it.

We left Marseilles in a small coast-wise steamer, passing through the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and down the East Coast of Africa. The boat was small, very old and dirty, and abominably crowded. We had on board three special ambassadors sent by their governments to the coronation. After twelve days' slow steaming, we reached French Somaliland—a low, flat, desert coast and hot—a few degrees north of the Equator. Here we disembarked at the port, Djibouti, and that same evening took the train which was to carry us five hundred miles into the interior, up to Addis-Abéba, the capital of Abyssinia. It was a special train because of the diplomats, and was to make the journey in thirty-six hours. Usually these trains do not run at night; they stop at certain stations where the passengers sleep in small hotels and continue their journey next day. This is because the natives like to tear up the rails to make

spear heads. Probably the road was well patrolled for this occasion.

The clumsy carriages rocking and swaying on the narrow-gauge track gave the impression that they would turn over any minute. But we were assured that this would not happen—they upset only about once a month, and the last time had been so recent there was nothing to fear on this trip. We had to be our own porters and make our own beds, a hot job with the thermometer over a hundred. The beds were a bit primitive—the seat backs pulled down from the wall, forming a sort of cooling-board on which we placed our bedding—the sheets, pillows, and blankets hired from the hotel in Djibouti. It was difficult to make up the beds with the train rocking and swaying in that perilous manner, but we were going to a coronation and couldn't be too particular. There was no corridor, each compartment being shut off to itself and with no communication cord for emergencies. Ours was at the rear of the carriage, opening on to a platform. E. thought we had better lock this door in case anyone should try to get in during the night. We had to stop frequently to take on wood and water, and the desert had an unpleasant reputation; but there was no key, so we had to heap our luggage against the door, thankful we had so much to make a barricade.

The next day we crossed the African bush—dusty brown earth covered with

clumps of sparse grass and thorn bushes, all dry, arid, and burning hot—desolate and lonely beyond words. All day long nothing but this bush—spiky thorns, thorny cactus, and giant ant hills. From time to time we saw wild animals moving about—hyenas, great baboons walking in dry river beds, gazelles of various kinds, ostriches, and three lions. We stopped for meals at stations along the route—small villages of native huts, surrounding the “hotel”—a one-storey house kept by a European, where we were fed on tinned food, poorly cooked.

The second morning, after slow but steady climbing at fourteen miles an hour, we reached the great Abyssinian plateau, eight thousand five hundred feet above sea level. We were within sight of the capital, Addis-Abéba, when the train made one more stop—the “dressing station” where the diplomats were to change their clothes. It appeared they had to descend from the train *en grande tenue*, to be greeted by the Ethiopian officials. This was all very well for the ministers who had their dress clothes with them in their compartments, but one of the ministers had his in a trunk in the van, in the bottom trunk too, with everything else on top of it. The whole luggage van had to be unloaded, piece by piece, everything was tossed out while an embarrassed young secretary stood by till the missing trunk was found. Soon we saw one of the train crew, a native, running by with an armful of grandeur—a gorgeous white uniform heavy with gold braid, a white helmet with a gold spike, and a fine red sash. The young secretary dressed in the empty van, after which the luggage was put back again, and we started off once more.

At half-past ten, we slowly steamed in to the station of Addis-Abéba. A red carpet was laid down for the envoys, and a band of ex-slaves played

the national anthem of each country as its representative descended from the train. And what a change in the appearance of these envoys! We hardly knew them! We had become accustomed to them in their “East-of-Suez” aspects, knew them as they were dressed in the Red Sea and during this long, dusty train journey up from the coast. But now what a transformation they had undergone! He whom we had known on the boat in shirt sleeves, in sneakers, and bare feet was now the most gorgeous of the lot, standing at attention while his national hymn was played through twice!

We stood about till the last of the dignitaries had driven off in state and then we moved over to the van to see to the removal of our luggage. We had dozens of pieces, mostly small and difficult to count. Each piece was finally placed on some woolly head, to be carried to the hotel a mile away. No carts or wheelbarrows—just heads to carry trunks, however heavy. And a few moments later we reached the hotel, or rather the cow shed of the hotel, the quarters assigned to us. It was a very nice cow shed, standing in the hotel grounds, but unmistakably a cow shed. However, it was clean and newly plastered and whitewashed, and each room contained an iron bed, and brand new jugs and basins on the wash-stands. The man from Cook’s, who had been called in months ago to prepare the town for visitors, said we ought to have seen that cow shed before he began to work. There were also electric lights. The proprietor had certainly done his best for the occasion, only it must have been rather terrible for him, looking forward to reaping a rich harvest from numerous visitors, to have the hotel itself commandeered by the Emperor for one of the missions. But he probably made it up on his cow sheds, of which there were two. Our rooms, eight feet by twelve, cost

fifteen dollars a day apiece, with an equal amount for extras. The hotel itself wasn't bad to look at, built of the native stone, European style, with thick walls and a corrugated-iron roof. Its capacity was twelve or fourteen guests, hence the converted cow sheds.

II

Some authorities say there are ten million people in Abyssinia, others say fourteen. Some people told us three hundred thousand tribesmen had come to the capital for the coronation, while others said only two hundred thousand. The streets were extremely crowded. For the most part, they are rough, rocky thoroughfares, with little to choose between roadway and sidewalk, each equally stony and filthy. The curbstones separating the two offer the only smooth walking, but a six-inch curb is of little practical use. Asphalt or concrete should have been laid on these broken rocks, which no doubt was King Menelik's intention; but in Abyssinia nothing ever gets finished—or if finished, is never kept up.

We had been told that this bit of Africa, the only bit not under European control, was progressive and up-to-date, with an active, enlightened ruler, making great strides to keep up with his Western neighbors. One third of the people are Amharas, the ruling race, and pleased to consider themselves the descendants of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. But one and all, save a few of the highest-ups, they live in mud huts, little round huts with a single opening, covered with thatch. Once in a while a hut is capped with an empty Perrier bottle, but that is the limit of their architectural genius. In the great market we looked in vain for nice native things, for those charming little objects of daily use such as one finds in China or Siam. But nothing, no arts or crafts or handiwork of any

kind. The Abyssinians are too poor and too primitive, with their lives as bare of refinement as any other African peoples.

The market was a huge affair, but uninteresting. There were thousands of people with something to sell—a handful of grain spread out on a cloth, a pile of vegetables; women seated behind piles of manure, selling it for fuel; others offering empty mineral-water bottles; others cartridges, some loaded, some empty. The empty ones made quite as good a showing when strung in a bandolier and, as few of them fit the obsolete gun that each man carries, it did not seem to matter.

The streets were crowded with sheep, goats, cattle, donkeys, and camels, passing in both directions. Through this mass of animals move crowds of men, all carrying guns or swords. A ras, or chief, rides by on his donkey, followed by his suite running on foot. The bigger the ras, the bigger the retinue. And through these crowds run motor cars, worming their way in and out.

We did not venture out into these streets alone. We had a little slave, a boy of about fifteen, and our importance was greatly enhanced by the presence of this small retainer, trotting at our heels. He had no sense at all, but a gentle nature, and we rather liked having little Cedar following behind us. It is a positive comfort to buy six envelopes at a stationer's shop and have a slave to stagger under the burden.

There are plenty of shops, mostly one storey high, built of stone and roofed with corrugated iron. They are kept by Greeks, Armenians, Arabs, Syrians, Indians—no Abyssinian keeps a shop—all business is left to these Levantines of various sorts who supply such wants as the Abyssinians may develop. As a rule, these traders are a pretty poor sort and do little to enhance the pres-

tige of foreigners. The men, sitting about the slovenly cafés, have "gone native." Africa has got them.

The difference between primitive and civilized peoples seems to be a scrap basket—the symbol of a container for refuse. Here in Addis are no containers of any sort; everything is just chucked out of doors, every conceivable form of filth. If too far to reach the street, the garden will do; if not the garden, then the floor. The hotel boys emptied our basins out of doors, on the ground. Whatever trash there was, torn letters, old papers, cigarette ends—all was thrown out into the garden. And in the town the same system holds. Out it goes, whatever its character, into the street. The streets are cleaned by hyenas and jackals, with vultures helping—a convenient arrangement but not very thorough. At night we could hear the jackals whining and crying as they came in from the hills to search the town. Once a dead camel lay for a week in front of the Bank of Abyssinia before it was found—an oversight, somehow, on the part of the hyenas and vultures.

There is no water supply in the capital—nothing but wells. And with unerring precision, on the rising ground above each well is a cesspool. There were two wells in our hotel garden, with a cesspool above each one, not fifty feet away. We were there in the dry season, November; but for six or eight months of the year the rain falls in torrents. No wonder the wells are contaminated. The lower one, near our cow shed, was used for watering the animals; sheep, cows, and donkeys drank from an old tin bath tub, into which the water was poured. The other well provided water for household purposes, such as cooking and washing. Naturally we drank mineral water, but it was unpleasant to know that the dishes were washed—and the

linen washed—and we ourselves, in this foul water.

The food was poor and badly cooked, and we could never forget that it was cooked in this water. We dispensed with meat, fearing the parasites—even if boiled. We avoided all raw food, like salads, eating only those covered with a good protective skin, like bananas. Anything out of a tin was a god-send, but even so, we felt it had been contaminated—the water perhaps not brought to the boiling point, or else handled by unclean hands. We grew terribly nervous about all food, especially when the doctor at one of the medical missions told us about infections caused by intestinal parasites.

Smallpox, he added, is constantly present among these people. Typhus also is endemic. There are likewise innumerable lepers, but during the coronation week all lepers and cripples were ordered off the streets, so we did not see any. As for venereal diseases, the doctor told us ninety-five per cent of the population were infected.

Abyssinia is a "Christian" country. Otherwise, missionaries from outside might have come in, with higher standards of decency and intelligence, and introduced some wholesome leaven. But, no—Abyssinia has been "Christian" since the Year 1, or A.D. 300. Over fifteen hundred years of solid, undiluted "Christianity" undisturbed by outside influences. It is frequently said that the Church has preserved the arts and inspired architecture, painting, sculpture, and literature. Not so in Abyssinia, where these things do not exist. In other countries, therefore, one must attribute stimulation of the arts to the genius of the peoples, rather than to the Church itself. A primitive people like the Abyssinians, without genius, has created nothing. They have brought nothing to their Church, and derived nothing from it. Nor has the Church, recruited from such a

background, been able to develop the people. A vicious circle.

Slavery flourishes in Abyssinia, but is generally spoken of as "feudalism." The serfs go with the land, and if the land changes hands through conquest, the serfs belong to a new master. At present it seems rather an innocuous institution, for a recent decree of the Emperor forbids the selling of slaves and proclaims that the children of slaves are free. Within another generation slavery will automatically end. However, a great fuss was made about it when Abyssinia was admitted to the League of Nations in 1923. The French put Abyssinia into the League to prevent it from being annexed by some predatory power. It will be more awkward for such a power to gobble up a League member—not that that will stand in the way when the time comes. For Abyssinia is rich—potentially rich, but as yet undeveloped. England and Italy cast longing eyes upon it.

III

Against this background the coronation was staged. The Emperor invited the world, and thirteen countries accepted and sent missions. The Emperor was crowned. The Empress was crowned. The four royal children were crowned; the ladies of the court were crowned, and finally the four great Rases crowned themselves. Wonderful crowns, made of solid Abyssinian gold. We heard that the Emperor's cost five thousand pounds, and that of the Empress a little less.

We went on arrival to our charming minister at Addis-Abéba. He got us tickets for everything outsiders were admitted to. Not everything was open to us, naturally. None of the state banquets that the Emperor gave to the diplomatic corps or the great dinners they gave in return. It was no hardship to be left out of these enter-

tainments. We wanted to see as many of the ceremonies as we could, all the real Abyssinian things. As it disappointingly turned out, there wasn't very much Abyssinian about it—everything was just as European as the Emperor could make it—he staged just as foreign a show as he knew how.

There were really very few "tourists"—six or eight Americans, a few French, and a few English persons—perhaps twenty, all told. This does not include the journalists and movie men, who were legion. There was no business which had taken E. and myself all this distance, this immense journey, save a desire to see the unique spectacle of an African coronation. And then to have it turn out pseudo-European!

Three of the special ambassadors came in great style, the British, French, and Italian delegations, all with tremendous suites and the finest Rolls Royces or magnificent Italian cars. The whole diplomatic corps, however, was bouncing about all day long, dashing from one entertainment to another. Likewise the golden chairs on which they sat. These chairs (provided by the Emperor) were elaborately carved and gilded, with lions' paws for feet, upholstered in red velvet. They were carried about all over the town, from one place to another; we were constantly coming upon a procession of chair bearers, each man carrying a golden chair upside down on his head. Rolls of red carpet also were carried about from place to place. What with the diplomats flashing about, with outriders and escorts, and the golden chairs being hurried from one spot to another all day long, the streets became livelier than ever.

It must have been a gratification to the Emperor to see the pomp and majesty of his three neighbors, who sent out the best they had—the Duke of Gloucester from England, the Duke of Udine from Italy, and Mar-

shall Franchet-d'Esperey from France. There was nothing subtle about the flattery offered by these three countries—it was laid on with a trowel. At the coronation itself, the moment the golden crown was placed on the head of the Emperor the band that burst forth into the national anthem of Ethiopia was a British marine band.

They say the Emperor is a vain man; if so, his vanity must have been deeply stirred. Wherever he went the British representative sat at his right hand, and the Italian at his left. This seemed a bit ominous, considering the treaty of 1906 by which these three powers (Great Britain, France, and Italy) agreed to divide Abyssinia among themselves. Each selected its "sphere of influence" so that when the proper time came there should be no wrangling as to which was to get which. Again, about three years ago, England and Italy strengthened this agreement, repeating to themselves and the world just what they want when the time for the split-up comes. England's share is to be the north and northwest—where the gold mines are, incidentally, to say nothing of Lake Tsana, the headwaters of the Nile. All this territory adjoins the Soudan and will be most convenient. Italy just wants a colony with a nice fertile soil, an outlet for her excess population. France is to hold on to the railway, which she built, together with a good strip of land on each side. Remembering these treaties, it made one feel rather suspicious to see the representatives of these powers always hovering near the Emperor, sitting close on either side. He must have been flattered—but he must also have had qualms.

But to go back to the coronation. We had to get up at five, to be at the church by six, for the ceremony started at seven. As a matter of fact, it was nearly nine when it began. We were always making these cold, early

rises for something scheduled to begin early, but which was always late. Our tickets of admission did not arrive till late the evening before, when we had almost given up hope. But tickets always arrived at the last moment for everything.

The small church was enlarged by a canvas addition, very like a tent, in which the ceremony took place. The Emperor was seated on a golden throne on one side, and the Empress on a golden throne on the other. The high Ethiopian dignitaries were ranged on the right, with the diplomatic corps on the left. People like us sat in chairs in front, but we were few in number. There must have been a hundred empty seats, with standing room as well. It was significant that no Abyssinian of humble rank could enter in spite of this vacant space. Only foreigners were allowed.

Being foreigners, we always got the best places everywhere. This discrimination, however, must have been galling to the natives, who had been obliged to pay for all this lavish expenditure. Menelik's statue had been unveiled the previous day—a fine equestrian statue made by a French sculptor. The unveiling was an interesting sight—for us. The humble Abyssinians stood off at a distance, a considerable distance, and saw what they could. Yet some of these tribesmen had walked hundreds of miles to reach Addis, coming from provinces so remote that they had been marching for weeks to get here on time. True, the Emperor rode about the streets a good deal, for his subjects to see him, but we noticed the crowds were silent. We were told there was great feeling at all this—not only because of the great outlay of money from a country so desperately poor, but because the foreigners were always considered first.

A serious clash occurred the night of

the coronation, in which fifteen people were killed, but the trouble was promptly put down with an iron hand. It was openly said that two of the four great Rases (princes) were responsible, being strongly at variance with the Emperor's policies, both as to the foreign invasion and the huge expenses. Anticipating this trouble, the telegraph wires were cut in advance, so that no news of it could reach the outside world. Moreover, the wires remained cut for eighteen hours, and the journalists were furious at not being able to send out their messages. We got all this inside information from our friends of the press, a group of six who came in nearly every evening to sit with us for coffee. There were four young Frenchmen and two Englishmen, and we looked forward to these pleasant, gossiping evenings in the bare, ugly dining room of that primitive hotel. In a land of no newspapers this was how we learned the news of the day, and rare sidelights we got on the situation.

"Have you heard about the coach?" asked one of them on the eve of the coronation. It seems the Emperor had bought one of the state coaches of the ex-emperor of Germany, and in this he proposed to drive away from the church following his coronation. It seemed a bit ominous to take a first ride in the coach of a dethroned monarch, but that was not our affair. The coach had been bought for a price, with six fine horses to pull it and a Hungarian coachman to drive. Only, explained our young friend, the horses had never been out of their stables since they arrived some weeks ago, because no one knew how to drive them—or even harness them. Nor would the coachman do it since his wages had never been paid. There had been no try-out of these spirited horses, restless through lack of exercise, and the coachman flatly refused to

have anything to do with them till he got his money. "And he says he will strike to-morrow," concluded our young friend. Just then another young man hurried in and joined our little group. "All right about the coach for to-morrow," he exclaimed. "The driver has just now been paid twenty pounds on account!"

Even so, only four of the six horses could be used, the two leaders being too wild and restive to be harnessed. But with these four the coach upset while empty, on its way to the church. After the coronation the Emperor drove away in it, but only for a short distance and then transferred himself to his more reliable motor.

On all sides we kept hearing about the depletion of the treasury because of the heavy drain to meet the expenses of this gala week. Each one of the populace had been called upon for a dollar, an "M.T. dollar" worth thirty-three cents in our money. In the 18th century Austrian money was brought by the traders into the Soudan, and thence filtered into Abyssinia, and these silver dollars (or thalers) have been in use ever since. They bear the image of Maria Theresa, and are still minted in Austria to-day, bearing the original date, 1780. Years ago Menelik tried to introduce dollars with his own image on them, but it was no use—the people wanted M.T. dollars or nothing. Each of these poor people throughout the country was taxed a dollar towards the official expenses; by the time each petty chief had collected the money, taken his rake-off, and passed the remainder on to the next higher chief who did the same thing, there was not so much left. When it reached the capital the sum met with further depletions—graft all along the line. Consequently a second levy had to be made, conducted in the same manner. Nor was this second levy sufficient to meet expenses.

None of this was pleasing to the people, nor even to the chiefs themselves. It was freely rumored that the Crown was in debt to the extent of three million dollars, an immense sum for so poor a country. Furthermore, most of this money was spent abroad, for resplendent uniforms, costly wines, foreign food, lion-skin busbys made in England, furniture, coaches, horses—the outlay must have been great. It was said that the Emperor would have to sell his shares in the Bank of Abyssinia; that he would have to sell his shares in the Franco-Ethiopian Railway; that he would have to contract a foreign loan. Thanks to this reckless expenditure, bankruptcy was staring the country in the face, and the big Rases did not like it. These four great princes rule the four quarters of Abyssinia and are quite as powerful as the Emperor—in fact, his throne rests upon their consent.

Graft flourishes in this country, as in any other. As the methods differ from ours, it seemed perhaps more blatant. We were told this story: An agent from a certain European commercial house was called in to supply certain things that were necessary—crocery, tableware, silver, beds, furnishings—all needed to fit up the houses assigned to the different guests. The agent suggested that all these things could be hired for the occasion—there was no need to buy them outright. It would be far cheaper to hire them and send them back afterwards. But no, they must all be bought, every last one of them. So bought they were and, with a long sea voyage from Europe, very costly in consequence. The bill for one special item came to eight thousand pounds, and the agent presented it with considerable apprehension. As he expected, the official flew up in the air at the size of it—at the *small* size of it. This amount must be *doubled*, declared the official emphati-

cally; it must be doubled, else there was no money for him at all!

"Do what you like," said the agent in disgust. "That's the bill. Fix it to suit yourselves."

We enjoyed these evenings with our young journalist friends, listening to their stories and gossip. One evening, after one of these gatherings, E. and I walked back to our cow shed somewhat earlier than usual. Something was the matter with one of the walls in my room—it was black nearly up to the ceiling. As I looked, the blackness spread higher and wider—a solid mass of ants. Ants boiling up from below somewhere, spreading and creeping in all directions, so thick they covered the whitewashed wall like a curtain. Army ants, that walk across the country in columns, and turn aside for nothing and nobody. Evidently our cow shed stood in their way, and they were taking it in, in their stride. These ants bite. A favorite way of putting an enemy to death is to stake him to the ground in the path of these ants, which eat him alive as they pass.

I called E. from the adjoining room, and together we stood speechless and horrified. Lucky we had come to bed when we did—what if these things had arrived in the night when we were asleep and had swarmed all over us! Then I remembered that the houseboys kept a broom outside somewhere, and I dashed out in the moonlight to find it.

"I'll sweep—you stamp!" I called to E., and began sweeping down the walls, and brushing the creatures into heaps on the floor, for E. to stamp on. Again and again I swept down the wall, but they boiled up from below thicker and faster, spreading in all directions. E. stamped like a clog-dancer—and got well bitten. We worked like this for an hour, taking turns sweeping and stamping, before

we could make any headway to stem the tide. The supply seemed endless. We brushed the dead ants out of the door, and fresh swarms took their places, scattering right and left. But we finally finished them—they gained on us no longer. When we had the place clear we put Keating's powder in every nook and crack and then sank exhausted upon our beds.

The next day, by a fortunate chance, two rooms fell vacant in the hotel, and we moved into those. It was quite an improvement on our cow shed, for there was a new porcelain bath tub in the dressing room, with taps for hot and cold water, also a nice wash basin with taps, all recently imported and installed. Unfortunately, not a drop of water, hot or cold, ran from either faucet. Just for show.

Abyssinians are pleased with new toys, however little they understand them. They are beyond the bead stage, and glass beads no longer attract them—bath tubs, motors, airplanes are the novelties they now demand, though they know nothing about keeping things in repair. If a hinge comes off, if a door knob gets loose, no attempt is made to replace or repair the damage. The motors about town are never cleaned or oiled; they go till they drop, with bent fenders, battered wheels, and torn upholstery. In the Bank of Abyssinia the brass grill work was covered with tarnish and verdigris, while great streamers of cobwebs hung from the ceiling. One wonders what will become of the Emperor's airplanes, his expensive, intricate new toys?

A few years ago, one of the big Rases visited Paris and was much impressed by what he saw. "If we had your modern machinery," he remarked, "we could be as progressive as you are." The brains that invented this machinery impressed him not at all. Therefore, there is this intense, rather pathetic desire to acquire mod-

ern European articles whose use is but dimly understood. If they can only import enough of them, Abyssinia will be on a par with the Western world.

Of a piece with this, but the reverse of the medal, was the desire to hide all but the "modern" aspects of the country. Miles of palisades had been erected to screen from view the thousands of mud huts in the capital. Everything that revealed the poverty and primitive conditions of life was kept in the background as much as possible.

The review of troops was the only part of the week's entertainment that was real, and not pseudo-European. This took place on an enormous plain just outside the city, and some three hundred thousand warriors passed before the reviewing stand in all their native costumes. All dressed in white *chammas*, with lion skins, spears, shields of rhinoceros hide, and war drums. In loose formation thousands of chiefs rode by, followed by their men. The number of these warriors was impressive. They swarmed over the plain like ants, thousands of them, on and on, thumping upon their war drums—real Africa at last! The modern troops numbered about two thousand, in khaki uniforms, well drilled and carrying good rifles. There were a few mountain guns on the backs of mules, but this is the extent of modern armament permitted by England, France, and Italy. These three countries forbid the importation of arms into Abyssinia by the simple device of forbidding transit through their surrounding colonies. The old-fashioned guns so much in evidence had all been smuggled in, but were not worth bothering about. The reviewing stand was a high bank or hill, thirty feet above the level of the plain, and under a striped canopy stood the Emperor's golden throne. On either side were tents, one for the diplomatic

corps and one for the foreigners; the diplomats had their golden chairs, while we had just camp chairs. Suddenly, as the crowds of warriors rode by, a dozen chiefs turned aside and began to scramble up the bank, right up to the throne. One man charged up on horseback. All were yelling like mad, brandishing spears and swords and shaking them right in the Emperor's face. In a moment a violent struggle took place between these furious men and the Emperor's bodyguard—an exciting time during which the diplomats hurriedly abandoned their golden chairs—and we did the same—with some speed. The fight lasted several minutes, a hand-to-hand tussle between these yelling chiefs and the bodyguard, which was trying desperately to push the men down and off the bank. They succeeded at last, and all was quiet once more. During this tense period the Emperor sat like a graven image, unblinking.

“What was the row about?” we asked our journalist friends that evening. No one knew exactly. One had heard that these chiefs were protesting their loyalty and swearing undying fidelity to their new ruler. It seemed an odd way of saying so. Then we heard that these chiefs have the right to lay their grievances before the throne—apparently they had many. Not until the next day did we learn that these men had been expressing their opinion of foreigners!

This review ended the week's ceremonies, as far as the diplomatic corps was concerned—they were now going home. The following day, however, the Emperor gave a lunch at his palace to “distinguished visitors,” journalists, and camera men. Our names had been sent in by our Legation—we were told we were to be invited—but no invitations came. This was rather disconcerting, as the time was

getting on—eleven o'clock and no invitations, with the lunch set for one. Presumably all was confusion and “pell-mess” at the palace, and our cards had been delayed. They reached us at noon—a close shave, but we got there.

The main palace is rather a handsome building of stone, square and simple, but spoiled by the inevitable corrugated-iron roof. We all waited in a glass-enclosed corridor till the last motor arrived, or the last guest trudged up on foot. At a given signal we passed from this corridor to the throne room, a large, handsome room, a hundred feet long, with red-velvet curtains at the windows. At the extreme end was a dais covered by a red canopy supported on golden posts; and at the edge of the dais the Emperor stood to receive us. He was dressed in his robes of state but without a crown. A strip of red carpet led up to the dais; and one by one we walked half way along this carpet and made a bow or a curtsy as the case might be. The Emperor made a small, grave bow in acknowledgment. These greetings over, each one walked to the side of the room, and stood watching the newcomers make their bows, thankful that his own was over with. No one spoke. We all stood there in silence for some minutes, and then servants came in, bearing great trays of drinks, aperitifs of various kinds for those who wished them. Then came another long pause, and then we moved into the dining room. This was another beautiful room, with three or four long tables down the center; at a dais across the end sat the Emperor with two special guests, an English and a French lady of title on either hand. The Empress was not present.

Name cards were at every place, but we had great difficulty in finding where we sat—those long tables, with dozens

of cards to be read till we found the right one. I sat between an English and an Armenian journalist, and was lucky to have neighbors. Many persons did not, finding themselves with an empty chair on each side. There was a sea of empty chairs—about forty—equal in number to the guests who were present. These chairs belonged to the unfortunate ones whose invitations did not reach them in time—which were not delivered, in many cases, till four o'clock that afternoon!

The meal was excellent, French cooking and foreign food, beautifully served. We afterwards returned to the throne room, and stood about in groups, talking in low tones. The Emperor stood alone at the edge of his dais, while servants passed liqueurs and cigarettes. It wasn't a merry party—there was too much constraint and formality. Finally came the signal to leave, and again we walked one by one half way up to the dais and made our awkward bows.

This ended the week's entertainment, and we began to make plans for leaving. Unfortunately everyone else wanted to leave, and as soon as possible. The trains run only twice a week, and the diplomats had first rights to them, and filled them so full that there was no possible chance of the rest of us getting away till the last mission had left. It took ten days to get rid of them all; for the railway is only a single track, with very little rolling stock. So we were obliged to

remain in the capital, willy-nilly, and the enforced stay was most irksome. The great altitude bothered us, to say nothing of the bad food we were obliged to eat. In spite of the utmost precautions, many visitors got poisoned—including ourselves. In fact, one of our acquaintances died. This was a horrible feeling, being ill, with no way of escape, with five hundred miles of bush and desert between us and the coast—imprisoned in the interior of Africa, with no way of getting out.

Towards the end of the second week we heard of a train that would be empty enough to take us. No one knew just when it would be leaving—it might be Thursday or Friday or Saturday—no one seemed to know. And when the day was finally fixed, the hour was then uncertain—it might be morning or evening, no one could tell. Nor did anyone know whether it would go to the coast in thirty-six hours or take the usual three days. All was vague and uncertain until the very last minute.

We parted from Cedar, our little slave boy. A frail, wistful little creature, so gentle and courteous, but with no sense at all. He bowed over and over, low and repeatedly, down to the ground. We tried to shake hands with him, but he kept on bowing.

"Poor little soul," I said to E. "We are fortunate to be leaving this country, but poor little Cedar must always stay."

"Perhaps he likes Abyssinia," said E. "Some people do."



ARE YOU AN AMATEUR?

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

DURING the past few days my entire time has been devoted to getting on paper some thoughts about the amateur spirit. If these thoughts can be compressed into a coherent article they will be published, in which event I shall be paid by the editors of this magazine. It is, therefore, quite clear that I am a professional writer.

But is it so clear? Not for years have I enjoyed myself so much as in correlating my beliefs about amateurism and the amateur spirit and getting them down in black and white. In fact, whether or not I ever receive money for the article, whether or not it is ever published, I should still try to work out my ideas on the subject because it interests me intensely. Consequently I am coming dangerously close to the definition of an amateur in most dictionaries: a man who does a thing because he loves it and not with any thought of material gain. No, it is not so clear after all.

Last June, Leo Diegel, the professional golfer, made the trip to Hoylake to play in the British Open Championships by means of writing a series of articles for an American newspaper syndicate. Therefore, it is quite obvious that Mr. Diegel, who was making money directly out of golf, was a professional. But on reflection it is not so easy as all that. Because Bobby Jones, then our amateur champion, was also at Hoylake, also writing, although for another and a larger American news-

paper syndicate. Now he was doing exactly the same thing as Mr. Diegel yet he was considered an amateur!

Last fall Mr. Jones turned to the films and openly abandoned his amateur status. The United States Golf Association accepted his resignation from its Executive Committee, and as a result of his commercial activities, he was declared ineligible to compete in amateur golf tournaments in the United States. But he still remains a member of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of Saint Andrews, a body which lays down the rules governing the conduct of amateurs for the rest of the world. So far he has not been declared by the Royal and Ancient a professional, and there is nothing to prevent him from competing in the British Amateur Championships, or indeed in any amateur event abroad such as the competition for the Gold Vase, of which he happens to be the holder. In other words, he is a professional in the United States and an amateur in England.

Miss Mary Browne, at the time one of the ranking women tennis players in the country, turned professional in 1926 and openly took money for playing the game. Therefore, it was clear that she had forfeited her amateur status and could no longer compete in amateur sports. But for some reason this ban does not extend to other sports, and Miss Browne, who is also a leading golfer, is permitted to play in amateur golf tournaments. No, it is not clear

at all. In fact the whole amateur-professional question is exceeded in complexity and loose thinking by only one other question in our national life, the prohibition question. How, for instance, is it possible for William T. Tilden to be an amateur on Thursday and not an amateur on Friday merely because he wrote about a match of tennis in which he happened to take part? How can Miss Glenna Collett be a professional real-estate agent (with earnings doubtless much enhanced by her golfing fame) and an amateur golf champion? If the Chairman of the Davis Cup committee shoves two prominent young tennis stars into a firm he owns, with nothing to do five or six months a year but play tennis, don't they make money directly out of sport? And are they to be considered amateurs or professionals? If Miss Helene Madison, the swimming star, journeyed two hundred miles to compete in a meet, and accepted expenses for more than two days, she could be disciplined by the Amateur Athletic Union; whereas Miss Sarah Palfrey of Boston, when chosen to play on the Wightman Cup team, has her expenses paid to and from England, covering a period of several months. It's all extremely perplexing.

And there you have but a handful of the myriad questions that plague us the moment the amateur-professional question is raised. So far as I am concerned, the answer to the whole thing is simple. I don't know. For, like prohibition, the more you get into the trouble and the farther you study it, the less you understand it or can imagine any solution. George Von Elm, the golfer, recently declared that he had become a "business man golfer." He would not be a professional in that he would not teach; but he would play in open tournaments and take money prizes whenever he won them. Not an amateur, nor yet a professional, he

originated a third class of athletes, what Mr. Kipling in describing the marines called "A sort of a bloomin' cosmopolouse . . ." Is that the solution to the problem? Possibly. Sometimes one is tempted to ask whether the distinction between amateurs and professionals to-day is of any real value, whether it serves a useful purpose, whether it is worth keeping. Divisions, classifications, arbitrary rules separating human beings into pens and labeling them amateurs and professionals are, in the last analysis, idiotic. Are you an amateur? Who is to say? Who knows? Do you really know yourself? The fact is that attempts to tag men and women in this manner have always failed and always will fail no matter what rules are made.

Why? Because the amateur spirit is the most delicate and subtle thing in the world. It is a spiritual quality, an inward grace which a person has or has not. Consequently, the moment you try to lay down hard and fast rules about it you are hopelessly and irretrievably lost. Efforts to express such distinctions in hair-splitting rules can end only in confusion. May it not be, therefore, that an issue out of all our affliction over the amateur-professional question would come by abolishing entirely the silly rules and regulations which attempt to say that so and so or such and such makes a man this, or prevents him from being that? In other words, abolishing the terms amateur and professional altogether? Possibly this would be a solution.

But if the distinction in terms—this classification—seems not to be worth preserving, the amateur spirit, as separate and apart from all rules, labels, and titles, is something that is most emphatically worth keeping. The amateur spirit, which may be defined as the feeling that you are doing something because you want intensely to do it, without any idea of material gain,

has been in many walks of life a factor in the growth of our country. Ignorant observers appear to believe that the amateur spirit is something connected only with sports; that one puts it on when one goes out for a round of golf and then on return hangs it up in the locker for use the following Saturday afternoon. Nothing, of course, could be more absurd than this naïve belief. The amateur spirit permeates our entire civilization, is all around us at every moment of the day. It is to be found in the most unexpected and amazing places—in business, for instance. Every great industry in the United States has been built up by men who possessed intensely the amateur spirit, who gave freely of themselves, not simply for money, but because they were interested in and loved their work. Every big business to-day has on its staff men with the amateur spirit, men who carry their anxieties home in their minds at night, who are constantly trying to solve their problems for the satisfaction of solving them, men doing work for which no amount of money can ever pay them. Said a prominent American industrialist to Miss Rosita Forbes, "There is more fun in saving one-tenth of a cent in production than in winning all the international cups in the world." That man had the amateur spirit—more so than many an athletic champion who has come under my observation.

Open your eyes. Look around and see on all sides men and women inspired by the amateur spirit. Is it not the amateur spirit which keeps country doctors, underpaid, often never paid, working fifteen, eighteen hours a day in every climate? Is it not the amateur spirit which keeps school-teachers at their desks day in, day out, in cities where hordes of non-English-speaking children render their life anything but a pleasure? The amateur spirit has animated and inspired the greatest of

our great. Washington was an amateur president. Franklin was an amateur diplomat. Jefferson was an amateur statesman. The amateur spirit sustained these men, invigorated them, stood with them through life, as it has stood with thousands of their descendants.

What, originally, was the reason for the classification of athletes into amateurs and professionals? Lazy-minded persons will tell you that it is based on a snobbish class distinction in England. It has degenerated into this; but the reason for the distinction was logical. In cricket, one of the earliest of English ball games, we find the first of the modern professionals, a man who *professed* the sport. This man did nothing but play cricket all the time. He had no other occupation. It was felt, and properly, that it was unfair to ask a man who played cricket for fun one afternoon a week to compete on even terms with a man who played all day and was getting practice continually. Obviously, the latter had a great advantage; he was a professional, whereas the other was an amateur who merely dabbled at the game, who played on week ends because he loved cricket and for no other reason. Hence the reason for the distinction between amateur and professional.

The man who played on week ends, who did not make a business of playing, who loved the game for the game had the amateur spirit. To-day, so curiously and marvellously have we confused values by our interminably silly rules issuing from the offices of associations governing athletics, that the title "amateur" has come to have little relation to the quality which it is supposed to represent.

II

"Nor must we condemn indiscriminately the whole class of professional



athletes. We certainly find some who tried to realize the old ideal, who were true sportsmen," says Professor Norman Gardiner in his *Athletics of the Ancient World*. Can, then, a professional athlete have the amateur spirit? Certainly, why not? In fact the two Americans who it seems to me are the best examples of sportsmen with the amateur spirit are both professionals open and avowed: Vincent Richards and Walter Hagen.

But do they not accept money for playing? Are they not professionals in every sense of the word? Yes, they accept money, but here again let me caution you against taking technical definitions at their face value. Calling a man an amateur does not make him one; some amateurs are professionals in everything except name, whereas many professionals are amateurs at heart. The amateur spirit has absolutely nothing to do with the classifications tabulated by officials, not a few of whom have no real understanding of the problem about which they issue *obiter dicta*. Does not Walter Hagen care for money? Certainly. Does he not earn a living out of sport? Yes. But behind that perfectly natural and normal desire for money is a burning love of the sport which furnishes him his livelihood. Such a love that when he gets into a tight place in a match where one shot may make or break him, he is not thinking as is his adversary, "This may cost me three thousand dollars." He is thinking only of the ball, of the sport, of the contest. He is playing primarily because he loves golf and secondarily for money. The fact that he is termed a professional by a body of men sitting about a table in an office has nothing to do with his outlook toward the game he plays.

Vincent Richards is another so-called professional who has the amateur spirit. It was he who coined the priceless definition of the distinction be-

tween an amateur and a professional: "One makes money out of sport and the other is not supposed to." Like Mr. Hagen, Mr. Richards is a professional who plays his game because he loves it. An excellent example was his match at Forest Hills in the fall of 1930 against Karel Kozeluh in the final round of the American professional tennis championships. Leading at the interval by two sets to one, a lead which he had obtained by taking the net continually, he knew he must win the fourth set or he could not hope to conquer his opponent. Practically exhausted, he whipped himself into the forecourt on every shot. Each stroke was bodily agony; but only by hurling himself at the net and cutting off that flow of drives could he gain a victory. Why did he do this, why put himself upon the rack in this manner? For money? No, because there was little money at stake. Nor would any man in his senses endure such agony for money anyway. No, he pushed himself to the limit and beyond simply because within him burned the amateur spirit.

Branch Rickey, the owner of the St. Louis Nationals, a professional baseball team, tells a story about Jim Bottomley, his big first baseman. It appears that during an important series with Brooklyn when the two teams were fighting neck and neck for the lead in the pennant race and every game was of vital importance, Mr. Rickey was called into the dressing room just before the team took the field to find that Bottomley had a series of boils running all up and down one side of his body. The trainer was against his playing, but every man was needed and badly needed.

"Let him go out to practice, and if he stays in let him play," said Mr. Rickey. So Bottomley went out, stayed in, and played the entire nine innings. In the end of the ninth, with the score a tie and no one on base, he got a base on balls.

The signal was given for him to steal second, and down the path he went, throwing himself into the bag upon his injured side. He rose slowly, and as he did so, the men on the St. Louis bench could see the pain on his clenched lips; and while he stood there he pulled his trouser away from his wounded leg.

A minute later the batter made a hit, bringing Bottomley in with the winning run. The game was over, and St. Louis was in the lead for the pennant. Mr. Rickey made his way through the shouting mob to the dressing room, pleased and proud of the boy, to find him stretched out naked on a table with the trainer picking slabs of Flatbush real estate from his bleeding side. Not knowing exactly what to say, happy and yet feeling acutely the boy's suffering, he remarked:

"Jim, what'd you mean by sliding into second like that on your bad side?"

The boy looked up, agony on his features.

"Mr. Rickey, didn't you notice where that second baseman was playing?" In all that torture as he went down to second, he had realized suddenly that if he slid in on his whole side he would be put out, whereas if he went in on his bad side he would be safe. So he took his punishment and was safe and won the game—why? For money? For his salary? Of course not. He was not paid to suffer in any such way. He did it because, like that other professional sportsman, Vincent Richards, he had the amateur spirit.

Hagen, Richards, Bottomley, three professional athletes with the amateur spirit. Yes, a professional athlete can have, often does have this spirit even though he plays a game on a salary. This is not to say that the amateur spirit is not found also in many amateur sportsmen. Last summer I happened to be playing tennis with a friend at a

club in a cathedral town in the south of England when my attention was attracted to a curious old lady practicing on the croquet lawn adjoining our court. She was there when we started, she was still going her interminable round when we finished an hour and a half later, a queer figure in one of those remarkable hats affected by English female royalty, a long gray dress down to her shoes, and enormous boots encased in rubber slippers to protect the turf. While we stood watching, she made ready for her shot, slowly and with care aimed the ball at the wicket, drew back her mallet, and then as it curved away, oblivious to the surroundings, to the onlookers, to everything and everyone, she remarked aloud, "Missed, by God!"

It was funny at the time, that gaunt, weather-beaten creature alone on that croquet lawn but, thinking it over afterward, I realized that there was a player with the amateur spirit. Last winter an enthusiastic friend took me to the New York Athletic Club to watch the finals of the Amateur Athletic Union wrestling championships. High upon a ring, men grappled and assaulted one another, lightweights and middleweights and heavyweights, the last class bringing into action two one hundred and ninety pounders who committed what seemed like legalized murder. One caught the other by the knees and threw him like a sack of meal, slamming him down so hard that the ring trembled under the shock. Then the other man caught his opponent in much the same manner and whanged him against the boards with the identical hold; again the ring shook and quivered. Standing beside me was a rough and ready youth, the director of a boy's club on Lenox Avenue, like myself new to the mysteries of wrestling. After watching these heavyweights belabor each other for several minutes, he shook his head

and remarked sagely, "Well, ain't they the blankety-blank fools?"

This, too, was my reaction to that insane massacre. But the longer one watched, the more one realized that the two men in the ring were a couple of amateur sportsmen. They wrestled, they underwent that torture, strange as it may seem, because they loved the sport. Not for money, because none was at stake, not for fame, because little fame attaches to the winners in these contests, not for publicity or glory, but simply because they were willing to suffer for the sake of a game to which they were both intensely devoted.

Each Sunday before the opening at Wimbledon in London in June, the Roehampton Club gives a reception to foreign tennis players; hundreds of spectators and club members come to watch the exhibition matches which are usually put on during the afternoon. Last year I remember watching two Englishmen, each with one leg, evidently war veterans. They were joined as they stood before me by a third, also a war veteran on crutches.

"By Jove," said one of the two to the newcomer. "This man Bill here's a wonderful chap. Know what he did yesterday? Went around in an 86. Think of that, 86."

"Did he really, though?" said the other, his face lighting up with interest and enthusiasm. "Did he really? Marvellous, Bill, marvellous. I'll take you on though, Bill, I'll take you on any day." And their faces became animated, and their voices were raised as they discussed this unbelievable score; one could see them stumping across the fairway and over the rise to the green and on to the next tee. So keen, so excited were they, that you felt immediately that you were in the presence of something very fine, something which we do not all possess, something which unfortunately cannot be

drawn out of one's locker and put on at a moment's notice. Those three men, who each left a leg in France fifteen years ago, were sportsmen with the amateur spirit.

III

The amateur spirit has been an enormous spiritual asset in the growth of this country; at present, however, one can discern its slow but steady decline in many walks of American life. Especially is this noticeable in the trend toward professional athletics which has taken place in the past twenty years.

In 1910 there was little of the professional golf of to-day, almost no professional tennis, no professional hockey or professional football. At present all these enterprises are flourishing. They are not sport, they are merely commercialized performances, like the theater, the movies; their protagonists are mostly exhibitionists, not sportsmen. Professional football, for instance, is no more sport than professional acting; a sport is an athletic activity which persons engage in for enjoyment and relaxation. This has been said before but cannot be said too often in this era of confused values. When sport becomes a business the amateur spirit as a rule leaves the game and the performers. The growth, then, of these various professional games has been a handicap and menace to the spread of the amateur spirit.

In college athletics one can also trace a marked decline in the amateur spirit within the past twenty years. So many of our big universities are becoming nothing but glorified athletic clubs that the boys are beginning to feel that athletics is the principal part of their undergraduate life. On all sides they see the athlete worshipped and glorified. Last fall in a great Eastern university, one with ideals, traditions, and a standard of scholar-

ship and sportsmanship supposedly impeccable, the star football player of the squad was caught in an early examination deliberately cheating. With him were half a dozen others. Luckily the athletic office got word of the trouble before the college authorities did; pressure was immediately brought to bear on the dean's office. The star half back was kept out of the next few games with a "bad knee." Some weeks later he was reinstated on the squad; he actually played in the final games of the season. None of the men implicated in the cheating—a particularly brazen affair—was expelled.

Another boy was proselytized by a famous football college because he was the star of his high school eleven. He made the freshman team but failed to make the varsity in his sophomore year. In the middle of the fall he was told that unless he did so his board and tuition allowance would be stopped. He could not make the team, his parents had no private means, and he was forced to leave college. It may be suggested that he was probably better off in the long run. Undoubtedly. But the point is that treatment of this kind gives the undergraduate, who sees vast sums of money coming in at the gate, the impression that he is being used for commercial ends. An All-Missouri Valley football star wrote me, "We are living in a commercial age. Investments are made with an ultimate gain in view. A boy plays football with the idea that he is going to get something out of his playing." Quite so. In other words, he is unaware of the existence of the amateur spirit.

"Last year," writes another football giant, "the University of Pittsburgh netted about \$600,000 for one season of varsity football. Jock Sutherland carried 45 men on his varsity squad. Each man, in other words, brought into the school about \$13,000 each. Is it unreasonable to deny these boys a

share of this, their own earnings? There are about 25,000 other boys who would if they dared demand at least a small part of what they have earned for their respective schools."

To this argument there is no reply. One cannot say that collegians should play for nothing, that they are losing what little feeling there is for sport for its own sake. One cannot appeal to their love of athletics, to their love for their alma mater; impossible to ask them to do something for nothing, something in which there will be nothing but an inner satisfaction, no reward but a spiritual one. They would not understand this sort of talk. "A boy plays football with the idea that he is going to get something out of his playing." Any other attitude is beyond their comprehension.

"I am leaving the Army," said Mr. Christian K. Cagle, All-American half back and star of the West Point team of 1928 and 1929, "because of the low pay." The fact that the taxpayers of the nation had supported him, had educated him, that he owed something to them, that he also owed something to an ideal, seems never to have occurred to him. No money in the Army; why waste time on it? Mr. Hermann Hagedorn tells about another Army officer who, "looking beyond the moment's military need to the nation's continuous need of the spirit of service and sacrifice, gave young men a vision of their country and of their relation to it which they had not had before, and inspired them to make themselves ready for the emergency when it should come. To him the officers of the regular Army should be something other than the nucleus for the officers' corps of a national army in time of war—apostles of the idea of patriotism and unselfish service, dedicated first and foremost to the task of inspiring and leading the civilian youth of the country." Leonard Wood

was an Army officer with the true amateur spirit.

As in our collegiate sport, so in our international sport. The excessive materialism rampant in organized golf, tennis, and polo is too apparent to need comment. By using players who are merely big business men of athletics like Cochet and Tilden, the authorities set the pace, and the younger men follow suit. A national championship is worth so much, a place on an international side is worth at least a job in so-and-so's office. When the home town of Frank Carideo, the illustrious quarter back of the 1930 Notre Dame eleven, wishes to show its appreciation of his feats, the Chamber of Commerce gives him a banquet—and a check. The good people of Atlanta, Georgia, tried in the same way to present Bobby Jones with a house. These incidents show how men's minds work. The citizens of Atlanta could not, apparently, quite imagine that Mr. Jones could be content to play golf for the sake of playing it and for nothing else; they wanted to add a material reward.

Some years ago when he was still playing amateur golf, Mr. George Von Elm remarked to a friend of mine, "I am a *practical* amateur."

"What's a practical amateur?" asked my friend.

"A practical amateur is an insurance salesman," was the reply.

IV

One Sunday evening a young man came to a house where I happened to be staying. He was a graduate of St. Paul's and Yale; I mention this because presumably these are two educational institutions where the best ideals of sport and athletics are not merely taught but pursued. Said the youth, "I've been playing squash and badminton all afternoon. Did pretty well, too; won twenty-eight dollars."

This young man's conception of a first-class afternoon of sport was the winning of twenty-eight dollars. In other words, his pleasure came not from the normal and natural thrill to be derived from competitive sport, but from the thrill which is derived from gambling. Nowhere is the gradual decline of the amateur spirit in this country more evident than in this attitude toward casual and informal games and sports. Golf, with many players, has become primarily a method of gambling; the sport itself is secondary. Whether this is true or not on the myriads of public links that have sprung up like wildfire all over the United States is hard to say: it is some years since I myself have had the courage to go round a municipal course. But at the average private club golf to-day involves betting as a matter of course. Many men won't play unless there are a few dollars up on the game: a dollar or two on the first drive, on the number of putts they'll take, bets on the water hole, bets on the short hole, bets on the long hole, bets, bets, bets. Is this terribly wrong? Of course not; but it is extremely indicative of our modern attitude toward games. You are not simply playing the game because you love it as an amateur, you are playing it for the kick you will receive from taking eighteen dollars from Bill Jones—in which case your spirit is anything but that of the true amateur, no matter how you may protest.

Moreover, what is true in golf is even more true of bridge. Here I can imagine the exclamations from the devotees of this game which to-day holds our land in its fist. Why, you will say, that's ridiculous! I've always played for a quarter of a cent a point, surely there isn't any harm in that. It doesn't do anyone any damage; I can afford to win or lose that much; so can the people I play against.

It merely adds a little excitement to the game. Precisely. But here again, notice, you are not playing simply because you love the game, you are playing for the kick you get out of winning or losing money, a vastly different thing. If you think that you are not, and that I am doing you an injustice, ask yourself whether you'd play if there were nothing at stake. If you wouldn't, you are losing, or more likely still, have lost the amateur spirit.

Betting to-day holds exactly the same place in our sporting life that the cocktail does in our social life. A cocktail or two before dinner never made drunkards, and a quarter of a cent a point after dinner doesn't make gamblers. Both, however, have the same effect in the long run: the cocktail has spoiled our taste for and appreciation of decent food, and the quarter of a cent a point is ruining, if indeed it has not already ruined, the amateur spirit in our games and sports. If, as it appears, we have reached the point in this country when it is impossible to have an hour's amusement without money hanging upon the game, is it not time to admit that our scale of values in life is curiously distorted and badly in need of revision?

The increasingly commercial attitude of the supposed leaders of social, intellectual, and industrial America is yet another sign of the decline of the amateur spirit. Thirty years ago important persons in the United States would not have stooped to sell their names for a few dollars; to-day they think nothing of it. Consequently the nation at large, with these examples before its eyes, can hardly be blamed if it adopts the same standards. For beds, yeast, railroads, laxatives, face powder, interior decorations, cigarettes, bathing suits, complexion lotions, soap, coffee, anything and everything, our elect of earth will gladly sign upon the dotted line, provided, of course, that

there is enough money in it, or enough publicity, which usually means the same thing in the long run. When names like those of the Astors, Morgans, Pinchots, Drexels, Vanderbilts, Lodges, Choates, Iselins, McCormicks, Heckschers, Vaughns, Spreckels, Stewarts, Harrimans, Roosevelts, Randolphins, Alexander Hamiltons, and others equally distinguished are available for their commercial value, no wonder their example affects persons in less important walks of life. Miss Elsie de Wolfe, better known by her indorsing name of Lady Mendl, may intimate that the receipts from her indorsements go to her favorite charity, that the fatherless children of France are the ultimate beneficiaries. Such an intimation merely puts her in the class with the college president who sells his young men in the football market and then justifies himself by declaring that the proceeds from their games are used to furnish athletics for all in the university. Nor are the social and industrial leaders of the country, the society women and the bank presidents, the only ones to find a market for their names. Was it, one wonders, the indorsements of General Robert Lee Bullard and General Samuel McRoberts which caused the Chief of Staff of the Army to issue, on January 3rd last, an order prohibiting officers from lending their names to activities of this kind?

Of late years the indorsing habit has spread fast and wide, until to-day even the doctors are lending a hand. Medicine, a profession in which the amateur spirit was not only more necessary but more prevalent than almost any other, has succumbed with the rest. Despite the expressed objections of medical societies, reputable physicians are now engaged in the testimonial game. Before me is a statement by Dr. Walter J. Highman, a former chairman of the American Society

of Dermatologists, indorsing a brand of toilet soap. Dr. William J. Pusey, for ten years the editor of the official journal of dermatology, responds for a rival product. To-day, like movie actresses and politicians, many famous medical authorities have their own publicity men. The doctors are off on the chase like everyone else.

Let me give you several hitherto unpublished testimonials from really eminent Americans. "I signed the Declaration of Independence with a Peterkin Pen. B. Franklin." "Richman's Yeast is just the thing. Thos. Jefferson." "I use Stone Oil every night. Geo. Washington." Do those sound incongruous? Yes, of course. Why? Because the products mentioned were not manufactured or imagined in 1776? No, not at all. They sound, those idiotic statements, absurd and incongruous because the three men in question would never for a moment have sold themselves in this manner. You cannot associate such acts with men like Franklin, Jefferson, and Washington because they were men of high moral and intellectual integrity. In short, they had the amateur spirit.

V

An unknown boy flew alone in an airplane over a vast ocean, and millions of Americans took him to their hearts. Why? He was crossing for a money prize, he was a professional flyer, yet the whole country turned to Charles Lindbergh in his flight to Paris because they realized instinctively his primary aim was not sordid or commercial, that this youngster who jumped off into space was at heart an amateur sportsman. Is not that the reason why he stands for something in American life that more mercenary imitators have never stood for? If you want proof, compare his flight with

the shoddy performances which followed when publicity-crazed women fed sandwiches to pilots during their hours in the air and then appropriated the lion's share of the cash (and credit) on their return.

The amateur spirit, then, may be part of our daily life from hour to hour; a principle just as important and valid from nine to five during the day in the office as it is after five on the golf course, as important throughout the week as it is on Saturday afternoon. Possibly one reason why we think of the amateur spirit only in connection with athletics may be that the ideal is more easily attainable there than in other walks of life. Consequently, if we find a decline in the amateur spirit in collegiate sport, in international sport, and in our own informal sport, may we not also conclude that it has slipped pretty far in our everyday working and business life? Yet if one is to be a success, in the best sense of the word, the amateur spirit is necessary; indeed it is perhaps more necessary in business than in one's moments of recreation.

Of course one does meet the amateur spirit in business, sometimes in high places, sometimes among those who occupy humble posts. Thus a corporation is often—and justly—accused of being without a soul, only to discomfort one by exhibiting the amateur spirit. The vice-president of a big bank said to me recently, "Business has fallen away so much in nearly every department that we could get along with much less help. But we feel that it's up to us not to let anyone out at present." That seems to me an amateur policy. Almost every large concern has employees in the lowest positions, men and women who can never rise to power, who attack their jobs with that enthusiasm which comes alone from the amateur spirit. A young man who recently graduated

from college with honor was trying to make up his mind about his life's work. His friends who were going to the Harvard Business School urged him to go there; the graduates of the Business School had the pick of good jobs, he would eventually make money. Everything seemed to push him into the Business School. But he finally gave up the idea, went abroad for a year of study, and decided that teaching would give him a life rich in the desired essentials if not in cash returns. Nowhere is one's amateur spirit—or lack of it—more noticeable than in one's choice of a vocation.

It was suggested to me the other day that living with the amateur spirit is an art, and for that reason difficult; that professionalism is the lazy man's way of looking at life. The man next door drives a Franklin; I drive a Ford; therefore I consider him successful, not stopping to ask whether he does his particular job well, whether his job is particularly worth while, whether he adds anything to the sum total of the world's happiness. All this would take a lot of time, trouble, and effort on my part; it would require thought that might get me nowhere in the end. Since I know that a Franklin costs four or five times as much as a Ford, how much easier to classify him at once as successful! In the same manner I can be condescending to the priest or the research worker because some of them do not even drive Fords. In judging men by cash values it is unnecessary for me to bother about real values, which would require some cerebration. So also I can fool myself about myself. I made more money in 1930 than in 1929; why worry? The difference between three thousand and ten thousand a year is definite and tangible; the difference between work of merit and careless, slipshod stuff is far harder to appreciate. Yes, living with the amateur spirit is not easy.

Yet the amateur spirit, in every walk of life, is a spiritual value of genuine worth. It is far more, as I have attempted to explain, than merely a refusal to take money for playing a game of golf or tennis; it is an attitude toward life. Was it not the amateur spirit which inspired men to rise against a powerful king with an army at his command, which sent these men and their descendants forth into vast unknown wildernesses, which gave them the courage and the strength greatly to do and to suffer? For the amateur spirit is bold, daring, unselfish. The professional spirit is timid, calculating, cautious. The man with the amateur spirit spends himself freely for others; the professional does nothing without an end in view. Can that man help me some day? Does this man belong to a good club? Had I better handshake this man because he may some day be of use to me in business? The professional spirit is degrading; it develops in a man or a body of men or a nation a crafty attitude toward life. It fails entirely to bring out that generosity and nobility of soul which alone can make a nation great. It is the amateur spirit which has produced great works of art, great literature, and also great men down the ages from the time of the Greeks to the present day. When the professional spirit came to the front in ancient Greece, when amateurs ceased competing in the Olympic Games and the amateur spirit died out, the influence of the nation rapidly declined.

Is there a parallel to be observed in the decline of the amateur spirit in this country? Who can say? It is certainly a fact that in many spheres, in our games and sports, in our social life and in business, its decrease is apparent. If it actually vanishes from our life, our country and the world at large will be in every way the poorer.



NOTES FROM DARKNESS

BY SARAH ELIZABETH RODGER

THERE is a way to still the singing throat,
A way to blind the eyes. The song too high
Confounds the singer, and the infinite sky
Is pain, being too deep and too remote.
I built a house upon a piercing height,
As thin as crystal and as bright as gold,
A chaste coherence that I could not hold
And could not leave, more tenuous than light.
The little house fell down, the song is still,
The sky was past my power, and I am blind;
I am come down to plains from sharp blue hill,
And plains shall beat their wisdom on my mind—
A passionate patience, yielding and alone,
As rains that break themselves on austere stone.

II

THE ground is brown and kinder than the sky,
And lower air is easier for breath.
Living on plains, the mountains look like death,
Or ecstasy poised perilously high.
I have explored a respite from the thrust
Of stabbing peaks and I have learned to mark
Pain as a shadow restless in the dark,
And peace the warmth of this quiescent dust.
Only at night with fire a paling ember,
I hear the wind blowing along the ground
With murmurs, and I find I still remember
The mystery of sight and smell and sound—
And ecstasy comes armed, note by high note,
Out of the dark to crowd upon my throat.



DIDEROT: HOMAGE TO A GENIUS

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

IT WAS said by Comte that Denis Diderot was the greatest genius of the eighteenth century, and by Goethe that a failure to appreciate him was the sure mark of a Philistine. Every age, indeed, is too complex to be embodied in a single figure; and the eighteenth century in France was both more and less than all that Diderot implied. Yet it is not untrue to say that he summarized supremely certain fundamental aspects of its spirit. Its infinite curiosity, its passion for omniscience, something of its endless talent for the making of systems, its faith in the destiny of man, its desire to end the needless infliction of pain, its confidence in the power of science to conquer the realm of nature, its happy certitude in the ability of man to overcome the need for the supernatural—all these are of its essence; and all of these are more certainly a part of Diderot than of any other thinker of the time. Compared to him, the hard clarity of Voltaire's mind partakes of the superficial; and even Rousseau seems only the most eloquent of mystic reactionaries. He is the leader of a mighty army in search of conquests which still elude our hopes. He is the high priest of a church none the less ecclesiastical because it marched to do battle with the self-styled armies of the Lord.

To appreciate what he was, we must remember when he did his work. The France of 1750 offered little prospect of good to ardent and inventive

minds. Politically and economically bankrupt, it still disposed of a social system which made of birth the supreme test of personal merit. Religiously stagnant and theologically obscurantist, it was so morally degenerate that, as Voltaire said, vice had ceased to pay to virtue even the homage of hypocrisy. Its social life was built upon a theory of aristocratic privilege which surrendered to patronage the rights of intelligence; and to think fearlessly was still to court the risks of prison and exile. Not even the elegant minuet of the salon can obscure the price which humble men and women paid that their betters might enjoy ease and leisure. If there was Madame Geoffrin, there was the Chevalier de la Barre; if there was the brilliant tragi-comedy of Madame du Deffand, there was also the grim fate of Calas and his kindred. Wherever we turn in the eighteenth century, its brilliance, before the advent of the philosophers, is obscured by the ghastly shadows of the cost it involved. The *ancien régime* deprived men of half their humanity that a fragment of their kind might know something of the beauty of life.

In the thirty years before 1789 a revolution was effected in the mind and temper of the French people, the quality of which compares, for its intensity, with that of the Renaissance two hundred years before. New prospects opened before mankind. New hopes were kindled, new discoveries

were made. The chains which fetter the human spirit lost something of their power to imprison and to impede. The hopes, perhaps, were hardly realized; the discoveries contained, in fact, less prospect than their makers had dared to dream. Yet no one can study the European literature of the last ten years of the eighteenth century without the sense that real progress had been made. A blow was struck at obscurantist despotism, both in politics and religion, from which it has never recovered. The right of the common man to be master of his own fate was declared with an emphasis which no longer brooks permanent denial. The privilege of reason to follow its discoveries whithersoever they may lead, the splendor of unlimited speculation for its own sake, these were laid down with a conviction that has left their opponents ever since upon the defensive. There is something of the exhilaration of spring in those thirty years. Mankind seems to have renewed its youth; after the dead inertia of winter it has once again the freshness of a new promise of growth.

II

In that revolution Diderot is a primary figure. Born in 1713 of prosperous working-class parents, he was, like so many distinguished radicals of his generation, a pupil of the Jesuits; and they were not without hope that their brilliant scholar would become an ornament of their order. But neither the Church nor the Law, to which his father apprenticed him, had any attractions for Diderot. Once he had tasted the charms of Paris life, its endless talk, its feverish exhilaration, its sense that one hovers perpetually upon the verge of great discovery, nothing that involved routine could hold him. For nearly twenty years he was a dweller in the

upper reaches of Grub Street, different only from a thousand other natives of that dreary waste by his infinite resourcefulness and his inability to keep an enemy. Like a thousand others also, he married and repented of his bargain; like many another, he worked stoutly for the woman to whom he was unsuited and adored the daughter of the marriage. He had one mistress whose futility was equalled only by her folly, and another of whom little can be said save that his letters to her are perhaps the most valuable source of our knowledge of his character and ideas. We can see him in these early years, doing any hack job that offered, from sermons for the Jesuit missionaries to the Portuguese colonies to a clever adaptation of Shaftesbury's essays. He seems to have torn the heart out of every book he read and never to have forgotten its substance. There was no limit to his interests. Philosophy, art, chemistry, anatomy, medicine, physics, literature, the drama, he had read about them all, made practical researches into most, could write about all of them well, and about some of them profoundly. We have glimpses of a man upon whom police and clergy kept a watchful eye, of suppers with Rousseau and Condillac, of a man glad to do service to any poor devil of an author, always working and always talking: the kind of man who is a legend to the Fleet Street of his generation, and forgotten within a week of his death.

And, indeed, had Diderot died in 1750 he would have remained practically unknown save as a superior hack of promise who lived as the publishers' slave. By then he had written two or three interesting philosophical tracts and a volume of clever stories. What made him the leader of a movement was the offer to edit an encyclopedia upon the basis of an English work by one

Chambers. He accepted the task, and for twenty years he made its portly folios the artillery of one of the greatest armies that have ever served the cause of freedom. It is, indeed, impossible to overestimate the qualities Diderot displayed as editor. Courage, patience, resolution, devotion, these he showed as they have rarely been shown. He braved the thunders of the Church, the threats of the State, desertion even by such friends as D'Alembert and Voltaire, the treachery of his publishers.

The enterprise converted him into an eminent man who was at the head and front of the European movement for intellectual enlightenment. Without ever being wealthy, he became comfortable. He could write for his own pleasure, and cultivate his friends. He could go out to the Baron d'Holbach's, and at those famous dinners pour out that endless stream of ardent discourse which made Marmontel rightly say that no one knew Diderot who had met him merely in his writings. Men like Grimm and Voltaire, Helvétius and Montesquieu gave him their respect and friendship. He was courted by Frederic of Prussia and that Empress Catherine who so nobly esteemed the free play of intellect in all countries save her own. If he was seen rarely in the salons, whose elaborate etiquette embarrassed him, he was always, as Madame Necker's letters show, an honored guest there. He tasted the life about him to the full. He met everyone and examined everything. Save Rousseau, he never lost a friend; and he met no one of whom he did not become the friend. He had the power to be interested in all that is a part of human experience, and the genius to adapt himself to the Empress Catherine in her palace in St. Petersburg as well as to the workman who explained to him the machinery in some factory he was visiting. The man of books saw life around him about

as completely as it has ever been given to man to see it. No one met him without attraction, and no one who was attracted but was influenced. He did not, indeed, like Voltaire, become the uncrowned king of the mind of his generation; nor did he, like Rousseau, give birth to a movement of European significance. But when he died, in 1784, it could be truly said of him that he was at the center of every effort in his age which sought the betterment of its quality; that, if he did not plan the battle, it could not have been so fruitfully won if he had been absent when the essential decisions were made.

III

Diderot is one of the few seminal figures in the history of thought who never gave birth to a masterpiece and was incapable of building a system. To understand him, we must grasp first the significance of the *Encyclopædia*, and the richness of the hints he threw out upon almost every aspect of philosophy. He was not a great philosopher, but he made his impact there. He was not a great critic, but he has influenced both the novel and the theater as well as the theory of art. Though he did no original work in theological criticism, the Church rightly regarded him as, after Voltaire, the most important of its enemies. His political ideas are for the most part the best commonplaces of his time; but they are notable for the eloquent clarity with which they are stated and a certain plebeian note in their substance which reveals that, with him and, more notably, with Rousseau, the Third Estate was at last beginning to emphasize its claims. There is hardly a whole work of Diderot's which is still worth reproduction in its entirety; yet so powerful was the range and force of his mind that one could make an anthology from his writings as outstand-

ing in quality and insight as any in the history of the modern mind.

There had been encyclopedias before that of Diderot's, notably the remarkable volumes in which Bayle foreshadowed the coming of the Enlightenment. There has been none, before or since, to which the same importance attaches as to his. It is not merely that there are valuable articles in its volumes, those of Quesnay, for example, which mark an epoch in economics, or of Turgot, which are decisive in the history of philology. It is not even that no one had ever previously thought of producing a work which should literally cover the whole range of human knowledge as it was then known. It is much more the temper in which the work is written to which its importance is due, together with a realization of reaches of human effort the social impact of which had escaped all previous inquirers. The *Encyclopédie* is a manifesto of a party struggling to free itself from the trammels of a despotic State and an obscurantist Church. It is a claim for the unlimited right of free inquiry, an insistence that reason, not faith, intelligence and not dogma, are the tests by which truth is established. It has, of course, its faults. There are inaccuracies and to spare; there are compromises with truth that the censorship may be evaded; there are wholesale thefts from other and second-rate works. But no man can read its pages without a new sense of the dignity of the mind or a new ardor for the establishment of its rights. What it garnered was the outcome of that speculative revolution which in majestic progress from Descartes to Newton had replaced hypothesis by observation and conceived of the universe as capable of rational explanation without supernatural intervention. It transfers the center of intellectual interest from the forces we cannot apprehend to

those within our control. It makes knowledge the outcome not of mystic insight but of verified experience, not of dogmatic command but of consistent inquiry. The *Encyclopédie* registers the triumph of the scientific spirit over its religious rival; and it was Diderot who dominated the organ of victory.

Not less important is the social spirit which pervades the *Encyclopédie*. Here the novelty of temper is greater than may appear upon the surface. It is the first popular exposition of the Baconian thesis that the increase of scientific knowledge is the measure of man's power over his environment; the sense of science as an agent that must be left unfettered because of its capacity to increase the happiness of mankind. Notable throughout is the reformer's mood, the constant insistence that man must not only seek to assuage but act to prevent misery. There is the emphasis on this life as that with which men are concerned, the refusal to make eternity the keynote of effort. It is also striking that Diderot should have given such detailed and exact attention to the state of the industrial arts; here he was a genuine innovator who glimpsed the significance not only of the application of science to industry but also of the social value of the part played by productive effort in human good. Throughout also Diderot seeks the reform of an antiquated legal system; he has advanced, and even modern, views on economic organization; he attacks privilege and inequality with all the passion of 1789. The treatment of government is always upon the assumption that, in his own words, "the lot of the working-man is the end a good government must keep in view; for if he is miserable, the nation is miserable." There is nothing left of feudalism after the devastating analysis to which, in a score of articles, it is submitted. The price which society has to pay for a rich and privileged

sacerdotalism is as clear before the reader as the impossibility of the good life where the conscience is fettered. And the duty of the state to develop the education of its citizens may almost be termed the impalpable atmosphere in which the whole work is clothed.

It is improbable that any save the professional student now turns over the pages of these mountainous volumes; scholarship has not stood still in two hundred years. But the *Encyclopedia* may claim without presumption to have established the liberal and critical spirit as part of the permanent inheritance of mankind. The thin flame which the Renaissance kindled, at which men like Rabelais, Montaigne, and Bayle had warmed their hands, became with Diderot a mighty furnace which consumed a dead forest through which men had been unable to plow their way. Its assumptions are all-important for ourselves, not least because its opponents accepted its publication as a challenge and failed to meet its power. The reality of progress, the self-sufficiency of the world about us, the inexpugnable claims of scientific method and, with them, the necessity of tolerance, the duty of men to bow before the demands of reason, disinterested inquiry as the only true source of happiness, with the corollary that wars of conquest are invariably a setback to mankind, the impossibility of accepting religious dogmas as the measure of truth—these are its fundamental assumptions. They are, for the most part, commonplaces to ourselves.

It is worth insisting that they are only commonplaces because Diderot, and others about him, were prepared to risk their liberty for their diffusion. He organized a great army to do battle for the right of intelligence to the profit of its victories. He gathered about him every man in his generation whose achievement we respect. It is not fanciful to compare the fellowship

of the Encyclopedists to an army upon the march; and to the general who directed its strategy belongs the credit for the victory.

IV

Had Diderot done no more than bring the *Encyclopedia* to completion he would have an assured place in history. But it is, in fact, only a small part of his labors. In the evolution of philosophy he played an important part in three ways. Beginning as a deist in the English mode of the eighteenth century, he was rapidly converted, largely by his interest in physiological discovery, to an atheistic materialism which, whatever its defects, is a current of decisive importance in the great stream of metaphysics. Here, indeed, he is not an originator; both La Mettrie and D'Holbach played a more important part than he. But what he was striving to do was to extend the meaning of Newtonian physics into a system of all-embracing laws which should resume not less the animate than the inanimate universe. His attempt, with all its vigor and ingenuity, must be held to have failed very largely because it lacks a comprehensive theory of knowledge. But it was a challenge to alternative systems of inestimable value; and its search for a bridge between science and philosophy may be held, without injustice, to be the starting-point for all who seek a rational explanation of life.

Nor is this all. Diderot, with Rousseau, must be held to be one of the outstanding figures in the eighteenth-century effort to vindicate the right of human nature to respect. His considered rejection, for example, of Christian asceticism is built upon the insistence that a denial of the right of impulse to satisfaction disfigures the nature of man. He searched for principles of conduct which should at once satisfy the ultimate factors of our

constitution and the limitations upon their expression which experience indicates as necessary. He refused to admit that an ethic can be true which starts, as Christianity starts, by assuming that man is in a state of sin. Much of this work is a brilliant exposition only of what was in the mental climate of his generation. Its value, as in the famous *Letter on the Blind*, lies less in what he said than in the way in which he related his positions to the orthodox positions of his day. He may claim, indeed, without injustice to have been the first French thinker who plainly understood the relativity of knowledge to our methods of perception, who was able, accordingly, to attack at its base the absolutism of his opponents and thereby to shatter the claim of Catholic dogma to contain an exhaustive theory of the universe. De Maistre saw the importance of Diderot's effort when he endeavored to rehabilitate Catholicism after the Revolution by an attack upon the principle of relativity. But the work had been thoroughly done; and the essential result of Diderot's analysis was to show that a philosophy built upon science can make no terms with dogmatic theology.

One final point in this contest may be made. As early as 1754, in the *Interpretation of Nature*, and, a little later, in *D'Alembert's Dream*, Diderot had clearly seen that the inherent principle of biology was evolution. The root of this insight in him is the dominant one of explaining the operations of nature without the aid of supernatural hypotheses. His acceptance of the idea of evolution was not a chance glimpse of a great principle, but the considered adoption of what seemed to him the only possible way of explaining the relationship between the simple and the complex in nature in such fashion as to bring all its parts within the embrace of a single comprehensive law. It is the sense of matter as self-sufficient,

the view of it as shaped at each step by the demands of environment. For him there must either be evolution or an acceptance of final causes; and the latter he rejects as inconsistent with the whole of scientific experience. Forty years before Lamarck, nearly a hundred years before the *Origin of Species*, Diderot had, by deliberate intellectual effort, found the one explanation of Nature which makes possible the grasp of her complexities. That, assuredly, is not the least striking of his achievements.

Of Diderot the literary artist there is less to be said. None of his novels is a great achievement; one, at least, of them reminds us that if he was the contemporary of Montesquieu and Rousseau, he was also the contemporary of Cr billon *jeune* and the Abb  de Voisenon. Both as a novelist and a playwright, he lacks the art of creating persons who live and the power to write dialogue which has psychological relation to the people who speak it. Yet, even here, there are noteworthy things. *The Nun* is a brilliant psychological study of what convent life does to a soul unsuited to it. There are pages of *Jacques the Fatalist* where the verve is not less remarkable than the capacity to create the illusion that we are sharing in the experiences of a living being. He can narrate amusingly, invent brilliantly, write dialogue in which things are said which are unforgettable. But, alike in his novels and his plays, what he shows is less the necessity of invention than its facility. He writes them because he can, not because he must. They are rather an episodic aspect of his range than an essential index to its character. *The Nun* apart, they are read more because they illuminate the mind of Diderot than because they are a permanent part of literature.

But Diderot the critic is a different matter. Here, with much wrong-

headedness, he is of the first order in everything that he touches. Not seldom, indeed, the evolution of ideas has moved in a direction other than he desired; but almost always the influence of what he had to say is traceable in the debate. And this is the more remarkable since most of his critical work was, for himself, simply the by-product of an interest which could not brook denial. He cared passionately for the theater; and anyone who reads his *Paradox upon the Player's Art* will see why Hazlitt could judge that no man has ever written better upon the actor's function. He hated the stilted and artificial conventions to which the classical drama of the Augustan age had reduced the theater of his time. Deeply influenced by the turn Lillo had given to the English theater of the eighteenth century, he desired a drama which should be in direct contact with nature itself, which should also deliberately seek to make itself a propagandist vehicle of great ideas. No one now accepts the methods by which he urged the attainment of this end; but it is not an exaggeration to claim that he would have recognized in Ibsen and Mr. Shaw the realization of his ambition. He was, moreover, an agency of great influence both in the development of literary naturalism and in making known to French readers the significance of English literature. His appreciation of Shakespeare stands out in remarkable contrast to the contempt of Voltaire; and his passionate eulogies of Richardson gave the latter his letters of credit in France and were no small factor in revolutionizing both the form and substance of the French novel. Diderot, indeed, could without injustice claim that he was the first writer of eminence to see literature as a genuine social function whose object is the criticism of life. For him the man of letters is the priest of great ideas

who fails if he does not elevate the mind of his generation. He has nothing but indignation for the view of literature which makes it merely a source of rest from effort. Its quality is a measure of civilization; and it is untrue to its purposes unless it keeps that high ambition steadily in view.

Yet his service to æsthetic theory was perhaps even more important. Here, indeed, it would be sufficient to quote the remark of Lessing that, without Diderot's contribution, he could not have written the *Laokoön*, or to remember Goethe's exclamation that in this realm he had the quality which calls out the highest powers in others. Diderot's services to æsthetic theory are twofold. On the one hand, by the famous descriptions of the Paris salons which he contributed to Grimm's literary correspondence he may be said to have founded the literary criticism of painting; and even Carlyle could display what can only be called delight at the vivacity and brilliance of his descriptions. No man has ever equalled his power to make the reader see for himself what the painter has sought to achieve, or has surpassed his skill in making description a vehicle for the conveyance of principle. He would not, indeed, be Diderot if his *Salons* did not abound in glorious irrelevancies; but the moral reflections, the eloquent apostrophes, the inviting asides are all part of the charm one feels in contact with a first-rate mind taking its ease.

And, as in the theater, so in the world of art, Diderot is the insistent advocate of the rights of nature. Realizing as he did that the painter is an expression of his social environment, he was the determined foe of academic convention. It is true, as Goethe said, that he did not sufficiently realize that art has its own rules which are not those of nature; but the man who said that he would give

ten Watteaus for a single Teniers had got to the root of the matter. He saw, as few people have ever seen, the just relations of the arts to one another; why, for example, the poet should eschew detail which a painter can fearlessly represent. He saw, as no one before Lessing had seen, the meaning of the limits set upon the artist by the nature of his material; just as he was the first to grasp the social function which the artist performs. As always with Diderot, his æsthetic work, as he himself realized, is a superb torso rather than a finished effort, a rich series of hints scattered over the widest field. But where he so generously sowed, Lessing and Goethe reaped the harvest. That in itself is a sufficient title to our gratitude.

Diderot's versatility is such that any picture of its achievement would end only at the boundaries of knowledge. If his political ideas have no claim to originality, at least they are well expressed and representative of all that is most creative in the liberalism of his time. The writings on education are more important. They show not only his sense that the problem was urgent; there is a modernity of temper about them—especially in his preference for modern languages and science over the scholastic discipline of his day—which is noteworthy. On physiology, on the principles of legislation, on music and mathematics there are vast collections of memoranda, never, indeed, of the first importance, but rarely without point and distinction. All of it is conceived in what may be termed the Baconian spirit; in all of it there is that restless and exciting sense that, to use his own words, "we touch the moment of a great revolution in the sciences." All of it also is inspired by a large humanism before which it is difficult not to feel humble. They are fragments from a great man's workshop, the outpourings of a mind so full of

ideas, so rich in invention, that he can hardly stay to hold the pen which should express the thoughts which crowd one another. And even in their incompleteness, they make one understand why the range of Diderot's inventiveness fertilized so much of what was best in the creation of his age.

V

Yet in the end the greatness of Diderot lies not in what he did but in what he was. No one can meet him, either in his own letters or in those of his friends, without acquiring affection for him. The great, hearty appetite of the man, his endless good nature, his splendid indiscretions, his devotion to his work, his courage, his insatiable curiosity—these are qualities which bind one to him inescapably. No doubt he lacked delicacy of mind and manner; no doubt also, as Rousseau was to experience, his imperatives in counsel were as excessive as that ebullience in talk which, as Voltaire dryly said, made him incapable of dialogue. He always was a little over-emphatic, usually over-sanguine, often a little vulgar. He yielded too easily to instinct and rarely showed the capacity for second thoughts. He was passionately interested in himself, over-prone to interfere in the affairs of others, lacking in tact, turning to coarseness with the characteristic facility of his time. But, as Voltaire truly saw, there was something of Socrates in him. He brought to whatever he touched a genuinely demonic quality. He really put truth in the first place; no man has ever had a profounder passion for knowledge. In whatever he touched he had to dig down to the foundations. He stimulated other men to their best effort in a degree that not half a dozen men have equalled during the history of thought. He found happiness everywhere in simple things

and simple people; he respected in an ultimate way the dignity of his fellow-men. He hated deeply everything that made for cruelty, obscurantism, and ignorance. He helped the advance of knowledge to the full limit of his powers.

And wherever we meet him he exerts over us his irresistible fascination. This mass of energy, half-workman, half-intellectual, was at home in any company where the mind could work freely. It may be at the Baron d'Holbach's when the servants have withdrawn and, over the coffee, men dispute the existence of a first cause. Diderot proclaims his ardent atheism in a voice like the call of a trumpet, and the Abbé Galiani interjects one of those sparkling epigrams which were the delight of Paris. Then Diderot's great eyes flash fire, and with minatory forefinger he pours forth a stream of ideas before the sheer brilliance of which his listeners sit in silent rapture, until the guttural voice of the Baron interrupts to point out that the sun is already peeping through the curtains. We see him, in his beloved dressing-gown, on the fifth floor of the little apartment in the Rue Taranne; there comes to him a down-at-heel journalist who hopes to obtain money by suppressing a libellous attack he has written against Diderot. But the latter has a better way. He urges the journalist to publish it with a dedication to a nobleman who hates the Encyclopedists and will pay for patronage. After his manuscript has been corrected, the young man leaves but hesitates on the threshold; he is nervous of writing a suitable dedication. So the good Diderot sets to work and produces a suitable inscription which sends the journalist off rejoicing. Can one help loving such a man?

And he is the same everywhere. Whether he is in the factory, learning from workmen the secret of their tech-

nic; or in the salon of Madame Necker at the famous dinner where it was decided to erect the statue to Voltaire; or, again, in the antechamber of the Empress Catherine where his argument is so vigorous that the need for emphasis compels him to strike Her Majesty ardently upon the knee; or in his native town of Langres where he and his father, so different in hopes and ideas, yet weep with joy at meeting; or, finally, in his prison at Vincennes where he is visited by Rousseau and develops, in a perspiration of excitement, the theme of the latter's *First Discourse*—here, as always, he is Denis Diderot, hungry for life, ardent only for ideas, incapable of malice, full of generosity, the embodiment of Bacon's saying that "the nobler a soul is, the more objects of compassion it hath." Those who met him for the first time must have felt the same kind of enchantment that Socrates exercised over the youth of Athens.

Diderot is one of the first men of letters in French history who was proud of the class to which he belonged and did not seek to exalt himself above it. He had, to the end, the qualities of the *petite bourgeoisie* from which he sprang. He advanced by the great virtue of endless hard work. He never sought to separate himself from his original milieu. He judged social systems, to the end, by their effect upon the lives of the class of which he was a part. In large outline, indeed, the whole atmosphere of his philosophy is shaped by the needs of that class; and the victory of his principles meant nothing so much as the certainty of response to their needs. The suppression of privilege, toleration, civil liberty, representative government, the application of science to practical life, freedom of contract, a patriotism which put peace before war, and low taxation before monarchical splendor, who can fail to see in the social doctrines that he

preached the wants he must have heard discussed half-fearfully many a night in his father's house at Langres! Because, of course, he was an extraordinary man, he saw them with exceptional clarity; and because, again, he had extraordinary knowledge, he stated them with exceptional power. But just as Rousseau made articulate the unconscious hopes of the proletariat, so Diderot expressed and justified the half-articulate ambitions of the little property owner, always hard-working, never rich, and, as every good Frenchman must be, a little inclined to play the Frondeur. They came to power after the Revolution; and Diderot might claim with justice that he played his full part in laying the philosophic foundations of the middle-class industrial state.

There are books, the *Institute* of Calvin, the *War and Peace* of Grotius, the *Social Contract*, the *Wealth of Nations* which rank in the record as great historical acts; Diderot cannot claim to have written any such book. There are men who by sheer beauty of style have kept the attention of posterity long after their ideas are obsolete and their causes forgotten; Diderot's style had none of this magic. There are others, again, Descartes, Newton, Darwin, whose ideas are so seminal that they seem to remake the foundations of knowledge; no such discovery

is connected with Diderot's name. He lives partly because, on its own showing, he fertilized the whole mind of his generation by his remarkable fecundity, partly because his rich and vigorous personality made him an outstanding leader in one of the half-dozen essential battles for freedom of which the modern historian must take account.

He had few of the material rewards which come to successful men. The Academy honored him only by excluding him from election; and he was never until his last years without the need to work hard for his daily bread. But he moved always amid the play of great ideas and he kept, without compulsion, the affection of his friends. Above all, he had the joy he accounted so high, of fighting consciously in what Heine called the "Liberation War of Humanity." What haunted him in life was the longing for that immortality which comes with the recognition by a later generation that one of the forerunners has served it well. "Even if this were but the sweetness of a lovely dream," he wrote to a friend, ". . . it lasts as long as my life and holds me in perpetual intoxication." But for Diderot that yearning has not been vain; the praise of posterity, "that lovely concert" he strained in life to hear, in death still echoes its music.



THE LOST ROMANCE

A STORY

BY LORD DUNSANY

ALL through the summer Jorkens had told us no story. He often lunched at the Billiards Club, but it was never his custom to talk much while he was eating, and afterwards he used to rest in a chair. I would not say he slept; it was rather more of a torpor; and, although he muttered sometimes, he told no story. Nobody minded; there are all sorts of things to do in summer: gardening, golf, weeding lawns, and a hundred other things that take up one's time and one's interest and give one plenty to talk about, without needing to listen to Jorkens. I recollect one member of our club telling me a story about gardening. It was not in the least true, but it served to pass the time away and entitled one to tell a similar tale in return. Then someone else would talk of his garden, and so on. And all the while Jorkens lay undisturbed in his chair. But when November came, when gardening was over, when the days grew short in London almost suddenly, and the fog and the night began to shut down upon us in earnest, then it hardly seemed that any tales we might tell could bring back to our memories any ray of lost summer, and some of us naturally turned to Jorkens then; for, whatever we may think of the method he had of inspiring himself, his tales had at any rate an origin in lands that shimmered with sunshine, and he seemed to have the knack of bringing

some of it to us through the dark and early evening that hung bleak by our windows. So one November day, quite early in the month, I took the liberty of talking to Jorkens while he rested after his lunch; and though he did not immediately recall who I was, or follow the trend of my remarks, I certainly brought back his attention to us, so that later on when another of us referred to one or two of his earlier gallantries, a twinkle woke in his eye, though he did not speak. He did not speak until he had had some refreshment that I was only too glad to provide for him; and then I questioned him directly. I had framed my question with some care, knowing that the unusual had an unfailing attraction for Jorkens. "Have you ever failed," I asked, "in any affair with a lady?"

For a moment he seemed about to say "No," when the banality of such an answer froze the word on his lips, and for several seconds he appeared deep in thought.

"Only once," said Jorkens. "No, only once. Oh, it is a long time ago now, and it was a long, long way from here. I'll tell you. It was in the island of Anaktos. You probably don't know it, in the Mediterranean, far away from here. In the Mediterranean in the early summer. Well, it's all gone now. But that summer in Anaktos I first saw her, walking along a path under the pepper trees in the

bright morning. There were eighteen of them, sisters of the Greek Reformed Church. They had a convent on the island, and it was easy to see where she came from; that was not the difficulty. The difficulty was in speaking to her at all or in even seeing her face. Yes, they don't wear cowls, those sisters, they veil themselves completely. They wear white gloves, too; you don't see an inch of skin. They have some sort of holy saying that where a fly can alight there is room for Satan. Well, there it was, you see. And yet, for all that, I got the idea—and never have I had any idea more strongly—that she was extraordinarily beautiful. She was tall and slender and she had lovely hands and she walked with a stride as graceful and light as the step of any young antelope, slipping unseen from the forest on hoofs unheard by the lions. Of her hair I can tell you nothing, and I never saw her eyes.

"She walked third on the left, of the eighteen. It was a difficult situation. I was determined to speak to her alone; and you can do that even when they are walking with seventeen others if once you can catch their eye; but when you cannot even see their eyes, you cannot make any sign to one more than to the whole lot. Even if I waited at a corner and made a sign just as she came round . . . no, there seemed no way of doing it. Oh, I did a lot of thinking. I thought of leaving a note in the path with a leaf over it, and pulling the leaf away with a bit of silk just as the second two passed it, and it would be right before her. She always walked in the same place in that procession. But that would have been no use, because they would have all seen her stoop to pick it up, and I knew where that note would have gone. I somehow felt sure when I first saw the procession that it would come the same way every day at the same hour, except of course on saints' days; and, sure enough, it did.

And every day my belief in her surpassing beauty grew stronger, and for a week I could think of nothing that was any good at all. They'd a good wall at the convent, quite ten feet high, and broken glass on the top that didn't look to me particularly Christian. But it wasn't the wall that stopped me but the impossibility of finding her if I got over, before I found one of the others, or nine of them for that matter, for that's what the odds were. If I threw a note over, the odds were no better; and of course I didn't even know her name.

"Well, at the end of the week the idea came to me. Of course all great ideas are simple ones; but I'd been thinking too hard, and so I hadn't hit on it. And when it did come I can take no credit for it: I didn't get it by thinking. I was walking to a place, a little wood, where I could be alone and think things out, one day when she had passed me for the seventh or eighth time, with that gentle and beautiful stride, her hands swaying very softly like slightly wind-blown flowers; I was pushing into the wood, which nobody owned or tended, when a burr stuck to my clothes. I doubt if I should ever have found any way to speak to her if it had not been for that. I had barely touched the burr and yet it stuck; and when I tried to pull it off it seemed to stick harder than ever.

"That's what I got my idea from. And what I did was to write a note on tissue paper and roll it up very small and fasten it on to the burr. I simply wrote, 'Most beautiful of the sisters, here or in any land—I must speak with you. Tell me where to come. If you refuse, be sure that I shall go to everlasting perdition.'

"I didn't set much store by the last sentence, because after all she was a woman. But just in case she was too much frozen by dogma, then the threat of hell would be just the thing for her;

because it is their job to keep souls from hell, not to send them there. So I threw that in on the tiny bit of paper. Practically blackmail.

"Well, I never quite knew which part of the letter fetched her, but some part of it did. For I walked towards them along their path next day and threw the burr at her dress as she passed; and, not the day following that, but the day after that one, the same burr hit my jacket as we passed at the usual place. Her note said 'At five to-morrow in our orchard, if you can climb the wall by the ilex.'

"If I could climb the wall. Five stone less than I am now, and invisible wings to lift me—that's what one has in youth. Yes, I could climb the wall. I made a sort of ladder for the near side, out of logs, and took up plenty of sacking for the glass bottles. Then I fastened a rope to the trunk of a handy tree and took the end over the wall with me to get back by. The ilex was no use for climbing down, but it was a world of use for concealing me from the windows. And there was the orchard underneath me, and plenty of cover from the trees if you went carefully. She was standing there expecting me and looking pretty grim, so far as you could tell by her attitude; to make up, I almost fancied, for her lapse in answering my note. Why, even reading it, in a place like that, was probably more of a sin than shoplifting would be here. Well, there she stood, looking pretty forbidding, but it was she all right; there could be no doubt of that, though her face was still muffled up and gloves covered her hands and wrists.

"Her first words to me were, 'Why did you write that you would go to everlasting perdition? What did you mean by it?'

"'Because,' I said, 'your beauty has so profoundly enchanted me.'

"'How can you know,' she asked, 'if I am beautiful or not?'

"And I was so enthralled by a strange certainty that I answered, 'I know.'

"And then she went back to her original question, 'Why everlasting perdition?'

"'Because,' I said, 'there would be nothing else left for me.'

"'But how?' she asked.

"'Easy enough,' I said. 'Just helplessly drifting.'

"She wouldn't leave that point for a long while. But I didn't want to talk about my soul. I had better things to talk of. You know how it is if you're with a beautiful woman, and she is all wrapped up in mystery—you don't think much about your soul. But she didn't want to talk of anything else. I began to wish I had never mentioned it. And yet, if I hadn't, who knows if I'd ever have seen her. I thought at first that I had attracted the woman in her, and that she was only pretending to be more interested in everlasting perdition. But she stuck to her point until I began to wonder. And such a place for a talk like that; the gray boles of old apple trees clustered in a quiet angle of the great convent wall, the green lawns flashing beyond through gaps in the gnarled branches, with the old ilex shadowing us and sheltering us from view. What a place for a talk about Hell! But she would have it. And I would have it that it was to Hell I would go if her beauty took no pity on me.

"Again, 'How do you know if I am beautiful?'

"And again I swore to her in all sincerity that I surely knew she was lovely.

"And then she ridiculed me, and then my turn came. 'Take off those veils,' I said. 'And prove it.'

"And at first she said 'No,' and that it was against the rules of their Order. But I said, 'No. You have mocked at truth. You laughed at me for saying

that you were beautiful. Truth comes before all your rules.'

"I argued like that with her for a while, and at last I saw I was winning. She hadn't said she would unveil, but I knew she was going to; I was as sure as one sometimes is that some bursting bud in spring, on an early morning, will be an open flower by noon. Her hands moved to her hood where all those veils were fastened, then she let them drop again and began to talk of her childhood. Who she was and what she was she did not say, but she spoke of a terror that came when she was young, moving from village to village as quietly as lengthening shadows, and bringing death with it or life-long disfigurement: that was the smallpox. 'I was perhaps . . .' she said, and seemed to tremble as though Satan would hear her, 'perhaps I was beautiful then.'

"And what—what happened then?' I asked as well as I could, for something came to me suddenly, like an icy wind through the apple trunks, a fear, for the first time, of something amiss.

"The smallpox,' she said simply. 'I just escaped with my life. Of my beauty' (and still she said the word as though it were sin to speak it) 'nothing remained, and scarcely even my features.'

"Scarcely . . .' I blurted out, and found no more to say. And she kindly filled the gap in our shattered conversation.

"You do not wish to see my face now?' she said.

"But that was not true. I could have wept to hear of the ruin of that beauty of which I felt so sure. And yet I could not believe that in the ruins was no trace at all of the radiant face I had fancied. And fancy wasn't the word for it either: it seemed nothing less than insight.

"So I said, 'Yes. Still. And as much as ever.'

"I thought that the glory that is in

beautiful faces might linger there even yet.

"And then to console her for whatever was lost, and because it was perfectly true I said, 'You have a beautiful voice.'

"And she answered, 'All my people have beautiful voices.'

"And as yet she had said nothing of who they were.

"Your people?' I said.

"Yes, the Hottentots,' was her answer.

"The Hottentots!' I exclaimed.

"And she seemed offended by something she heard in my voice, and repeated proudly, 'The Hottentots.'

"Did I tell you we were speaking in English, and perfect English?

"But you speak English,' I gasped.

"The English rule there,' she said.

"But the convent? The Order?' I blurted out, clinging still to a despairing hope that what she told was impossible.

"It is open to all,' she said, 'who accept the discipline of the Greek Reformed Church.'

"I was silent, silent, silent. You could hear the young leaves swaying to a small breeze lost in the apple trees. And then after a long while she spoke again. She turned her veiled face to me, I remember, and said, 'You still wish to see my face?'

"And I said 'Yes.' What else could one say? I could hardly say 'No,' even if I hadn't asked her to unveil. When I said 'Yes,' she moved her hands again to her hood and began the untying of a great number of knots, and all of them seemed as tight as though some elder hand had wrenched them shut with a jerk. It gave my eyes time to rove, and my thoughts with them. Otherwise I should have seen her face. But now I saw, far enough off, I admit, but I saw two sisters walking over a lawn: I saw their white dresses every now and then as they crossed the little

vistas between the trunks of the apple trees. And I meant to tell her this, and to say that if unveiling was against the rules of her convent, now would not be the time to do it. But her hands were busy with the last of those knots. And all I said in the end was, 'Perhaps not now.'

"Then I took one long, long look at her, remembering my illusion, an illusion that is often with me still, coming suddenly back to me at a glimpse of orchards or ilex; then I went to my rope and got back over the wall."

And Jorkens looked sadly into the depths of the fire, as though the old illusion were glowing there still and a little warming the blood of the middle-aged man by its beauty, after Lord knows how long. In common gratitude I signed to the waiter.

Really there was no more for anyone to say. Watley needn't have spoken at all. And yet he did. And this was what he said, "It was no illusion, Jorkens."

"What!" said Jorkens.

"No illusion," Watley repeated.

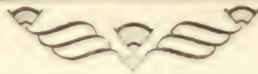
"The sisters of the Greek Reformed Church are the loveliest girls in those islands. They make a point of it. Whenever they get a beautiful girl they count it a victory over Satan. And they *are* beautiful."

"But a Hottentot," said Jorkens, "disfigured by smallpox."

"Oh, that," said Watley with a wave of his hand as though sweeping smallpox and Hottentot out of the world. "They keep their wits about them. 'Be cunninger than the Tempter' is one of their mottoes."

Jorkens gripped the whiskey that was by now beside him, and drained it without a word. Again I signed to the waiter. Still Jorkens was utterly silent and seemingly miles away from us, or more likely years and years. Another whiskey came, and he drained that too. And as he still said nothing, sitting there heedless of us, we went quietly away from the room and left him alone. As I went through the door he still seemed searching and searching for something lost in the sinking glow of the fire.





PANICS AND TIME PAYMENTS

BY JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE

SHORTLY before the stock market crash of October, 1929, there was published a two-volume book entitled *Recent Economic Changes*, which contained the findings of a group of business and economic leaders known as The President's Committee. The book reviewed the developments of the previous seven years. The Committee was extremely optimistic. It stated that these years had been "splendid beyond all human experience." Of the future it predicted: "Economically we have a boundless field before us; there are new wants which will make way endlessly for newer wants, as fast as they are satisfied."

A portion of the book was devoted to a consideration of the practice of selling goods on installments. This practice had increased enormously during the period under review. Four billion dollars' worth of new business had been created. The time-payment plan made possible the ownership of luxuries by people who would otherwise have been obliged to go without. The President's Committee stated: "The use of installment credit was a means of lessening sales resistance."

One would hardly be justified in recalling these matters except for one reason: the depression that set in so shortly after the publication of the optimistic findings of the President's Committee has been unexpectedly slow in righting itself. Directly following the stock-market debacle many business executives, including members of

the President's Committee, predicted that normal conditions would return within sixty days. Others, more conservatively inclined, suggested that a full resumption of prosperity might not take place until the following spring. No one, so far as I recall, expressed publicly a belief that the depression might continue a full year.

Did the policy of installment selling, which the President's Committee stated was a "means of lessening sales resistance," have something to do with the unexpectedly slow return to normal conditions? Is it possible that the executives who predicted an upturn within sixty days forgot about the four billion dollars' worth of unpaid installment contracts? Has business been obliged to rest on its oars until people who mortgaged their earnings a year or more in advance should have time to pay off their installments and start over again?

These questions are particularly pertinent at the present time when so many business executives are taking stock of conditions and laying plans for the future. If installment selling brought about seven years of prosperity that were splendid beyond all human experience, then it would seem that installment selling is a good policy for business to pursue. But if installment selling prolonged the ensuing depression, then it is not so good a policy.

One must go back to the panic of 1907 to find a business situation which will serve as a basis for estimating how

much, or how little, installment selling may prolong a business depression. The panic of 1907 was in many respects similar to the panic of 1929. It was the result of an over-production of goods. It also took place at the end of seven years that, for those times, were "splendid beyond all human experience." Practically the only difference lay in the fact that in 1907 only a small amount of business had been done on the installment plan, while in 1929 installment sales constituted a large percentage of the total retail business of the country. According to Government estimates, installment debts in 1929 amounted approximately to two hundred and fifty dollars for each family in the United States.

In 1907 I had a retail store on Washington Avenue, the main street of Newport News, Virginia. Newport News was considered a "good" business town. More than 7000 men were employed in the shipbuilding plant and in the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway terminals. From the standpoint of retail trade there was but one serious drawback. The city of Norfolk, several times larger than Newport News, was only fifteen miles distant, and the round trip could pleasantly be made for fifty cents. Norfolk's shops were larger than ours, and many of our citizens were accustomed to go to Norfolk to trade. It was to combat this tendency that a year or so previous to 1907 the Washington Avenue storekeepers organized the Newport News Retail Merchants Association.

Our Association was sincerely capitalistic in its point of view. Though there was no President's Committee to tell us how we might lessen sales resistance, I make bold to say we pursued our ends with considerable acumen. We stressed the fact that it was the duty of Newport News people to spend their money at home. This point could be argued upon an extremely high

moral plane. Every Newport News dollar that was spent elsewhere meant just that much less support for Newport News schools and churches. Particularly the churches, which were maintained by voluntary subscriptions. Were not Newport News people entitled to worship on as high a scale as the people of other cities? No one could deny it. A part of every dollar spent in Newport News went to the support of some Christian denomination. That being the case, how could any conscientious person strike a blow at religion by spending his money with out-of-town merchants?

In only one respect did the members of our Association fall behind modern standards in breaking down sales resistance. Scarcely any effort was made to sell merchandise on installments. Had we realized it, we were in a most fertile field, because men who work for wages are notoriously weak in resisting a-little-down-and-a-little-a-week salesmanship, and there were seven thousand such workers walking past our stores each day. On Washington Avenue, there were but two merchants who sold goods on installments. Both of these were furniture dealers. I believe there was a general feeling that installment selling was not quite dignified; it was looked upon also as a rather risky and uncertain project. When our Association discovered that a Norfolk jewelry merchant was sending a man to Newport News once each week to solicit installment purchases of diamond rings and gold watches from shipyard employees, we merely talked of trying to bring about the salesman's arrest for peddling goods without a license, instead of making a scientific study of his methods and adapting them to our own uses.

II

The panic of 1907 broke upon the country out of a clear sky in the month

of October, following the failure of the Knickerbocker Trust Company of New York. It is often referred to as a "money panic," and it was indeed that. For a time currency was so scarce that many banks refused to cash their customers' checks except for the most urgent necessities. In some communities manufacturers were allowed to draw only enough money to meet their payrolls. Newport News was in a particularly alarming situation. Both our great industries were obliged to reduce their payrolls drastically, and there was no telling how far the reduction might go. The men who lost their jobs generally left town to look for work elsewhere, because there was no chance for other employment locally. The holiday trade on Washington Avenue that year was lamentably small.

But the real crisis on Washington Avenue occurred directly after New Year's, when the merchants' obligations to their wholesale houses fell due. Most of us had stocked up heavily, expecting a continuance of the prosperity that was "splendid beyond all human experience"; and January found us with a great deal of merchandise on our shelves but with very little cash to pay for it. Many of the wholesalers to whom we owed money were themselves hard pressed and in no position to extend our debts.

Yet not a single merchant went into bankruptcy. The local banks managed to help out those who were in difficulties. I myself was one of these. It was with some misgiving that I went to the First National Bank to lay my case before the cashier. I am sure Mr. Willett does not remember the interview. Still less, I imagine, has he any idea that he made a remark which bears cogently on the theory of time-payment merchandising: "The Bank will loan you what you need to pay your bills. You've got the merchandise on your

shelves, haven't you? That's all the collateral we require."

What, I wonder, would have happened in 1907 if I, and my neighbors on Washington Avenue, had put our merchandise out on time payments? Would the banks have been as liberal with us if, instead of merchandise on our shelves, we had only installment contracts signed by a multitude of wage earners, many of whom had lost their jobs and had left town to look for work elsewhere? If, as in the crash of 1929, each family in the community owed an average debt of two hundred and fifty dollars for goods bought on the installment plan?

I am afraid that under such circumstances an industrial town like Newport News would not have recovered so promptly. It is still a matter of pride in Newport News that its first apartment house was planned and construction started during the most acute period of the 1907 depression. It was, after all, a business man's panic. The general public was not in debt. The working man who held his job could go ahead and buy things for cash as usual. The man who was so unfortunate as to lose his job was not tormented by the thought that the sheriff might come after his partly paid for wash boiler, or his electric stove, or his wife's wedding ring. Nor was he tempted to commit a dishonest act and leave town with things he had not paid for, letting the installment dealer whistle for the money.

Installment selling on a large scale did not begin until the depression of 1921, when radical measures were necessary to move the enormous stocks of merchandise that had accumulated. Manufacturers in many industries arranged to finance their dealers for installment sales. The expedient proved extremely successful, and it was estimated that outstanding installment contracts amounted to more than three

billions of dollars by 1926. There was a strike of Pennsylvania mine workers that year, and investigators were sent into the anthracite region to learn how installment selling affected a community which was undergoing such a business depression as had been brought on by the strike.

The investigators' findings were later printed in the Bulletin of the National Retail Drygoods Association. It was stated that installment selling had aggravated the business collapse in Wilkes-Barre, Scranton, and Carbon-dale. Automobile dealers had repossessed so many cars that a large exposition building in Wilkes-Barre was used for storage of such machines. Charity workers found many bare cupboards by the side of easy-payment talking machines, furniture, etc. The report ended with this comment:

The situation in Pennsylvania lends weight to the belief that the abuse of credit through present installment practice will cause the next business depression to be much more severe than would otherwise have been the case.

Appended to the report was information of a more sinister nature. The investigators stated that a great many people had run away from their communities and taken with them their partly paid for installment merchandise. The investigators' comment was: "It is unsafe to place too much faith in the honesty of American people."

The President's Committee states that installment selling has lessened sales resistance. Perhaps it did more than that in the Pennsylvania coal country. Prior to the strike a great many mine workers had been induced to buy more than they could pay for. When bad times came it was easier to run away with the merchandise than to give it up. Is it possible that while installment selling was lessening people's sales resistance it was at the same time lessening people's honesty?

III

Perhaps if we find out how much it costs to sell goods on installments we may have a better idea of whether or not the installment plan tends to prolong economic depressions. Not long ago an attempt was made to organize the house-paint industry on a time-payment basis. A number of leading house-paint manufacturers combined to promote the idea under the slogan, "Good News to Home Owners—10 Months to Pay." The plan called for the co-operation of hardware merchants throughout the United States. Any householder who wished to redecorate his house could apply to his local hardware merchant, and the latter would supply the paints and arrange with a painting contractor to do the work. When the job was finished the householder paid one-fifth of the agreed price in cash and signed ten notes for the balance.

It was, apparently, a splendid arrangement for everyone concerned. The householder was charged only nine per cent above the cash price. Assuming the cash price, for example, to be \$300 for painting a house, the householder paid \$327 on the installment plan. The hardware dealer who sold the paint did not have to wait for his money. He sent the householder's ten notes to a finance company. The finance company mailed the hardware dealer a check.

Yet with all its seeming advantages, the plan had to be abandoned because of violent opposition from associations of hardware dealers. Inasmuch as these merchants apparently stood to gain by selling house-painting jobs on the installment plan, what were their reasons for refusing to co-operate?

The principal reason, as announced by the National Retail Hardware Association, was the excessive price charged the householder. In a letter

sent to its members the Association stated: "When great industries compete with each other for larger sales by educating consumers to buy credit at 20 per cent to 30 per cent interest cost, the situation deserves serious thought."

How did the National Retail Hardware Association arrive at its conclusion that interest cost was "20 per cent to 30 per cent," when the promoters of the Good-News-to-Home-Owners campaign expressly stated that the householder was charged only nine per cent? The explanation is very simple: the householder who bought a \$300 job of house-painting on ten months' time did not get \$300 worth of credit. He paid \$60 as soon as the job was finished. The most he owed, therefore, was \$240. He cut this down every month, and at the tenth month he owed only \$24. But he had to pay interest on \$300 for the entire ten months!

Mr. Rivers Peterson, who is editor of a hardware magazine and also one of the owners of a hardware business in Muncie, Indiana, figured out the precise cost of the house-painting credit and wrote:

"Installment buying costs the consumer an interest rate of about 25 per cent. The more money he pays for interest the less he has left to pay for merchandise."

I do not suggest that the manufacturers who promoted the Good-News-to-Home-Owners campaign deliberately overcharged householders for credit accommodation. I believe their finance company made only a reasonable profit when it exacted 25 per cent for cashing the householders' notes and collecting the ten installments.

The finance company assumed a certain amount of risk. It had to pay salaries to bookkeepers and commissions to bill collectors. And then, it did not always get its money when it was due. Ten months to pay usually

means that some of the debtors take twelve or thirteen months, as anyone who has ever been in the bill-collecting business knows only too well.

But this does not alter the truth of Mr. Peterson's statement that the more money a citizen pays for interest the less money he has to buy merchandise with. If Mr. Peterson's hardware store should go into the installment house-painting project it would charge its customers a dollar for seventy-five cents' worth of paint and labor. The other twenty-five cents would go out of town to the finance company. Mr. Peterson, then, would reduce the buying power of his own customers. If all the merchants of Muncie should simultaneously begin to vend their wares on installments, the buying power of everyone in Muncie would be reduced. And if, on top of this, a general business depression should take place, it is quite likely Muncie would be longer in recuperating than if everyone had bought for cash and received a full dollar's worth of merchandise for his dollar.

If it costs a home owner 25 per cent for credit on a house-painting job, how much does the individual pay for credit who goes into a store and buys a washing machine, or a fur coat, or a ukulele, or a radio set on installments? The cost of credit varies somewhat, according to the article purchased. But all installment operations have one thing in common: *When an industry goes on an installment basis the cash price tends to rise to somewhere near the installment price.*

To illustrate: I am, let us say, an electrical goods merchant, and among other things I sell washing machines. The washing machine business is done largely on installments. I have one splendid machine which I sell on installments for \$100. But an occasional customer comes along who does not care to buy on time payments and so,

to get his trade, I put up a sign in my store, "Ten Per Cent Discount for Cash."

When I sell this customer a washing machine for \$90 I am charging him too much. If I were fair with him I should sell him the machine at \$25 less than the installment price. It probably costs me more than \$25 to sell a machine on installments when I figure the expense of bookkeeping, the wages of my collector who goes around to collect the monthly payments, and the occasional machine which I have to get the sheriff to repossess for me when the purchaser does not make his payments.

I know all these things. But I do not dare to offer a cash buyer more than ten per cent discount. If I did, I could not sell my machines to installment buyers. I have to make them believe they are paying only a little more than the cash price. My advertisement in the local newspaper, "I Trust the Public," would be flung in my teeth a dozen times a day by indignant would-be installment purchasers who learned that I trusted them but charged them twenty-five per cent for the compliment.

The President's Committee stated that installment selling lessens sales resistance. This is undoubtedly true. But I think the Committee should have gone farther and explained that installment selling also penalizes people who wish to pay cash. The Government itself has commented upon this. At the time the Committee was preparing its report a number of business publications printed this news item from Washington:

Consideration of the propriety of the growing practice of selling all sorts of merchandise on the installment plan is being forced upon several Government departments. But cash customers should not be burdened by the cost of the installment system. One Government department to-day is receiving complaints of the

practice of selling for cash at the same price as for deferred payment; this is considered bad.

IV

Many economists claim that installment selling justifies itself by increasing sales. But some manufacturers cannot sell their products on installments. These manufacturers are severely handicapped by the extension of installment selling.

The window-shade industry is a case in point. Recently one of the largest window-shade manufacturers in the country—a corporation capitalized at many millions of dollars and employing several thousand people—conducted an investigation to learn why its volume of sales tended to remain stationary at a time when other industries were enjoying a prosperity that was beyond all human experience.

The corporation's investigators called upon retail merchants in all parts of the country. Merchants who did a cash business were generally glad to push the sale of window shades. But merchants who sold mainly on the installment plan were reluctant to do so. A great many of the latter would not handle window shades at all. This was particularly the case in the retail furniture trade. A furniture dealer can afford to take a chance on selling a sideboard or a bedroom set on installments to anyone who wishes to buy, because these things have a resale value if repossessed. But window shades have no resale value. They are of no use to anyone else once they are installed in a home. Therefore, many installment dealers prefer not to sell window shades. One of the corporation's investigators wrote, "In many industrial sections I saw new automobiles standing in front of houses, and heard radios going inside the houses, but at the windows were old, dilapidated shades or no shades of any kind."

The same thing applies to numbers of other industries which have had to compete for the public's dollar against the industries which can readily sell their products on installments. Shoes, men's clothing, textiles, hats—all these found the going difficult during the years when the President's Committee stated that prosperity was beyond all human experience.

The laws in force throughout the country tend to promote installment operations. In all but three states—Louisiana, Missouri, and Ohio—an installment merchant has only to get his customer to sign a conditional contract which specifies that the purchaser does not own the article until all installments have been paid. Fortified by this document, the installment merchant can “pull” articles with comparative ease. One of the window-shade investigators reported seeing in a store in Tennessee a piece of household furniture that had been sold on installments and repossessed from Negro families no less than sixty-seven times. This is known in the trade as “borax” selling. Another example was that of a Mexican day laborer in San Antonio, Texas, who had in his adobe shack a set of dining-room furniture for which he had promised to pay \$400. As the Mexican had a wife and several children and earned \$1.50 a day, it was evident he had done business with a borax merchant who hoped only to collect two or three payments and then “pull” the merchandise.

These of course are extreme cases and concern merchants and customers of a low social status. But, as the President's Committee states, installment selling lessens sales resistance; and this applies also to social grades much higher than that of the average Negro or Mexican laborer. A gentleman writes me from Indiana that he recently witnessed a case in which “a furniture van backed up to a house on

my street that is tenanted by a young man office worker, his wife, and three children. The employees of the furniture store entered and began loading the van with the furnishings of the home. While this was in progress the young man drove up in a large automobile that he had just bought. A heated argument followed; but in the end the van rolled away, leaving the family of five persons with only one bed and an automobile that might similarly be replevied the following week.”

An industrial life insurance company reports a case in Rochester, New York, concerning the death of a man who had been regularly earning \$60 a week as a high-class steam fitter. But the steam fitter had bought on time payments an automobile, a piano, a radio set, a fur coat for his wife, and other articles. The weekly installments on these things amounted to \$63. As his budget left nothing for house rent or groceries, he had been obliged to skip about half his payments each week, and always there was an unseemly race between the installment collectors to see who should be first to get to the steam fitter when he came home with his pay envelope. By making payments every second week, he had managed not to have any of his purchases “pulled.” When he died his widow received a check for \$1500 from the insurance company; but this left her still some \$700 short of the amount necessary to complete her installment payments. Questioned as to the family's peculiar financial arrangements, she said, “I guess we didn't realize what we were doing. Everywhere we went someone urged us to buy something on the installment plan and offered to let us have it with such a little down payment that we couldn't resist. They said it was the modern way to save money.”

There has been a tendency in this

country to promote installment selling by making it appear noble. One writer refers to it as "an act of faith." Thrift and service are words often used. Professor Irving Fisher of Yale, for example, goes so far as to say that "the American practice of installment buying is a distinct aid to thrift"; also, that "the essential service is in the fact that the individual secures an immediate enjoyment of goods which could not otherwise be obtained until the future."

President Hoover has been quoted as saying that the policy of installment selling is "the backbone of continuing American prosperity."

It is hardly to be wondered at that so many people have been converted to the time-payment plan. A man finds it a splendid means of securing articles he wishes without the hardship of saving up the money in advance. He may also indulge the emotional feeling, backed by the authority of eminent persons, that when he buys on installments he is helping his fellow-men to higher standards of living.

But, putting emotion aside and speaking in plain business terms, how can you increase prosperity by forcing the sale of articles this year that will not be paid for until next year? The answer is, you can't. It is merely a synthetic prosperity until you have sold your customers up to the limit of their credit. Then you have to shut down your factory until your customers have paid off some of their installments and are once more a safe risk. You really hurt prosperity because, if you have to charge your customers twenty-five per cent for the privilege of buying on installments, they have just that much less to spend for goods.

Then there is a side to it that perhaps President Hoover did not think about when he said installment selling was the backbone of prosperity. Is prosperity really worth while that depends on get-

ting every family in the country into debt two hundred and fifty dollars' worth? Isn't a man undermining his character just a little when he buys regularly things on installments instead of saving up the price in advance? I believe he is. I believe, for example, that the Rochester steam fitter was a more upstanding citizen in the days before he tangled himself up so heavily in time-payment contracts that the collectors raced to his house to see who would be first to reach his pay envelope.

There is also the matter of the time-payment contract itself. When I buy my radio set on installments, the dealer does not take a sporting chance on me. He makes me admit that I am not honest enough to give him back the set in case I find myself unable to pay. He insists that I sign a paper giving him a right to take the set away from me and even to put me in jail if I try to run off with it.

Installment selling has never attained great popularity in European countries. Recently in Belfast, Ireland, I inquired of an automobile dealer if he sold on installments. He answered that he did; that his installment sales amounted to about ten per cent of his total volume. In the United States the figures are practically reversed. It is said that about eighty-five per cent of all cars here are sold on time payments.

In England there is some installment selling, but it has never become quite respectable. It is regarded, I should say, about as it was regarded in the United States in the early nineteenth-hundreds—as something that first-class people do not go in for. English installment houses recognize this and invariably state in their publicity that patrons need not fear neighborhood criticism because, "All purchases are delivered in vans that do not bear the name of the firm." The English installment merchant's best prospects are

naturally among people of small social standing. In London during the past year I was told of a mail-order merchant who proposed to sell a raincoat for a guinea on installments—a shilling with the order and a shilling a week for twenty weeks thereafter. He intended to advertise his bargain in small country-town newspapers. As it was impractical to hold a mortgage on such an article, he would sell his raincoat with no strings attached, trusting that most of the country people who bought would be honest enough to complete their payments.

Lunching afterward with an English business man and his wife, I chanced to mention this project. The business man's comment was made from the commercial standpoint. He said, "The scheme is perfectly safe. The raincoat merchant will make money. Not more than ten per cent of those country people will lie down on their payments."

But the Englishman's wife saw it from another standpoint. "It's bad," she said indignantly, "whether the merchant gains or loses. Some of those country people will find it hard to pay, and so they will just stop sending in their shillings. Probably it will be the first time in their lives they have done a dishonest thing. The whole scheme is a shameful undermining of the honesty of a lot of simple English people!"

In France there is a special law to control installment selling. A French installment dealer cannot, as in Great Britain or the United States, retain title to an article until it is paid for. When an article changes hands the title goes with it. If I, for example, sell a radio set to a person and deliver it to him, the radio set is his, even though he has not paid me anything on it. To be safe, I must assure myself of one of two things: either that my customer is financially responsible for the amount,

so I can sue him in the courts and get my money; or that my customer has such a reputation for honesty that he will bring me back my radio set in case he finds himself unable to meet his payments. French law is so strict on the subject that I cannot even pretend I have rented the radio set to my customer, and so keep the title in my own hands.

Yet there is considerable installment selling in France. Flourishing installment houses exist in Paris and in numbers of provincial cities, and in a suburb of Lyons there is a very important mail-order concern which sells on installments throughout the country. Bicycles, household furniture, and electrical goods are the principal installment merchandise. At one time the Belle Jardinière, a Paris department store, advertised men's clothing on time payments; but the newspaper columnists and music-hall artists of the metropolis found it such an irresistible source of drollery that the plan was laughed out of existence in a few months.

As the French installment dealer cannot "pull" his merchandise in case the customer refuses to pay, he naturally chooses his customers with great care. The Lyons concern claims that its credit losses amount barely to one per cent. It also claims it sells on installments at prices that are only eight per cent higher than those of ordinary department stores. There is no "borax" selling in France and no breaking down of sales resistance to the point where a man is tempted to tie himself up with more installment payments than can be met by the cash in his weekly pay envelope. This may, incidentally, have something to do with the uniformly good times France has enjoyed since the War. Business there has never been obliged to rest on its oars until people who mortgaged their earnings in advance had time to pay off their installments and start over again.

When the United States numbered its unemployed by the millions, France reported less than a thousand men out of work.

V

As I said at the beginning of this article, a great many industrial executives are at the present time considering what their future policies shall be. Many of them, evidently, remember how their industries were revived in 1921 by installment selling and plan to work that policy even more intensively than in the past. Mr. R. J. Greil, Vice President of the Commercial Investment Trust Incorporated, a New York concern which finances radio installment sales, has announced to radio manufacturers that "we don't think this is a time for unreasoning timidity."

A writer in *Business Week* reports that in some instances public utility companies are "seeking to speed sales by reducing the down payment and extending the time allowed for installments. One company is passing out electric refrigerators costing \$200 or \$300 for a down payment of only \$10."

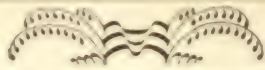
In Detroit installment merchants have used full-page newspaper advertisements that urge the buying of Christmas gifts with no down payment. The purchaser may begin to pay on February first, "when the automobile factories reopen."

But it is extremely unlikely that business can be revived as it was in 1921, by installment selling. At that

time the public generally was not in debt, while now the average family installment debt is \$250. It is even likely, if installment selling is made still more easy, that the next depression will be more violent and last longer than any past depression.

No one will argue that installment selling is an unmitigated evil. If the abuses are eliminated it may be beneficial both to industry and to the public. The principal abuses are "borax" selling and the high-pressure pushing of goods on people beyond their ability to pay. I might also mention the practice of forcing an installment purchaser to sign a contract that makes him admit he is not quite honest.

There is a very simple way to eliminate these things. Already in some States there has been talk of passing laws similar to those in force in France, which make it impossible for a vendor to hold title to an article after he has delivered the article to his customer. Far be it from me to recommend the passing of more laws when we have too many laws as it is; but such a statute would go far to eliminate dangerous overselling. Credit would be a dignified matter, depending on the purchaser's known reputation for honesty rather than on a threat of sending the sheriff after him. It would also give the manufacturer of window shades and textiles and shoes a better chance as against the manufacturer of dining-room furniture, fur coats, and electrical appliances.



IN DEFENSE OF SNOBBERY

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

NO DOUBT it seems a poor cause to advocate, and I know that I choose a lonely, precarious position. But I have a reason, almost amounting to a purpose, and it is this: most of the people whom I like best are said to be snobs, and often the very qualities in them which are most delightful seem to bring on the accusation. If these pleasant people are snobs I do not think that the word should be in such bad repute. Also, they are offended or insulted when they are so called. It seems fairly certain that there is either something unjust or mistaken in the characterization or else a fault in their own attitude which makes them so resentful of the word and so sensitive to its imputations. Men and women who will laugh at other criticisms of themselves or cheerfully profit by them almost invariably deny that they are snobbish, and they are often distressed or indignant when they refute the charge. Mary Blake, Catherine Eliot, Gerald Palmer, even Mr. Blenker feel the same way. Though these are some of my friends, they are not one another's intimates, and there can be no possible collusion between them. They live in various parts of the country. Their habits of mind and methods of living are entirely dissimilar, so neither the accusation nor the denial has a common basis in those facts.

Snob is, beyond a doubt, a horrid little word, ugly in sound, unsightly in print. Wondering just what its power

was, I hunted out the thickest and most impressive dictionary I could find, one with several thousand amazingly thin pages all decked and set about with knowledge. But the dictionary disappointed and failed me. It offered in explanation, "one who places a false and vulgar over-estimate on material possessions or fashionable standing." That certainly does not describe Mary Blake, who lives in considerable detachment from material things and never can remember what is fashionable and what is not. "Such a one," said the dictionary further, "as modifies his mental or outward attitude towards persons or matters because of wealth, station, or the lack of them." I cannot see how that applies to Catherine Eliot, whose loyalty to her friends in and out of disgrace and bankruptcy has been a shining example. The word probably derives, according to Webster's emporium of definition, from an original meaning of cobbler. Or it may have begun by being a term of contempt for a tailor. That lets out both Gerald and Mr. Blenker, for one is a capitalist and the other a lawyer and both are unconcerned about what they wear.

It would be simple to assume that injustice has been done my friends and close the discussion. But I am not inclined to let it go so easily. If these people are popularly held to be snobs, and the dictionary cannot accept them under that heading, we must see what usage has done to definition. The

trouble is that the dictionary, for once, is not keeping up with meanings. Snob has simply run away from it, taking along a host of meanings that originally belonged to other words and phrases. Its popular usage is more important than its dictionary meaning both to the one who is using the word and to the one to whom it is attached.

Everybody knows snobs in that dictionary sense. Those insecure people, whose pretensions never fit them very well, whose social life resembles the awkward, unrestful shape of a ladder, apparently must be endured. They are not a pleasant lot. They are at once arrogant and servile and they manage to do considerable bullying when they find people whose outlook is even narrower and more fearful than their own. But we all know what they are about, and the technic of dealing with them is simple enough. Like all bullies, they are more insolent than courageous. They are easily frightened, and many of them live all the time in a state of apprehension, and in a manner which approximates a sort of quarantine. They are always afraid of doing the wrong thing, of being with the wrong people. Of course, all their social alliances have to be temporary in a world where individuals may disgrace themselves at any moment. They try to be absolute about standards but they are copyists at heart and never sure of themselves. Indifference to their habits and opinions bewilders them and throws them into confusion. Nor do they ever have a very good time. Indeed, they work so hard at living and get so little fun out of it that perhaps it is better to be sorry for them. For, nuisances though they are, they are more so to themselves than to other people; and some of them keep a great deal of money in circulation, which is an additional reason to tolerate them, especially in hard times.

But the strange thing is that it is

these dictionary snobs who most often have the word resentfully upon their lips, who insist that other people are the snobbish ones. It is they, I believe, who started the rumor about Mary. And when she says, "I'm really not a snob, am I? I don't see why people think I am," she is certainly not to be blamed for wanting to disassociate herself from that nervous crowd of men and women who are completely mistaken about values and who will always be absurd in manner.

Mary is never absurd and rarely confused about values. She comes from a family which, through its interlockings and achievements, has been well known and highly regarded for many generations. Sometimes the members of it were rich and sometimes they were poor, but there seems usually to have been a flavor of elegance in their living. Mary herself is neither wealthy nor handsome. But she has a small income and she had the luck to marry a man she loved and to win his permanent devotion. Their home is not large or especially pretentious but it is always pleasant. They are apt to spend much more on service than most people with a like income and yet they are less self-indulgent than the average young Americans. Mary's evening dresses always remind people of what is no longer worn and of how queer a fashion which has passed can appear. None the less, to be asked to her house or to secure her as a guest conveys a certain distinction.

She makes no such claim, of course. All she wishes to do is to surround herself with the people of whom she is fond. She is excessively kind to strangers who come to the city, if by some chance they know friends of hers in other places. Spreading her acquaintance at random would not interest her at all. She reads a good deal, talks intelligently, and never forgets to vote. She does not belong to

any women's clubs, not because of prejudice but because she sees no reason why she should spend money on dues or time on meetings. Of course, the circle of people who know her well is small, and she has a habit of repeating the same guests at her dinner parties.

In a phrase, she is a woman who is not at everyone's disposal socially. By that same token she is a snob. It is astonishing how often that comment is made about Mary, never by her friends but by those who have not been invited to her house, by those whose invitations she has not accepted, by those who have merely heard that she is "difficult to know."

Mary is aware of what they say and occasionally it troubles her.

"I'm not a snob," she insists. "There's nothing I hate worse than snobbishness. I didn't go to the Harris wedding because I hardly know the girl. But I like many different kinds of people."

So she does. But she chooses them. It is that which is not forgiven her.

With Catherine Eliot the situation is different. Her great fortune has narrowed the paths of her life even while it has extended them. She is a copied, quoted person. Everything she does is apt to be conspicuous. She cannot have a baby or get her tonsils removed without its being an extraordinary event, because whatever happens to her means the diversion of a great deal of money. She has beauty and youth and a genuine talent for friendship. But she has been forced to shake off a good many people who wanted to exploit her acquaintance. In a way she is rather shrewd, though not infallible, about recognizing the difference between people who want her friendship and those who want to use it.

She told me not long ago of an incident that discouraged her. A child-study group had been formed in her city, and she was asked to join it. She

was glad to do so. She is an excellent mother and always glad to learn what she can about bringing up children and guiding them, so she went to a few meetings with considerable eagerness.

"But what was the use?" she asked. "The programs didn't amount to anything. What they really wanted was not to talk psychology but to have an excuse for spending a social afternoon. That was why I was asked."

She stopped attending the meetings and the remaining members rate her as a "fearful snob."

Still, her loyalties know no limit. When a friend of hers disgraced herself by going away with a man whom she could not marry and the affair came to a wretched impasse, it was Catherine who took up the cudgels for the girl. It was Catherine who sent her to a quiet place abroad to get her bearings and Catherine who quoted from her letters, and defended and explained her case, until people began to realize how much fineness there was in the girl. She did all that against opposition and hostility.

Catherine can be quite wistful sometimes. She feels that her wealth is a barrier. She is really a simple person and very successful in campaigns for charity. I have known her to go from door to door in districts where people did not know her and not only collect small sums of money but leave good will and friendliness behind her. None the less, there is no converting common opinion. She is held a snob. She wishes that it were not so. But she does not know what to do about it.

Gerald, on the other hand, fights back.

"I'm not a snob," he insists, "not in the least. They call me that because I'm not a Joiner. That's what has hung the bad name on me. I hate luncheon clubs because they sing songs and because they are so hearty and because they assume that everyone wants roast beef at twelve-fifteen on

Thursday. I haven't a hearty manner, and it's one of the things that can't be faked. I'm just not a mixer and I don't see what earthly good it would do anyone if I tried to pretend that I am. My enthusiasms run slowly. I'm perfectly ready to do my share for the community if I can lunch at a club where nobody sings and they cook individual portions."

Hardly anyone is considered such a snob as Gerald Palmer. Not even Mr. Blenker. Mr. Blenker has many friends but few intimates. He always lives at arm's length. Even those of us who have talked to him for hours on end have somehow never got to the first-name point. He is a man well on in middle age, always courteous, always entertaining. He is delightful to talk to, for he has a wealth of knowledge and not only on points of law. He understands people as well as books, knows character as well as places. He is certainly not an optimist but he is a pleasant companion and a great dinner-out during these last few years since he has become adjusted to his wife's death. He dines out continually but not indiscriminately. He knows various groups of people, and yet he is called a snob, not once or twice, but commonly so by people who have seen him draw fine mental lines between this and that, by hostesses whose invitations he will not accept, by those who have had no opportunity to know him, and never will have. For Mr. Blenker goes to those houses only in which he thinks he will be pleased with the company. He has a sincere liking for cultivated and educated people, good food, gin that is not synthetic, bridge that is not impulsive. He does not pretend otherwise. The thing he will never admit is that he is a snob.

II

There is a quality among these four men and women that repeats itself even

in this scant description. They show not only a power of discrimination but an accomplishment of selection. That is why they are resented, why they are tagged as snobbish. The very fact that they have a sense of direction seems to annoy people. It excites jealousy, and of course that is not unnatural. For so many people are fumbling, even in regard to their own ambitions, that they are bound to envy and resent a firm, defined attitude and inevitably moved to cry it down.

I have taken rather obvious cases. I have not mentioned Miss Helen Graff, who was the most intellectual woman I have ever known and who always appeared to be sifting people and things through the superfine mesh of her mind. She did it obviously. She did it not so mercilessly as scientifically. There was very little worth saving when her sifting was done, not very much fit for her use. She was a teacher and not popular among her confrères. I have since heard it said that she was always a mental snob.

A mental snob, to be sure, is supposed to be of a higher order than other snobs. The men or women who choose their friends only among those who give peace or stimulus to the mind, who will not bother with the unintelligent, may be no better liked than the social snobs, but the pack is never after them quite so hard. They may set themselves apart, draw themselves up, close themselves off, but if their reason is that they wish to devote their time to high thinking, they will be more easily forgiven than if they devoted their energies to high living. I suppose that not so many people covet the former as the latter kind of life, and tolerance breeds accordingly. Then too there may still be a lurking tradition left from the days when most philosophers and poets and teachers sought retreats instead of crowds.

I know one woman who is quite

ruthless in her judgments on intelligence, who will not endure the society of many people. She lets that be freely known. She is entirely frank about her criticisms and judgments and, strangely enough, she has created a certain vogue for them and for her own spirited highhandedness. People who do not even know her will be heard defending her point of view, asking why so clever a person as she is should "bother with" stupid companionship. She is conceded to be a snob, but the concession seems to have little sting in it. Yet one of her friends who, with infinite grace and tact, draws invisible lines about a highly desirable and glamorous social circle arouses the intense envy and dislike of those without it.

If, as this would seem to prove, one person is sometimes granted a right to be exclusive which is contested in another, we should be able to unearth a code of rules. What gives an unchallenged right to establish values and go one's way? Is it the mind, or the accident of birth, or the large house on the hill, or publicity, or achievement, or power? How high must one go before one is given authority in these matters? Is it proper for the wife of a President but unseemly in the daughter of a Governor? How many banks must one own? How many books must one have published? Is it the *Social Register* or "Who's Who" which decides in the end? Is it a matter of local option? Does it get down to a consideration of small puddles or big frogs?

This can become very confusing and very difficult to work out in any kind of social mathematics. We cannot even be sure whether we are dealing with pyramids or concentric circles, with plane or solid geometry. The only thing to do is to get back to the individual. No one can deny the right of each person to set up his own values

of life if they are not socially destructive.

It is only when there is an attempt to force these values on everyone else that the thing becomes insolent. I have never been affronted by anybody, no matter how aloof or aloft he might hold himself, if he was willing to let other people's habits and philosophy alone. There are a good many roads by which one may approach satisfaction and happiness and accomplishment, and each individual has a right to choose his own way and follow it without interference. But he has no right to assume that it is the only way, and I have felt the air as heavy with assumptions of that sort at a Communist meeting as in certain drawing-rooms and at Republican banquets.

The trouble with those snobs whom the dictionary describes is that they must have an audience, or a claque at least, even if they pretend to ignore it. They are never self-sufficient. They want to impose their ideas of what is important and fitting on someone else. They want reassurance and applause, even if it comes from the rabble outside the fence. That kind of snobbishness would die out very quickly on a desert island.

The woman who sits down beside me and insists on dragging the reluctant talk to the story of her daughter's debut is obviously trying to reassure herself of the value of that event by forcing me to act as audience. Those wearying and transparent persons who are always inserting irrelevant names and dates and tales of past triumphs into a conversation are only trying rather pathetically to bolster up a shaky importance. Snobs of this type know that it is impossible for them to stand alone. It is perhaps a secret doubt of the values which they have accepted and which they must pass on even if they are half aware they are putting counterfeits into circulation.

III

I am inclined to believe that the whole difference between such snobs and a person like Mary Blake lies in their perceptions of reality. It is the reason why Mary is self-sufficient and why they are not. Without talking very much about it, Mary sees her part for what it is. She knows that she has the luck to be more finely bred and better educated than the average. She knows too that she will never know or understand all kinds of people. Certain pleasant things have come her way, and she enjoys them. She does not pretend to share all of them. For she thinks that life is highly personal and must be limited and that her business is to make the most of her fragment of it. She is an individualist, like Gerald Palmer, going her own way because it seems the only honest, unfaked, sensible thing one can do. She deals in small quantities of people and makes up her groups of persons she likes according to her taste. Individualists are often confused with snobs, and possibly by this time the meaning of the latter word has become so loose and scattered that it includes individualism. In that case, there really should be a little revision of that fragment of Webster's dictionary to which I have referred. It has become necessary.

Catherine Eliot is not an individualist. She is a social person but she too has a clear perception of what is actual. She sees herself fitted into the pattern of society, part of its mosaic. The power of money is one thing she understands very well. Rich people usually do. She knows how craven most people become before wealth and she has no idea of confusing flattery with friendship or adulation with liking. It is obvious to her that she must always be cut off from many things and that it is a common experience. There

is, so far as she can see, no solution in pretense. That is why she is quickly out of patience with a child-study class which is only a masquerade for a few social ambitions. Mr. Blenker, who has met her once or twice, and likes her, calls her one of the "unblinded rich." No doubt he feels that she has something of his own feeling toward society. He knows that its group manifestations are artificial and largely material, that living is distinctly pleasanter when the company is good, and that there is not very much one can do when the company is poor. He is sure that he would not be a desirable addition to a dull group so why should he enter one?

If there is something inherently snobbish in seeing things clearly, then both Catherine and Mr. Blenker may be the snobs that so many people consider them. Otherwise, they and others like them should be promptly cleared of the accusation.

Beyond a doubt the word is a splendid catch-all. Looking my own acquaintance over, it seems to me that almost everyone I know who has individuality, who makes no pretenses to a false or romantic order of living, who admits that social contacts are what they are, has at one time or another been referred to as a snob. It seems such an unfortunate and inadequate description of their qualities of discrimination and personal reservation and developed tastes. When I hear the word snob, these people do not come to my mind as illustrations. I recall instead a woman who uses up all the air in the room describing how her grandmother used to live in pomp and splendor. I think involuntarily of those who make social capital out of incidental contact with celebrities. I am reminded of a newcomer to the city who cautiously asked whom she should cultivate so that she "wouldn't make any mistakes." I can never forget

the man who exclaimed proudly, "All the swells in town are on this committee of mine!"

Snobbery of this kind has no food value for truly important people. But it is, I suppose, many times the whole sustenance of the unimportant. A great many servants seem to use it as a drug, to dull an ignominy which they feel in their own position. It is a matter of pride to them that their employers are richer or more important than other servants' employers. Vicarious pride can, it is true, be a very fine and noble thing but only when the quality which arouses the admiration is understood and admired for itself, and not because it sheds reflected glory.

Last year in England I had a cook who claimed that she had been employed by the rich and illustrious in what she spoke of as great houses. She never allowed herself to forget that. Once I ordered some grapefruit, and on the following morning it appeared on the table, uncut, still in the rough. After breakfast I went to the kitchen and explained how grapefruit was served in the United States and what had to be done to make it appetizing to serve and comfortable to eat.

"Yes'm," she said, "I've seen it done that way in great 'ouses. But it's the work of the butler."

Apparently it was more than laziness with her. It was a matter of asserting superiority by claiming inferiority. She was by all odds as bad a snob as I have ever encountered. Her snobbishness was not only for herself. It was a vicarious snobbery for the English servant system. At any rate, I let the matter of the grapefruit go. That is one thing that can always be done with manifestations of snobbishness. You can ignore them, and the wind goes out of their sails almost immediately.

These are the kind of persons who seem to me to fit the accepted definition

of snob. But if men and women who are truly admirable are to come under the same appellation, there should be some extension of meanings. It must be admitted that there is sound snobbery as well as unsound snobbery or else there should be a penalty for flinging the word around so carelessly.

IV

For it hurts people. As I said in the beginning, it distresses or angers nearly everyone to be called snobbish. It is partly on account of the mentally unsightly, badly motivated lot one is thrown with. But even that hardly explains the worry of honest people over that particular accusation. There is a sting in it that gets under people's skins. Something inherent in the American consciousness makes us particularly sensitive to the charge, and I think the reason for that goes very deep into our tradition.

Without saying very much about it, most of us try to believe in democracy and at least prefer not to thwart it. To be called a snob is to be accused of being traitorous to an ideal that is our own, and of violating a fine tradition. I do not mean to suggest that we think this out whenever we are told that we are snobbish, but I should not be surprised if it is instinctive, and it may be the reason why the fear of becoming a snob arouses a sense of social responsibility. People defend themselves against the slur in a manner which is usually out of proportion to the consideration they give other criticisms. They worry about it, hunt in their own minds for traces of false values.

There is an innate fear that one would not belong anywhere if he were discovered to be a snob. It would be like being a person without a country. Snobs have no standing in the United States. There is no place for them here. There are countries in which

they are admired, or at least accepted. There is, on the other hand, Russia, where snobbery is disgraceful and individualism almost treason. But the United States remains neither fish nor fowl. Class distinction exists but recognition of it must stay under cover. Snobs are undemocratic. All men are free and equal.

It is outrageous to see what meanings have been read into that sentence. Too often the words have been made into a whip instead of a staff. They have been misinterpreted to mean that the natural selectivity of a developing culture was somehow wrong, and that the tendency of people to seek the company of those they enjoyed must not be carried too far for the sake of the safety of democracy itself. The sentence was made over into a slovenly one which claimed that "everyone is just as good as everyone else." To deny that is heresy.

Fortunately there does seem to be plenty of heresy. Every intelligent document written about present-day America denies that all of us are uniformly "good" (whatever that may mean), and seriously questions much of our equality and most of our freedom. A great many pretenses have their backs against the wall. But books are only books, and the ideal of equality as a fundamental of social life is implanted very deeply in children at a very early age. The danger to my mind is that this ideal may be like one of those laws, among them those regulating liquor control, which are on the statute books or even in the national Constitution but are nullified by common practice. It seems as if it would be much more wholesome to keep the ideal in consonance with actuality, with truth, and possibility. For otherwise children grow up with inhibitions which prevent them from admitting what they soon see, the vast differences between the natural capacities of men and the

even greater difference that education and habit and training and even the possession of money can make. It results in a great deal of surface falsity, because people know one thing and pretend that another is true. Business and politics find it very often to their advantage to encourage the pretense. They use it for flattery. They turn it into a makeshift camaraderie for use in campaigns and in some offices. And those who do not follow the procession along the indicated line of march are written off as snobs.

They do not like that. Many of these so-called snobs want deeply and rather wistfully to do their social duty, to be good citizens. It is that which makes them instinctively protest the word. Yet they must be guided by their own convictions. They know that the best they can do is to work through their own methods of limitation and selection and not try to beat down their own temperaments or environments.

Selectivity is still unpopular in America. Give it its head and there is no telling how far it might go. Certainly it would mean harder work for the politicians. So many of their truisms would be demoded. It would mean that tired phrases and clichés would be abandoned by many a roadside. But these are only things that float on the surface of politics, and underneath little that is valuable would be altered. There is no reason why it should be. In business the same thing is true. The assumption that everyone has an equal chance in the business world is nothing but an assumption and could be brushed away without altering facts. Even in social life things would remain much as they are. But a greater demonstration of frankness and honesty in social relations, a more natural acceptance of distinctions would put the poseurs and the trouble-makers out of jobs.

If this democracy were really the unpleasant mixture that so many of its professional defenders imply there would be little use or benefit in making even this much protest against a false situation. But it is not. Aristocrats and democrats, all thinkers, well aware of natural discriminations, founded it and they had no idea of going against nature. They intended to adjust a society to nature.

Perhaps we need a few fearless, strong-minded aristocrats—I may even mean snobs—now. I was talking to a very wise man only the other day about a public celebration he was managing. He is a very popular man,

with devoted, real friends everywhere. Nobody questions his hold on an immense public or his belief in and hopes for democracy. But as he outlined his plans I saw that they were marked by a careful selection of people. He accented the dignity and importance of some men at the expense of others. He picked his way among people, choosing here, rejecting there.

"But," I objected, "that appears rather snobbish. And you're not a snob."

He smiled, as if that were amusing.

"Oh, yes I am," he said, "and so is everybody else."

CHANGE OF SEASON

BY HELENE MAGARET

OFTEN I lay light-hearted on some hill,
 Giving my hair to grass, my feet to sod,
 Letting the world wheel over me until,
 Drunken with joy, I had no need of God;
 Happy to hear the windy blackbirds wing
 Over the corn, to see forsythia scatter
 Like fallen stars beneath the feet of spring,
 Happy believing God could never matter.
 I did not know how soon the rising corn
 Would stand with broken stalks, the blackbirds go,
 Leaving the prairie desolate, forlorn
 Before the long mortality of snow.
 Heedless and young, I did not reckon then
 How I would need my fathers' God again.



The Lion's Mouth



ON LYING FALLOW

BY ELMER DAVIS

HAVING worked hard and unremittingly for some months, I lately found it advisable to rest a while, and let my brain lie fallow. (Time may be taken out at this point for the obvious interjection of my enemies. Very well, gentlemen: fallower than usual, if you prefer to put it that way. And now let us proceed . . .)

Every author, now and then, has to take time off and let himself lie fallow. The efficiency engineer may find that an absurdity, but there is little but absurdity in the irrational economics of authorship. No doubt the efficiency engineer would say that, economically considered, an author is only a factory which produces reading matter, as a Ford plant produces Ford cars. But when Mr. Ford has produced a million cars he does not have to shut down his plant and let it lie fallow for a while before he can produce another million cars. He may shut it down, but only if he does not see where he can sell another million cars at the moment.

Your author's productivity has no such relation to consumer demand. He must produce when he can; he may turn out goods at top speed just when his customers are all bought up; he may

run dry just when the market is most avid for his product. So he ought to be compared, not to the manufacturer but to the farmer. He farms his own brain; and the time comes when he has to conserve the fertility of the soil by letting it go to grass for a while, giving nature a chance to distil the chemicals that will reinvigorate his mental humus.

So a few days ago I locked up my typewriter and decided that for a time I would lie fallow. Oh, extremely fallow. No mere change of interests, as the farmer delays exhaustion of the soil by rotation of crops; this was to be an absolute, a dynamic, a constructive fallowness. And it did not take long to discover that fallowness on the grand scale is not so easily attainable as you might think.

It's easy enough to lie fallow on the coral sands of Florida. In that hot-house atmosphere—under the ultra-violet rays of the sub-tropic sun, in the soothing emollient of sub-tropic seas, amid the fragrance of sub-tropic gardens—the automatic chemistry of nature operates at a furious rate, recharging the batteries, refertilizing the mental soil. But I did not, at the moment, feel like spending anywhere from fifteen to fifty dollars a day, plus railroad fare, for the privilege of lying fallow in Florida. It seemed possible to lie fallow at home at no greater expense than the normal overhead. . . . But what a mistake that was.

It happens that my home and my office are in one and the same apartment. In years past, when I lived in a smaller apartment, I used to work at a

hotel; but now that I work at home it would seem uneconomic to hire a hotel room for no other purpose than to lie fallow in it. Why not lie fallow on the home grounds? Well, the apartment which is my residence is also my family's residence; one corner of it is devoted to the manufacture of reading matter, as one corner of any great industrial establishment may be devoted to the manufacture of a lucrative by-product; but most of the space, most of the machinery, most of the attention of its occupants are devoted to another industry—the bringing up of children, which goes on whether I am lying fallow or not.

Indeed, it seemed to go on with greater intensity at just the time I chose for idleness. Orthodontia cast its blighting pall over the household; almost every day somebody had to accompany a child several miles through the traffic to the dentist's office. And who was to do it—the member of the firm who had plenty of other things to do, or the member who, for the moment, was lying fallow? Father's preoccupations are respected when the typewriter is rattling; but when the typewriter is locked up very shame at his own indolence presently impels him to turn to and do a day's work in the major industry of the household.

And did I do it? Well, I did a little of it—enough to satisfy my own conscience, if not the needs of the situation; and then went forth from the house to do my lying fallow somewhere else. But you can't lie fallow out of doors in New York in January. In the spring there are park benches; but the pleasures of sitting on a park bench soon exhaust themselves. O. Henry, says legend, used to sit on the benches of Madison Square, and listen to drifters who told him the stories of their lives, and derive therefrom the germs of some of his best plots. But O. Henry's

face must have been more inviting than mine, more provocative of confidences. I cannot remember that anybody ever said anything to me on a park bench but "Could you let me have a dime, brother?"

At any rate, the park bench is no midwinter pleasure resort; and as for prowling the streets, it's as much as a man's life is worth with the traffic increasing at its present rate. No, it was obvious that the constructive fallowing to which I aspired must be conducted indoors—in other people's doors.

So I called on my friends; but when I stated my business I found them strangely cold. "Oh, so you are lying fallow, are you?" they said in substance. "Well, we are not. You see this batch of work on the desk? It has to be finished by five o'clock, otherwise the boss will want to know what we do for our pay checks. After office hours, of course, we might join you—" But after office hours wouldn't do. We all habitually lie fallow after office hours; there would be no novelty about it, no ecstatic sense of release. To feel that I must lie fallow during office hours; and there is only one place—one sort of place, rather—where it can be done.

So the first afternoon I lay fallow for a while at Dan's, and then at Joe's; and the next day found me lying fallow at Louis's, and then at Adolphe's, and then at Chico's—institutions made for the convenience of the fallow-lier, where he can kill time with no greater effort than an occasional peremptory gesture to the waiter. But neither Dan nor Joe, Louis nor Chico nor Adolphe is in business for his health; every gesture to the waiter sets me back seventy-five cents, or more if some passing acquaintance has sat down with me to see how the fallow-lying is getting on. I may be recharging my mental batteries; but at the same time I am recharging Chico's cash drawer at a rate I can ill afford.

What is the solution, then? You see it before you. After three days of expensive endeavors to lie fallow, I go briskly and happily back to the typewriter, to write an essay on lying fallow.



AMOS 'N' ANDY 'N' ART

BY PHILIP CURTISS

"... Twice a day. See your dentist at least once a year."

With these sonorous words and with the droning *largo* that always precedes them, there comes each evening a moment like unto no other that has ever been known in our household. Under my chair goes the evening paper, and from her desk Cynthia ceases to ask me whether there are two t's or one in "intermittent." In a sort of hushed ecstasy the children draw the fire stool within an inch of the radio while, in the butler's pantry, the rattling of dishes comes to a stop, and the swinging doors are propped furtively open. Even Otis, the spaniel, settles quietly on the hearth-rug, knowing that for the next fifteen minutes he will be completely ignored and that, not even if he turns on his back and looks like a fried herring, will anyone give him the slightest attention.

There has arrived, in short, the only period within my recollection when the four members of our household have met regularly on complete terms of amity and silence, and in our joint hearts are known only two terrors—first, that the telephone may ring and, second, that one of our guests may prove to be a "last line repeater"—one of those hideous people who always, with a dry chuckle, echo each humorous line, thus spoiling the next one for all the rest of the company.

This same evening liturgy is, I assume, repeated in millions of other traditional "American homes," but so far as our own household is concerned, I am afraid that I must begin to say "was" and not "is"; for a subtle something tells me that we are shortly to see a change and that, instead of being a source of peace and harmony, those two benevolent spirits, Amos and Andy, are soon to become a source of discord and rage. I have an awful feeling, in other words, that poor Amos and Andy are about to be recognized as "great art."

It was Ralph Asterbow who brought this chill premonition into our house and, whatever else one may think about him, one must always admit that Ralph Asterbow has a sensitive finger on the pulse of the artistic world. He is one of those sprightly people who always know all the latest gossip of the art galleries and publishing houses, who call great musicians by their first names, and who are incessantly having ridiculous adventures with eccentric celebrities in speakeasies and taxicabs. It is easy to see, thus, that during Ralph's latest visit, as seven o'clock drew near, we found ourselves in a bit of a quandary.

"Ralph," I suggested, cautiously, "I don't suppose that you ever do anything so lowbrow as to listen to 'Amos 'n' Andy.'"

Ralph looked at me in amazement, as if he had discovered me wearing a white beaver hat. "But, my dear fellow!" he exclaimed. "Don't you realize that Amos and Andy are two of the greatest geniuses of our generation?" He glanced cautiously over his shoulder, as if the cook might hear what he was about to say and telegraph it to *The Nation*. "I happen to know," he explained, in a very low voice, "that Wenton Hewlitt Sparkes has just finished a stunning article for *The Mott Street Review* on 'Amos 'n' Andy—The Birth of an Art.'"

For a moment I was completely elated. So far as I was concerned, Amos and Andy might be deified, and I should be the first to burn incense. If Ralph had not said it already I should have admitted that I had rather sit back and hear Amos say his familiar "Just plain oh" than hear Hamlet's soliloquy; but, after Ralph had gone and I had had time to think it over, I found myself sinking into a strange depression. So many times had I seen the same thing happen, only to end in broken friendships, in hot and angry tumult, and—if one must use the word—in ruined art.

There seem to be, in brief, two subjects on which no human being can remain completely sensible—horses and art. Ask a man what sort of a game of golf he plays, and he will probably tell you very accurately, erring, if anything, on the modest side; but if a man has ever mounted a Shetland pony or spent three days on a ranch he will never admit, from that moment, that he does not know all that there is to know on the subject of horseflesh. He cannot see two riders in Central Park without growing stiff and judicial, and any reflection on his own horsemanship will make him sulky for days. I have known dozens of poor tennis players, hundreds of bungling oarsmen, and thousands of ridiculous swimmers, but I have never met a horseman who was not an expert.

In similar manner, in the art world there is apparently no word between "yes" and "no," no degree of opinion between "frightful" and "sublime." You cannot say, "Of course I like Rembrandt, but Picasso is pretty good, too." If you like Rembrandt you must hate Picasso, and if James Joyce entertains you, that puts Thackeray outside the pale. Furthermore, anyone who disagrees with you must obviously be a fool.

I can never forget, for example, one

terrible week-end when Ralph Asterbow himself was visiting us, while another guest was a cool-eyed young lady known as Bee Metzger. All day Saturday and most of Sunday we had had a glorious time. We had gone swimming, we had pitched pennies at a crack on the front piazza, and Cynthia had done herself proud with a roast goose. We were sitting around in most perfect peace, Sunday evening, until casually Ralph happened to speak of somebody's "art." Whose art it was I cannot remember. In fact, I doubt whether, after fifteen minutes, it was remembered even by the contestants themselves; but the minute that that word had been mentioned our two guests were at each other like a couple of terriers. As nearly as I can recall it, Bee, in those days, had a theory that the one true subject for really great art was mankind's eternal struggle with the forces of nature, while Ralph stuck out for the conflicts of the individual with his own baser self. The result was that by midnight Ralph was telling Bee that, according to *her* theory, the world's greatest poem would be "The Wreck of the Hesperus," to which Bee was retorting that, according to *his* ideas, it would be "The Face on the Barroom Floor." At a quarter of one they had somehow drifted into a stand-up fight on whether it took more genius to write *Pickwick Papers* or *The Stones of Venice* which they kept up until quarter of three, when Ralph suddenly clamped his hat on his head and strode into the darkness, while Bee burst into tears and went up to bed. Nor, to tell the truth, have I ever seen a discussion on art that ended very differently.

One hundred years ago the kingdom of France nearly split itself to pieces on the question of whether or not "Hernani" was art. After that, at one time or another, came the Millet-Barbizon

battle, the *Madame Bovary* struggle, the Manet and Monet revolution, the Rodin thunder, the César Franck siege, and the futurist war. In most of these contests there was some other element than the exact point at issue. Sometimes it was political, sometimes an accumulated outburst of artistic evolution, but nowadays, instead of waiting for public opinion to swell up and burst, we go around artificially stirring up all kinds of private fights. Harry Jones writes a book that sells a hundred thousand copies, but we can no longer rest with the statement, "Good for Harry!" We must sit down and make up our minds on the question of whether or not Harry Jones is the greatest thinker that ever lived. We cannot go and enjoy the great dancer Kashuska because someone has raised the theory that Kashuska is not only a beautiful dancer but is—through the medium of her rhythms—one of the world's greatest poets as well. It is no longer enough to say that you like Charlie Chaplin (as I do) or that you don't like him (as you may not). One must be prepared to argue the problem of whether his comic pantomime is not really symbolic of the deepest tears. We used, in short, to have a fine journeyman body of actors, painters, writers, musicians, tumblers, dancers, and performers on the Swiss bells, most of them jolly good fellows and highly contented with their lot; but to-day each one of them has no longer to face the essential question, "Am I a good Swiss bell ringer?" but "Underlying my quaint Swiss bell ringing, is there not the most exquisite art?" The novelist no longer asks himself whether he is a good novelist but whether he is a social force.

And now have we got to go through the same weary thing with Amos and Andy? Worse still, have they got to go through it themselves? It is a question that comes home to me pretty

deeply because, while I was too young for the "Hernani" episode and was rather inclined to let Rodin worry through by himself, yet if anyone gets rough with Amos and Andy I am afraid that I shall be forced to go into the fighting. If Wenton Hewlitt Sparkes comes out with his article celebrating Amos and Andy as the greatest artists of our generation, Digsby Houghton Pell will be sure to answer with another article saying, "No. There was Caruso!" and then the whole world will be off. Instead of sitting peacefully, as I do now, really enjoying the dialogue, I shall constantly have to be studying it, getting ready for some future Bee Metzger or Ralph Asterbow who may have enlisted on the Digsby Pell side. Instead of merely waiting for those delicious, infrequent moments when Amos unexpectedly breaks through his character and laughs aloud, I shall have to be studying the sketches daily for their folk-values, proving that Amos and Andy, more than a dozen other creators, have at last really "probed to the soul of the whole negro race."

If, moreover, the threatening cloud has these distressing possibilities for me and for Otis, the spaniel, just think how fatal it will be for Amos and Andy themselves. The whole history of art is strewn with the bodies of actors, painters, writers, and musicians who dried up and shrivelled the moment they realized that they were being watched. Imagine what would happen if, instead of waiting eagerly for the next pay check, poor Amos and Andy should fall into the deadly habit of waiting for the next morning's reviews. "Amos," I can hear Andy saying, "I hate to speak of it, but you've got to get a grip on yourself. In last month's articles three critics said that you were showing traces of North Carolina accent and not the true accent of the deep South." "South

my eye!" Amos will answer. "What did Madelaine Gibbs Harper say about you in *Overtones*?—'Andy, although he has moments of grandeur, has never fully realized the Othello-like quality of his part.'" When this happens I would not give three cents for the future of the act.

For, when you really come down to it, who is going to say what is art and what is not? That is not a childish question but a real one. Tolstoi wrote a whole book on the subject, and his only apparent conclusion was that art is anything created by Siberian aborigines. All else is bogus. Yet Tolstoi himself wrote two of the finest novels ever known. Bernard Shaw raises the question whether any form of literature can be included under the term art, while, in contrast to Tolstoi, the very derivation of the word must inevitably point out that when a thing is spontaneous or natural it cannot be art.

Is it not, in short, about time to stop sneering at that old phrase, "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like," and to call a halt on those smug, superior people who answer, "But a pig knows what it likes. A pig likes garbage"? In the long run, is not art just precisely that—something that *somebody* likes? Nor is that truth by any means limited to the easy quali-

fication, "In other words art is something which is liked by the finest minds." If anyone, even the finest minds, could really tell us what is art and what is not art, we should long ago have become like the Byzantines and kept on producing the same thing for generation after generation. Because our fathers liked gilt furniture that does not necessarily prove that they were stupid, tasteless, and utterly abandoned men, nor can you place your hand on a thing in our finest rooms to-day in the certainty that some future generation will not call it horrible.

Ralph Asterbow, probably, would indignantly deny this definition for, as he might say quite truly, art for Ralph Asterbow is not what he likes. It is what Wenton Hewlitt Sparkes likes. Equally, I am afraid, art for Bee Metzger is whatever is pleasant to Digsby Houghton Pell. But do I myself, at least, say that, because I like Amos and Andy, that makes them great artists? Now wait a minute. I thought that I had warned you that that was one question that I was not going to answer. If someone else starts the shooting, why then I may pick up my musket, but my one desire is to leave it alone—and wait for this evening—at seven o'clock.



MUDDLING THROUGH

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THESE lines, written early in February, in a time of acute controversy over various things, and especially relief of sufferers from drought and unemployment, will be read when these matters have been thrashed out and doubtless some settlement reached which, one may hope, will be fairly satisfactory to the country. The controversies have not added to the reputation of anyone concerned in them. The President, fighting for the principle of relief by private benevolence for drought sufferers, has had a good case, not well handled, and prejudiced by the fact that effective appeal to private benevolence was slow in coming. The Red Cross, without any fault of its own, being forced into a position between the devil and the deep sea, sided with the President, as doubtless it had to, and refused to handle an appropriation for drought sufferers if made by Congress. The House also backed the President and would not pass the Senate's bills. All these people were interested in the same end and working for it. The threat held over all of them was of a session of a new Congress following the fourth of March.

Besides the general problem of relief from drought and unemployment, there was a special problem of relief for veterans who held government insurance, and that had to be dealt with.

The proposal to pay off the insurance in full immediately, involving a sum of thirty-four hundred million dollars, was denounced by financiers in general as offering a disastrous prospect, very prejudicial to improvement in business.

When these words reach readers these controversies, let us hope, will have passed by; Congress will have adjourned, and at least it will be known whether a new session is to be called or not. It is in order, then, to think about things in general: the state of the country, the state of the world.

The opinion is prevalent that the United States is in a position, and has the means, to do more good in the world than it does at present. People think that if we knew how and had good leadership and enough grit we could alleviate very considerably the present condition of mankind which, in the opinion of careful observers, is quite forlorn. Of course that may be so. If we had the Angel Gabriel or some astute and experienced person to show us the way, we might very likely do a great deal better than we are doing. But as it is we have only amateurs like President Hoover and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, the Morgans, the General Electric, and the Senate. One may call that a galaxy, but a galaxy is not what we need so much as something to make us get a move on. Who can do that?

The President? The President is really a good deal under observation just now and the subject of a spirited degree of dissatisfaction. Anyone who happens to have a brick in his pocket is inclined just now to throw it at Mr. Hoover. He is accused of malpractice in the receipt and publication of the Wickersham report, of being a trimmer and a deceiver about rum and without convictions on that subject, but willing to appear to have any opinion that is profitable. He is held to be deficient in leadership and not to meet our expectations either as a thinker, a doer, or a manager.

Oh, well, never love a President! Never put your affection on anything so precarious as a presidential reputation. They come, they go, like the wind of scripture. A President is commended quite irrespective of what he has done and what he has not done. He gets the credit for timely rain and has to shoulder the responsibility for drought. The truth is the office is one that is beyond us. We never know who will be a good President or who will not be. After a lifetime of experience as voters and politicians, astute men make enormous mistakes in selecting candidates for the White House. Making Presidents is absolutely an except-the-Lord-build-the-house job. Conventions labor in vain unless the luck is with them. It is really marvelous what Presidents we have had, what efforts we make to get them, and what we get. One trouble is so few people understand what are the qualities a President should have, and those who do understand seldom find such qualities in an available man. Often one sees a candidate selected because he is a fine man and successful in business or some profession, and it turns out that his training has not been at all what is needed. The training that is needed is what brings understanding of men and the capacity to

deal with them. Where that has been learned and practiced the rest can usually be supplied.

ALREADY talk about the candidates for our next Presidential selection has begun. Consider, for example, the list towards Mr. Owen Young, an inclination quite natural in view of his character, abilities, and notable public services, especially in international affairs.

In the recent season of dispute Mr. Young came out for a cash bonus for needy veterans only. About half a billion, he thought, would attend to that and so he told committees of the Senate and the House on February 4th, confiding afterwards to reporters that he was not a candidate for President.

Of course that recommends him as a possible President, for a future President who is not a candidate might look very nice to us just now; but Mr. Young does not think he is in any danger of being a candidate. Even that opinion is probably justified. Mr. Young is a great expert in certain matters, a very remarkable mind, very useful to the country and the world in the employment he now follows, but there is no telling whether he would make a good President or not. He might not like it, and the office might not like him. We have an expert now for President, at least we thought we were getting one; and it may take us a year and a half more to determine whether we made a wise choice. It seems, as said, to take much more than common human judgment to pick Presidents. Conventions ought to open with fasting and prayer, but as a rule they do not. Roosevelt thought successful Presidents could be chosen by personal selection. He discovered that he was entirely wrong in thinking so. We nominated Mr. Davis, a fine man and a distinguished lawyer, but it

was not his job. He could not get near enough to put salt on the eagle's tail.

Still it makes Mr. Young look more attractive—which is quite unnecessary—to have him say he is not a candidate and beg the newspaper men to help him not to be one. It might muss Mr. Young all up to run for President, and the particular kind of man he is is a scarce article that ought to be handled with judgment. If we have to take a chance on any obviously valuable man by making him a Democratic candidate, there is Mr. Baker, who, quite likely, would make a better President than Mr. Young. Mr. Baker is a lawyer. There are plenty of lawyers and they develop well in the present state of economics, and to risk a first-class one now and then by running him for President is not an extravagance. Besides it does not seem to hurt them. Mr. Davis ran for President with no damage at all to his usefulness as a lawyer. So did Mr. Taft and Mr. Hughes.

BUT nobody who is a candidate for President is much good just now as an adviser because the questions that are up have such dangerous possibilities in them.

One trouble with the great diversity of opinions about drought relief, unemployment relief, veterans' relief, and relief of persons who want a drink is that so very few people know what has been done in these various fields. Congress seems to have appropriated already a lot of money for the drought-ridden States to start them with seed, keep their animals alive, and get them going when the season opens, which is about now. The veterans seem to have already something like a billion dollars a year spent on them; and this little matter of whether or not the Red Cross shall get fifteen or twenty million dollars out of the Treasury is really a bagatelle compared

with other details of the situation. Mr. Hoover's letter setting forth why he preferred the Red Cross to be backed by private benevolence was a good letter, made his point of view clearer, and stirred sympathy for him. True, we must remember that he has favorite objections which seem not quite logical, and he could sign a tariff bill which conferred government bounty at great cost on a selected few, and yet he takes this high stand about private help for the starving.

Something might be said about private benevolence. All local relief is expected from it of course. That is right enough in prosperous States, but Private Benevolence, like other Veterans, has his troubles. About a year and a half ago there was a slump in the stock market with subsequent continuing diminutions of Private Benevolence's income. A lot of people who used to give away money have not got it to give. A lot of people who have recently acquired money have not yet acquired the habit of giving it away. Unemployment has made local relief heavy. When we think of the wealth of the country, ten million dollars seems a tiny sum; but if you try to raise it, you may find that it takes about twenty million dollars of advertisement and effort to do it. You have to have some money if you are going to give it away, and if you are going to give it away what are you going to do to support improvement in business? If you don't buy the bargains in the shops, who will?

ONE of the arguments against the use of money voted by the Senate to relieve the drought situations in Arkansas, Kentucky, and other States of the Middle South was that Grover Cleveland would not let it be done in Texas.

A great deal of water has passed over the mill wheels since Grover Cleveland

was President. That was thirty-five years ago, before the rise of prosperity that followed McKinley's election and lasted until it got a jolt in 1907; but by 1912 business was not good, the Democrats came back, and the Great War made a market for all we had.

The Great War changed the world and changed us in our relation to it so that it becomes more and more doubtful how much our political and economic past can be used as a precedent for our present behavior. Our government grows constantly more socialistic, that is to say, it enters more and more into the regulation of life. You may not like it, but if it is a fact one might as well take notice of it. Conservative people insist that the world we live in is the same world which existed up to 1914. They cling to isolation and individualism, but isolation is a dead duck, and individualism is not so prosperous as one might wish. The world in these States has changed a lot since Grover Cleveland was President and exhausted his popularity at beating back the wave of free silver which threatened to roll over the country. That was a splendid service at the time, but, sakes alive! silver is again a topic.

There is more and more discussion whether the eminent fiscalists who put India on a gold basis did anything that was helpful to the human race. Partly as a consequence of that maneuver, but also because of the troubled state of China, silver has dropped in value from sixty-four to twenty-eight cents an ounce. Since the money of India, of China, of Mexico, and various other countries has been chiefly silver, that enormous fall in its value has diminished proportionately the buying power of those countries. Then the fractional currency of Europe has been turned away from silver and is now made either of paper or alloys. Fractional silver money, still in use in this

land, is convenient, acceptable, and clean. No reason is apparent why it should pass out of use.

When one talks about such a matter as silver he should know, if possible, something about it. But who does? Was this swinging of India to the gold standard by the British bankers a mistake? Was it a selfish policy of capitalists? Is it an important factor in the worldwide business depression? These are all questions for answer to which one turns to experts. No one who lived through the Bryan campaigns for the presidency wants to talk foolishly about silver. But who can talk sense about it? Is the gold standard going to figure again as the crown of thorns? Has it got anything to do with the price of wheat? Who is going to tell us? Mr. Mellon? Anybody in the government at Washington? What would Mr. Warburg say? What would Mr. Franklin Houston say? Of course there are many people in this country who own stock in silver mines and are concerned with the value of silver because they have it to sell, and their interests are, of course, important; but the main question is—What is the gold standard doing to the world, and if it is doing anything that it ought not to do, what can be done about it? The gold accumulated in Paris and New York seems not to be a source of satisfaction to anybody. Americans and Frenchmen as much as anyone else would like to see these accumulations go about their business. The condition of the world is something like an ice pack on a river. Spring is coming, and the ice will go out pretty soon, and probably with a big sweep. What is that ice pack? Is the gold standard in it along with war debts, reparations, bonuses, disputes between various sections of our government, prohibition, constitutional changes, and so on? Will there be a clean-up in this country in the next presidential election?



Abbo Ostrowsky

SPRING
By Abbo Ostrowsky
Courtesy of the Keppel Galleries



Harpers *Magazine*

OUR AMERICAN DREYFUS CASE

A CHALLENGE TO CALIFORNIA JUSTICE

BY LILLIAN SYMES

IN THE thirty-five years since Emile Zola thundered the charge of fraud and perjury at the military accusers of Alfred Dreyfus, the Dreyfus case has stood as the classic international example of what we in America have come to know as "the frame-up." The *affaire Dreyfus*—it may be necessary to remind the members of a younger generation—shook the French nation to its foundations and involved on one side or the other many of the most famous and influential men of the time. Doubtless to the more complacent minds of the nineties the charges of the Dreyfusards after the shameful acquittal of Esterhazy in 1898 must have seemed the mouthings of dangerous radicals; for it was difficult to convince the average citizen that any group of men, military or civil, would deliberately manufacture evidence of guilt, suppress proof of innocence, keep

silent when they could vindicate, or shut their minds to the truth because of personal prejudice.

We in America in the hard-boiled 1930's are probably less incredulous of the frailties of official nature. From Teapot Dome to our latest municipal-court scandals, we have seen enough of political and police malfeasance to believe almost anything of our lawmakers, courts, and public guardians. But if we have lost much of our social idealism, we have lost in still greater degree our capacity for indignation in the face of palpable injustice and stupidity. No such roar of protest as sounded in France in the nineties has been heard in the past fifteen years on the subject of our American Dreyfus affair, the Mooney-Billings case, and California is still convinced that, as one prominent native put it, "only a few parlor reds in the East care

a damn about the Mooney business anyway."

By the time this is printed, perhaps, a new State governor—the fourth to hold office during the history of the case—will have had an opportunity to bring to a belated ending the injustice involved in our civil counterpart of the great French military scandal and to demonstrate a moral courage with which few of his constituents have credited him. Should the genial new executive surprise both his friends and his enemies by such political hardihood he will not have wiped out the fact that in an enlightened and progressive American community it is possible for two men to remain in prison long after practically everyone but a small and embittered group of die-hards has become convinced of their innocence. This is not to say that all Californians, outside this small and embittered group, believe that Mooney and Billings should be freed. That is another matter. California, like all our States, abounds with persons who feel that anyone suspected of subversive opinions regarding this best of all possible worlds is better off in jail. But few Californians, except the more simple-minded readers of the *San Francisco Chronicle* and the *Los Angeles Times*, believe for a moment that Thomas J. Mooney and Warren K. Billings are guilty of the crime of which they were convicted.

Almost every year of the fifteen that have elapsed since these men were arrested in 1916 has witnessed some fresh disclosure of perjury or injustice in relation to their cases, some new appeal in their behalf from men intimately connected with their trials. The trial judge in the Mooney case, the ten living jurors, the assistant district attorney who prosecuted Billings, the chief of the detective bureau who assembled the evidence, and the present district attorney of San Francisco have repeatedly petitioned California's suc-

cessive governors to pardon the two prisoners on the ground that they were unjustly convicted. But all of these efforts, together with the intermittent protests of labor groups, of prominent individuals, and of the liberal press, have bounced ineffectively against the wall of California's official indifference. In spite of reports in the two or three newspapers that have espoused the prisoners' cause, the State has no realization of the interest and indignation its famous labor case has aroused beyond its borders or of how damaging to the State's reputation is the continued imprisonment of the two labor men.

Public interest in the Mooney-Billings case, which had naturally drooped during the past ten years, was revived again last summer when Warren K. Billings made his first appeal to the State Supreme Court for pardon. It was during this hearing that the last remaining shred of evidence against him and Mooney collapsed officially in the person of the recanting drug addict witness, John MacDonald. (MacDonald had made an affidavit admitting perjury years before.) The refusal of the Supreme Court to grant a pardon in the face of that collapse and the outrageous manner in which the hearing was conducted aroused a new flood of amazed and indignant comment in both the conservative and liberal press of the nation. For, after all, the Governor of California had intimated a short time before, in referring to Mooney's plea, that the guilt of the two men now hinged almost solely on the testimony of MacDonald and that MacDonald's recantation alone could save them. Now, with MacDonald admitting perjury, their appeals were denied. In spite of the Supreme Court's urgent hope that their decision would quell all agitation in relation to the case, "now and forever," it was soon obvious that more than ever, thoughtful people were

asking the question, "Why are Mooney and Billings still in prison?" The Californian who knew his State's political and industrial history didn't need to ask why.

II

The more obvious facts of the Mooney-Billings affair have been repeatedly aired in the national press, and no detailed story of the case is necessary here. Nothing short of a book could do justice to such a story, anyway. But, for an adequate answer to the question, "Why are these men kept in prison?" it is necessary to go behind these facts to the case's background, to trace the relation of that background to the amazing web of perjury which surrounded the trials and to the prejudice that has kept them where they are for nearly fifteen years.

California, unlike Massachusetts facing a somewhat similar situation, is not a self-righteous and stratified community with a homogeneous ruling caste. Like Florida and other playground regions, it is intensely concerned with the national good will. It is, on the whole, politically progressive—a heritage from Hiram Johnson's Bull Moose days—and in the north at least, where this affair took place, it is easy-going, tolerant, and humane in its standards of human conduct. Its larger cities have reeked with graft and corruption but, except for the southern evangelists, Californians do not get excited about such things. They are inclined to smile deprecatingly about them, just as a politician will smile deprecatingly as he admits, privately, "Yeah, this Mooney-Billings business is a dirty mess all right. Sure thing, it was framed—not that Mooney ain't a ——— anyway. But what's the use of raking all that up now? No, don't you quote me. I don't want to be smeared with it." This is a type of response I have had from people in a

position to speak with authority on the case. No, California is not smug in the sense that Massachusetts was. It merely wants to keep effectively buried what it admits to be a dirty mess, lest the exhumation should prove embarrassing all around. It has been willing—as its recent ex-governor admitted—to grant the men parole, because parole, carrying with it the intimation of mercy to repentant guilt, would still outside agitation in their behalf. But to grant pardon is to admit officially what has already been amply proved. And to admit perjury is to cast serious reflections upon prosecuting officials. So far the State hasn't taken such chances. It has preferred to abide by its past peccadillos with the oft-repeated phrase, "Well, anyway, we got the right men on the wrong evidence."

The roots of the Mooney-Billings case go back a long way—farther, indeed, than we have space to trace them. California's labor history up to the last prosperous decade had been an excessively violent one. The large employers were mostly of the old-fashioned, predatory type best personified by the well-known Pacific Coast shipowner who declared that the best way to break a strike was to send a few ambulance loads of pickets to the hospital, and by labor-hating publicists like the late owner of the Los Angeles *Times*. The dynamiting of the *Times* Building in 1910, during an attempt to organize Los Angeles labor, was one aspect of labor's answer to such a policy. Up to our entry into the War, every industrial conflict on the coast echoed with charges and counter-charges of sabotage, dynamite, and frame-up. "Scabs" were regularly beaten up by union "entertainment committees." Union pickets were slugged by hired gangsters. Damage to property occurred. Dynamite was planted at strategic points and then

duly discovered by corporation detectives to the fanfare of newspaper indignation. Throughout all this guerrilla warfare San Francisco remained largely a "closed shop" town, the most effective stronghold of organized labor in the country. Its labor leaders were, on the whole, of the conservative but quite practical A. F. of L. type usually referred to by the scornful radical as "labor politicians"—men who, though they might know more about the technic of sabotage than any I. W. W. ever talked about, nevertheless believed implicitly in the present social order and looked upon socialists as dangerous reds. It is a type known only to the American labor movement. As a rule, however, whether "straight" or "crooked," they "delivered the goods" to their constituents and maintained through their political machinations the economic strength of their respective bodies. Only the large public utility corporations, and particularly the United Railways—the officials of which had once been indicted for buying outright the entire city administration—were able to resist successfully the pressure of union organization. All this while "open shop" Los Angeles to the south was the envy and inspiration of Pacific Coast Chambers of Commerce.

As early as 1913, one of these utility corporations, acting through a private detective, one Martin Swanson, had attempted to implicate Tom Mooney and Warren Billings in a dynamiting plot in connection with an electrical workers' strike. Mooney had been acquitted at the time, but Billings, a mere boy, had been convicted on a separate charge and sentenced to a short prison term. Mooney was a cocky and aggressive young member of the Molders' Union and not particularly popular in local labor circles. For several years he had been active as a free lance organizer and in 1916,

believing evidently that he could accomplish single-handed what the local labor movement had failed to do, he secured permission from the international carmen's union to organize the street railway employees of San Francisco.

It was just at this time that Northern California capital was staging its revolt against "the crippling hand" of the trades unions. A general strike among the waterfront workers was the signal for the great crusade which was carried on with the utmost ruthlessness. The violence engendered by the knowledge that both sides were fighting for their lives furnished an excuse for the organizing by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce of a "Law and Order Committee," with all the slogans of the old-time Vigilantes. A million-dollar fund was raised to finance the fight and to deal with recalcitrant agitators. In the midst of all this, and in spite of the weakness of his little union group, probably infested with private detectives, Mooney called a strike of the street railway employees he had been organizing. It failed immediately, only a few men responding, but, in the language of President Wilson's Mediation Committee, it undoubtedly increased the determination of the utility corporations to "get" Tom Mooney.

It was at this fortuitous moment that the Preparedness Parade explosion took place. No greater piece of luck could have befallen the embattled Chamber of Commerce and the utility companies. All union men had been instructed to stay away from the parade. It had been heavily sponsored by the Law and Order Committee, the patriotic organizations, and the non-union employers whose employees were instructed to march. The explosion of a bomb *behind* the crowd of spectators on a sidewalk killed ten and wounded forty people.

The Law and Order Committee im-

mediately elected itself the community savior. A reward of seventeen thousand five hundred dollars was raised for the apprehension of the criminals, and San Francisco frothed at the mouth in an orgy of fright, hatred, and desire for vengeance. On the very evening of the explosion, before any clues had been gathered, Martin Swanson, the utility corporation detective, who had been on the trail of Mooney and Billings for three years, visited the district attorney who had been helped into office by the United Railways a few years before to dismiss the remaining graft prosecution indictments against them. Swanson was placed in charge of the investigation, and four days later Mooney, Mrs. Mooney, Billings, and two other trades unionists, Israel Weinburg and Edward Nolan, were arrested.

III

The story of the trials that followed need not detain us at this late date. Billings was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment on the testimony of a drug addict, an ex-convict, a garrulous ex-prostitute with a police record, and an apparently irresponsible mother and daughter, later discredited. Assistant District Attorney Brennan, who prosecuted the case, declared later that had he been a juror he would not have voted for conviction and, because of the weakness of his case, asked for life imprisonment rather than death.

It was undoubtedly because of a realization of this weakness that District Attorney Fickert and the forces back of him resorted to the desperate expedient of importing the "honest cattleman," Frank Oxman, into the Mooney trial which followed. They were asking the death penalty and were determined to get it.

Recently the writer talked with Judge Franklin A. Griffin, who presided at Mooney's trial, who later sentenced

him to death, and who for fourteen years has been making every possible effort to secure a pardon for him.

"When I look back upon the trial now," he said, "it seems to me that we must have been slightly crazed by the hysteria of the time to have accepted for a moment the preposterous contention of the prosecution—the story that the alleged dynamiters, three of them well-known to the police and fully aware that they were being shadowed by private detectives, rode down a cleared street in the face of an oncoming parade with a bomb on the running board of their car. Only Oxman's testimony carried any weight with me. We did not know then, of course, that he was lying, but the prosecution must have known that his original story bore no resemblance to the one he told on the witness stand."

When Oxman's incredibility was disclosed through the finding of letters he had written in an attempt to gain corroboration for his own testimony, some of the inner ramifications of the prosecution were uncovered. Others were revealed later by the Department of Labor's investigation of the District Attorney's office.

District Attorney Charles M. Fickert had been put in office, as we have said, largely through the money and efforts of the United Railways. He had been handed to that corporation by Justice F. W. Henshaw of the California Supreme Court, who was later forced to resign from the bench when Fremont Older, California's famous crusading editor, discovered that the dignified judge had accepted an enormous bribe in a will case. Fickert had been football captain at Stanford University, the alma mater of so many national figures in current politics, and he had been known to his associates there as "Boob" Fickert. The brainwork of his office was done by his associates, likewise up and coming young Stanford alumni.

But the office was directed by two men—Frank C. Drew, Attorney for the Chamber of Commerce, and Justice Henshaw of the Supreme Court.

It is claimed by those intimately associated with the case that the cattle dealer, Oxman—who had been involved previously in a fraud case—was brought to Drew, who in turn brought him to Fickert, by a member of a meat-packing firm associated with the Law and Order Committee. In spite of Mooney's complete photographic alibi (a commercial photographer, quite unknown to Mooney, had by accident snapped the Mooneys, the passing parade, and a large street clock from the roof of a building where the Mooneys stood watching the parade), Oxman's testimony definitely placing Mooney at the scene of the explosion resulted in his conviction and a sentence of death. The subornation of perjury letters were discovered two months later while Mooney's appeal was before the Supreme Court, and Fremont Older immediately published them on the front page of his paper, then *The Bulletin*.

The evening of that publication, according to Mr. Older, Fickert's chief assistant, Edward Cunha, who had prosecuted Mooney, knocked on his hotel door.

"Well, I guess I'm in the ash-can," was his greeting to the man who had instigated and fought through San Francisco's famous graft prosecutions. An hour later, after agreeing that the "game was up," Cunha arranged for a meeting of Older and a defense attorney with Fickert and his associates for the following night at the Olympic Club. At that meeting Fickert and his friends, thoroughly shaken by the turn of events and not knowing what other evidence the veteran editor might have against them, agreed to throw overboard their load of perjured testimony and to ask for a new trial for

Mooney. Pacing the floor in a seeming frenzy of indignation at the deception he declared had been practiced on him, the football star-prosecutor shouted, "I'll hang the ——" (meaning Oxman).

Older promised not to press the frame-up charges if a new trial were given Mooney, and he was assured, almost tearfully, "You're saving the bunch of us, Mr. Older." Some months later the burly Fickert knocked him down in the barroom of the Palace Hotel.

It is the belief of Fremont Older that Fickert and his associates really intended when they left him at the Olympic Club to do as they had promised. But in the next twenty-four hours they evidently received from somewhere higher up the assurance of support in this crisis and the knowledge that they could afford to be defiant. A meeting of the grand jury, subservient to the District Attorney's office, was called. It passed a resolution praising Fickert and ignoring the Oxman evidence. The Law and Order Committee, realizing the seriousness of the situation, paid for full-page advertisements in the daily newspapers calling upon all good citizens to stand by the District Attorney. Oxman was finally brought to trial for subornation of perjury. (His own, personal perjury was not discovered until later.) He was "taken care of," at the suggestion of Fickert, by one of the most able and highly priced defense attorneys in the State—Samuel Shorthridge, now United States Senator from California. The prosecution was conducted by a friend of the District Attorney's, then an assistant State's attorney general—Raymond Benjamin, author of California's Criminal Syndicalism Bill, now an unofficial adviser to Mr. Hoover and recently mentioned for chairmanship of the National G.O.P. In spite of the damning testimony against him

in his own handwriting, Oxman was acquitted—to the surprise of no one.

Because of the public's cynicism toward the Oxman acquittal, however, it was impossible to use him in the trials that followed. As a result, Mrs. Mooney and Weinburg were promptly acquitted, and Nolan was not even brought to trial. Yet if Mooney and Billings were guilty, these three, according to the prosecution's case, must have been equally guilty.

IV

The acquittal of Oxman did nothing to solve the prosecution's difficulties. In the summer of 1918, after we had entered the World War and while Judge Griffin was making every effort to secure a new trial for Mooney, President Wilson was moved by labor demonstrations before American embassies abroad to take a hand in the affair. His Mediation Commission, with Secretary of Labor Wilson as chairman and Felix Frankfurter as secretary, reported, after a thorough investigation of the case, that Mooney had not had a fair trial and that his arrest had been "engineered" by Martin Swanson. President Wilson immediately asked Governor Stephens to grant Mooney a new trial on one of the remaining indictments against him. The Governor did nothing at the time.

Then a second Federal investigation during September and October of 1918, conducted by the Director General of Employment, J. B. Densmore, under instructions from the Labor Department, finally ripped the last garment of pretense from the prosecution, revealed still farther the forces behind it, and saved Mooney's life. A dictagraph was placed in the District Attorney's office by Federal operatives and day-by-day records of the conversations there were taken down. That record, minus the obscenities necessarily de-

leted, may now be read in House Document 157, 66th Congress. The document is an amazing sidelight on the practice of our criminal law, our municipal politics, and the character of the men we elect to public office. Similar records taken in other American cities would undoubtedly show somewhat similar conditions, for, as a conservative attorney recently assured the writer while discussing the Densmore report, "There's nothing unusual about that sort of thing. It goes on all the time." In this particular instance District Attorney Fickert was grooming himself for the State's governorship and probably went a little farther than was wise in ingratiating himself with the powers that could put him there. The confidential conversations between Fickert and his chief assistant revealed them as unscrupulous, vindictive, and vulgar. It is not necessary here to go into the personal peccadillos of the District Attorney as revealed in his telephone conversations (a French farce writer would do well to consult the record for material) nor into the intellectual limitations which led him to believe that N-i-e-t-z-s-c-h-e spelled the name of a powerful explosive. The record proved conclusively that the District Attorney and his associates were at that moment attempting to re-frame a case against Mrs. Mooney, who had been acquitted, that such efforts were a part of the regular office routine, and that they were co-operating intimately with "notorious jury and case fixers."

Fickert (Densmore concludes) is seen throughout this report to be prostituting his office in other cases precisely as he prostituted it in the bomb cases and if there were previously any doubt as to whether a prisoner whom powerful interests desired to convict would receive a fair trial at the hands of the District Attorney, there is now no doubt about the matter whatever. The San Francisco District Attorney's office,

thrown wide open by this investigation, reveals the public prosecutor not as an officer of justice but as a conspirator against justice. Fickert is shown setting the guilty free and prosecuting the innocent.

But the dictagraph record showed something else. It will be remembered that Fickert's patron, Justice Henshaw, had been forced to resign his office some time before by Fremont Older, of *The Bulletin*, when Older had discovered documents proving Henshaw guilty of accepting a large bribe. At that time, when confronted by the evidence, Henshaw had pleaded with the editor, for the sake of his gray hairs and the honor of the Court, not to publish these documents and so disgrace him. He promised that he would resign from the bench, sever his connections with Fickert, and use his influence to get Mooney a new trial—a matter close to Older's heart. The editor, who is a philosophic Tolstoyan, agreed on these conditions to do nothing. Henshaw then resigned on the excuse that he wanted "to do war work," and the incriminating documents remained in Older's desk.

The Densmore dictagraph record made some months later, however, revealed the fact that the venerable judge had been "double crossing" the venerable editor. While Henshaw had resigned his office, his was still the fine Italian hand—or more literally, the Machiavellian mind—behind the District Attorney. He was still liaison officer between Fickert and the interests Fickert served. When the dictagraph record which revealed these facts was brought to Older by the men who had made it, he reached in his desk for the bribery documents and handed them to the investigators. They were incorporated with the Densmore report to the Department of Labor. Older published the entire report in his paper—now the *Call-Bulletin*. While never released by the

Department of Labor, it was later read into the *Congressional Record* during a congressional discussion of the Mooney case.

A few nights after the publication of the report by Older, Fickert made his fistic attack upon the editor in the bar-room of the Palace Hotel. Twelve years later, when Older was acting as a witness in support of Billings's appeal for pardon to the Supreme Court, it was clearly demonstrated by the malicious and insulting cross-examination he received that the justices had not forgotten his affront to the State Supreme Bench in his exposure of Justice Henshaw.

In November, 1918, after two more urgent communications from President Wilson, Governor Stephens commuted Mooney's sentence to life imprisonment. In the meantime the garrulous ex-prostitute had confessed that she had testified under pressure from the district attorney's office, and the simple-minded mother and daughter had been exposed by a neighboring chief of police. In November, 1920, came the confession of Police Officer Draper Hand that he had coached Oxman as well as other witnesses in their testimony, after they had been "programmed" by Martin Swanson, the private detective. It was with this confession that the present Governor of California, then Mayor of San Francisco, became involved in the situation.

Like other recanting witnesses, Hand first brought his story to Fremont Older. Realizing the importance of the confession, Older immediately requested Mayor Rolph to come to his office on a matter of vital importance. The genial mayor, known throughout the State as "Sunny Jim," readily acquiesced and appeared at the editor's office in his usual expansive mood. The door was closed behind him, Hand was introduced to him and began his story. A stenographer recorded it.

In a few moments Rolph must have realized that he was caught in what was to him an extremely distasteful situation. He was listening to a story which involved city officials in a frame-up. Rolph is a kindly man, and he has a constitutional antipathy for nasty messes. The famous smile froze. Mr. Older sat between him and the doorway. He was forced to listen to the full recital. The presses that evening would broadcast the story, "Draper Hand Confesses to Mayor Rolph." The recital ended, and Mr. Older moved back toward his desk. Without a word the mayor shot through the door.

A little later Hand was shunted out of the police department on some pretext, and nothing was done about his revelations, which at the time they were made seemed certain to open the entire case again. Four months later, MacDonald, last of the important witnesses, made his first confession of perjury to Mooney's attorney, Frank P. Walsh, in New York. This confession was repeated by him nine years later before the California Supreme Court—which preferred to believe, however, that MacDonald was lying in 1930 but had told the truth in 1916!

V

It may seem incredible to the disinterested reader that in the face of these disclosures and confessions, this complete breakdown of the web of perjury and intrigue which surrounded the trials, it should require any moral courage on the part of a State executive to right these wrongs—especially since he would have back of him the opinions of impartial investigators and the protests of internationally famous men and women. But Californians interested in the case know that the Mooney-Billings affair has become political dynamite; and no political careerist

willingly handles high explosives. The man who pardons Mooney will outrage the class prejudices and hates of the most socially and industrially influential citizens in the State. It is for this reason that three successive governors—possibly four by the time this is printed—have turned a deaf ear to their appeals.

There can be no doubt in the mind of the impartial observer that these men were—as President Wilson's Mediation Commission intimated—the victims of the machinations of Martin Swanson acting in behalf of certain employing interests determined to "get" both men. District Attorney Fickert, who may have at first accepted Swanson's witnesses at their face value, must have been aware of the nature of the evidence within a few weeks of the explosion. But he has not to this day faltered in his efforts to defeat all pleas for pardon. In this he has been ably seconded by his much cleverer and more bitter assistant, Edward Cunha. However, having bungled so badly the job with which he was entrusted and having committed the unforgivable sin of being found out, Fickert has long since been deserted by his patrons and now looks like a broken man. Recently he is said to have appealed to Governor Rolph for a State job. Cunha is now actively engaged in private practice—from which he took time off last summer to aid Justice Preston in the "prosecution" of the Billings hearings. But other men, less directly connected with the case, have since moved up into higher circles of social and political life.

Much water has flowed under San Francisco's industrial bridges since the violent days of 1916. The United Railways has changed owners and the other corporations which once pursued Mooney and Billings so relentlessly now go in for welfare work, employees' bonuses, and public relations counsels. When Mooney's petition for pardon

was before the Governor last year, the present officials of these companies asserted to newspaper men that their organizations were no longer interested in whether or not these men stayed in prison. They refused, however, to make any effort for their release.

But pressure of some sort was certainly exerted from somewhere. One year ago last autumn when the last Mooney plea was on his desk, Governor Young intimated to four different persons, including United States Senator Hiram Johnson, that a pardon might be expected. Mrs. Young, who evidently did not share her husband's timidity, expressed herself even more forcibly on the subject. But the pardon plea was denied. The Governor had as an excuse, to be sure, the decision of the State Supreme Court in the Billings appeal which had intervened in the meanwhile, but that decision was so notoriously prejudiced that no man of courage could have permitted himself to be influenced by it for a moment. (It was at this hearing that Justice Preston, former United States Attorney during the World War, acted as both judge and prosecutor, displayed a bias that amazed even newspaper men, and generally put on a performance that has probably never been equaled in our judicial history.)

In spite of the assurances of neutrality given by the utility companies at this time, it is entirely obvious that the financial interests of the State want Mooney and Billings kept where they are. During the past summer Duncan Aikman, California correspondent for the *Baltimore Sun*, interviewed leading San Francisco business men who had been members of the Law and Order Committee in 1916. While refusing to discuss the matter officially, the consensus of their individual opinions was that both men were "guilty as hell." Some of the men who voiced

this opinion are supporters of the present Governor. This is one reason why the present Governor may find it difficult to follow his naturally humane and sympathetic impulses.

Another political factor in the situation—in addition to Northern California capital—is the Southern California vote. Since 1916 more than two million new inhabitants have moved into Southern California, largely from the rural Middle West. These new voters know nothing of the facts of the Mooney-Billings case, but the two men are vaguely associated in their minds with the more recent red scares, with a Bolshevism that had no existence in 1916. These people, with their small savings and investments to guard, are kept in a state of almost continual panic by such organizations as the Better America Federation which performs for the Southwest what the D.A.R. and the Civic Federation do for the East. Any governor or other public official who advocated freeing Mooney and Billings would, in the language of the Better Americans, be "trucking to the reds."

Labor in the State is largely apathetic about the case. San Francisco is no longer a "closed shop" city. The strength of the union movement is badly shattered. The labor leaders have never been enthusiastic about Mooney, and during a decade of comparative industrial peace the rank and file have lost most of their old militancy, which if socially blind was at least practically effective.

The prevailing mood among other classes in the State—apart, of course, from the thousands of men and women in every walk of life who have protested the convictions from the beginning—is indifference. The average Californian with whom one talks casually seems convinced that the trials were "crooked" and that Mooney and Billings probably never saw the Prepared-

ness Parade bomb. But many feel that the men were probably saboteurs and dynamiters who had destroyed property, so why make a fuss about them? In other words, if you suspect a man of having damaged your back fence but haven't been able to prove that he did it, it is legitimate to frame him on the charge of having murdered his grandmother. This is the attitude which was recently expressed most forcibly by the editor of a Colfax, California, newspaper when he rebuked the *New Republic* for its interest in the case.

We may as well be candid and kindergartenish with you. . . . It is quite beside the point whether or not they [Mooney and Billings] are guilty of the particular crimes of which they were charged and convicted. The question is: Are Mooney and Billings the sort of people we want to run at large? We have decided this in the negative and we have locked them up. We intend to keep them there.

During the recent Billings hearing before the Supreme Court, the San Francisco newspapers devoted from two to five pages daily to what was naturally a sensational and significant occurrence. The student paper of the University of California considered all this fuss about the matter both a huge joke and a daily annoyance. What they wanted, it was insisted, was news. Who cared about all this Mooney or Looney or Spillings stuff? Like the Supreme Court, they were tired of hearing about it. Back to murders, divorces, and bigger and better sports pages!

VI

The problem of who really committed the bomb outrage might have been solved by this time had not the prosecution, in its haste to pin the crime on Mooney and Billings, ignored important evidence and the testimony of respectable citizens which conflicted

with their theory of the case. Among those who believe the prisoners innocent, several theories have been advanced. One is that the deed was committed by a crank whose mind was inflamed to insanity by the waves of nationalist and pro-militarist propaganda then raging. Another—advanced recently by a sensational writer in a popular weekly and founded upon evidence long familiar to many San Franciscans—is that the crime was part of the German sabotage campaign in this country between 1914 and 1917. While it is possible that the manufacturer of the bomb may have been a man who had been at some time associated with the work of German espionage as a hired mercenary, it is altogether unlikely—in view of the fact that the explosion naturally intensified the interventionist and anti-German sentiment of the country—that any German official knew anything about it. German diplomats are not fools. A third theory, held by the defendants themselves and some of their friends, involves Martin Swanson in the bomb plot as well as in their later persecution.

Whoever committed the crime, there can be no question at this time that the men who have suffered for it are innocent. Mooney has grown middle-aged in San Quentin prison. Billings, though still comparatively young, has lived more than fourteen years in the blinding heat of Folsom, the other State penitentiary. Not even a justly disposed governor can set him free because, according to California's law, a second offender can be pardoned only by the State Supreme Court, and the California State Supreme Court has already demonstrated its attitude toward Billings. Only a change in the law or the appointment of more justices like the eloquently dissenting Langdon can save him.

Neither Mooney nor Billings is a hero to the writer, nor has she any

personal interest in either of them. (In California, everyone who has interested himself in behalf of these men has been accused by the conservative press opposed to their release of having a sentimental or financial interest in their defense.) As individuals they may not be of any particular importance, but as symbols of a judicial and industrial frame-up their cases cast a shadow across the whole administration of justice in this country and particularly in California. For years agitators of various schools have been declaring that the worker, caught in the toils of "capitalist justice," hasn't a chance for a square deal. California seems determined to prove that contention.

There are, of course, thousands of men and women in the State whose feelings have been continually outraged by the case and who have protested vigorously when given an opportunity. One may hear stronger language on the subject from a prominent rabbi, an Episcopal bishop, or a well-known lawyer than from the convinced radical—who after all expects nothing better from "the interests" and is not surprised. But California is, as we have said, more sensitive to national disapproval than to native protest. It has not yet realized how widespread this national disapproval is—widespread, at least, among those thinking and socially sensitive men and women whose words will mean more to posterity than the timid mouthings of politicians. Scores of such men and women, among them Theodore Dreiser, John Dewey, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Sinclair Lewis, Alexander Meiklejohn, Stephen S. Wise, Fannie Hurst, H. L. Mencken, Norman

Hapgood, Philip LaFollette, Robert Duffus, Inez Haynes Irwin, W. E. Woodward, Clarence Darrow, Bishop Francis McConnell, Glenn Frank, and Roy Howard of the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain, have already voiced an appeal for justice for these men, for the pardon which is the only possible reparation the State can now make them. At the present moment evidence in relation to the case is before the Wickersham Committee. In view of the Committee's Prohibition report, there is probably little to expect from this source; but if ever a case of "law enforcement" cried to heaven for thorough investigation, it is this double Dreyfus affair in California.

That Mooney and Billings are being held in prison long after every shred of evidence against them has collapsed because of politics, prejudice, and timidity has been the unescapable conclusion of everyone who has made an impartial investigation of their cases. The facts presented in this article can be easily checked by anyone caring to do so. That the men were the victims of a particularly malicious frame-up (though the "frame-up" issue was dropped for purely tactical reasons in the last Billings hearing) cannot be doubted by anyone who has read the Densmore report on the District Attorney's office. The Dreyfus case had its belated happy ending after twelve years. After fifteen years nothing short of a violent awakening of the State's long dormant sense of social indignation can save us from the disgrace of having these men die in prison—and from having some future generation shudder at California's callous indifference and stupidity.



SEARCH FOR MR. LOO

A STORY

BY STELLA BENSON

MRS. MARY LOO had not found it difficult to persuade the Captain to let her and Cutty go ashore on Chinchang Island. This is one of the compensations attached to being pitied—people do things for you that you want done, even if they do not want to do them. But in this case what Mary Loo wanted done was not difficult to do. The little steamer could not in any case manage to reach her berth in Hongkong harbor before nightfall, so her captain was as willing to await the proper time and tide off Chinchang as anywhere else.

"You won't find him on Chinchang," said the Captain. "How could you possibly find him? There isn't any foreign settlement there and only a handful of Chinese peasants."

Throughout the voyage the kind Captain had with difficulty refrained from referring disrespectfully to the Chinese, out of pity for Mary whose husband was one. The Captain despised Mary. She was not pretty or very young; she was one of those so-called brainy women, he thought contemptuously—had been a schoolma'am. Perhaps she had to marry a Chinaman because no white man had wanted her. However, she was not too clever to be a mother and, therefore, the Captain, while still despising her, would certainly have risked his life for her.

Young Cutty Loo, a thin, sly-looking child with his Chinese father's flat-

tened, opaque eyes, hummed a song as he sat by his mother's side in the little boat, being rowed towards the shore.

"You're singing that song wrong, Cutty," said Mary coldly. "It goes like this—*Ta-ra-ra*—not *Ta-ra-ra*."

"I know," said Cutty. This retort was his defense against his mother's superiority—a door of escape for his pent vanity.

"I should think you'd have other things to think of than the kid's singing to-day, Mrs. Loo," said the serious young Third Officer who was in command of the party. He, like his captain, felt obliged to despise yet be kind to Mrs. Loo. "Surely it doesn't matter how the kid sings his little kiddie songs. In your place, when your luck hangs in the balance, so to speak, I shouldn't bother with Cutty's musical education—but of course I'm not a highbrow."

"Thinking of other things doesn't make you deaf," said Mary Loo glumly. "Nobody has any right to sing even a baby-song wrong. If they can't sing it they ought to keep silence. If I had no sense of smell, Cutty might wave little baskets of manure under your nose, and I might say you ought to be thinking of other things than smells, he's only a kiddie, and they're only little baskets of manure; you ought to be thinking of your fiancée, not troubling about little smells, I might say. I'm sure I don't know why noses should have more rights than ears."

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know either," said the poor young man, much confused by this logical attack, "only in your place I should be all of a doo-dah—landing on this queer little shore to look for your husband that you haven't seen for two years. How are you going to set about finding him, to begin with?"

"He will be looking out for the ship," said Mary. "I wrote and told him Cutty and I would come from England on this ship."

"You did! How in the world did you address the letter?"

"Walter Loo, Esquire, The Turtle Farm, Chinchang Island, near South China."

"But, Mrs. Loo, I doubt very much if letters get delivered on out-of-the-way Chinese islands like this—not at any rate letters addressed in English, with Esquires and all that. . . . There's only a little fishing village on Chinchang—no postmen and suchlike. Didn't Mr. Loo give you a proper address to write to?"

"His last address was a boarding house in Hongkong called Balmoral House, but his last letter—eighteen months ago—said, 'I am going to Chinchang Island to start a turtle farm.'"

The Third Officer said nothing. "It's not *my* business," he thought, and felt the more safe and established himself, for the poor woman's obvious insecurity. There was a long pause. Then he said, "Walter Loo—it's rather a quaint name—like Waterloo Station, isn't it?"

"My goodness gracious," said Mary Loo rather violently. "Surely you can realize that that joke's been made before to me—again and again and again."

"Oh, I wasn't joking," said the Third Officer, his face covered with blushes, his heart full of hatred. "I was only just passing the remark. Something

to say. No offense meant." He made up his mind then not to go ashore with her and see that her inquiries were well begun, as he had intended. But he was such a very kind young man that as the boat touched the sand he said, in spite of himself, "I'll just stroll along to the village with you and see that you find somebody who can help you." To suggest strolling instead of walking somehow made his good nature seem less personal—less flattering to her, he thought.

The first moment that Mary saw the first Chinese villager she knew that she had lost her husband—lost everything—given up her English security for nothing. She saw all China instantly in the incomprehensible knotted face of this young peasant. He trotted along the sands with a smooth gait, carrying, on either end of a shoulder-pole, a dangling basket of vegetables. Looking at his face, she realized for the first time that she had married a member of an unknowable race five hundred million strong. The peasant stared, astonished, at the three strangers. He did not stand and stare; his legs carried him inexorably away as though they were the legs of a conscientiously industrious horse, but his face craned round towards them as long as he was in sight. Mary and Cutty turned round to stare at him. And that exchanged gaze, so reluctantly broken, seemed to Mary to build up a high—sky-high—wall not only between her and her future but between her and her past. She could look neither forward nor backward; she was walled in in a void between two crowded halls. She walked on somberly, holding Cutty's wrist masterfully, as though she were making sure of at least one possession.

"I seen a little monkey," said Cutty, twisting and pulling at his captive wrist.

"This is the only island in these parts that has monkeys in the trees,"

said the Third Officer. "Some say the English sailors brought a couple of pet monkeys when they used to use this place as a watering station a hundred years ago. Monkeys aren't natural here, they say."

"No, I know," said Cutty.

Mary's mind, rebounding from the repellent fact of her plight, turned desperately to the matter of monkeys. "It's a shame putting things where they're foreign," she said rather incoherently. "Things ought to be allowed to stop at home, that's what they ought—all this pushing about of monkeys and things from one country to another—the idea. . . . It's downright deceitful."

The Third Officer was not interested enough in her trouble to understand the relevance of her protest. "Where would you be in England if us sailors didn't come to foreign parts fetching and carrying?" he said.

"Where should I be in England anyway?" began Mary, but Cutty interrupted, "Fetching and carrying what—monkeys?"

"Now silly—can't you think before you speak?" cried his irascible mother.

The Third Officer was sorry for the child. "Monkeys and sailors always have been partial to each other, Cutty," he said. "Look now at that monkey perching on that gravestone. It's easy to think that may be the grave of the sailor who brought over that monkey's great-great-grandmamma."

"I know," said Cutty.

"Is it really a gravestone?" said Mary Loo in a gentler voice.

"There's dozens of 'em here," said the young man. "Yellow fever was something chronic in the old days here."

Mary's attention, still desperately avoiding the center of her fear, became concentrated on the gravestone. It was crooked and looked as though it had stood long in damp shade; in its

cracks, small ferns and mosses had taken root. On its weatherworn face, only these letters could be read:

William Ramsden
H. M. S. Mercury
26th year of his service April 1831
loved . . .
Peace

"Lumsden or Ramsden, I suppose," said the Third Officer, patting the gravestone encouragingly, as though it were a human shoulder. "Or maybe some queer name we can't guess at—Helmsden or Claphamsden."

"Or Creamsden or Jamsden or Top-and-bottomsden," chanted Cutty. "Or Bimsden or Bumsden or—"

His mother shook him violently. "Shut up, you silly little fool." She added in a suddenly pensive voice, "No, it couldn't have been a *queer* name—not a *funny* name. . . . It must have been a solid English, Kentish name. . . . No railway station jokes about that name."

The Third Officer felt uncomfortable. "Best be getting on to the village," he said and took a few steps in that direction, anxious to get this tiresome morning's work finished. The village, a tottering huddle of crooked planks, was wedged between the pine woods and the beach five hundred yards away.

Mary made no move. She stood and watched the gravestone as though she expected it to stir.

"Well now, Mrs. Loo, what about trotting along?"

"I'm tired," said Mary. "And what's the use of going to the village anyway? We can't speak Chinese."

"We could say your husband's name and see if it meant anything to the villagers—that is, if you know how it sounds in Chinese," said the Third Officer. "I don't say it would work, but it's worth trying."

"I know how to say it in Chinese,"

said Cutty. "My dad taught me. My dad said it like this—Liu Wah-tak."

"Cutty's a proper little son of his father," said the young man, amused by the child's pert parody of the Cantonese intonation.

"Yes, he is that," said Mary gloomily. She remained so passive after that, looking at the stone, that presently the Third Officer volunteered, "Well, what about Cutty and me going on to the village and just saying Mr. Loo's Chinese name to the oldest inhabitant and seeing what happens? We'll come back here and tell you the news."

Mary Loo did not answer, so the Third Officer and Cutty walked off. In another minute Mary could hear a score of village dogs barking at them. She could see quite well that there was no one near her now—no one standing opposite to her, looking at her across the gravestone. She experienced no vision. And yet, quite clearly upon the shadowed air of her fancy was projected a ghost whose thin, senseless presence seemed like the visit of an angel. No, there was nothing there—no one there. Some trick of loneliness made this grave interesting to her, as though the smoke-gray stone were a beacon lighted for her eye alone on that submerged crumbling mound of English bones. English bones, lost in Chinese earth. A Chinese spider—bright blue with a big, bright belly—had woven a web from the stone to a near shrub; the web was perfect—as perfect as flowers might be on a carefully tended grave at Kensal Rise. This heartless decoration was appropriate for forgotten bones. Mary found herself thinking conversationally about spiders, as if she were arguing spitefully with a friend whom she wished to convince in order to justify herself. "Spiders," she argued wordlessly, "have a lot of sense. I can

remember about spiders from my school-teaching days: spiders are amazons; it's the woman-spider that rules the roost among spiders; it's the husband that has to face being eaten up. Can't you imagine the mother spider—very domineering, very sure (pa would have no say beyond what ma let him say), bringing up all her daughters to be little goddesses almighty, bringing up all her sons to sacrifice—sacrifice—sacrifice. . . . 'Wait till Miss Right comes along,' she tells 'em—'be modest, know nothing, don't even know what job will be expected of you, just be prepared for sacrifice—that's a boy-spider's lot.' And so the girls all go off and gobble up their friends, and the boys sit at home waiting for a female sheik to come and gobble 'em up. . . . Yes, they've got some sense, have spiders. . . ."

Before whom was she making this justification? Was it a justification? Was it a confession? Of what? She looked up. It was almost surprising to find nobody there, looking comfortingly at her across the grave. She looked about, as though a friend, restless with sympathy, might have moved away a few steps. Her straying eyes were caught by a light wisp of movement on the sand within a few feet of her—a crab digging itself a hole in the loose, dimpled sand that stretched from the grassy margin of soil to the sea. With anxious industry the crab sprang to the bottom of its hole, and in a minute came carefully out, grasping the largest load of sand its claws could encompass, and, after swinging delicately once or twice—rather as a golfer swings his club before making his stroke—it recoiled tensely and hurled the gobbet of sand to its dump-heap several inches away. Then, without a pause for breath or self-encouragement, it hastened into the hole again to repeat the process. The sober frenzy with which any creature builds its home has

none of the joy that brightens the other obsessive animal instincts. Hunger and sex excitement even in suspense have their raptures, but a creature wears itself out without immediate joy in making its house; its busyness, in this one activity, is animated by a kind of despair.

There was a touch of this desperate, unexpectant, home-making industriousness in Mary's deliberate construction of her saving ghost in the air—a ghost with straw-colored hair and a red face. Seeking in her memory for the most English face possible, she fitted her ghost with the high, rather snub nose and the cheerful, sunken stone-gray eye of a grimy young mechanic once seen in a London bus. So portrayed, straddling across his Chinese grave, against this Chinese nothingness, the ghost of William Ramsden seemed perfect to her. Her eyes ran up and down their creation, adding a touch here and a touch there. She felt as though her shivering heart were wrapping itself round in English homespun—and yet this comfort had the suspect, dangerous quality of comfort clutched at in a dream.

The Third Officer and Cutty came back. "It's really no use, Mrs. Loo, I'm afraid. Cutty said the name beautifully, and there was a very helpful old chap there who did his best; but evidently that name meant nothing to him. Come along with us to Hong-kong and make proper inquiries—"

"I found a little toad," cried Cutty, showing the little creature leaning from his loosely clenched fist like a preacher leaning from a pulpit. "I'm going to keep it forever."

"It won't live forever, silly."

"When it dies you'll find a treasure inside its head," said the Third Officer. "All toads have got one, they say."

"Yes, I know. It's got a compass inside its head. Looky here—if I turn my whole self slowly round with the toad

in my hand, its head goes on trying to point to the north pole—that's because it's got a compass inside its head."

The child seemed to Mary intensely irritating; she knew his voice too well; his complacent, adenoidal voice seemed to call her home from a delicious journey. She felt vaguely that she had been at home in the heart of a far-away friend; she recoiled from the mean, too-familiar threshold of her own child's heart. Intimates, she thought, should dwell in *her* heart—not she in theirs. May one then find joy only in exploring the hearts of strangers and ghosts?

Sore with a feeling of bereavement and parting, Mary Loo followed the Third Officer back to the cove, holding Cutty round his forearm with her usual ruthless and insulting grip. Pigs and hungry dogs from the village rooted among the dappled cowrie shells in the sand. The shells were so big and shiny that they looked as if they had been brought from the best-parlor mantelpieces of Clacton-on-Sea landladies, in a self-conscious attempt to add Tropical Local Color to this pale Chinese shore.

As they were rowed away from the island, Mary saw, across a crooked wave, a little yellow plaster house, hedged from the cove by a thicket of oleanders. "Who lives there?" she asked.

"Nobody now," said the officer. "It's just a ruin among weeds, so to speak. In the old days, they say, a ship chandler lived there; the cove is called after him—Chandler's Creek."

"Somebody lives there still," said Mary. "There's somebody now—look—not a Chinese—standing waving by the window under the tall tree."

The Third Officer put up the glasses that he carried slung across his shoulder. "There's nobody there, really, Mrs. Loo—I can see right through the ruin. That's a bunch of tall grasses waving by the window. Must have been a trick of light made you think you saw somebody."

"A trick of light—a lick of trite—" chanted Cutty. "A sick of fright—a wick of—"

"Shut your silly mouth," cried his mother. "*You'll* be sick of fright in a minute, jumping about like that—capsizing the boat. Don't you know everybody's got to sit still in a boat?"

"I know," said Cutty. "Why, mammy, what you crying for?"

The Third Officer looked away in order to avoid being made uncomfortable by the sight of tears on the cheek of this charmless woman. The captain of the ship, however, when the party reappeared before him with the story of its futile mission, thought that Mrs. Loo would have eased the situation by crying a little. She was hard and indifferent, he thought; it would have been much easier to be kind to a weeping woman. For the good man was full of a harassed craving to be kind to Mary Loo. He must force help on her. She needed help much more than she knew, it was clear. Her very unattractiveness worried his tender conscience, since it relegated her plight to the sphere of conscience rather than that of heart. It was a matter of duty to help her; she wasn't one of those women who just have to waggle their eyelashes to engage the delighted chivalry of any man anywhere.

In Hongkong, therefore, as soon as the business connected with the arrival of his ship was finished, he hurried irritably through the heat to the door of the boarding-house Balmoral, and asked for her. He found her and Cutty, looking bleakly transient, turning over the pages of out-of-date trade papers such as are always found in the frowzy sitting rooms of cheap hotels.

"Well, Mrs. Loo—any news?" asked the kind man.

"What about?"

"Well—about your husband. Have you traced him?"

"My husband isn't here; I thought you knew that, Captain. He left long ago; he wrote and told me long ago that it was no good my coming out to Hongkong because he was leaving. He left this house without paying his bill, according to the old Portugueselandlady."

"Well, well," said the Captain drearily. "That must make it rather uncomfortable for you in this house, I'm afraid. Can I help you to find nice rooms somewhere else?"

"Oh, I paid the bill, of course. I had to, in order to stay. This is the *nicest* house I could stay in. Nothing *nicer* would take me and Cutty, you know."

"Whyever not?"

"Well, short of the big expensive hotels, the refined boarding houses don't take Ch—"

"Oh, Mrs. Loo—don't talk like that," the Captain gasped. "So you felt you wanted to pay your husband's bill. I hope that means (excuse my mentioning it)—that you aren't badly placed for money. You've got enough to pay your passage home if you can't find Mr. Loo—to get back to your own people . . . ?"

"I have no people."

"Well at any rate, to England."

"England's not my home now. The English are not my people any more, they tell me—in spite of my blood. If a woman marries a foreigner, a foreigner she is—even if English earth and air and sea made her—and a foreigner she's got to remain. Cutty and I are Chinese now; we're told to be at home in China—whether we feel so or not. There's no home really for us now, among living people."

The Captain reflected. "There's a government office here specially for helping ladies in trouble, they say—er—Chinese ladies. And if what you say is correct—about being legally Chinese—they ought to do something for you, I'm sure. Won't you come along there?"

"I've been there already," said Mary. "Cutty and I stood in a queue of Chinese ladies—very fancy ones, I can tell you. The young man in the office said he'd make inquiries but he didn't think he could do much to help me. I said, 'Well, if I took up a disreputable life—then you could help me, couldn't you?' He turned up his nose at that and said again that he'd make inquiries about Walter. This morning he telephoned. He said, the less said about Walter the better. He said that Walter used to live here on women's earnings and persuaded girls to come to Hongkong from China. He said that Walter was banished; then he was seen again here and got mixed up in a nasty case—wounding a woman—but he got away just as the police were after him—and now he'd probably disappeared for good. I said maybe he'd gone to Chinchang Island, but the young man said, 'Why on earth should he go there?' I told him how Walter had written me that he was going there to start a turtle farm, and the young man said, 'If he told you he was going to Chinchang, I'm afraid that's the last place you'll find him, Mrs. Loo.'"

"Tck tck tck," said the Captain, beating his furrowed brow. "And didn't the young man give you any advice how to—"

"He said, 'Chinchang Island's the last place you'll find him. The last place you'll find him,' he said."

The Captain looked at her in surprise. "Yes, Mrs. Loo, so you've just told me. . . . Well, now, what about advice as to a legal separation? I suppose that government young man would help you in some other way—pay your passage—advise you about—"

"He asked me if I'd any money, and I said I'd got fifty pounds a year of my own—that's what Walter married me for, and he left me when I wouldn't make it over to him. So the young

man said, Had I any friends anywhere here, and I told him, yes."

"Oh, you've got friends, have you?" said the Captain, immensely relieved. "Why didn't you tell me that before? Can I help you to get in touch with them? Are they actually here in Hongkong?"

"I've got friends on Chinchang Island. 'Chinchang Island,' the young man said, 'Why, that's the last place you'll find Walter Loo,' he said."

The Captain's jaw fell. "Chinchang Island! Why, Mrs. Loo, you're joking. Chinchang Island's that godforsaken place where you went ashore on Friday. There's nobody on—"

"Oh, go away—go away—" cried Mary. "I *have* got friends—I *have* got friends—I've got much better friends than you. . . ."

A wave of offended irritation bore the poor Captain out of the house. Yet even then his conscience would not let him forget the woman, and next day he returned to Balmoral House to try to reason with her. "She's gone," said the landlady. "Not coming back. Going to live with friends, she says."

The Captain stood in the street and looked out at the harbor—at the forward-tilted yellow sails of the junks moving crazily across the crowded distance. Well, he'd done all he could, he thought; after all, there's really nothing to be done; there's no place anywhere for a woman who marries out of her race.

But Mary Loo, sitting uncomfortably on an inner rib of the chopping, pitching junk that was carrying her invisibly away over the Captain's horizon, saw the hem of the patched rattan sail rising to the lift of a wave—rising like a curtain on a pale stage—on a delicate painted scene—the far crest of an island. . . . The line of land was as frail as the rim of a sea-shell, a hope as brittle as only a pretense can be that despair erects and despair demolishes.



UNCHRISTIAN CHRISTIANITY AND THE JEW

A RABBI SPEAKS OUT

BY PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN

ANOTHER Easter has come and gone. Once again Christians have lived through the crucifixion and resurrection of their Lord. Yet while eloquent teaching and vivid pageantry were again bringing to Christendom the lesson of the world's greatest tragedy, Jews in Roumania have huddled in fear before the threatened attacks of fanatical mobs; laws have been passed in Poland to destroy the economic foundation of Jewish life; and in Germany a National Socialist party, grown strong on discontent, has preached hatred and incited violence against the Jewish population. In the United States educational institutions have discriminated against Jewish students and teachers with greater strictness and niggardliness; a larger number of business organizations have boycotted Jewish employees; social clubs, private schools, hotels, vacation resorts which take pride in their exclusiveness have continued to reject Jews with polite insults. Is there a connection between these two apparently unrelated sets of facts?

I am convinced that there is a definite relationship. I am convinced that, although the causes of prejudice are often so deep and complex as to be unsearchable, the basic cause of anti-Semitism lies very definitely in an attitude toward the Jew which Christianity has fashioned and perpetuated.

Let us look at some Christian teachings to see how they are conditioning anti-Semitic attitudes in Christians, especially in young Christians.

Before me as I write is Bishop Gilmour's *Bible History*, which is used as a text book in Catholic schools quite generally throughout the United States. Because it has the official benediction of his Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, I assume that it is representative of the instruction given to all the three hundred and forty million communicants of the Roman Catholic Church, the most powerful religious body in the world. On page 209, after describing the events that led up to the crucifixion, in which such adjectives as "barbarous" and "blood-thirsty" are used to characterize not individuals but "the Jews," the author writes, "For eighteen hundred years has the blood of Christ been upon the Jews. Driven from Judea—without country, without home—strangers amongst strangers—hated yet feared—have they wandered from nation to nation, bearing with them the visible sign of God's curse. Like Cain, marked with a mysterious sign, they *shall continue* to wander until the end of the world." From almost the very beginning of their studies the children have been prepared for this horrible doctrine. On page 13, after he has vividly described the first murder, Bishop Gilmour makes this comment: "The

murdered Abel is a figure of Jesus Christ, while Cain is a figure of the traitor Judas, and the Jewish people, who put our Saviour to death." Thus are little children taught to regard Jews as murderers, as objects of hatred and fear. It should be pointed out that not only are these ideas hurtful, but that in the very process of instilling them certain feelings are evoked which cannot help but lead to ineradicable prejudices.

No complete study of the anti-Semitic elements in Protestant teaching has yet been made. However, according to Everett R. Clinchy, Executive Secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ's Committee on Good Will between Jews and Christians, which has begun to stab awake the conscience of the Churches concerning the harmful effect on Jews of certain Christian teachings, Protestant instruction, while perhaps not so flagrant as the Catholic, is also harmful. In one sect a card is used among children in which the answer to "Who killed Jesus?" is "The Jews." In another we read, "His (Jesus') words of withering scorn still apply to those who will take no part in His kingdom. They are less than men."

A horrible tale, whose telling would be possible only in religious schools where the instruction has a definite anti-Semitic bias, is found under the heading of "Charity and Benevolence" in William Moodie's *Tools for Teachers*, which is still widely used in many Protestant churches as a source book for moralizing anecdotes: "After the battle of Waterloo, when the plains and roads were thick with the dead and the dying, Russian Jews, assisting in the spoliation of the dead, were chiseling out their teeth. Many other wretches prowled about the field, rifling all, and in some instances, murdering the wounded who attempted to resist them. But next morning

many [Christian] ladies were seen flitting about the plain, ministering to the necessities of the suffering." A well-known scholar who has specialized in this period of European history has assured me that in all his reading he has found not the slightest justification for this slander. And yet, dripping poison, it has been accepted as fact and told by teachers in many Protestant schools. Many an impressionable child, hearing it, has been forever embittered against Jews.

With due allowance for those advanced Protestant churches from whose instruction an anti-Semitic prejudice is almost wholly absent, it is fairly safe to say that throughout the world considerably more than seventy-five per cent, and in the United States, well over fifty per cent of living Christians are products of religious training and atmosphere which were darkly anti-Semitic in character. As for the rest, while the training, from the Jewish point of view, is not entirely black, neither is it often entirely white. Usually it shades off into the grays.

II

The basis for this teaching can be found clearly and dramatically presented in such an institution as the Passion Play. In Oberammergau last summer I saw this tremendous spectacle which, despite inevitable commercialization, is probably one of the finest dramatic achievements of modern times. Never have I seen such moving drama. The simple peasants seemed to live their parts rather than to play them. Unforgettable was the scene in which Jesus enters Jerusalem. Of the village's two thousand inhabitants, eight hundred were on the stage at that moment. They moved about and spoke so naturally, with such simple eloquence, that the spectator forgot he was in twentieth-century

Germany, and lost himself in the stirring life of Jerusalem in the first century. Even the tableaux were like masterpieces of tapestry endowed with life. The entire performance was so beautiful, so reverent, so moving that it gave me, who came definitely prejudiced against it, an appreciation and respect for the soul of the devout Christian which I had never had before.

However, setting aside for the moment the question of its accuracy, let us examine the play in the light of its probable effects on the attitude of the Christian toward the Jew. Let us remember that this is not the dramatization of some fanciful peasant legend such as Richard Wagner, for example, wove into his operas, but that it is a vivid representation of the cruel persecution, betrayal, and murder of him whom Christians regard as the very breath of life, and whom they love, if they be true Christians, more than life itself. What do we find?

(1) The Jews—priests and rabbis, Pharisees and masses—are represented as completely responsible for the crime. From the very moment that Jesus overturns the tables in the Temple portico these Jews plot the death of Jesus and do not rest until their schemes are consummated. At an early meeting of the Jewish Council, Caiaphas, the High Priest, cries: "He must die! Until he dies, there is no peace in Israel, no safety for the law of Moses, no hour of rest for us!"

Priests (excitedly): Yes, He must die! In His death is our salvation.

Annas (former High Priest): By these gray hairs of mine, I swear I will not rest until our insult is wiped out in the blood of this seducer.

Caiaphas: The law of Moses demands vengeance.

(Later, they stand before the dwelling of Pontius Pilate, Roman Governor of Judea. Caiaphas agitates the

crowd: Do not rest until He has been removed from the living, until He is on the cross.)

All: We will not rest, we demand His death, His blood.

(Pilate finds Jesus guiltless and, fortified by his wife's injunction, refuses to put him to death. Herod, ruler of Galilee, who was visiting in Jerusalem, also refuses. Again they come before Pilate.)

Priests and Pharisees: We insist upon it. He shall die!

Priests: To death with Him.

Pilate: Is your hatred of this Man so deep, so bitter, that it cannot be appeased by blood from His wounds? You force me to say frankly to you what I think: driven by ignoble rage, you pursue Him, because the people are more attached to Him than to you. I have heard enough of your despicable complaints. I will now hearken to the voice of the people.

All (inflamed by priests and Pharisees): Let Him die! To the cross with Him!

Pilate: Then take Him and crucify Him at your own peril. I will have nothing to do with it, for I find no fault in Him.

People: We will not go until you pronounce the death sentence.

Pilate: Thus you compel me through your violence to consent to your demand. Take Him away, and crucify Him. But know: I wash my hands of it. I will not be guilty of the blood of this innocent, this righteous Man. You must answer for it.

People: We take it upon ourselves.

(2) From beginning to end, the play stresses the cruelty, the treachery, the cupidity of the Jews, and contrasts these characteristics not only with the sweet and loving qualities of those who became central to Christian worship and teaching, Jesus, his mother, and his disciples, but even with the fairness and considerateness of the Romans.

In all literature there are probably no more hateful characters than Judas, Caiaphas, Annas, the priests and Pharisees. Nowhere has a religion been more effectively stigmatized as vicious, base, and corrupt.

At the very outset, Jesus says: "You have made the Temple a den of thieves." Again and again, the play emphasizes the close relationship between the official representatives of Judaism and the money changers. Together they scheme for the destruction of Jesus. It is the High Priest who tells the traders: "My men, if you would satisfy your thirst for revenge entirely, then take good care that you kindle in others the same holy ardor which burns in you."

Money changers: Long live Moses. Long live the High Priest and the Sanhedrin.

The speech of Caiaphas, which follows this scene, clearly expresses the contrast between the teaching of Jesus and the supposed point of view of official Judaism: "With such men as those, we can accomplish everything. Now we shall see who conquers: He, with His followers, to whom without cessation He preaches love, a love which embraces sinner and publican alike, even the heathen, or we with this multitude of His enemies, filled with a desire for revenge, whom we are sending forth against Him."

Annas: The God of our Fathers grant us victory.

For a time the interest of the play centers in its chief villain, Judas, and affords occasion for further vilification of the Jew. For whereas Mary, Jesus, and the other disciples are definitely German in appearance, Judas, like Caiaphas and Annas, is a typical Shylock-Jew. Everything possible is done to make history's arch betrayer appear despicable and Jewish. He wears a yellow gaberdine, which for centuries was the distinguishing gar-

ment which Christian rulers compelled the Jew to use. His mannerisms are unpleasantly Jewish, even to the shrugging of the shoulders. He is made to appear greedy and grasping. As the High Priest throws down piece after piece of clinking silver, this Judas, who, one can well believe, would sell his master for thirty silver coins, grabs them in a manner which compels you to hate him.

Guido Mayr, who played the part of Judas in the 1930 Oberammergau Passion Play, was its greatest actor. He succeeded in creating the perfect illusion of a greedy, crafty, contemptible Jew. It was my good fortune to have a talk with this man after the play. I was tired after a long day spent in the theater and, before the sun had set, went for a walk across the hills outside the village. By happy accident I met Mr. Mayr, who was doing the same thing, and together we walked and talked until night had fallen. He explained his conception of the character of Judas, whose treachery and cupidity were necessary to set off the loving-kindness and nobility of Jesus. Then after having told him I was a rabbi, I asked him to tell me frankly if he believed that Judas typified the Jewish people. For a time he hesitated, because he was a gentleman and did not wish to offend me. But finally he admitted that for him Judas is the eternal Jewish type. This conception, I was given to understand, was not his own creation, but was the product of his religious training. Is it not shocking that not only Mr. Mayr, but all of the Oberammergauers, and probably nearly all of the three hundred and forty million members of their religious fellowship, have been taught to associate this horrible person with the Jewish people?

This vilification of a people and its religion does not end with the death of Judas. It continues through scene

after scene. When Pilate has the thorn-crowned Jesus brought before the people, and asks: "Can this pitiable plight win no compassion from your hearts?" they all cry: "Let Him die! To the cross with Him!" When, later, Jesus, staggering under the weight of the cross, is asked by Agrippa, one of the Roman executioners: "Is the burden too heavy for you?" the priests and Pharisees cry: "Drive Him on by force that we may reach Calvary." When another Roman executioner mercifully commands: "Stop. He will sink," the priests and people yell: "Don't let Him rest! On! Drive Him forward with blows!" And when Jesus finally hangs on the cross, suffering untold agony from the nails driven through his limbs, the Jews are made to gloat over his discomfiture. They laugh at him. They mock him. Caiaphas says: "Petition Pilate to have His bones broken before the Eve of the Festival," and later adds: "I cannot rest until I have seen that the bones of this fellow are broken, and that His body is flung into the grave for criminals." And in this vein, Annas continues: "Oh, it would be a delight to my eyes to see His limbs torn asunder by wild beasts!"

As though this picture of Jewish baseness were not complete, Caiaphas, after Jesus has risen from the tomb, bribes the Roman soldiers to spread the false report that Jesus' disciples stole his body from the grave while the soldiers slept. And finally the Pharisees are made to cry out (lest the spectators forget the guilt of Judaism): "Hail to the Synagogue! At an end is the work of our enemy."

(3) Probably the worst aspect of the Passion Play, as well as of the teaching on which it is based, is that it fixes the blame and punishment for the crucifixion of Jesus not only on those Jews who are charged with direct responsibility, but also on their descendants.

Pilate: I will have no share in the blood guilt. His blood—let it fall upon you and your children!

People: Let it be so.

Thus Christianity has fashioned and kept alive the legend of the cruel, greedy, treacherous, Christ-killing, Christ-rejecting Jew. That in former centuries this legend has moved the Christian to hate and, hating, to persecute the Jew is perfectly clear to those who have read the records of the past. Before the fanatical hatred of Christians, Jews were driven from land to land, despised, cursed, tortured, and murdered. Whatever peace and happiness they achieved in non-Christian lands, as in Spain under the Moors, were destroyed the very moment that Christianity conquered. Institutions like the Inquisition were devised against them. False accusations that the Jews used Christian blood for the observance of festivals were created by morbid and vicious Christian imaginations and made the excuse for the slaughter of whole communities of innocent Jews. The unspeakably cruel pogroms, the murderous Crusades, the endless torturing and burning at the stake, the equally cruel although not so glaring forms of economic, social, political, educational persecution, discrimination, and oppression made the Jew not so much the Cain but the Christ of peoples. The fate of the people who gave Jesus to the world has been almost as tragic as that of the sculptor of the magnificent piece of statuary which stands on the hill behind the village of Oberammergau. When it was being carried up the hill to its present location the wagon slipped, and the statue fell upon its creator and crushed him.

III

Are these Christian teachings really doing any harm in our own time? My

answer shall be given largely in terms of my own experience.

Recently I visited the Polish village of Gura Kalvarya, which lies twenty miles west of Warsaw. I discussed a number of matters with members of the Jewish community and then asked an intelligent young man whether the attitude toward Jesus had changed. He said "Jesus," and then spat upon the ground. This seemed like a stupid, benighted thing to do. I pressed him into explaining, and he told me that his parents had been done to death before his very eyes by Russian Cossacks who came upon them crying "Christ-killers."

On July 11, 1930, a horrible attack was perpetrated on the Jewish residents of the village of Balaceano, in Roumania. I visited this village a short time afterward. Every Jewish house had been smashed. Jews had been wounded and almost killed by the fury of the fanatical Roumanian peasants. I saw Jews sitting amid the ruins of their homes, desolate and hopeless. And I learned—such is the degradation of religion in Eastern Europe—that the signal for the beginning of this attack had come from the church steeple. I learned that the village priest had stood on his porch, watching the Christless barbarities of his parishioners, not lifting a finger to stop them but smiling his approval and even urging them on.

Anton Reiser's recent biography of Albert Einstein, for the accuracy of whose facts the great scientist himself vouches, relates an experience of his youth. Young Albert was attending school in Munich. "One day the teacher brought a large nail to class and told the pupils that it was the nail with which the Jews had nailed Jesus to the cross. The incident stimulated in the pupils anti-Semitic feeling, which was turned against their Jewish fellow-student, Einstein. For the first time

Albert experienced the frightful venom of anti-Semitism."

In America, fortunately, anti-Semitism does not take such violent forms. Yet it must be said that in communities where the Jewish population is large, Jews have been molested and attacked from time to time as Christ-killers. Here are two incidents which are representative of many that have come to my attention. Two little boys of seven had been just as friendly as two little boys can be. One was of a Christian family, the other was a Jew. They began to attend Sunday School at about the same time. One day the little Jewish boy ran to his mother crying because he had been called a Christ-killer by the other. And a prominent Western Jew has just written, "My six-year-old son rushed home with the startling announcement that one of his Christian playmates, the son of an educator, and a Sunday School pupil, had called him a 'Christ-killer.'"

In America, these direct results of Christian teaching are not as serious as the indirect results. Many Christian friends of mine have insisted that it is absurd to think that any of these teachings really move Christians in 1931 to wish to do harm to Jews. Yet some of these friends send their children to schools to which my son would not be admitted. Some are members of university clubs from which Jews are excluded. Some are identified with colleges on whose faculties not a single Jew is to be found. One is teaching in a department of learning in which—so a young Jew with a brilliant record in that very subject was informed—it is impossible for a member of his race to secure an appointment. They are a part of a higher educational system in which almost every university of standing accepts only a limited number of Jewish students. Some own stock in corporations which refuse to employ Jews. Some live on streets

where Jews may not rent or purchase dwellings. Some spend their vacations in resorts or hotels at which only Gentile patronage is welcome. All are caught up in a complex of circumstances which, in a thousand ways, penalizes Jews for being Jews.

But some of these good friends say, "No, Jews are not penalized for being Jews, but for being loud, or vulgar, or mercenary, or clannish." The social historian might answer them by demonstrating that these Jews or their parents came only yesterday from countries in Europe where these qualities, to the extent that they are possessed by Jews, were forced upon them. For centuries Christian rulers (and the intensity of Jewish suffering in a country has always been in direct proportion to the intensity of the Christianity of the population) have herded them into foul ghettos, denied them the right to own land and to enter productive occupations—thus forcing them to live on their wits—yet permitted them, since they were infidels anyhow, to lend money on interest; have denied them the right to a general education, and hence access to the culture of Europe, and have hounded them with cruel laws ranging from "Jew-taxes" to the "yellow badge." What should Christians expect of Jews after having forced them into this kind of abnormal life? Should they demand that the products of this life should possess so soon all of the Christian virtues and graces?

But I have discovered that it is futile to appeal to the historical perspective of people who find Jews disagreeable or dishonest. Perhaps because their attitudes are not wholly rational, I also find that little is to be gained by pointing out that, according to reliable statistics, there is a smaller percentage of Jews in jail, that there are less drunkenness, wife-beating, infidelity among them than among any other element

in the population of the United States, or that a man from Mars would find it hard to distinguish between the dull respectability of certain Reform Jews and the equally uninteresting, self-righteous mediocrity of certain middle-class Christians.

No, prejudices are not rational, and usually they are formed long before we are able to reason about them. This I have conclusively learned from an experience with my own prejudices. Three years ago, when I was traveling from Kiev to Warsaw a Polish army officer came into our compartment and annoyed me very much by his rudeness. I caught myself thinking, "The dirty Polack." Later I tried to analyze my reaction. Why did I, a Jew, a member of a people who has suffered from this very type of generalization, stigmatize a whole nation because of the rudeness of an individual? Certainly, I insisted, it was not because I was prejudiced against the Poles, for my contacts with them had been casual and frictionless. And yet, I persisted, if effect inexorably follows cause, this dislike for Poles which had lain unnoticed in the storehouse of my subconscious being, must have been produced by something. Then I thought back to my childhood and, while I could not recall anything specific, I did remember that my parents, who, as children, had lived in Russia not far from the Polish frontier, had suffered considerable unpleasantness at the hands of the Poles. Their resentment and dislike had been a part of the intellectual and emotional atmosphere which surrounded my childhood. I had absorbed it with the rest of the environment, and years later, in a moment of stress, it had directed my reaction.

I firmly believe that Christian prejudices against Jews, however expressed, are equally irrational and may be traced through similar processes of de-

velopment to similar causes. A Christian said to me recently that whenever he is cheated by a Jew (as though Christians never cheated him) or offended by Jewish vulgarity (as though Christians were never vulgar) he finds himself saying, "Those damn' Jews." He insisted that Jewish faults and not Christian teachings were responsible for his attitude. My answer to him, as it is my answer to those Christians who, claiming to be without prejudice, yet participate willingly in and support those forms of community life which definitely discriminate against Jews, as it is my answer to those Christians who insist that their feeling against Jews is the product of judgment, not of prejudice, is, "Probably as a child you learned that the Jews were so cruel and treacherous in putting the Saviour to death that everyone hates and fears them, and so it must be until the Day of Judgment. Or perhaps you once played the part of one of those wicked Jews in a religious school Passion Play, and cried, 'Crucify Him. We take the blame upon ourselves and upon our children.' Or possibly one Sunday morning, when your teacher was extolling the virtues of Christian charity, she told you how Jews kill wounded soldiers in order to chisel out their teeth. And from that day forth you were unable to think fairly and objectively about Jews, and this prejudice flowed out into all your contacts with them."

IV

From the Jewish point of view, the worst aspect of this Christian prejudice against the Jew is that it rests on a falsehood; on a misrepresentation of the Jews and Judaism of Jesus' time. Now it is not my intention to attack fundamental Christian beliefs. A rabbi in these days has trouble enough to strengthen the uncertain faith of his own people without trying to shake

the faith of others. I for myself should be perfectly satisfied if Christians were good Christians, and Jews were good Jews, for I am not in the least interested in hurting another religion or in converting people to my own. At its heart, religion is a personal experience, and must vary with the individual, as does love and hope and fear and life itself. Fundamentally, I believe that whatever salvation a man may achieve, whether it be beyond the stars, as most are taught, or, as I believe, here on earth, has less to do with the approach to formal religion and the technic of worship than with the quality of the life he leads among his fellow-men.

But I do most firmly believe that no religion, however powerful, has the moral right to achieve its ends at the expense of the honor of another religion. To secure justice for the Jew, and in the attempt to prevent Christians from doing further injustice to the people of Jesus, let us analyze those Christian teachings which have formed the historical basis for anti-Semitism. Let us examine them by the light of such knowledge as we possess of the Jewish people, the Jewish religion, and the conditions of Jewish life in the time of Jesus. Let us remember that Jesus did not live in a void, or in a Christian environment. He was born of a Jewish mother, lived in a Jewish home, prayed and studied in a Jewish synagogue, absorbed from his Jewish environment the ideas, the hopes, even the limitations of his time. The life and death of the historical Jesus can no more be understood without the background of his time and country than Abraham Lincoln can be understood, except by blind idolaters, apart from American conditions in the middle period of the last century.

Who crucified Jesus? Obviously, the actual killing was done by the Romans. The right to inflict the death

penalty was withdrawn from the Jews before Jesus was born. This power rested solely with the Roman authorities in Palestine. Crucifixion—perhaps the most cruel form of capital punishment—was the method of the Romans, and was never, under any circumstances, sanctioned by Judaism. It is thus palpably unjust to teach children that the Jews crucified Jesus when the legal responsibility rested with the Romans, and also when the physical acts resulting in his death were performed by them.

The more fundamental question, however, remains. Were the Jews morally responsible for his death? This is a delicate question to answer, especially for a Jew, because it calls for a critical attitude toward the Gospels. If these records are absolutely correct, as most Christians believe, then the full moral guilt for the worst crime in history falls squarely on the Jewish people. If, however, the Gospels are not altogether accurate, it may be possible in the light of other evidence to remove that stigma from the Jews and to place it where it belongs. Without desire to offend Christian susceptibilities, but in the interest of truth and justice, I am compelled to deny that the Gospels are literally true. As with most of the historical documents of the Old Testament, the records of the life and death of Jesus were written long after the events took place. The earliest Gospel records, according to critical scholarship, were written at least a generation after his death, and the Gospel of John was written in the second century. In this period following his death there had been significant developments. His followers, convinced of his resurrection, were fortified in their faith that he was the Messiah. The majority of the Jewish people, however, were equally certain that he was not the Messiah. A bitter struggle ensued in which

the attitude of each group, and hence its writings, was embittered with hatred against the other. After a time the early Jewish Christians realized that their efforts to convert the mass of Jews were hopeless and that the most fertile field for the propagation of the new faith lay among the Gentiles, especially among the Romans.

It was in this time, when the Christians looked with hopefulness and some friendliness toward Rome and with bitterness and hatred against the unconverted Jews, that the Gospels were written. I do not mean to imply that the writers deliberately set about to falsify the records. But I do maintain that, in accordance with the prevailing literary standards of this period before copyright laws were conceived, later writers did not hesitate to interpolate their own views when recording events long past or editing earlier writings. The Gospels not only have the historical inaccuracy of documents based on information which has passed from mouth to mouth through several generations, but they also give evidence of being in some respects the literature of propaganda, the *tendenz* literature of a struggling church whose attitude and belief about its Saviour, colored by bitterness towards its enemies and friendliness towards its potential converts, had already hardened into dogma. Especially would this be true of the Gospel of John, upon which the most harmful attitudes towards the Jews have been based. This author, living not in Palestine but in Asia Minor nearly a hundred years after the death of Jesus, and quite ignorant of the language, the religion, the customs, and the character of the Jewish people, pens charges against them that not only are inconsistent with their history, law, customs, and religion, but even in some cases contradict the earlier Christian records.

Looked at critically, the Gospels do

not supply reliable evidence concerning Jewish responsibility for the crucifixion. They do not provide adequate motive or justification for the crime. It is probably true that the priests hated Jesus, but there was nothing that he said or did for which Jewish law would demand the death penalty. Neither his claim that he could restore the Temple in three days if it were destroyed, nor his insistence that the Sabbath was made for man (a quotation from Hillel) would require his death as punishment. He was only confirming the tolerant rabbinic tradition which is evidenced so beautifully in the tale of the two rabbis of whom one was a gentle saint and the other a brilliant, learned heretic. One Saturday, it is told, the gifted heretic was seen riding through the streets on a mule, violating Jewish law and tradition. Did the saintly rabbi denounce him and have him punished? No, indeed, says the Talmud. The pious one walked beside the other in order not to miss a word of the wisdom which he spoke. Nor would Jesus' Messianic claims call for his crucifixion; for in the course of Jewish history, especially in times of trouble, hundreds of men claimed to be the Messiah. Not one was put to death by his own people. They may have been scorned, or ridiculed, or abused, but they were never crucified.

In providing the appropriate background for the crucifixion consistent with the early Christian view that the Jews in the "centuries of silence" after the close of the Old Testament period were blind to truth and hence were cast off by God (thus supplying justification for their repudiation by Christians), the New Testament represents the Jewish leaders as positively fiendish, and Judaism as cruel and vindictive. The contemporary Jewish records flatly contradict this description. Two of the foremost living

students of this period of Jewish history, Professor George Foot Moore of Harvard and R. Travers Herford, British scholar, describe a very exalted first-century Judaism. Those who have been accustomed to think of these Jews of Jesus' time in terms of the abuse heaped on them by the New Testament will be amazed to learn that the dominant religious personality in the time of Jesus' boyhood was the gentle Rabbi Hillel who first proclaimed the golden rule which Jesus later paraphrased. His name was a synonym for loving-kindness and tolerance. "Be gentle as Hillel" was a proverb in Israel for many centuries. Evidence almost without end could be adduced for the tolerance and the humaneness of Judaism and the Jewish religious leadership in the New Testament period. Says one rabbi, "It is better to be among the persecuted than among the persecutors, to be the accursed than he who curses." Loving-kindness, another affirms, is worth more than all sacrifices. "He who judges his neighbor kindly will find kindness in his turn," writes one sage, while another commands, "Forgive, and God will forgive thee." "Wouldst thou glorify God? Seek to be like Him—just, loving, compassionate, merciful." It was these very rabbis who said that there is a place in the Kingdom of Heaven for the righteous of all nations. How peculiarly unfair, then, that because of the prejudice which went into the writing of the New Testament these Jewish leaders have gone down into history as hypocritical, bloodthirsty, treacherous, and cruel; that the term "Pharisee," which signified in the day of Jesus the party which was enlightened and democratic and true to the highest ideals of Judaism, has been associated in the Christian mind with hypocrisy, bigotry, and savagery. When will justice be done to these Jews?

Those familiar with correct Jewish judicial procedure as described in the Mishnah and Tosefta are convinced that the Sanhedrin's trial of Jesus simply could not have happened in the manner described by the New Testament. For this trial is different from every other trial of that period of which we have a record, and violates the laws of procedure as outlined in the statutes. For example, Jewish law forbade the holding of trials on festivals; Jesus' trial was said to have taken place on the Passover night, which was also a violation of the law prohibiting the opening of trials at night. According to Tractate Sanhedrin of the Mishnah, Part IV, Section 2, capital cases could be tried only in the daytime. The New Testament states that the trial was held in the palace of the high priest; Jewish law insisted that all penal cases must be tried in the regular meeting place of the Sanhedrin, which was never in the home of the high priest. Also, as indicated before, there is nothing which Jesus said or did for which contemporary Jewish law would have demanded the death penalty. Strong differences of opinion concerning religious questions were most common in those troublous times.

Thus the Jew finds it hard to believe that the New Testament account of the events is trustworthy, that there existed adequate motive or justification for such a crime, and that the Jews and Judaism of Jesus' time were of such a character as to make this crime possible. He finds it easy, however, to believe that there existed adequate motive and reason for Jesus' crucifixion by Rome, and that the character of Pontius Pilate and of the Roman rule, according to reliable testimony, made this crime not only likely but inevitable. Judea was then a province of Rome, and the Jews, although few in number, proved to be

the most rebellious and difficult of Rome's many subjects; in fact, so difficult was the task of ruling Judea that the Roman government sent one of its strongest, sternest, and cruelest governors. It is only in the New Testament, written long after he was dead, that Pontius Pilate appears so innocent, so gentle, and so just. According to fairly reliable first-century historians, such as Tacitus and Josephus, he was absolutely merciless. He insulted the Jewish religion at every opportunity, he trampled on Jewish rights at will, he mercilessly slaughtered all who stood in his way, at one time actually murdering thousands of defenseless Jews in cold blood. It was an especially trying time for Pontius Pilate when Jesus entered Jerusalem. It was the Passover season, when feeling ran high in Palestine. The Jews were chafing under Rome's cruel yoke and were actually getting ready for rebellion. Jesus was welcomed publicly by the masses as the King of the Jews. Is any further reason required for his arrest and crucifixion? What would any imperial power do if at a time of fever heat a potential or perhaps actual leader of revolt should suddenly enter the capital of a rebellious province and should be hailed by the masses as their true leader? Pontius Pilate arrested Jesus as a Jewish rebel. Asking him "Art thou the King?" and receiving the reply "I am He," he condemned him to death as he did thousands of other Jews, had him nailed to a cross and above his head wrote "IESUS NAZARENUS REX IUDAEORUM"—Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews! That is the opinion of the Jew concerning the crucifixion of Jesus, based not on prejudiced literature written many years later but on contemporary evidence and the fact that in all Jewish history there is no record of the crucifixion of a single professing Messiah.

V

But even if the New Testament accounts were completely true, why should Christians continue to foment hatred against Jews? If orthodox Christians really believe in the theological doctrine of the atonement, really believe that in the divinely ordained sacrifice of Jesus all mankind was to be saved, why should they be angry with the people that produced both the Saviour and the agents of the sacrifice? In his novel *Tancred* Benjamin Disraeli rightly takes Christians to task for their cruel inconsistency. Discussing the crucifixion, the Jewess says to Tancred, "That is a great idea—a sacrificial Mediator, born from the chosen house of the chosen people, appointed before all time, and purifying by his atoning blood the myriads that preceded and the myriads that will follow us, without distinction of race or clime—this is what you believe. . . . Persecute us! Why, if you believe what you profess, you should kneel to us! You have raised statues to the hero who saves a country; we have saved the human race and you persecute us for doing it." Is it not a strange and perverse theology which makes the so-called crime of Judas and the Jewish people not only inevitable but also necessary to its doctrine, and then blames them for it?

Further, even if, despite contradictions and inconsistencies, the truth of the New Testament's account of the crucifixion were to be accepted, is it fair, is it in the spirit of Jesus to continue to teach and to dramatize it in such a way as to engender hatred and to incite attacks against his people? Is this consistent with the spirit of him who said, "By this shall men know

that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another"?

What if the case were to be reversed? Let us imagine a world in which Jews overwhelmingly outnumbered Christians. What if the Jews in such a situation were to seize upon some well-authenticated (not questionable) Christian crimes such as the murder of Savonarola, Servetus, or Huss, the slaughter of Saxons, Waldensians, and Albigenses, the tortures of the Inquisition, the atrocities of the Crusaders, and were for endless centuries to teach and enact them in such a way as to move Jews to hate and persecute Christians. How would the twentieth-century Christian, made to suffer for the crimes of his ancestors, react to such a condition? Would he not have the right to turn to well-meaning Jews and to say, "What you are doing is false to the highest principles of your religion"?

That is exactly what I am doing. I am appealing to the sense of justice, the essential Christianity of twentieth-century Christians, and asking them to re-examine their instruction in the light of its effect on Christian prejudice against Jews.

I do not suggest this as a complete solution of the problem of anti-Semitism. I am fully aware of the other factors—racial, social, economic—which are involved. I realize almost too keenly that a small minority group which chooses to pursue its own distinctive life in the midst of the majority is bound to suffer. But I believe that if Christianity will cease to associate the Jew with evil in the minds of each generation of Christians a fairly happy relationship can be achieved, based on the highest ideals of both faiths and consistent with the enlightened spirit of the twentieth century.



MEXICANS KNOW HOW TO PLAY

BY STUART CHASE

THE fiesta is the outstanding exhibit of Mexican recreation. There is nothing like it in the United States, unless it be Mardi Gras in New Orleans.

The nearest thing to it in my experience was the old-fashioned Fourth of July, which meant much to me as a boy in New England. Perhaps the smell of gunpowder at the Mexican fiestas brought it back. The church bells at midnight, the salvos of rockets and bombs in the early morning hours, firecrackers at dawn, the parade of the Antiques and Horribles in masks, the overworked town band perspiring on the common, strawberries and ice cream for dinner, the blistering heat, the uniforms, flags, fireworks and the set piece of Niagara Falls—which miraculously ceased flowing when it was supposed to cascade its hardest—there was something of the real fiesta spirit in all this. But the old-fashioned Fourth of July was chiefly for children, particularly small boys. Little girls in those dark pre-feminist days were equipped with nothing more deadly than paper torpedoes, while the grown-ups of my acquaintance regarded the day as the most nerve-racking, forbidding, and dangerous in the year. (They were certainly confirmed in respect to the latter as the tetanus figures began to come in.)

In Mexico it is the other way around. The fiesta is primarily for grown-ups. Children down to week-old babies are all present, and if old enough to walk

enjoy themselves hugely; but it is their fathers and mothers, their gaffers and grandames who dominate the spectacle. Not boys, but adult men are shooting off the rockets and dancing in plumed headdress and masks. Mexican children are without any exception the quietest and best behaved in the world. They never dominate anything. A ginger-whiskered Freudian might stalk among them scenting repressions, but I doubt if youngsters so exuberantly loved by their elders can suffer from this malady, while to the wayfaring layman their dignity and decorum are a source of never failing delight. Charles Flandrau goes so far as to remark that if he were managing the world he would arrange for all children to be born Mexican and remain so till they were fifteen. I think he means Indian, not white Mexican children. The latter share with their Nordic cousins the usual percentage of the spoiled, peevish, and intolerable.

Suppose we follow through the principal activities of a typical fiesta—say that of Oaxaca (pronounced wa-há-hkah) in the middle of December. In it we shall find the basic pattern for all fiestas. It begins before the announced date with a slow, largely unnoticed, but very extensive human migration. Into every center like the city of Oaxaca leads, say, one railroad, two motor roads—we will call them motor roads—and scores of valley and, later, mountain trails.

The one train a day will fill suddenly

to the bursting point, until Indians, surrounded by every sort of lumpy bag and parcel, begin to pop, like so many chestnuts, on to the roofs of the cars. The interior looks like nothing so much as a six o'clock express in Times Square—except that there are no straps, and everybody is good-natured. The railroad never seems to dream of adding more cars or of running an extra train. Mexican coaches in these parts run in two classes—the first class maintaining the approximate equipment of an Erie Railroad smoker in the seventies. Theoretically it is reserved for holders of first-class tickets. But at fiesta time we are given a very pretty example of the reason why Europe has never subdued Mexico. When the second-class coaches, the freight cars, the tender, and the roofs are all full, and only then, the Indians, like a dark-brown river, come flowing relentlessly into the first-class carriages. The train crew make no attempt to stop them, knowing the futility. The spare seats go, the spaces around the lavatories fill solid, the floor disappears under layer after layer of baskets, lunch, and knickknacks. Suddenly one finds oneself lifting a baby in through the open window and delivering it to a waiting—and very polite—barefooted mother in the aisle. Miraculously a seat on which two of us were sitting, holds four, and there is a little boy in white pajamas leaning against one's leg. We are thoroughly uncomfortable, but the philosophical implications of this invasion help our patience. And the smiling brown baby beside one's ear is certainly worth watching. We resign ourselves to the convocation of what Terry terms the entomological congress. Indeed there is nothing else to do; only a steam shovel could extricate us.

Meanwhile a few crazy Fords converted into busses are bumping over the so-called motor roads equally bur-

dened. If the driver has room to manipulate his gears among the bundles heaped around him he is lucky. But the real exhibit, the exhibit which accounts for nine persons out of ten, is that of the pedestrians and animals on the converging trails. If we should ride a horse in a circle at a radius of ten miles from Oaxaca, bisecting all the trails, we should gather something of the full impact of this extraordinary migration. It comes by families, at least one baby in each. A few travelers are on horseback, a few are mounted on the extreme rear end of a patient mouse-colored donkey with white markings around his eyes and mouth. More often the burro is loaded with produce or handicrafts, and the whole family save the baby walks. In Oaxaca papa is not above carrying the infant. In other areas this does not do at all. Some of these people have come from inaccessible mountain notches a hundred and more miles away. They have been traveling for a solid week; building a little fire beside the trail at nightfall, roasting their tortillas, and anon sleeping, wrapped in their sarapes, to take the trail again before dawn.

Perhaps the jolliest prelude to a fiesta I ever saw was on Lake Patzcuaro in Michoacan. I went down to the lakeside in the early morning of the opening day. It is a sheet of water, sixty-seven hundred feet above the sea, broken with islands and long bays, and rimmed with lofty mountains. On the foothills the *milpas* grow like checkerboards. There are a dozen towns and villages of Tarascan Indians about the lake, living from fishing and hunting as well as corn. When pursuing ducks they use the old Aztec *atlatl* or throwing spear. Now they are coming across the rose-colored water in literally hundreds of dugout canoes, propelled by curious little paddles shaped like lollypops. Bark and paddle have not changed their shape in a

thousand years. Some of the canoes are forty feet long with all the family paddling. Some are full of women, a frieze of parallel rebosos above parallel oars. Heaped on the bows are flowers, vegetables, little white, transparent fish strung on green rushes; mosses, boughs, pottery, nets; food for the days to be spent at the fiesta, and produce for exchange at the market. . . .

Oaxaca has no lake, but from trail, road, and rail it will add forty thousand people to its population, doubling it indeed. The fiesta proper begins at midnight, but a few anticipatory rockets will be exploding earlier in the evening. Hundreds of little booths have sprung up around the church of the Soledad, and men are struggling with the erection of a merry-go-round and diminutive Ferris wheel at the foot of the church steps. Town folk are running paper streamers across the streets. The migration is steadily seeping into town, populating the booths, crowding the church courtyard, brimming the main plazas. Where on earth are all these thousands to sleep? A tour of inspection answers the question. They are going to sleep where they finally come to a halt; behind their booths, in the churchyard, in the market, around the plaza. On the bare ground—it is cold in the evenings at five thousand feet in December—they are going to curl up like so many caterpillars. Elementary sanitation has been provided for; all the town fountains are flowing. Food they have in their bags or can purchase for a few centavos at the booths.

At midnight every church bell in town breaks into delirium. Small boys, who ought to be in bed, have climbed the towers of a score of churches and chapels to set the bells somersaulting. A devastating explosion takes place in the direction of the Soledad. Then another and another. The fiesta has officially begun. Through

the remainder of the night bells ring and bombs detonate, with another frantic zero hour at dawn.

II

This particular fiesta is in honor of the Virgin of the Soledad and centers around her great church. Soledad means solitude, but the lady is nothing if not gregarious. She welcomes thousands to her festival, and in addition has to be locked up at night, for, as patron saint of sailors, she has a generous but indelicate habit of leaving her niche above the altar and spending the hours between sunset and sunrise in heaven knows what ocean-going company. Certainly she has been caught in the morning with salt water on her dress of black velvet. Or so we were solemnly informed. But the Indians like her all the better for this small dereliction; the old gods were not without their human foibles. She is a very great *santa*, and her miracles are known far and wide. She looks a little like a gypsy dancer with her slim figure and her enormous hooped, pearl-embroidered skirt. Her waxen image, about life size, stands high up in the center of the grand altar, which has been beautifully decorated for the occasion with silver ribbons and six-foot candles. Throughout the fiesta a moving multitude passes in and out of the church, some to pray devoutly, some to beseech material benefits, some to watch the show. Mothers and babies spend the whole day squatting on the floor. From time to time choir boys sing, and the organ booms. Sometimes there will be a thousand lighted candles in a thousand outstretched hands, smoke and incense curling up to the murky, vaulted ceiling.

At noon the Apaches take their place in the courtyard. They will dance for five hours. There are twelve

of them in headdresses of real aigrets dyed in bright colors. Violin, piccolo, and guitars call the tune. They advance and retreat, turn deftly, break into fours, reverse, take their places—something remotely like the figures in New England country dances. Their rhythm is sharper, their masks prevent any change of expression; they hold themselves a little stiffly, but they are well drilled and tireless. A crowd gathers, and the circle, through outside pressure, narrows until it cramps the dancers' movements. The music stops, the spectators are pressed outward.

Meanwhile the merry-go-round and the Ferris wheels are doing a thriving business, mainly with adults. A variety of centrifugal swinging seat, attached by chain to a central pole, is, however, just dizzy enough to attract small boys. The military band begins to thunder on the plaza, its first number a movement from a Beethoven symphony, extraordinarily well played. The Oaxaca band is known all over Mexico. There are about fifty pieces. If they would lend some of their brass to the Mexico City symphony orchestra, one might be more enthusiastic about the latter.

The gambling games are in full swing under their canvas sunshades, particularly *loteria*, played with a peculiar deck of cards with pictures of animals upon them, and with kernels of corn as counters. One may sit in for five centavos. Mexicans of all shades adore to gamble but they do it stolidly. Shooting galleries and ring toss are taking in the coppers. Everybody seems to be chewing sugar cane. Here a packed ring in the street encircles two *corrido* singers: a fat man with an immense sombrero and guitar, and a youth with sweet high tenor, singing a third above the fat man, and now wearing a little thin. Since early morning they have been delivering the interminable ballads which the Indians

love, their only payment the sale of the words on brightly colored tissue paper.

Presently more dances start. The "Moors and the Christians" enact their ancient battle. After sundown comes the solemn procession of the banners and lanterns of the Virgin, inaugurated by two old Indians with pipe and drum, while the marchers sing a weird primitive chant which sends chills up one's spine. Nor is the procession over before a group of gentlemen appear in the courtyard, clothed completely in fireworks, and proceed to enact the most luridly comic fight imaginable. They leap into the air like game cocks, the rockets, pinwheels, bombs, and Roman candles attached to their persons exploding in all directions. The combatants are protected by an asbestos undergarment, but the delighted spectators are not always so fortunate.

At eleven o'clock is detonated a huge set piece, forty feet high. This is the climax of the day and indeed of the fiesta. There will be plenty of activity to-morrow but at a slower tempo. In another day or two the migration will begin to reverse itself.

The inroads of the machine to date are not great, even in a city fiesta like this. The chief contribution is the substitution of electric lights for flares and torches, making the night less picturesque but far more visible. The Ferris wheel and some of the merry-go-rounds are run by motor. Others are propelled, as heretofore, by small boys pushing them around from the inside. There is usually a photographer's booth. Many, of course, will attend the town movie, where Hollywood dumps its dismal failures, titled in both Spanish and English. This is about all. Coney Island would utterly collapse without its huge allotment of horsepower, but a Mexican fiesta functions to-day much as it did a century ago.

The two focal points are the church with its dances, processions, and fireworks, and the market with its wares. It is impossible to tell which is the more important, but I suspect the latter. In Oaxaca the market is half a mile from the church of the Soledad; crowds surge back and forth from one to the other. Food booths were thick in the street below the church; candle and *milagro* sellers are thick in the churchyard itself—I have even seen them inside churches during mass. But the handicrafts, the precious purchases which are to go back over the trails, are to be found mainly at the market. People come to buy, true, and to sell; they come to gossip, and to tell the news of the villages—there will be no such news again for many a long day; they come to look at the crowds and the colors and the goods; they come to herd together, to feel the hot breath of impacted humanity, to press upon the flesh of their own kind. This means more to lonely mountain folk than you and I, living in Megalopolis, can sense. Through hungry pores they drink in the market; they drink in the whole fiesta. It becomes as integral a part of their lives as harvesting corn or making love.

I cannot conceive Mexico without the fiesta and the spirit it engenders. Once I was trapped in a gold mine by a sudden flood of water, long pent up. There was no danger, but before we reached the mouth of the tunnel we were wading to our knees. Our host, the mine owner, was divided between commiseration for his guests' discomfort and relief that the water had been released. Presently the Indian miners came wading through the zinc-white flood, wringing wet and smiling from ear to ear. "See, we have made the water come! *Bueno, muy bueno!*" They trooped down to their little village. To change their clothes? No, indeed. To start a miniature moun-

tain fiesta. In five minutes rockets were hissing, bombs cracked, a large pinwheel began to turn. It was still broad daylight, but that was a detail. After many weeks of hard and dangerous work the water had been tapped and led harmlessly away. The victory demanded immediate celebration. Could you duplicate the scene—and the spirit—in West Virginia or Cornwall?

III

In *Tepoztlan*, Robert Redfield has probably given us the most careful schedule of the fiesta cycle ever prepared. We find nearly thirty of them in the year, accounting for more than a hundred holidays. On roughly one day in three, the year around, Tepoztecan are celebrating a major or minor festival. This reminds us of the machineless men of the Middle Ages in Europe, when a hundred saints' days and holidays a year were common. The Aztecs had market and compulsory holiday every five days, together with a certain number of general celebrations—of which the thirteen-day period at the close of the fifty-two-year calendar cycle was probably the most elaborate.

There are four types of fiesta in *Tepoztlan*: general or national, *barrio*, village, and regional.

The national fiestas, of which there are thirteen during the year, are celebrated all over Mexico, including *Tepoztlan*. The *barrio* type of fiesta is celebrated at the chapel of one of the *barrios* (or wards) of the town. Sometimes it interests only the residents of that *barrio*, but usually all the village attends, and not infrequently Indians come from outlying villages. Through some obscure process, developed over centuries of time, a given fiesta in a small *barrio* or in a tiny village becomes "important," attracting an extensive migration from the surrounding region. Thus I saw a fiesta at

Tecapulco in Guerrero, a miserable village of not more than a hundred houses, visited by fifteen thousand people from all over the state. The *santo* in the local church had taken on especially miraculous powers.

The village type of fiesta concerns not the barrio, but the whole town, and centers in the plaza cathedral. The last type, the regional fiesta, is not in the village at all but twenty miles away at Yautepec. This is the nearest trading center—you can actually drive from Mexico City to Yautepec by motor. It is a very "important" fiesta, and everybody who can walk tends to migrate thither. It corresponds to the call of the big festival at Oaxaca to its hinterland. In addition, many Tepoztecans make the rounds of other regional fiestas, either with goods to sell or just to enjoy them, and some make annual pilgrimages to such distant shrines as Guadalupe or Chalma when the great fiestas occur there. Here are a few of the most important celebrations, taken in abbreviated form from Mr. Redfield's schedule:

January 16. Fiesta of the hamlet of *Santa Catarina*. Three days. Apaches from Jalatlaco come to dance. Huge fireworks castillo.

January 20. Fiesta of the barrio of *San Sebastian*. Eight days. Apaches of San Juan. Toros (bull-figures of fireworks). Chinelo-leapers.

February 2. *La Candelaria* (Candlemas). One day. The doll Christs which were put to bed on Christmas eve are taken up and dressed. Parties. Rockets. Strong drink.

February 28. *Carnival*. Six days. The most important secular fiesta of the year. Masked dancers. Ice cream from Cuernavaca. Huge market.

March 14. Fiesta at *Yautepec*. Many go from Tepoztlan. This inaugurates a round of fairs at five different towns. Many Tepoztecans make the rounds.

Good Friday through Easter. Ceremonies, processions, feasting.

April 29. Fiesta of the barrio of *San*

Pedro. Three days. Little boys dance.

May 8. Fiesta of hamlet of *Ixcatepec*. Eight days. One hundred Indians come from the village of Milpa Alta in the State of Mexico carrying their *santo*, who is the same as that of Ixcatepec. Apaches. Cock fights. Horse races. Toros.

August 4. Fiesta of hamlet of *Santo Domingo*. Three days. Dance of the Moors and Christians.

Sept. 8. Fiesta of the pueblo of *Tepoztlan*. One day. Commemoration of Tepoztecatl, the god of the pyramid above the town. Aztec *teocalli* is built. Drums. Pageant. Attack in pantomime.

Oct. 31. *The Festival of the Dead*. Three days. Peculiar ceremonies straight from the Aztecs.

Dec. 12. Fiesta of Our Lady of *Guadalupe*. One day. Not important in Tepoztlan, but at the Church of the Virgin near Mexico City this is the biggest fiesta in the country. A hundred thousand people. Some Tepoztecans always attend.

Dec. 16. *Christmas fiesta*. Nine days. Posadas. Processions, rodeos, singing.

Dec. 24. *Noche Buena*. Christ doll put to bed. (On Christmas Day itself nothing happens. The spirit has been exhausted.)

This is, we must admit, a schedule to appall even George F. Babbitt—and I have omitted sixteen of the less important fiestas! What professional joiner could hope to keep up with it? Special foods, special dishes—the women grind flour all night—special costumes, special drinks, special behavior for each occasion. The ritual is slowly disintegrating, according to Redfield, but the markets and the general spirit of relaxation are unimpaired. A hundred days of play-time, more or less. Sunday is also a day of markets and relaxation, which gives us fifty more—with some overlapping, of course. A Puritan Sunday is unheard of in Mexico. Everything is wide open. You can even work all day if you choose.

It may seem strange to conjoin death and play in the Festival of the Dead. Yet this is one of the great fiestas, observed throughout the na-

tion. On the evening of October 31st at eight o'clock in each home in Tepoztlán a candle, decorated with flowers and ribbons, will be lighted for every dead child there remembered. In front of the candle food is set—bread, chocolate, chicken. Every utensil used must be new. Copal incense is set burning. Each *muertito*—"little dead one"—is called by name and the food is offered him. Plates and wooden spoons are laid out. The family keeps vigil all night long. At six the next morning people come to the plaza church and ask the priest to bless the remembered children. Then all return to their homes and eat the food laid out the night before. In the evening the same ceremony is enacted for the adult *muertos*. The candles are larger, are hung with black ribbons and decorated with flowers of black wax. A large incense-burner is lighted. Food is laid out for the dead—tamales, rice, *mamonés*, oranges, lemons, bananas, melons, *mole verde*—a hot spiced meat dish. As it is offered, one says, "Now comes the Day of the Dead. I will await my departed." The city is again awake all night. Torches are alight on the streets. The church bells strike the hours with double strokes. At four o'clock a group of men from each barrio goes about asking tamales for the bell ringers. At six, the blessing is given, and the food offering in front of the candles is eaten.

The dead come back to feast with the living. There is no wailing and lamentation, but flowers, candles, bells, and festival in an orchestral minor. Those who have seen these ceremonies, particularly in the more remote villages, report them as indescribably impressive.

IV

To the outsider the organization of the fiesta is a mystery. There is no master of ceremonies, no bureau of

information; there are no committeemen with badges, no policemen discernible. The thing seems to run itself. When are the Moors and the Christians to dance? Nobody knows, or else everyone asked has a different theory. Where are they to dance? Nobody knows. All that one can do is to keep watchfully circulating, an exhausting matter. A day at a Mexican fiesta is more debilitating than ten sets of tennis; it is indeed the most tiring experience I know.

Somewhere, deeply hidden, worn smooth by the tradition of centuries, there is organization. Most of it lies in the unconscious behavior of the participating crowds; they feel when this should be done, and that. They drift "right now at three or five o'clock" to the proper ceremony at the proper place. Part of it lies in deliberate planning by the group most concerned with the particular celebration. Barrio fiestas are the responsibility of their inhabitants. Men of the barrio must decorate the chapel, prepare the fireworks; women must grind mountains of corn, cook the special dishes; boys must ring the bells. Arrangements must be made for the extension of market space, for toilet facilities, for the clearing of refuse, for stringing flags and threading streamers of pine and cedar. Without any frantic chief of staff, surrounded by telephones, messengers, secretaries, and typewritten orders, it all gets done. It may be at three, it may be at five, it may be at midnight—but it occurs. The responsible group, whether barrio, church, or municipality, sets the stage, each member, through long experience, doing his allotted share. The visiting Indians, through long experience, do the rest. Lines never form on the right; church aisles become all but choked; crowds congest to the bone-breaking point—but suddenly the pressure gives, nothing serious seems to

happen; no fists are shaken, no irate voices raised, no lost children wail. The only arrests are the steering of an occasional gentleman, over full of pulque, to the side lines. To the Northerner, used to rules, regulations, uniformed direction, orderly queues, and one committeeman to every two spectators, the whole phenomenon is astounding. Something is going to break loose; something terrible will surely happen. It never does. Ultimately one comes to trust this strange, unplacarded, automatic type of organization, and to realize that, despite the baffling want of information, it has a broader base, handles crowds more safely than our own Coney Islands, football games, and Fifth Avenue parades.

In my time I have criticized play in the machine age with some severity. I have said that it was over-commercialized, mechanized, standardized; that it tended to compound the strains and stresses set up by monotonous factory work; that there was too much sitting, watching, listening, rather than first-hand participation. I have cited the movies, the radio, the stadium complex, the funny papers, the motor car. How does this major form of recreation among machineless men differ in spirit; is it, when all is said and done, any

more rewarding? Do Oaxaca and Tepoztlan really have any more fun than Middletown?

I think that they do. They take their fun as they take their food, as part and parcel of their organic life. They are not driven to play by boredom; they are not organized into recreation by strenuous young men and women with ribbons on their arms and community chests behind them; they are not lectured on the virtues of work and the proper allocation of leisure hours to balance the load. In short there is no "problem." In the second place, while the dancers and active performers in a given fiesta are comparatively few, the crowd is not standing still, waiting to be fed recreation with a spoon at so much a gulp. No. The crowd is moving, exchanging news, absorbing new impressions, bargaining in the market, in short, participating, in a very fundamental sense. You can have a football game without a crowd, you can have a talkie, or a radio program. But a fiesta without a crowd would be unthinkable. The dancers, bands, rockets, Ferris wheels, booths, are only the few higher tongues of flame in a furnace. The fiesta is the spirit of play released on a vast and authentic scale.



WOMEN WALKING ON THEIR HIND LEGS

BY AGNES ROGERS HYDE

"Sir," said Doctor Johnson, "a woman preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all."

JANE graduated last June and in the autumn, after a pleasant summer in Europe, took a job. She is an intelligent, attractive girl who trots into the office promptly at nine and works industriously and competently at something or other—with an hour off for lunch—until five.

Jane enjoys the high regard of a number of people, and it is the general opinion of her friends that she is bound to make a success of anything she puts her hand to. What are the chances of her making a success in business—that is, a solid financial success?

The truth is they are extremely slim.

Jane's going into business was not a particularly daring or original stroke. In 1920 the Census reported 7,593,709 women wage earners in the United States, of whom 6,962,245 were white. Among college graduates, fifty-four per cent of Barnard alumnae are engaged in paid occupations. A questionnaire recently sent to Wellesley alumnae showed that forty-six per cent of more than seven thousand are working. The American Association of University Women points with pride to the fact that of 6536 graduates of women's colleges, only 730, or under 12 per cent, had never been gainfully employed. In other words, there is no novelty about a woman's working and getting paid for it.

Jane happens to work in a publishing house. Twenty-five years ago she would almost certainly have been a nurse or a teacher, possibly a librarian. Still, she displays no pioneer spirit in her choice of occupation. There is not even the suggestion of the crusader's white plume in her smart little hat. Nor would there be if she decided to go into a bank or a cement company. In practically every field of business and professional activity women are working in some capacity. Jane would not be the first of her sex to be a police-woman, an authority on plebiscites, the manager of a wire and cable company. She would not be the first woman to be a forestry expert, to raise reptiles, or to be the purveyor to Wellesley College.

She certainly had no social hurdles to leap when she decided to take a job. Her father and mother took her decision as a matter of course. Aren't all of her friends working? And any inner qualms that they might have had were completely stilled when Ruddy van Varick's youngest daughter took to selling bonds last year. (Aunt Ernestine, who lives in the Faubourg St. Honoré, thinks that her niece is being just a little silly, but then Aunt Ernestine has lived abroad so long she hardly understands anything.)

Jane does not minimize her chances of being in the Social Register or the Junior League (which conducts an efficient employment bureau of its own) nor, still more important, does she

incur the resentment of nice young men by being in business. She will never expose herself to the bewildered pity that was lavished upon a young woman who came to a small town some years ago to take charge of the library and was asked by an elderly gentleman, "But my dear Miss Hastings, have you no male relatives?"

What then? The chances of her making a success seem rosy enough. Hers is not the arduous blazing of trails, nor the difficult role of social outcast—or at least, suspect. She can enter practically any business or profession she wishes with the full approval of society at large and her family circle in particular. The pioneer work has been done, and it would appear that Jane is all ready to reap the golden rewards of the women who, twenty years ago, overcame bitter prejudice and forced open closed doors by their irresistible determination and dogged hard work, and so prepared the way for the girls of to-day. Jane is without question going to reap the rewards of their hardy enterprise. The only trouble is that these rewards cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, be termed golden.

II

For women's earnings remain appallingly low. Compared with men's earnings, they are inconsequential, and we may as well compare them with men's, for the purchasing power of Jane's dollars is no greater than that of her brother John's.

Of course this is her first job, and the first money one earns is pretty important. Her father is touchingly proud of the wonderful fact that his little girl is making twenty-five dollars a week. He talks a good deal about her wealth, and how she will support him in his old age, and recalls his own first weekly salary of five dollars. Jane

can, moreover, adopt a slightly lordly attitude towards her brother who is still in law school, and whose meager earnings from tutoring and other odd jobs would do very little towards paying for his comfortable quarters were they not reinforced by a healthy allowance from his father.

Jane may be doing very well, all things considered, but the chances that she will eventually make half as much as her brother are outside the realm of probability. That is, if we may believe there's anything in the law of averages. (The average annual earnings of the class of 1905 of the Harvard Law School, twenty years after graduation, were well over \$19,000.)

New York is supposed to be a place where wages for women are high and where good jobs abound. I was told recently by a woman who lives and works in Chicago that in the field of advertising, where women have been signally successful, she did not know of more than four good jobs for women in that city. There are as many as that in a single big agency in New York. However, of the 691,000 women working in New York, only 7 per cent earn \$60.00 a week or better.

"But," protests the reader who knows a few statistics himself, "only 6 per cent of all workers, men or women, make \$3,000.00 a year. Those 691,000 women include factory workers and domestics. Jane isn't going to be a housemaid. What about the 7 per cent? That's where she belongs."

All right. What about them?

The Bureau of Business Research of the University of Michigan has published a bulletin devoted to the earnings of the 7 per cent. It is called *Earnings of Women in Business and the Professions* and its findings are based upon figures collected from 14,000 well-educated, experienced women working at the higher occupational

levels. From this report we gather the disheartening fact that the median salary of these women is \$1548 a year. Over 88 per cent of them earn less than \$2500 a year; 6 per cent earn \$3000 or more; 1.3 per cent earn \$5000 or more, and only .17 per cent have salaries of \$10,000 or better. Of course, Jane may prove to be one of the seventeen women out of ten thousand who do make money, plenty of it, but the chances are 588 to 1 against her.

The available figures on the earnings of college graduates tell a similar story. A group of 1250 Radcliffe alumnae reported their salaries as follows: 1087 received less than \$3000 a year, 148 received between \$3000 and \$6000 a year, 10 received between \$6000 and \$10,000, and a spectacular 5 received \$10,000 a year or more.

A group of Wellesley graduates engaged in non-teaching activities reported an average salary of well below \$2000 a year, while of 890 teachers from the same college, only 80 were earning \$3500 or more.

While it is true that among the outstandingly successful business women are some who did not go to college, all recent studies of the relation of education to earnings agree in the conclusion that earnings increase with schooling. College graduates do earn more than high-school graduates. This holds true for women as well as men; so, statistically speaking, it is safe to assume that the above figures give an accurate picture of what women are actually earning—the best of them.

How do these earnings compare with men's salaries?

The University of Michigan's Bulletin proves conclusively that men with high-school educations earn more as a rule than do women college graduates, and that the average difference in earnings between men with A.B.'s and women with A.B.'s amounts to \$4300 a year.

A woman who earns \$3000 a year feels that she is doing very well indeed. And so does everybody else. If she earns \$5000 she is considered a success, and she herself knows that she is not likely ever to get much more. If she receives a salary of \$15,000 she is a celebrity.

A friend of mine told me of meeting an associate of her father's who beamed upon her proudly and said, "Well, well, and how does it feel to be a woman making five thousand dollars a year?"

She remarked to me ruefully, "I couldn't take the wind out of his sails by telling him that I felt like an idiot for not earning twice as much."

The unflattering appraisal of women preachers, so vigorously expressed by the great Doctor Johnson, still voices the opinion of the world at large on the wage-earning woman. The wonder is she does it at all!

Let us give Jane the benefit of a great deal more perseverance, ability, and luck than most women (eighty per cent by a conservative estimate) possess and generously raise her to the magnificent height of \$3000 a year. This she receives in exchange for working seven or more hours a day for fifty weeks out of the year. (If Jane takes more than two weeks' vacation it is called a leave of absence, and she receives no pay for this extra time.) She is pointed out as a proof that it's a great age for women, and her friends—those who said all along that she could succeed—are splendidly vindicated for their faith in her.

Well, we all know just about what \$3000 a year will do. Some people will make it do more than others. It's a tidy sum for pin money but alone is not adequate to a lofty scale of living. If Jane wants to live comfortably, dress attractively, hire someone to cook and clean for her, *and* put aside savings for the future, she is going to find that

\$3000 is a very small sum—particularly since even that wage for women is seldom found outside of a city where living expenses are high.

We're supposing that Jane is planning to support herself on her earnings. Most women who work do. Of the group studied by the University of Michigan survey, not only is the vast majority self-supporting, but a large number of them are partially or totally responsible for the support of others. Moreover, of those 14,000 women, only one in ten has any supplementary income from gifts or inheritance; and even for them the median amount is the unimpressive sum of \$203.

What if Jane is faced with the necessity of supporting herself? What if she is not working for pin money at all, but is Saturday's child in very truth?

At twenty-two she has a job which pays \$25.00 a week. We have taken a good deal for granted in assuming that that will be raised in time to \$60.00. What is going to be Jane's future? It does not require the services of an actuary to figure out how much capital she will probably be able to amass in the course of time. It will certainly not be any very considerable sum for the support of her declining years. One severe illness could easily wipe out the whole of it. And in the meantime, she will have foregone many of the comforts and luxuries that are practically necessities for a person of her class—the modest cottage or even shack in the country, the little car, the occasional trip to Europe.

I am not suggesting that Jane will end in an old ladies' home. Somebody will probably come along and prevent that. But the prospect of being an elderly impoverished relative, even partially dependent on monthly pitances affectionately or dutifully donated by brothers and nephews, is not a cheering one. Moreover, although the

Lord is said to help those who help themselves, mankind in general gets more satisfaction from helping those who are unable to help themselves; and the reward of the older woman who has been working to support herself is very likely to be, "Isn't it fortunate that Jane is able to keep on working at the age of seventy!" or "She made an excellent salary for so many years. It's very strange that she didn't manage to save more."

The original question—what are the chances of Jane's being a financial success in business?—transforms itself into a grimmer one: Is Jane going to be able to support herself in even moderate comfort and security?

III

Why aren't women more successful in business?

They are not biologically incapable of making money. There are certain spectacular women who are instantly cited by the defenders of the sex when this question comes up—women whose pictures appear in our leading newspapers, particularly in the Sunday supplements, and whose achievements and income taxes are described with enthusiasm and awe in those magazines which specialize in recording the financial attainments of our more solid citizens. They are pointed to as brilliant examples of the adage, "What woman has done—" The odd thing is that these stories and pictures lack variety—they almost invariably describe the same women. There is the famous woman whose restaurants developed from a small coffee business; there is the famous woman who is largely responsible for the success of a New York department store; there is the famous woman who built up an immense business in cosmetics; there are perhaps a dozen others whose names are instantly recognized by the general public as

signally successful women in business. Why aren't there more of them? Or, what is more significant, why should such women be news?

One obvious explanation of the small proportion of women who earn large salaries is their tendency to concentrate in fields where small salaries are paid. Although the proportion of working women who are teaching is slowly diminishing, recent figures show that one-third of all Radcliffe graduates of the last five classes are teachers; so are one-fourth of all Barnard graduates and one-fifth of all Wellesley alumnae.

The University of Michigan report proves that the chances of making money are about twice as great in commercial and manufacturing organizations as in educational institutions, but 19.7 per cent of those 14,000 women are teachers. Likewise, the report proves that a much larger proportion of women engaged in sales work and publicity have high earnings than those in clerical work, yet 43 per cent of them, the highest proportion, hold clerical positions. The job of teaching and the job of secretary are admittedly woman's work. They are also (or, because of that) low-paid jobs.

Although the bars are down in all directions, women are not being very adventurous about forging ahead in places where money is made—lots of money. They prefer to cling to the traditional occupations. I know an older woman, a librarian, whose name has considerable luster among her colleagues. She is enormously interested in her work, she has a national reputation among librarians, she is responsible for a number of ideas that have been universally adopted in libraries similar to her own. She told me that if she were starting to work to-day she would never choose a profession in which the monetary returns were so small. This

hard-headed appraisal of possible financial returns in an occupation is, I think, exceptional among women.

Many intelligent women cling to low-salaried occupations because they are more ladylike. Librarians, editors, teachers are unquestionably refined. Any occupation that has to do with books has the pleasing connotation of gentility and association with interesting people. That notion—I almost said fiction—is one of the most expensive luxuries which any working woman can have. Traffic in books may be very genteel, but traffic in beans or bonds or tooth paste is far more lucrative.

Are the low earnings of women due to the attitude of business itself towards them? Do women make small salaries because business men want them to? Are business men actually hostile to the idea of women executives?

A great many women, apparently, believe this to be so, and it is a conviction that is widely expressed. It is curious, however, that it is so difficult to find actual cases. It is almost impossible to find a woman who will tell you precisely how she has suffered from prejudice or discrimination because of her sex. Only one incident have I heard to illustrate the handicap of being a woman, and that was not without the elements of comedy. A reporter confessed that she had been unable to interview a visiting Maharajah because, as the potentate apologetically explained, while the interview would give him the most exquisite pleasure, it would be most awkward for him at home if his subjects learned that he had been conversing with an unveiled lady.

There is supposed to be a strong prejudice against women in medicine, but a young surgeon who has an important staff position in one of the large New York hospitals told me that she had never, in training or practice, met

with anything but encouragement and help from her male associates.

If it is hard to find the business woman who admits that her sex has hampered her in business, it is next to impossible to find a business man who goes on record as having any prejudice against women in business. On the contrary, he usually goes out of his way to extol the fine work being done by Miss Somebody who renders the firm invaluable services (at a laughable salary, very likely). Or he will tell you that the office could not exist without Mrs. Somebody-Else who is worth her weight in gold. (The chances are she is not paid at that rate.)

"The trouble with you women," our admirer often winds up, "is that just as soon as you learn enough to be really useful you go off and get married or have a baby." The fact that Miss Somebody has been there for fifteen years and Mrs. Somebody-Else for twelve hasn't registered.

This article of faith in the business man's creed—the impermanence of women in business—is founded on something other than fact, as the Michigan report plainly proves. Among the 14,000 whose records were carefully studied, 77 per cent of those with less than five years' experience are in the same kind of work in which they started. Sixty-three per cent of those with five to ten years of experience, 51 per cent of those with ten to fifteen years of experience, and 43 per cent of those who have worked for thirty years are still doing the same kind of work they started out in. And it is with mingled emotions that we contemplate the 9 per cent who have actually held the same position for thirty years.

There may be little conscious hostility in the minds of business men to the woman executive. I am inclined to believe that. There is, however, considerable skepticism about them. Certain ideas—like the belief in their in-

stability—persist stubbornly. There is the belief—founded, miserably enough, on ample evidence—that women will work for less than men will; there is the belief that women are splendid secretaries but do not know how to use authority, that they take things too personally, that they haven't any business sense, that they are good at detail but can't grasp the larger issues, that they are too conscientious about small things and get rattled in crises, that men rather than women have the stuff for promotion.

Many of these ideas are relics of the early days when women were having difficulty in adjusting themselves to office life. Many of them did—some still do—take criticism too personally. (And why not? The only criticism they'd ever had was personal, "My dear, you really mustn't try to wear yellow." "Stand up straight, don't slouch like that." "Thirty dollars for a hat! Are you crazy!") That weakness is rapidly disappearing. No need to warn Jane against that. Women are also rapidly learning to use authority. You seldom meet a secretary to-day who voices what was once an almost universal opinion—that she dislikes working for a woman. Men are learning that women don't go to pieces in a crisis any more than men do, and some of them admit it. And as for being difficult to work with—the man in charge of the copy department of an important advertising agency told me not long ago that he infinitely preferred women copy writers to men; that they were quicker at comprehending problems, faster workers, more inventive, and far more reasonable at taking criticism.

Certainly Jane, if she's good at her job, is going to have some advantages. If she is capable, interested in working, tactful, she will find plenty of people who will wish her well and be glad to help her along. A writer of special

features told me that she felt sure that being a woman was a big asset in getting information, that she found a special quality of interest in the people whom she interviewed which made them eager to help her.

It is unlikely that Jane will encounter any overt acts of hostility in her business career on the grounds of her sex. She will, on the other hand, meet with encouragement and approval, she will find people ready to give her a leg up. She will find that she can do the work allotted to her efficiently, possibly brilliantly. But she will not, unless she is the rare exception, find herself promoted into a big job with a big salary.

IV

The idea that women have not the stuff for promotion exists not only in the mind of the corporation president who, when there is a vacancy higher up, thinks immediately of a good *man* to fill it. It exists largely in the minds of women themselves. Their valuation of themselves in business is low. One of the reasons why women get small salaries is that they do not think they can get larger ones. There is, moreover, an astonishing gap between the stenographer and even the minor executive. The good secretary as she deftly types and files, takes dictation, telephones her boss's father-in-law or his bootlegger, is not thinking of the day when she will be sitting in the president's chair, giving dictation herself. She is thinking about the date she has that night, or her married sister's troubles, or how she can fix over the blue crêpe de Chine, or how soon she will have to have another "permanent." The office boy, on the other hand, true to the tradition of Horatio Alger and the *American Magazine*, already sees his name in gold letters on a mahogany door.

This particular tradition applies

only to men. Women do not face the terrific pressure of public opinion that insists that men shall be money makers. If they make five thousand dollars a year they are congratulated. Women walking on their hind legs! If in a reasonable time Jane's brother has not wrested a far larger sum than that from business he will be ashamed of himself—unless he is a man of exceptional independence of character. He absorbs this tradition from the very air he breathes. Jane has never been exposed to it. And, although it may be an unworthy goad, do not forget that a goad is a goad. Jane is expected to be a charming girl and to make a good marriage. John is expected to make a good salary—and a better one next year.

Jane, herself, expects to make a good marriage. It is in the back of her mind, if not in the foreground. But she is taking her job seriously at the same time. She does not belong to the class of casual workers who lightly heartedly dart off to the West Indies in the winter if an invitation happens along, but she may very easily fit into another group which, in the course of events, is not destined to gain large financial rewards. It is the amazingly large group which goes into business almost as a matter of course in order to attain a certain kind of life. A vast number of women, particularly those recently out of school and college, go to work as a means to an end. They do not want to live with their families, they want independent establishments; and their fathers, however doting, do not recognize this necessity to the extent of bestowing an allowance sufficient for a snug apartment. Nor do the daughters want them to (although occasional gifts of money from home are not refused on principle). Working is part of this scheme of living, and it's an undeniably attractive scheme. The life that is lived by an independent

young woman in a large city—or in a small city—in this year of grace has much to recommend it. She has freedom, comfort enough, a job that keeps her mind flexible, a certain position of her own making, and a group of congenial friends. She is tasting privacy for the first time, as well as liberty, and liking it. If instead of concentrating on getting ahead, she is diverted by a multitude of elements that go to make up a system of living, she is at least having an agreeable time. But this divided mind, this attitude that separates the day's cycle into working from nine to five and living from five to nine, does not produce in women the stuff for promotion.

It is also altogether probable that Jane, if she goes in for this delightful independent life, will not expect it to last forever. Most men dread the idea of retiring from business as the end of active living. There are plenty of vigorous men who lapse into unhappy and fretful old age as soon as they stop going to the office. It is the favorite subject for the critics who complain of American life as deadening our capacities for leisure. Women, on the other hand, seldom look forward to a lifetime of business. They are—whatever you, or even they, may say—forever thinking of the time when all this will change. The unmarried ones are thinking of the time when they will be married. They may expect to continue working afterwards, but they do look upon marriage as something which will certainly alter their mode of living, and this gives them a sense of impermanence about their business careers. The married ones feel even less permanent. They are thinking that in a few years their husbands will be making lots of money, or perhaps that they'll be sent to the Paris office—anything may happen.

The notion of women's impermanence exists not only in the minds of

business men, but in the minds of business women as well. The facts show that a vast number of women work for as many years as men. The difference is that men expect to work all their lives and women do not—a big psychological handicap in the race towards large salaries.

Another such handicap is the belief that women who have been brought up in comfortable circumstances are working only because they want to. When I first went to work there was a girl in the office who was well dressed, well educated, with the obvious marks of "a sheltered life." I remember hearing one of the men ask her, "You don't have to work, do you?" and her acid reply, "Oh, no, I could starve." I was struck at the time by the attitude of the other women in the office. The girl, they agreed, had shown rather questionable taste in admitting that she worked because she needed money—besides, they didn't believe her!

Why is it that women are so reluctant to admit the necessity of working—and working for a long, long time? Why do they pretend that they are writing advertisements, teaching arithmetic, and managing tea rooms because they would rather not be idle? Men know that they have to work. They are well aware of the fact that if they do not—most of them, that is—they and several other people are not going to have enough to eat. The necessity of earning a living and the obligation to make money are drilled into them from the time they can walk.

This refusal to face the necessity of work keeps women from planning ahead, from thinking of their next job, from ordering their lives against the time when they will have to retire. I believe it is also partly responsible for their lack of policy sense. They are inclined to think of the organization for which they work as an intangible object which directs them and pays them

rather than as a money-making affair that they will some day direct themselves. Certainly women do not buy stock in their firms to the extent that men do.

A woman I know invested her capital of three hundred dollars, ten years ago, in twenty chairs, five tables, and enough pots and pans to cook the meals for twenty people. And then she wondered if twenty people would ever come into her tiny tea room. Now she is serving over one thousand meals a day in two flourishing restaurants, and owns, from the proceeds of this profitable business, several plots of New York real estate and long-term leases. The point of this story is not that she made a success. It is that she didn't make a real success until comparatively recently. She originally started her tea room because she wanted to live in New York, and wanted to live actively instead of idly. Until a few years ago she made a comfortable living, but she didn't make money. She didn't particularly want to. Two years ago she had a severe illness that lasted many months. She came out of it with an entirely different attitude towards her business. She began for the first time to think about the future. She had never amassed any money because she had not extended herself to that end. The idea of old age had never occurred to her, or if it had, it was probably counteracted by the comfortable feeling that some Santa Claus would come along and fix things because she was a woman. Suddenly, spurred by a bitter taste of disability, she pushed ahead, expanded the business, opened another shop, and adopted a system of saving whereby she expects to acquire a substantial sum in ten years. She is doing nothing that she could not have done eight years ago. It took the shock of a terrifying illness to make her adopt an attitude that is professional rather than amateur.

Another element in most women's make-up that prevents them from making money is their inability to regard money itself very seriously. They persist in thinking of the stuff as something to be exchanged for eggs and clothes and steamship tickets. The advertising experts have worked out how much of the family expenditures are handled by the wives, and the amount is enormous. They do almost all of the buying, and they are shrewd bargainers. In many cases they will get more eggs for the same amount of money than men will. But money remains a means of buying what they want and need, rather than a thing in itself to be manipulated and multiplied. For this reason women cannot look on the financial end of business with that absorption, that instinctive sense for the balance-sheet, profits, and cash returns which most men acquire.

Most women would rather have a congenial job that may not pay well than an unsympathetic one that pays better. Many women are intensely interested in their work and regard the pay envelope as a feature of it but not the most important one. To be sure, the pay envelope is usually so slim that it does not deserve a very solemn consideration.

Moreover, many intelligent and able women deliberately refuse to make the sacrifices necessary to becoming big business successes. In a business world that is still geared for men, women have to pay a heavy price for financial success. They have to give up more than the luxury of lying late abed and going to concerts in the afternoon. A great deal of the business of living is still women's business. There is no need to explain what women's business is—it is in essence what it always has been. We smile indulgently at the picture of our grandmothers who, as a matter of course, put in all the fine tucks in the shirts that grandfathers wore, who

superintended all the daily tasks of kitchen and pantry, who taught their children to read and write and recite the catechism, and we think how much freer are women to-day, how much wider their interests, how much more colorful their lives. Jane is certainly going to spend very little time in shirt-making and bread-making. But she is going to have the same emotional responsibilities that her grandmother had. Family life still revolves around the husband's work. Jane is not going to refuse to move to Detroit because of her job in Baltimore, nor is she going to uproot her husband from his job because an excellent business opening in San Francisco is offered her. Moreover, she is going to cling to the companionship of her children, even if she turns them over to the nurse's charge and puts them in a modern school at the age of three. If she is not married, there may be strong pressure brought to bear to persuade her that her place is with her mother who needs her.

If Jane continues working after she marries, her work is almost sure to become simply one factor in a busy, well-rounded life. Most women believe that in order to have a successful business life they must give up most of the elements of a successful private life. No wonder one hears so many women, with or without jobs, who sigh for a part-time occupation. Teachers have told me that the long vacations are largely responsible for the popularity of teaching, which is, after all, almost the only practical part-time occupation one can find.

The married woman who works is in competition with men in the office and with non-working women outside of it. She cannot afford to bend all of her energies towards the problems of business when there is another complicated job waiting for her at home. Nobody feels sorry for a wife whose husband comes from the office silent and pre-

occupied, is abstracted during dinner, and retires afterwards with a sheaf of important looking papers. She, unless she is looking for trouble, does not feel sorry for herself either. "It's such a large deal he's working on," she explains proudly and tenderly. But very few men, and none of their friends, are going to feel proud or tender about a wife who spends the evening pondering on a merger, or even going over the salesmen's reports.

V

What is the answer? What is Jane to do about it? I, for one, do not know the answer. It is easy enough to point out reasons why women do not earn more money; it is very difficult to tell them how to do it.

It is generally supposed that women who own their own businesses stand a better chance of making money than if they work in organizations where they must compete directly with men for advancement. Referring once more to the University of Michigan survey, we find confirmation of this, but even so the difference in median earnings is only \$503 a year. Moreover, a certain amount of capital is necessary, a particular temperament; and it is just as fallacious to say that all women are capable of running their own businesses as to say that all men are. The solution does not lie in wholesale advice to women to stop working for someone else and start out on their own.

One thing is certain. Jane will do much better for herself, both as a business woman and as a person, if she will face the situation as it is. Even if the prejudice that still lingers in business against women executives is fading, and may reasonably be expected to disappear as more and more women successfully negotiate executive positions, it is impossible to form any definite conclusions regarding the future. No

one can say that by 1935 or 1940 women will be making more money because by that time they will have convinced themselves and everybody else that they have the stuff for promotion.

Suppose Jane is not compelled to earn her living, suppose she is working actually from choice, and that work is merely one factor among many in her rich and busy life. In that case—although there is no justice in her earning less money than a man who is no more capable, intelligent, and industrious than she—it seems to me that things being as they are, she loses more than she gains by trying to concentrate solely on the business of making money. There are lots of people doing that already; and I can't help thinking it is a good thing for business and for the world at large that certain people are putting life before business and working because they like the job.

However, this attitude, Jane must understand, is a luxury that she will do well to deny herself at the outset of her working life. It is easy enough to adopt it later if circumstances prove it to be feasible. Uncle Jeremiah's leg-

acy may appear to be gilt edged, and of course most women do get married; but there is always the chance that the legacy may prove to consist of mortgage bonds on deflated real estate or to have been lost in Montgomery Ward common, or the personable and opulent young man may not turn up. If Jane pins her faith on them rather than on herself she may very well have the disagreeable shock of waking up suddenly to the necessity of supporting herself when she is no longer young, and of finding that she has wasted too much time that she can never make up.

If Jane from the very start will adopt the professional attitude, if she will give up all thought that it is adventurous or brave of her to work, if she will persuade herself that she and no one else is going to take care of her, that she is working because she has to and that she is going to keep on doing it all her life, she will have the advantage over all the women who, whether they admit it or not, are marking time. Even at that she may end up in the smallest of cottages; but it will at least be hers and not a charitable institution run by the State.



GREEN THOUGHTS

A STORY

BY JOHN COLLIER

THE orchid had been sent among the effects of his friend, who had come by a lonely and mysterious death on the expedition. Or he had bought it among a miscellaneous lot, "unclassified," at the close of the auction. I forget which, but one or the other it certainly was; moreover, even in its dry, brown, dormant root state, this orchid had a certain sinister quality. It looked, with its bunched and ragged projections, like a rigid yet a gripping hand, hideously gnarled, or a grotesquely whiskered, threatening face. Would you not have known what sort of an orchid it was?

Mr. Mannering did not know. He read nothing but catalogues and books on fertilizers. He unpacked the new acquisition with a solicitude absurd enough in any case towards any orchid, or primrose either, in the twentieth century, but idiotic, foolhardy, doom-eager, when extended to an orchid thus come by, in appearance thus. And in his traditional obtuseness he at once planted it in what he called the "Observation Ward," a hothouse built against the south wall of his dumpy, red dwelling. Here he set always the most interesting additions to his collection, and especially weak and sickly plants, for there was a glass door in his study wall through which he could see into this hothouse, so that the weak and sickly plants could encounter no crisis without his immediate knowledge.

This plant, however, proved hardy enough. At the ends of thick and stringy stalks it opened out bunches of darkly shining leaves, and soon it spread in every direction, usurping so much space that first one, then another, then all its neighbors had to be removed to a hothouse at the end of the garden. It was, Cousin Jane said, a regular hop-vine. At the ends of the stalks, just before the leaves began, were set groups of tendrils, which hung idly, serving no apparent purpose. Mr. Mannering thought that very probably these were vestigial organs, a heritage from some period when the plant had been a climber. But when were the vestigial tendrils of an ex-climber half or quarter so thick and strong?

After a long time sets of tiny buds appeared here and there among the extravagant foliage. Soon they opened into small flowers, miserable little things: they looked like flies' heads. One naturally expects a large, garish, sinister bloom, like a sea anemone, or a Chinese lantern, or a hippopotamus yawning, on any important orchid; and should it be an unclassified one as well, I think one has every right to insist on a sickly and overpowering scent into the bargain.

Mr. Mannering did not mind at all. Indeed, apart from his joy and happiness in being the discoverer and god-father of a new sort of orchid, he felt only a mild and scientific interest in the

fact that the paltry blossoms were so very much like flies' heads. Could it be to attract other flies for food or as fertilizers? But then, why like their heads?

It was a few days later that Cousin Jane's cat disappeared. This was a great blow to Cousin Jane, but Mr. Mannering was not, in his heart of hearts, greatly sorry. He was not fond of the cat, for he could not open the smallest chink in a glass roof for ventilation but that creature would squeeze through somehow to enjoy the warmth, and in this way it had broken many a tender shoot. But before poor Cousin Jane had lamented two days something happened which so engrossed Mr. Mannering that he had no mind left at all with which to sympathize with her affliction or to make at breakfast kind and hypocritical inquiries after the lost cat. A strange new bud appeared on the orchid. It was clearly evident that there would be two quite different sorts of bloom on this one plant, as sometimes happens in such fantastic corners of the vegetable world, and that the new flower would be very different in size and structure from the earlier ones. It grew bigger and bigger, till it was as big as one's fist.

And just then, it could never have been more inopportune, an affair of the most unpleasant, the most distressing nature summoned Mr. Mannering to town. It was his wretched nephew, in trouble again, and this time so deeply and so very disgracefully that it took all Mr. Mannering's generosity, and all his influence too, to extricate the worthless young man. Indeed, as soon as he saw the state of affairs, he told the prodigal that this was the very last time he might expect assistance, that his vices and his ingratitude had long cancelled all affection between them, and that for this last helping hand he was indebted only to his mother's memory, and to no faith on

the part of his uncle either in his repentance or his reformation. He wrote, moreover, to Cousin Jane, to relieve his feelings, telling her of the whole business, and adding that the only thing left to do was to cut the young man off entirely.

When he got back to Torquay Cousin Jane had disappeared. The situation was extremely annoying. Their only servant was a cook who was very old and very stupid and very deaf. She suffered besides from an obsession, due to the fact that for many years Mr. Mannering had had no conversation with her in which he had not included an impressive reminder that she must always, no matter what might happen, keep the big kitchen stove up to a certain pitch of activity. For this stove, besides supplying the house with hot water, heated the pipes in the "Observation Ward," to which the daily gardener who had charge of the other hothouses had no access. By this time she had come to regard her duties as stoker as her chief *raison d'être*, and it was difficult to penetrate her deafness with any question which her stupidity and her obsession did not somehow transmute into an inquiry after the stove, and this, of course, was especially the case when Mr. Mannering spoke to her. All he could disentangle was what she had volunteered on first seeing him, that his cousin had not been seen for three days, that she had left without saying a word. Mr. Mannering was perplexed and annoyed but, being a man of method, he thought it best to postpone further inquiries until he had refreshed himself a little after his long and tiring journey. A full supply of energy was necessary to extract any information from the old cook; besides, there was probably a note somewhere. It was only natural that before he went to his room, Mr. Mannering should peep into the hothouse, just to make sure that the won-

derful orchid had come to no harm during the inconsiderate absence of Cousin Jane. As soon as he opened the door his eyes fell upon the bud; it had now changed in shape very considerably, and had increased in size to the bigness of a human head. It is no exaggeration to state that Mr. Mannering remained rooted to the spot, with his eyes fixed upon this wonderful bud, for fully five minutes.

But, you will ask, why did he not see her clothes on the floor? Well, as a matter of fact (it is a delicate point), there were no clothes on the floor. Cousin Jane, though of course she was entirely estimable in every respect, though she was well over forty, too, was given to the practice of the very latest ideas on the dual culture of the soul and body—Swedish, German, neo-Greek and all that. And the orchid-house was the warmest place available. I must proceed with the order of events.

Mr. Mannering at length withdrew his eyes from this stupendous bud and decided that he must devote his attention to the gray exigencies of everyday life. But although his body dutifully ascended the stairs, heart, mind, and soul all remained in adoration of the plant. Although he was philosophical to the point of insensibility over the miserable smallness of the earlier flowers, yet he was now as much gratified by the magnitude of the great new bud as you or I might be. Hence it was not unnatural that Mr. Mannering while in his bath should be full of the most exalted visions of the blossoming of his heart's darling, his vegetable godchild. It would be the largest known, by far: complex as a dream, or dazzlingly simple. It would open like a dancer, or like the sun rising. Why, it might be opening at this very moment! At this thought Mr. Mannering could restrain himself no longer; he rose from the steamy water, and,

wrapping his bath-towel robe about him, hurried down to the hothouse, scarcely staying to dry himself, though he was subject to colds.

The bud had not yet opened: it still reared its unbroken head among the glossy, fleshy foliage, and he now saw, what he had had no eyes for previously, how very exuberant that foliage had grown. Suddenly he realized with astonishment that this huge bud was not that which had appeared before he went away. That one had been lower down on the plant. Where was it now, then? Why, this new thrust and spread of foliage concealed it from him. He walked across, and discovered it. It had opened into a bloom. And as he looked at this bloom his astonishment grew to stupefaction, one might say to petrification, for it is a fact that Mr. Mannering remained rooted to the spot, with his eyes fixed on the flower, for fully fifteen minutes. The flower was an exact replica of the head of Cousin Jane's lost cat. The similitude was so exact, so lifelike, that Mr. Mannering's first movement, after the fifteen minutes, was to seize his bath-towel robe and draw it about him, for he was a modest man, and the cat, though bought for a Tom, had proved to be quite the reverse. I relate this to show how much character, spirit, *presence*—call it what you will—there was upon this floral cat's face. But although he made to seize his bath-towel robe, it was too late: he could not move; the new lusty foliage had closed in unperceived, the too lightly dismissed tendrils were everywhere upon him; he gave a few weak cries and sank to the ground, and there, as the Mr. Mannering of ordinary life, he passes out of this story.

Mr. Mannering sank into a coma, into an insensibility so deep that a black eternity passed before the first faint elements of his consciousness reassembled themselves in his brain.

For of his brain was the center of a new bud being made. Indeed, it was two or three days before this, at first almost shapeless and quite primitive lump of organic matter, had become sufficiently mature to be called Mr. Mannering at all. These days, which passed quickly enough, in a certain mild, not unpleasant excitement, in the outer world, seemed to the dimly working mind within the bud to resume the whole history of the development of our species, in a great many epochal parts.

A process analogous to the mutations of the embryo was being enacted here. At last the entity which was thus being rushed down an absurdly foreshortened vista of the ages arrived, slowing up, into the foreground. It became recognizable. The Seven Ages of Mr. Mannering were presented, as it were, in a series of close-ups, as in an educational film; his consciousness settled and cleared; the bud was mature, ready to open. At this point, I believe, Mr. Mannering's state of mind was exactly that of a patient who, struggling up from vague dreams, waking from under an anæsthetic, asks plaintively, "Where am I?" Then the bud opened, and he knew.

There was the hothouse, but seen from an unfamiliar angle; there, through the glass door, was his study, and there below him was the cat's head and there—there beside him was Cousin Jane. He could not say a word, but then, neither could she. Perhaps it was as well. At the very least, he would have been forced to own that she had been in the right in an argument of long standing; she had always maintained that in the end no good would come of his preoccupation with "those unnatural flowers."

Yet it must be admitted that Mr. Mannering was not at first greatly upset by this extraordinary upheaval in his daily life. This, I think, was

because he was interested, not only in private and personal matters, but in the wider and more general, one might say the biological, aspects of his metamorphosis; for the rest, simply because he *was* now a vegetable, he responded with a vegetable reaction. The impossibility of locomotion, for example, did not trouble him in the least, or even the absence of body and limbs, any more than the cessation of that stream of rashers and tea, biscuits and glasses of milk, luncheon cutlets, and so forth that had flowed in at his mouth for over fifty years, but which had now been reversed to a gentle, continuous, scarcely noticeable feeding from below. All the powerful influence of the physical upon the mental, therefore, inclined him towards tranquillity. But the physical is not all. Although no longer a man, he was still Mr. Mannering. And from this anomaly, as soon as his scientific interest had subsided, issued a host of woes, mainly subjective in origin.

He was fretted, for instance, by the thought that he would now have no opportunity to name his orchid or to write a paper upon it and, still worse, there grew up in his mind the abominable conviction that, as soon as his plight was discovered, it was he who would be named and classified, and that he himself would be the subject of a paper, possibly even of comment and criticism in the lay press. Like all orchid collectors, he was excessively shy and sensitive, and in his present situation these qualities were very naturally exaggerated, so that the bare idea of such attentions brought him to the verge of wilting. Worse yet was the fear of being transplanted, thrust into some unfamiliar, draughty, probably public place. Being dug up! Ugh! A violent shudder pulsed through all the heavy foliage that sprang from Mr. Mannering's division of the plant. He awoke to conscious-

ness of ghostly and remote sensations in the stem below, and in certain tufts of leaves that sprouted from it; they were somehow reminiscent of spine and heart and limbs. He felt quite a dryad.

In spite of all, however, the sunshine was very pleasant. The rich odor of hot, spicy earth filled the hothouse. From a special fixture on the hot-water pipes a little warm steam oozed into the air. Mr. Mannering began to abandon himself to a feeling of *laissez-aller*. Just then, up in the corner of the glass roof, at the ventilator, he heard a persistent buzzing. Soon the note changed from one of irritation to a more complacent sound; a bee had managed to find his way after some difficulty through one of the tiny chinks in the metal work. The visitor came drifting down and down through the still, green air, as if into some subaqueous world, and he came to rest on one of those petals which were Mr. Mannering's eyebrows. Thence he commenced to explore one feature after another and at last he settled heavily on the lower lip, which drooped under his weight and allowed him to crawl right into Mr. Mannering's mouth. This was quite a considerable shock, of course, but on the whole the sensation was neither as alarming nor as unpleasant as might have been expected; indeed, strange as it may sound, the appropriate word seemed to be something like . . . refreshing.

But Mr. Mannering soon ceased his drowsy toyings with the *mot juste* when he saw the departed bee, after one or two lazy circlings, settle directly upon the maiden lip of Cousin Jane. Ominous as lightning, a simple botanical principle flashed across the mind of her wretched relative. Cousin Jane was aware of it also, although, being the product of an earlier age, she might have remained still blessedly ignorant had not her cousin, vain,

garrulous, proselytizing fool, attempted for years past to interest her in the rudiments of botany. How the miserable man upbraided himself now! He saw two bunches of leaves just below the flower tremble and flutter and rear themselves painfully upward into the very likeness of two shocked and protesting hands. He saw the soft and orderly petals of his cousin's face ruffle and incarnadine with rage and embarrassment, then turn sickly as a gardenia with horror and dismay. But what was he to do? All the rectitude implanted by his careful training, all the chivalry proper to an orchid-collector, boiled and surged beneath a paralytically calm exterior. He positively travailed in the effort to activate the muscles of his face, to assume an expression of grief, manly contrition, helplessness in the face of fate, willingness to make all honorable amends, all suffused with the light of a vague but solacing optimism; but it was all in vain. When he had strained till his nerves seemed likely to tear under the tension, the only movement he could achieve was a trivial flutter of the left eyelid—worse than nothing.

This incident completely aroused Mr. Mannering from his vegetative lethargy. He rebelled against the limitations of the form into which he had thus been cast while subjectively he remained all too human. Was he not still at heart a man, with a man's hopes, ideals, aspirations—and capacity for suffering?

When dusk came and the opulent and sinister shapes of the great plant dimmed to a suggestiveness more powerfully impressive than had been its bright noonday luxuriance, and the atmosphere of a tropical forest filled the orchid-house like an exile's dream or the nostalgia of the saxophone; when the cat's whiskers drooped, and even Cousin Jane's eyes slowly closed, the unhappy man remained wide

awake, staring into the gathering darkness. Suddenly the light in the study was switched on. Two men entered the room. One of them was his lawyer, the other was his nephew.

"This is his study, as you know, of course," said the wicked nephew. "There's nothing here. I looked round when I came over on Wednesday."

"Ah! well," said the lawyer. "It's a very queer business, an absolute mystery." He had evidently said so more than once before; they must have been discussing matters in another room. "Well, we must hope for the best. In the meantime, in all the circumstances, it's perhaps as well that you, as next-of-kin, should take charge of things here. We must hope for the best."

Saying this, the lawyer turned, about to go, and Mr. Mannering saw a malicious smile overspread the young man's face. The uneasiness which had overcome him at first sight of his nephew was intensified to fear and trembling at the sight of this smile.

When he had shown the lawyer out the nephew returned to the study and looked around him with lively and sinister satisfaction. Then he cut a caper on the hearthrug. Mr. Mannering thought he had never seen anything so diabolical as this solitary expression of the glee of a venomous nature at the prospect of unchecked sway, here whence he had been out-cast. How vulgar petty triumph appeared, beheld thus; how disgusting petty spite, how appalling revengefulness and hardness of heart! He remembered suddenly that his nephew had been notable, in his repulsive childhood, for his cruelty to flies, tearing their wings off, and for his barbarity towards cats. A sort of dew might have been noticed upon the good man's forehead. It seemed to him that his nephew had only to glance that way and all would be discovered, although

he might have remembered that it was impossible to see from the lighted room into the darkness in the hothouse.

On the mantelpiece stood a large unframed photograph of Mr. Mannering. His nephew soon caught sight of this and strode across to confront it with a triumphant and insolent sneer. "What? You old Pharisee," said he, "taken her off for a trip to Brighton, have you? My God! How I hope you'll never come back! How I hope you've fallen over the cliffs, or got swept off by the tide or something! Anyway . . . I'll make hay while the sun shines. Ugh! you old skinflint, you!" And he reached forward his hand, on which the thumb held the middle finger bent and in check, and that finger, then released, rapped viciously upon the nose in the photograph. Then the usurping rascal left the room, leaving all the lights on, presumably preferring the dining room with its cellarette to the scholarly austerities of the study.

All night long the glare of electric light from the study fell full upon Mr. Mannering and his Cousin Jane, like the glare of a cheap and artificial sun. You, who have seen at midnight, in the park, a few insomniac asters standing stiff and startled under an arc light, all their weak color bleached out of them by the drenching chemical radiance, neither asleep nor awake, but held fast in a tense, a neurasthenic trance, you can form an idea of how the night passed with this unhappy pair.

And towards morning an incident occurred, trivial in itself, no doubt, but sufficient then and there to add the last drop to poor Cousin Jane's discomfiture and to her relative's embarrassment and remorse. Along the edge of the great earth-box in which the orchid was planted ran a small black mouse. It had wicked red eyes, a naked, evil snout, and huge, repellent ears, queer as a bat's. This creature ran straight over the lower leaves of Cousin Jane's

part of the plant. It was simply appalling: the stringy main stem writhed like a hair on a coal-fire, the leaves contracted in an agonized spasm, like seared mimosa; the terrified lady nearly uprooted herself in her convulsive horror. I think she would actually have done so, had not the mouse hurried on past her.

But it had not gone more than a foot or so when it looked up and saw, bending over it, and seeming positively to bristle with life, that flower which had once been called Tib. There was a breathless pause. The mouse was obviously paralyzed with terror, the cat could only look and long. Suddenly the more human watchers saw a sly frond of foliage curve softly outward and close in behind the hypnotized creature. Cousin Jane, who had been thinking exultantly, "Well, now it'll go away and never, never, never come back," suddenly became aware of hideous possibilities. Summoning all her energy, she achieved a spasmodic flutter, enough to break the trance that held the mouse, so that, like a clock-work toy, it swung round and fled. But already the fell arm of the orchid had cut off its retreat, the mouse leaped straight at it; like a flash five tendrils at the end caught the fugitive and held it fast, and soon its body dwindled and was gone. Now the heart of Cousin Jane was troubled with horrid fears, and slowly and painfully she turned her weary face first to one side, then to the other, in a fever of anxiety as to where the new bud would appear. A sort of sucker, green and sappy, which twisted lightly about her main stem, and reared a blunt head, much like a tip of asparagus, close to her own, suddenly began to swell in the most suspicious manner. She squinted at it, fascinated and appalled. Could it be her imagination? It was not. . . .

Next evening the door opened again, and again the nephew entered the

study. This time he was alone, and it was evident that he had come straight from table. He carried in his hand a decanter of whiskey capped by an inverted glass. Under his arm was a siphon. His face was distinctly flushed, and such a smile as is often seen at saloon bars played about his lips. He put down his burdens and, turning to Mr. Mannering's cigar cabinet, produced a bunch of keys which he proceeded to try upon the lock, muttering vindictively at each abortive attempt, until it opened, when he helped himself from the best of its contents. Annoying as it was to witness this insolent appropriation of his property, and mortifying to see the contempt with which the cigar was smoked, the good gentleman found deeper cause for uneasiness in the thought that, with the possession of the keys, his abominable nephew had access to every private corner that was his.

At present, however, the usurper seemed indisposed to carry on investigations; he splashed a great deal of whiskey into the tumbler and relaxed into an attitude of extravagant comfort. But after a while the young man began to tire of his own company; he had not yet had time to gather any of his pothouse companions into his uncle's home, and repeated recourse to the whiskey bottle only increased his longing for something to relieve the monotony. His eye fell upon the door of the orchid-house. Sooner or later it was bound to have come to pass. Does this thought greatly console the condemned man when the fatal knock sounds upon the door of his cell? No. Nor were the hearts of the trembling pair in the hot-house at all succored by the reflection.

As the nephew fumbled with the handle of the glass door, Cousin Jane slowly raised two fronds of leaves that grew on each side, high up on her stem, and sank her troubled head be-

hind them. Mr. Mannerling observed, in a sudden rapture of hope, that by this device she was fairly well concealed from any casual glance. Hastily he strove to follow her example. Unfortunately, he had not yet gained sufficient control of his—his *limbs*?—and all his tortured efforts could not raise them beyond an agonized horizontal. The door had opened, the nephew was feeling for the electric light switch just inside. It was a moment for one of the superlative achievements of panic. Mr. Mannerling was well equipped for the occasion. Suddenly, at the cost of indescribable effort, he succeeded in raising the right frond, not straight upwards, it is true, but in a series of painful jerks along a curve outward and backward, and ascending by slow degrees till it attained the position of an arm held over the possessor's head from behind. Then, as the light flashed on, a spray of leaves at the very end of this frond spread out into a fan, rather like a very fleshy horse-chestnut leaf in structure, and covered the anxious face below. What a relief! And now the nephew advanced into the orchid-house, and now the hidden pair simultaneously remembered the fatal presence of the cat. Simultaneously also, their very sap stood still in their veins. The nephew was walking along by the plant. The cat, a sagacious beast, "knew" with the infallible intuition of its kind that this was an idler, a parasite, a sensualist, gross and brutal, disrespectful to age, insolent to weakness, barbarous to cats. Therefore it remained very still, trusting to its low and somewhat retired position on the plant, and to protective mimicry and such things, and to the half-drunken condition of the nephew, to avoid his notice. But all in vain.

"What?" said the nephew, "What, a cat?" And he raised his hand to offer a blow at the harmless creature.

Something in the dignified and unflinching demeanor of his victim must have penetrated into even his besotted mind, for the blow never fell, and the bully, a coward at heart, as bullies invariably are, shifted his gaze from side to side to escape the steady, contemptuous stare of the courageous cat. Alas! his eye fell on something glimmering whitely behind the dark foliage. He brushed aside the intervening leaves that he might see what it was. It was Cousin Jane.

"Oh! Ah!" said the young man, in great confusion. "*You're* back. But what are you hiding there for?"

His sheepish stare became fixed, his mouth opened in bewilderment; then the true condition of things dawned upon his mind. Most of us would have at once instituted some attempt at communication or at assistance of some kind, or at least have knelt down to thank our Creator that we had, by his grace, been spared such a fate, or perhaps have made haste from the orchid-house to insure against accidents. But alcohol had so inflamed the young man's hardened nature that he felt neither fear nor awe nor gratitude. As he grasped the situation a devilish smile overspread his face.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" said he, "but where's the old man?"

He peered about the plant, looking eagerly for his uncle. In a moment he had located him and, raising the inadequate visor of leaves, discovered beneath it the face of our hero, troubled with a hundred bitter emotions.

"Hullo, Narcissus!" said the nephew.

A long silence ensued. The nephew was so pleased that he could not say a word. He rubbed his hands together, and licked his lips, and stared and stared as a child might at a new toy.

"You're properly up a tree now," he said. "Yes, the tables are turned now

all right, aren't they? Ha! Ha! Do you remember the last time we met?"

A flicker of emotion passed over the face of the suffering blossom, betraying consciousness.

"Yes, you can hear what I say," added the tormentor, "feel, too, I expect. What about that?"

As he spoke, he stretched out his hand and, seizing a delicate frill of fine, silvery filaments that grew as whiskers grow round the lower half of the flower, he administered a sharp tug. Without pausing to note, even in the interests of science, the subtler shades of his uncle's reaction, content with the general effect of that devastating wince, the wretch chuckled with satisfaction and, taking a long pull from the reeking butt of the stolen cigar, puffed the vile fumes straight into his victim's center. The brute!

"How do you like that, John the Baptist?" he asked with a leer. "Good for the blight, you know. Just what you want!"

Something rustled upon his coat sleeve. Looking down, he saw a long stalk, well adorned with the fatal tendrils, groping its way over the arid and unsatisfactory surface. In a moment it had reached his wrist, he felt it fasten, but knocked it off as one would a leech, before it had time to establish its hold.

"Ugh!" said he, "so that's how it happens, is it?" I think I'll keep outside till I get the hang of things a bit. I don't want to be made an Aunt Sally of. Though I shouldn't think they could get you with your clothes on." Struck by a sudden thought, he looked from his uncle to Cousin Jane, and from Cousin Jane back to his uncle again. He scanned the floor, and saw a single crumpled bath-towel robe lying in the shadow.

"Why?" he said, "*well!* . . . Haw! Haw! Haw!" And with an odious

backward leer, he made his way out of the orchid-house.

Mr. Mannerling felt that his suffering was capable of no increase. Yet he dreaded the morrow. His fevered imagination patterned the long night with waking nightmares, utterly fantastic visions of humiliation and torture. Torture! It was absurd, of course, for him to fear cold-blooded atrocities on the part of his nephew, but how he dreaded some outrageous whim that might tickle the youth's sense of humor and lead him to *any* wanton freak, especially if he were drunk at the time. He thought of slugs and snails, espaliers and topiary. If only the monster would rest content with insults and mockery, with wasting his substance, ravaging his cherished possessions before his eyes, with occasional pulling at the whiskers, even! Then it might be possible to turn gradually from all that still remained in him of man, to subdue the passions, no longer to admire or desire, to go native, as it were, relapsing into the Nirvana of a vegetable dream. But in the morning he found this was not so easy.

In came the nephew and, pausing only to utter the most perfunctory of jeers at his relatives in the glass house, he sat at the desk and unlocked the top drawer. He was evidently in search of money, his eagerness betrayed that; no doubt he had run through all he had filched from his uncle's pockets, and had not yet worked out a scheme for getting direct control of his bank account. However, the drawer held enough to cause the scoundrel to rub his hands with satisfaction and, summoning the housekeeper, to bellow into her ear a reckless order upon the wine and spirit merchant.

"Get along with you," he shouted, when he had at last made her understand. "I shall have to get someone a bit more on the spot to wait on me; I

can tell you that." "Yes," he added to himself as the poor old woman hobbled away, deeply hurt by his bullying manner, "yes, a nice little parlor-maid . . . a nice little parlor-maid."

He hunted in the *Buff Book* for the number of the local registry office. That afternoon he interviewed a succession of maidservants in his uncle's study. Those that happened to be plain, or too obviously respectable, he treated curtly and coldly; they soon made way for others. It was only when a girl was attractive (according to the young man's depraved tastes, that is) and also bore herself in a fast or brazen manner, that the interview was at all prolonged. In these cases the nephew would conclude in a fashion that left no doubt at all in the minds of any of his auditors as to his real intentions. Once, for example, leaning forward, he took the girl by the chin, saying with an odious smirk, "There's no one else but me, and so you'd be treated just like one of the family; d'you see, my dear?" To another he would say, slipping his arm round her waist, "Do you think we shall get on well together?"

After this conduct had sent two or three in confusion from the room, there entered a young person of the most regrettable description, one whose character, betrayed as it was in her meretricious finery, her crude cosmetics, and her tinted hair, showed yet more clearly in florid gesture and too facile smile. The nephew lost no time in coming to an arrangement with this creature. Indeed, her true nature was so obvious that the depraved young man only went through the farce of an ordinary interview as a sauce to his anticipations, enjoying the contrast between conventional dialogue and unbridled glances. She was to come next day. Mr. Mannerling feared more for his unhappy cousin than for him-

self. "What scenes may she not have to witness," he thought, "that yellow cheek of hers to incarnadine?" If only he could have said a few words!

But that evening, when the nephew came to take his ease in the study, it was obvious that he was far more under the influence of liquor than had been the case before. His face, flushed patchily by the action of the spirits, wore a sullen sneer, an ominous light burned in that bleared eye, he muttered savagely under his breath. Clearly this fiend in human shape was what is known as "fighting drunk"; clearly some trifle had set his vile temper in a blaze.

It is interesting to note, even at this stage, a sudden change in Mr. Mannerling's reactions. They now seemed entirely egotistical, and were to be elicited only by stimuli directly associated with physical matters. The nephew kicked a hole in a screen in his drunken fury, he flung a burning cigar-end down on the carpet, he scratched matches on the polished table. His uncle witnessed this with the calm of one whose sense of property and of dignity has become numbed and paralyzed; he felt neither fury nor mortification. Had he, by one of those sudden strides by which all such development takes place, approached much nearer to his goal, complete vegetation? His concern for the threatened modesty of Cousin Jane, which had moved him so strongly only a few hours earlier, must have been the last dying flicker of exhausted altruism; that most human characteristic had faded from him. The change, however, in its present stage, was not an unmixed blessing. Narrowing in from the wider and more expressly human regions of his being, his consciousness now left outside its focus not only pride and altruism, which had been responsible for much of his woe, but fortitude and detachment also, which, with quotations from the

Greeks, had been his support before the whole battery of his distresses. Moreover, within its constricted circle, his ego was not reduced but concentrated, his serene, flowerlike indifference towards the ill-usage of his furniture was balanced by the absorbed, flowerlike single-mindedness of his terror at the thought of similar ill-usage directed towards himself.

Inside the study the nephew still fumed and swore. On the mantelpiece stood an envelope, addressed in Mr. Mannering's handwriting to Cousin Jane. In it was the letter he had written from town, describing his nephew's disgraceful conduct. The young man's eye fell upon this and, unscrupulous, impelled by idle curiosity, he took it up and drew out the letter. As he read,

his face grew a hundred times blacker than before.

"What?" he muttered, "'a mere race-course cad . . . a worthless vulgarian . . . a scoundrel of the sneaking sort' . . . and what's this? ' . . . cut him off absolutely . . . ' What?" said he, with a horrifying oath, "*Would* you cut me off absolutely? Two can play at that game, you old devil!"

And he snatched up a large pair of scissors that lay on the desk, and burst into the hothouse. . . .

Among fish, the dory, they say, screams when it is seized upon by man; among insects, the caterpillar of the death's-head moth is capable of a still, small shriek of terror; in the vegetable world, only the mandrake could voice its agony—till now.

MAPS

BY ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST

WE FOUR by the stone hearth, Oh with what magic,
Traced Samarkand and Samos on the maps.
We did not know then that the world was tragic,
We only saw the world upon our laps.

One brown head and two gold against the chintzes,
O brittle evening, artless, proud, and young!
My ear, long closed to sounds of earth, still winces
When men say Samarkand, Samos, Hongkong.

Alone I trace the magic ports and famous
Upon the maps as on that innocent even—
For one's in Samarkand and one's in Samos
And one's in Heaven.



AMERICANS IN ENGLAND

A STUDY IN MISUNDERSTANDING

BY ALEC WAUGH

WE WERE discussing Anglo-American relations.

"The trouble is," the American was saying, "that our countries are represented to each other by the wrong people. You judge America by its tourists; by the people who get drunk and overtip and shout round Paris as though they'd bought the boulevards, while we judge England by the Englishmen who never having been to America say patronizing and supercilious things about her. Neither country is judged by what's best and typical. If only more of the right people went across and stayed a while."

"I know," I said, "but even when they do . . ." I had more than one concrete example in my mind when I said that.

In the main, the Americans who come to England are tourists or internationalists. The tourists stay a few days, a few weeks, a few months even; they travel from one town to another in cars and charabancs. They visit the Lake district, Oxford, Stratford, the Cathedral towns. They come to see a new landscape and old buildings. They make no attempt to mix in the country's life. The internationalists, on the other hand—the diplomats, prominent social personalities, dramatists, authors, publishers—are as much at home in one country as in another. They have their roots not in a country but in a way of life. They arrive in

Paris, Berlin, and London, pick up the receiver of a telephone, and are instantly a part of a world very similar to that which they had left on the other side of the Atlantic. But neither tourists nor internationalists are representative of the main current of a country's life, nor are they regarded as representative. And the trouble would seem to be that those who are typical—the foreign representatives of business houses, the men and women of good standing, but of insufficient social prominence to make their names familiar on both sides, who, for business reasons or of choice, make temporary homes in England—as often as not both take away and leave behind unhappy and unfortunate impressions.

Practically the first American I came to know was the London agent of a New York firm. He had been brought by one of the members of our side to watch a football match I was playing in. I was at that time a member of Rosslyn Park. Every Saturday we played somewhere within a thirty-mile radius of Hyde Park. We fielded practically the same side each week. After the match those of us who had our evenings free would go on to Simpson's or Devereux's Oyster-bar and eat a steak, drink pints of lukewarm ale, and argue about the referee's decision. They were cheery evenings. We were tired and stiff and

bruised; but till Monday morning we were out of training.

The American came along with us. He was older than most of us, in the early thirties, but he mixed easily. He was a jolly fellow, and we all liked him. It was the first time he had drunk draught beer. At the end of the first pint he shook his head. "About all that you can say for this," he said, "is that you can sit all evening drinking it and know that you'll be able to find your way home all right." Five hours later he placed a rather higher value on it; it was fine, he said, and so was Rugby football, and so were we. He was coming to watch us every Saturday. Where were we playing next week? he asked.

Against the Harlequins at Twickenham, we told him. We were catching the 1:49 from Waterloo.

"I'll be right there," he answered.

We never expected that he would be. But when we gathered round the platform barrier, there he was, with his broad grin and immense high-collared coat. From the touch line he exhorted us vociferously. At the Devereux afterwards he accepted three "no heel-taps" challenges, after which he announced that this was the best time that he had had in weeks, and, yes, sir, he certainly was going to watch us trounce the Exiles next Saturday at Orleans Park. He was there that Saturday, and the Saturday after he was christened the team's mascot, and stoutly charged on no account to miss a match.

With the England and Scotland match at Twickenham on the last Saturday in March the Rugby season ends. For the Londoner athletics is a pigeon-holed department. His game-friendships are confined to the playing field and the evening of the game. During the winter you rarely see the people you play cricket with, nor during the summer do you see your foot-

ball friends. I did not see the team's mascot again till the middle of September, when I went down to the old Deer Park for the trials and found him on the touch line.

His smile and his coat collar were as vast as ever.

"Hullo, Mascot," I called out.

"Not going to be your mascot much longer," he called back. "In October I'm going home."

There was not one of us who was not sorry that he was leaving. He had added a great deal to the enjoyment of the season's football. He would be much missed. "Well, anyhow, before you go," we said, "you'll have to come with us to a roast or boiled."

The "roast or boiled" is a feature of London football. An important club such as Rosslyn Park yields six or seven fifteens every Saturday. And as there is a danger of the members of the various sides losing touch with one another, once a month a private room is booked in a Fleet Street tavern, where for half a crown you can have your choice of boiled mutton or roast beef. Six or seven people from every side turn up. After the meal there is singing and a speech or two.

To the mascot it was something completely new. "This is fine," he said. "It almost makes me wish that I wasn't sailing Thursday." Opposite him was sitting a man from another side who was meeting "Mascot" for the first time. He was a young and rather briefless barrister. He loved argument. His argument took the Socratic method of cross-examination. He had been at Oxford. His voice was slow and languid, his manner supercilious. To a foreigner who disliked England without knowing it very well he would have seemed typically English.

"Indeed," he said, "so you are returning to America. Now tell me you will be glad to be in America again."

"Naturally."

"You have not been happy here."

"Happyish."

"But not more than that. Now tell us what it was that made you dislike England. The climate or the English?"

"I didn't say I disliked England."

"You implied you did. Now tell us which was it that you disliked."

The mascot hesitated; a hot, angry look had come into his eyes.

"Come now, please tell us," the barrister persisted.

This time the answer came back pat.

"Oh, very well, the English, then."

"And what is it about the English that you particularly dislike?"

The barrister was actually quite a pleasant fellow. His cross-examination had begun in a friendly fashion. He had thought he was being good-naturedly amusing. He had not the suppleness of mind to realize that the mascot was being seriously annoyed. But even we, who realized and were waiting for the right moment to intervene, were unprepared for the suddenness of the mascot's answer.

"What do I particularly dislike about the English?" he retorted.

"Well, I'll tell you. I dislike their standoffishness, their snobbery, their conceit. I dislike them for being envious of the United States and, instead of admitting it, pretending to despise Americans. I dislike them most of all for the way they behave to the foreigners who come to England, not of their choice, but in the interests of trade, interests that are England's as much as they are America's. There are a great many other things I dislike about the English, but those will do to carry on with."

It was said so loudly that no one in the room could fail to hear it. Before he had spoken two sentences there was silence down the length of the two other tables. There were thirty seconds of complete stillness when he

finished. Then on all sides a rattle of talk broke out, and we were all busy pretending that nothing had ever happened.

For most of us it spoiled the evening. For the mascot it did, most certainly. "I can't think how I can have done it," he said. "Perhaps I'd been drinking. I don't know, but the fellow just maddened me somehow. My word, but I feel bad about it, after all the fun I've had with you fellows."

We assured him it did not matter, that no one would think twice about it. But even now, after nine years, the incident is remembered in the club.

"Can't think what you wanted to bring a fellow like that here for," grumbled people from other teams. "Couldn't he see a joke? Why must these Americans be so damned touchy? They think everyone's envying them and everyone's criticizing them; and they get mad if you don't flatter them."

"This fellow wasn't like that," we said. "He was a first-class fellow."

But the others, the majority, were unconvinced. And we who knew him and were fond of him were puzzled over his behavior.

I was to remain puzzled till a conversation I had a few years later when I was returning from my first visit to the States. At the same table as myself was a New York merchant on his way to supervise the Paris branch of his business. For the preceding year he had occupied a similar post in London. He did not seem too pleased. "Though at that," he said, "it can't be any worse than London." He was a man in the middle thirties, nice looking and agreeably mannered, with an easy, friendly smile.

"You didn't like it there?" I asked.

"Like it!" he said. "I had heard people talk of loneliness, but I just didn't know what it was like till I went to London." He paused, then quietly,

without any animosity, continued, "I guess London hasn't any use for foreigners. I went there knowing scarcely anyone but, as I was going into a London business house, I imagined that my colleagues would take care of me. You've been in New York long enough to know what happens to a stranger when he arrives there. You're a writer; well, I suppose that your publishers and agents made you a temporary member of their clubs. They had a party or two for you. They introduced you to people. And every now and then they'd ring you up to see how things were going. I imagined that it would be the same in London. But was it? No, sir, it wasn't. I was welcomed with great cordiality. I've nothing to complain of there. The chairman of the company couldn't have been nicer. He was delighted to have me over; he said we must get to know each other. What day would I have lunch with him?

"He gave me a very good lunch. He took me to his club. He was a charming and considerate host. I enjoyed myself no end. I was at the beginning of a real friendship, I told myself. But was I? Was I, hell! From that day on during the whole of the year I spent in London he did nothing for me, not one thing. He was very courteous, very amiable. Such business discussions as we had could not have been friendlier. At the end of them he would always say, "Well, how are things going? Settling down all right?" And "Sure I am," I'd answer. But I'd like to have smacked the smile off his bland face as I answered him. How in hell's name did he expect me to settle down in a city where I didn't know a soul, and saw no way of knowing one? I had a letter or two of introduction, but they didn't help me much. The people I sent them to asked me to lunch or dinner. Then after a while I asked them back,

and there, more or less, it ended. Before I left I had got to know, one way or another, enough people to keep about half my evenings full, but I'll never forget the loneliness of my first six months.

"As far as I could make out," he concluded, "the English are self-contained; they've found a way of life that suits themselves, and they just can't be bothered over foreigners."

He was, I should have said, a typical representative of the upper middle class, and it is, I suppose in any country, the upper middle class that is most representative of that country. He was, in fact, the kind of person that an Englishman would soonest hear speak well of England, and of whom an American would, I imagine, say, "Well, if you want to judge America, that's the type that you should judge it by." And though I had no means of judging what kind of memories he had left behind him, there could be no doubt of the memories he had taken with him.

It was in the light of that talk that I suddenly understood the mascot's sharp outburst at the roast or boiled; visualized, too, the whole course of his life in London that had led up to it. I was at the moment just finishing a world tour. I had known what it was during its course to be lonely in strange places, had known, too, the feeling of unreasoning resentment against the pleasures from which you are excluded. You sit in a hotel lounge. You have spoken to no one but servants for three days. You will speak to no one except servants for the four days that must elapse before the sailing of your boat. You know no one. There is no way of getting to know anyone. And on all sides of you there are people laughing and chatting together. You hate them for being happy and for having friends.

In view of that and of what the American had told me, I could picture

the mascot's life: his loneliness, the resentment against the apparent self-sufficiency of English life which made him lonely, the pathetic readiness to join the group of footballers who offered him an escape from loneliness, and his sudden outburst against a type who had seemed to represent everything in English life that had made his stay in London wretched.

A representative American had gone back to the States with the prayer that he need never return and had left a number of people saying, "Well, if that's a typical American, and as likely as not it is, no, thank you."

It had been a pathetic misunderstanding. For it had been a misunderstanding. Londoners are not inhospitable nor do they resent foreigners; it is simply that the fabric of our social life is arrayed differently from that of other cities.

II

I was born in London. My home is in London. I have spent the greater part of my life in London, but even so I find it difficult to explain what it is that makes London different from other cities. People may say that it is a matter of cliques. But it is not that so much, I think, as that the Londoner more than other townsmen arranges his life in a series of pigeon-holes. Only about a tenth of one's friends know one another. My best and oldest friend, for instance, was born within a few yards and a few hours of me. We went to the same house in the same school, we belonged to the same club, we played football and play cricket for the same side. Our tastes and our positions in life are much the same. We meet on an average three times a month. Yet in the years that we have lived in London we have never met each other unexpectedly in any restaurant, party, or theater. We

know each other as well as any two men can know each other, but when we ring up to arrange some meeting and find that we have no evening free for a week, we have no idea what the other is doing during those six intervening days.

A Londoner's life is a very intricate mosaic of relationships. It is conducted almost entirely in private houses. There is no equivalent for the country-club atmosphere, no central place where one meets all one's friends to which one could introduce a new friend, confident that he or she would be looked after. Everything is pigeon-holed. It would not occur to the Londoner to move from their separate pigeon-holes the people he plays games with, the people that he does business with, and those whom he meets at some quarterly or monthly dining club. It is the fact of this pigeon-holing of one's acquaintance, this leaving and being left to one's own devices, that makes life in London so private and satisfactorily personal. But it is that same fact that can make London for the stranger—since London has not, as Paris has, an exhibition side, since its entertainment is confined to clubs and private houses—the loneliest city in the world. There was always a danger, I supposed, of any foreigner having a thin time in London.

And so a couple of years later, when a girl of whom I had seen a good deal when I was visiting in California, wrote to tell me that she was coming over alone to stay in London, I felt tempted to discourage her. She was called Joan Jordan. She was twenty-two years old, with frank, hazel eyes, an open smile, a sunny nature, and a direct, straightforward manner that put you instantly at your ease. Her letter to me bore a Paris postmark. She had it all planned out. She had come over with a party, but she was going to leave the party behind her.

She would take a house or a flat and live quietly as a Londoner for a year, mixing with Londoners, leading a Londoner's life.

I could not help receiving the plan with some misgivings; though her father was a person of prominence in Pasadena, his name would convey little if anything to Londoners. She had, of course, a certain number of links among us. But I could picture what might happen when she arrived. The women who had known her in America on learning that she was in London would get in touch with her, invite her to dinner, give her an amusing evening, tell her that they were at home on Sunday afternoons, though it would be well to ring up first, include her name in their list for cocktail parties, and leave it there. I should give some parties for her and ask to them the people I thought she would be most likely to get on well with. But though Londoners may say the first time they meet you, "Do look me up sometime," they will be astonished if you do. It is not usually till a third or fourth meeting that they do anything definite. And even those whom I should particularly ask to "do something about" Joan, would not, I fancied, do much more to begin with than take her address and remark that they would be having a small party soon and would let her know when and where. To enjoy London one needs four friends and forty acquaintances. Probably one does in any city. But in London the collecting of them takes a full six months. I was very afraid that for those six months Joan would find herself extremely lonely.

When she rang up to tell me that she would be coming across in two days' time, I did what I could to warn her.

"London's a funny place," I began to say. "You may not like it."

But she was not of the kind that readily accepts advice.

"If that happens," she said, "I'll catch the next liner for San Francisco."

She had to the full that unshakable confidence in her capacity to run her life that is one of the greatest attractions of American women.

"Oh, well," I thought, "it may go better than I expect."

A month later it certainly seemed so. She took, within a week of her arrival, and for a year, a pleasant furnished house in Chelsea.

After the first fortnight, during which Joan and I saw each other most days at some time or other, I began to notice that as often as not when I rang her up with some suggestion she already had another engagement.

"You seem to be pretty busy nowadays," I said.

"Oh, yes, I'm beginning to find my feet."

I was curious to know with whom she was spending her time.

"Who are all these people," I asked, "that you're running round with?"

"Oh, I don't know. No one in particular. Just chaps."

"But where've you come across them all?"

She laughed.

"It's a funny thing," she said, "but do you remember that evening we went to the Green Lizard? I believe that I've met directly and indirectly more people through that one evening than at any other time since I've been here."

I remembered it very well. It had been a jolly evening. The Green Lizard is, as night clubs go, about as good a thing as London can produce in a Bohemian way. It is small, clean, and inexpensive. It has a fair cabaret. One usually found somebody amusing there.

On this occasion we had been greeted boisterously by a genial young man who had been at Oxford with my brother and whom I had met since intermittently.

"Come and sit at our table," he shouted.

His table was already crowded, but we managed to find places at it.

"I don't know half of our names," he said. "You can introduce yourselves to one another."

Quite a little had been drunk, and everyone was fairly gay. There was dancing, and every now and then someone would sing a song. At twelve a wine waiter came round to take final orders. At twenty-five minutes past twelve he asked us to finish up our drinks. At twenty-five to one he swept away the glasses. The young man from Oxford sighed. "I'm not sure that things aren't better in New York," he said. "At any rate, once you're inside a speakeasy you can drink till morning. I suppose there's nothing for it but to go sadly home."

"Unless," Joan suggested, "you all come back and have some drinks with me."

She made the offer in the same casual, open-hearted way that her father would have done after golf at the country club in Pasadena.

And some thought it would be a good idea; and some said they lived a long way out. The young man from Oxford murmured something about his work, but in the end yielded. Finally four of us went back with her. I did not know by name or sight either of the other two. They seemed pleasant enough, and we sat in Joan's home, played the gramophone, drank some whiskey, and at about two o'clock scattered to our various homes.

"Everything seemed to start from that evening," Joan explained. "One of the boys rang up next morning and asked if he could call."

"Which one? The one I knew?"

"No, one of the others. And we went to the Green Lizard. I got made a member; there were some people there he knew. A few of them came

back afterwards, like the other night. And, oh, well, one thing leads to another. I'm going to have a party as soon as I'm properly moved in."

It was a curious party. The stage-management of it was admirable. So admirable, indeed, that had Joan been a less nice person it would have seemed pretentious. But she was such a gracious hostess that it seemed natural to be drinking champagne at tea-time with trays of caviare and smoked-salmon sandwiches littering every table. It had been billed as a cocktail party. But at about eight o'clock cold pies, salads, and trifles began to replace the caviare sandwiches. We found ourselves picnicking on the floor. Later there was dancing. I left at about one. The party ended, I believe, at four.

It was great fun. At the same time I had never before been to a party where there was quite that atmosphere. There were two or three of my own friends whom I had introduced to Joan. There were three or four rather dowdy, middle-aged women but, for the most part, the party was composed of well-dressed young men wearing familiar ties that one felt one ought to know but didn't. Yet it was not so much the company as a feeling of uncertainty as though nobody knew what he or anyone else was doing there that gave the party its unusual atmosphere. One scrap of conversation I overheard was in a way explanatory. "Who is she, anyhow?" I heard one man say.

"Some rich American having a good time," was the answer.

Only Joan herself seemed completely self-assured. She moved graciously and calmly from group to group.

"It was a funny party, wasn't it?" she said to me next day. "I knew so few of the people when it began, and I liked them all so much by the time that it was over."

"Knew so few of them?"

"Well, I knew about half, I guess."

"How did the others get in, then?"

"The usual way. By people ringing up and asking if they could bring friends with them. So, of course, I said, 'Yes.' I think London's such fun that way. I thought London would be stiff and awkward. But it isn't at all. I came here knowing practically no one. Now I find that I've just not got enough hours in the week to fit them in."

III

I saw little of her during the next month. I was in the country the greater part of the time, finishing a book. I was planning as soon as it was done to sail for Zanzibar. Whenever I saw Joan she seemed supremely happy, brimming over with the excitement of a new experience. Her talk was full of the plays and places she had been to. "Joan seems to be having a good time over here," I wrote to a mutual friend in California. "Though of what that good time consists I am a little puzzled."

I might have guessed a little from a remark she made shortly before I sailed.

"I'm thinking of financing a cocktail club," she said. "Do you think it a good idea?"

"Only if you've some money you want to lose."

"I haven't."

"Then I'd keep clear of it."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because there is already a very excellent cocktail club."

"There's room for another."

I shook my head. A cocktail club is of service only to members of a moneyed and leisured class. In the lives of the average occupied person it would be an unnecessary extravagance.

"The Five Hundred Club," I said, "has got all the pleasant people who

feel the need for that kind of club. The people who would want another club are not the kind you'd like to be mixed up with."

"I don't know what you mean by that. A lot of my friends say that they'd like to join a club if one was started."

She answered snappily and changed the subject promptly. It was her weakness, as it was her strength, that she neither invited advice nor welcomed it. But from that moment I should have guessed what manner of world she was frequenting.

Every country produces its own brand of waster. England's particular brand has come of a good family, has been at a good school, has agreeable manners, an unearned income, and no guts. He sponges upon his friends, accepts dinners and gifts from middle-aged women, has an inferiority complex about his worth which he conceals behind a patrician air of superiority. His own class sees through him at the second meeting and has no use for him. He is forced to play the Triton among minnows. It is to this class that the type of person who would be anxious to join a cocktail club and would not be a member of the Five Hundred would belong. Galsworthy has described this type, at its worst, in *Swan Song*. And it is a type very well calculated to impress a foreigner for a little while.

Except for that one party, I had seen Joan in my setting, not in hers. I imagined that the fullness of her days meant simply that her other friends had been more accommodating than I had expected them to be. Before I left for Zanzibar I gave a couple of farewell parties to which she came. I noticed that two or three women, having now met her for the third or fourth time, were exchanging telephone numbers with her. From Marseilles I wrote to a couple of them, asking them to keep an eye on her.

I was away three months, during which time I had no fixed address. A large mail was awaiting my return to Villefranche. There was a letter among others from one of the women I had asked to keep an eye on Joan.

"I have seen your American friend once or twice," she wrote, "but, really, it was not easy. I asked her to a cocktail party, and she brought a quite impossible person with her. I went to her house and it was too pathetic. You never saw such an appalling crowd of third-rate men and rotten women. They were all out for what they could get out of her. I felt sorry for her. She's nice; but the trouble is that one can't see her without getting involved with the most impossible people. You should have heard Janet on her."

There was a note from Janet. "I've done my best for your young friend," she wrote, "but there are limits. I went to a party of hers where a quite awful person made extraordinary suggestions within two minutes of meeting me. I am afraid that I have no patience with the type of American who thinks she can get away with anything provided she serves champagne."

In London there were no two opinions about her; one or two people were sorry for her; but such reasonable persons as knew her were agreed that they could not waste their time on her. Several felt that she was simply a cheap person who thought everything was for sale. "She's pretty, of course, and amusing," someone said, "but she must be shoddy, or she couldn't go about with such shoddy people."

"I can assure you she isn't that," I answered. But I saw the impossibility of convincing anybody. Before Joan came I had thought that it would take her some while to get on terms of intimacy with the kind of Londoners she would care to know. I had fancied she might be lonely. But I had not realized that there is at hand an accessible

and deceptive world which is very ready to take advantage of an inexperienced and moneyed foreigner, and that by making use in London of the social technic with which in her own world she was familiar, she would get herself involved with it. For the social technic that is suitable to one town and country may be fatal in another. In California Joan had seen her father and her friends inviting to their house the people that they met in clubs. And in London, in the same spirit, she had taken back to her home the people she had met at the Green Lizard. As a result, she had become involved with the very people against whom Londoners erect their self-protective barrier of reserve; and so by the time she had got on to terms of intimacy with the Londoners with whom she was by birth and breeding allied she had made it impossible, owing to her part in another world, to be accepted by them. It was a pathetic muddle.

I wondered how much she had realized it herself. Sooner or later she would do so, I knew. For she had too much good sense and too much natural decency to tolerate permanently a shoddy milieu.

How much she had realized it I had little means of knowing. I was on my way through to New York, spending only three days in London. It was Easter, and Joan was out of town for the week-end. Lunch the day before I sailed was all that we could arrange. She looked tired and depressed.

"Well," I said. "How's life?"

"Fine!" she answered.

But she did not give the impression that it was. And it was of America, not of London, that she wanted to talk. "When I heard you were sailing I felt just heartbroken with envy. You'll give my love to them all in California? Tell them I'll be coming soon."

"But I thought you'd taken that house for a year?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I've been away from home over a year. That's a long time. I don't want to become *depaysee*."

Which was as much as she, who would never admit to a mistake, would say about her experiment of taking a home in London. One other remark only did she make. "That friend of yours, Janet Carter—a bit of a snob, isn't she?" she asked.

"I don't think so," I answered. "Why?"

"Nothing much, except that she said that she was surprised to see a person like Teddy Wale at my house—when you think how pleased she'd be herself to be entertained by my people if she came out West."

That was all she said.

Two months later, however, in California, I read the letter to a mutual friend in which she announced her intention of returning to America. "I'm tired of it here," she said. "It was fun to start with, but it's like breathing stale air. I'm tired of people who do nothing themselves, who spend their time talking about what their parents did, who despise everything that is new and everyone who's working. I want to be among people who are looking forward, not looking backward; and the snobbery of it all sickens me."

I made no comment. There seemed none to make. I thought of the pathos of this misunderstanding, of the impression that this girl had taken away with her of England, and the impression that she had left behind her there.

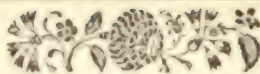
She, who of all people in the world should have left and taken away with her happy memories.

And it was of her I thought, of her and of the mascot, and the New York merchant I had met on the *Aquitania*, and of the similar incidents that are at the back of people's minds when you hear Americans speaking disparagingly of the English and the English of Americans, quoting in defense of this disparagement some example that, though scarcely typical in itself, completes the sum of what is typical; of all that I thought, as I sat on the boat discussing "Anglo-American" relations with an American.

"No," I said, "I don't believe that we misunderstand each other because the wrong people represent us to each other, but because the right people on both sides don't make the right kind of allowances."

"On the surface our two worlds are similar, and so we don't recognize and take account of the vast, though not immediately apparent differences. The Englishman going to America or the American going to England is not prepared for those inelasticities of the social fabric that in the case of completely foreign nations he is invariably on the watch for. He doesn't take the trouble to feel his way. As a result he takes and makes a wrong impression."

"We misunderstand each other," I said, "in the same way that members of a family misunderstand each other. We take far too much for granted."



OLD AGE INTESTATE

ANONYMOUS

I DO not remember the circumstances under which Henley wrote "I am the master of my fate," but there is one thing I am sure of: he did not have his parents or his wife's parents living with him at the time!

Six months ago I ceased to be anything like master of my fate. My mother came to live with me.

Before then my household of four had lived in harmony. My husband and I had found our home restful. We had enjoyed in it a bit of leisure and, considering that we had two pre-school children, a certain amount of continuity of thought and action. I had had time to influence my children toward constructive play, to give them some part of my day for reading or story-telling or music. They lived sufficiently by schedule to keep their nerves—and incidentally mine—steady. We were, furthermore, able to be hospitable. Our friends knew and made use of the knowing that our latch-string was always out.

In brief, we consider that we had then a happy and peaceful home. I do not mean to imply, even for contrast, that we had reached perfection. We had labored under the commonplace handicaps of sickness and debt and overwork and such friction as arises when parents are tired and lack the patience children need. But there was nothing present that menaced the foundations of our happiness or the children's welfare.

Now harmony is gone. Rest has vanished. My husband and I have no longer any time together unless we leave the house. We have no leisure. We have no time for our children, except for the necessary physical duties, and even those are done in confusion. The children have no schedule. We have had to shut our doors to hospitality.

There are two causes for this state. One is that I am my mother's child. She is used to commanding and advising me. Her relationship with me has always involved, in her mind, authority and guidance on her part, obedience and compliance on mine. The second is that she is surrounded in my home by familiar housekeeping and children's activity. She has been too long engaged in such work to sit idle and unhelping in the midst of it, and yet is too old to change to methods that fit my house, or to do any given task without requiring more assistance than I am able to give her. Her habit of authority, together with her need for activity, combine to fill all our days with a thousand irritations.

For instance, every detail of my housekeeping is subject to scrutiny and discussion. I cannot write a grocery order or plan a meal without interruption. I am not allowed to arrange my housekeeping schedule. Certain foods for the children's dinner must be prepared directly after breakfast if they are to be done in time, and to that end I schedule cooking first, dishes second. My mother, how-

ever, believes that dishes should be washed immediately after a meal. She insists upon staying in the kitchen to do this, with the result that dinner is prepared and served in confusion, and that appetites suffer accordingly.

There is constant tension because of the difference in our child-training methods. She will not admit my right or my need to bring up my children by my method, so the children have two bosses who make conflicting demands on them. I give them a certain object to play with; she takes it away. My husband and I have tried to maintain harmony and affection among the children by avoiding all causes of jealousy. She tries to control them by setting one against another. We believe that children have a right above all rights to feel safe in their own home. She makes constant threats against this safety merely to win her point in some issue that should not have arisen in the first place.

She admits my right to do housework and take physical care of the children, but she admits neither right nor need on my part to solitude, privacy, or recreation in the house. If I try to write a letter, or read, or play with my husband, she immediately commands my attention for herself, usually because she wants to talk of the past. She sits with us in the evening and sets the temper and the subject of the conversation, not omitting to ask us frequently how long we are going to sit there and why we do not go to bed earlier. It is in such ways, many of them trivial, that she dominates our home.

For all this I do not blame my mother. She is not the horrible person these statements would seem to make her. She is, on the contrary, an immensely cheerful, generous sort of woman. But she is old.

It is because she is old that she cannot adjust herself to our ways and to

the interests of our ages. It is because she is old that she cannot relinquish her habit of running the home in which she lives, of raising the children in that home, and of entertaining the guests who come into it. She cannot, in short, adjust herself to any personality or custom of the group in which she has chosen to live; and this very inability forces upon all the rest of us the necessity of adjusting ourselves to her.

A few years ago, at the beginning of a long illness of my father's, she confided to me, alone of her four children, that she wanted to go into an old ladies' home.

"It is the place for old people," she said. "I should be taken care of; I should have no responsibility and no worry; I should be with people whose business it is to take care of old ladies, so that I should feel myself a burden to no one. And I do not want to tie down my children as I have seen other mothers tie down theirs."

If she had told all her children and her friends of this plan she could have met their objections then and made it clear to them that institutional life was what she desired, whether they approved or not. At that time she was firm enough and clear-headed enough to dispense with argument. But this she did not do.

When my father died and we found that his long illness had used up all their money, my husband and I offered to provide the money my mother would need to enter a home, though we should have had to borrow it. But now the family and her friends objected to an old ladies' home. I was only one of four children. The rest were not prepared for such a disposal of her last years. They were outraged. What would people think? They would be ashamed to have their mother living in an institution—an institution!—as long as any of us had a home to share with her. She had sacrificed her life

to us; let us now sacrifice everything to her.

I maintained that the old ladies' home was her own choice; that if going into one would make her happy, we owed it to her to sacrifice our sensitivity to other people's opinions. She had a right to make her own decision, I said.

But it now proved that she was too tired and too uncertain to make a decision and stick to it in the face of resistance. She finally agreed to "wait awhile, visit around, and perhaps something would turn up." With which vague statement she came, ironically enough, to live with me!

She came supposedly for a visit. She stays on. We cannot find out what she means to do. She is physically comfortable with us, and physical comfort means much to an old person. The tension in the household does not seem to touch her, or perhaps she thinks it is the normal state of affairs and does not suspect herself of being the cause of it. So far as we can gather, she is settling down to the idea that our home is hers. If we take any steps to change the situation we have not only to grapple with her indecision but we must do battle also with all the relatives and friends who think the best thing she can do is to stay with me.

Yet, considered from her point of view, her situation is certainly inferior to what it would be if she had gone into an old ladies' home. The one she had chosen was in her own town, near her friends. As it is, she is a long way from home, and isolated. I am the only one of her family near her. Instead of the quiet, the sociability, the sense of her own importance that would necessarily follow living in a house run especially for old ladies' comfort, she has to stand the noise and turmoil of healthy youngsters and content herself with such sociability

as she can get from us in passing. Her needs must wait on the children's if we can make them do so. She feels that she is depriving them and my husband of my attentions, and her concern is the more pitiful because it is well founded.

The co-operation that she cannot manage to achieve in the home of her daughter would be easy for her in an institution run for one generation, with the housekeeping all done by maids in a secluded quarter of the house.

It is not her fault that she is old. I even question whether it is her fault that she has grown old without making some provision that would have prevented this or a similar interference with the fundamental happiness of others.

II

The blame lies actually in the habit of human beings to grow old intestate. Society educates us to make wills, to insure our lives, even to provide money for our old age. But it does not teach us to plan, before we reach it, how, and where, and under what conditions we shall pass our old age.

It laments that there are too many divorces, too many unhappy marriages, too many problem children. But it has taken no steps to educate us against the intrusion of parents into homes of the young—an intrusion which is probably a common cause of divorce, and most certainly a cause of marital unhappiness and problems in children.

The situation in which my household finds itself now is not unique. It is one that might occur in any family, and actually does occur in many. It is because I believe it has its roots in social custom and its cure in education that I am writing this.

I recognize, with some hope for what Society may do if it ever puts its mind to it, that it is possible to take out insurance for one's old age if one

has the wherewithal to do it. But it is not of financial provision alone that I am thinking. I am thinking of this ancient custom of taking the old into the homes of the young, or (which is worse?) forcing the young to live in the homes of the old.

There are not many of us who do not know cases of this kind. When I was a child I took it for granted that a grandmother or grandfather should live in the house of nearly every one of my playmates. Soon I came to take it for granted, also, that these houses should be full of friction. The association of grandparents with friction took such a hold in my mind that I called myself lucky because my own were dead!

There was one case only in which I saw no disharmony, one of an old lady who kept house for her son and her working daughter-in-law, and who, when they were at home, effaced herself so completely as to be unnoticeable. But I do not recommend self-effacement as a solution.

As I grew older, I came to know intimately a woman who was divorced in middle age. I remember the bitterness with which she said, "Mother was always with us. She shared our meals, our conversation, our friends, our fun. We were happily married till she came. But who wants to be married with a third person always there? My husband didn't, and I don't blame him. My fault, of course. I was always a softie. I should have told mother she just could not live with us. Still, how could I see that I had to choose between being merciless to mother or losing my husband?"

The mother herself has said to me often, "If my daughter dies before I do, I shall go into an old ladies' home."

It has never entered the nice old lady's head that by postponing this move till her daughter's death she has laid out the course of the latter's life between two ugly alternatives.

Yet so strong is tradition, so strong the sense of duty which we carry on from generation to generation, that the daughter, knowing well her own sacrifice, said to a young friend one day, "If I should die before mother does, I want you to take her. She speaks of an old ladies' home, but she has always been used to home life and the personal care of someone she loves."

Many years ago there was no other way for the old who needed care than to go into the homes of their children or other relatives. Now those of comfortable means can secure themselves financially by insurance or annuities so that they can keep their own homes. For those who have little there are many excellent old ladies' homes and old men's homes, some supported by endowment, some by cities, some by churches, and some by societies such as the Masons. Some institutions for the old are not, I dare say, particularly inviting. I have no doubt but that the number and the quality of such institutions would improve if the demand for them grew. There seems at present to be a prejudice against them.

This prejudice is based first on tradition. It has always been taken for granted that when men or women grew old and became lonely or helpless or sick, they should, of course, go to live with sons or daughters or, failing these, with other young relatives. Tradition points to duty, and so the young, even when they rebelled, have made the sacrifice.

The prejudice is based, furthermore, on the entirely unproved, and in my opinion thoroughly questionable assumption, that old people are better off in home life than in institutional life. This assumption implies, moreover, that it is necessarily the duty of the young to make home life possible for the old. I question that, too.

Most young people who can provide

home life for the old have marriage and children to consider as well. Which comes first? I believe marriage and the children do. They are obligations deliberately undertaken by the young persons involved, whereas their relationship with the old persons concerned is accidental. I cannot see, if a sacrifice must be made, why it should fall to the young to make it. It would hurt the old less to live an institutional life, even if they liked it less, than it would harm the young to jeopardize their marriage and their children's serenity.

But the old have only a few more years to live, one might argue. Ah! but the young have many. Why should their many be ruined that the few left to the old may contain what is at best only a questionable happiness?

Tradition and prejudice! Add to them the natural inability of human beings to comprehend, or to face, the inevitability of old age, and its usual concomitants: loss of mind, loss of physical health, loss of independence. It is difficult while we are still strong to see ourselves slowed down, grown uncertain or helpless, and in need of care. We can comprehend the possibility of death, and so we make wills. We can foresee the possibility of reaching an age where we shall be unable to earn money, and so we save our pennies or buy annuities. But we cannot picture ourselves needing to be helped across a room, to be waited on in most of our necessary activities, to be told what to do next.

It is only when we begin to reach this stage that we can see the need to do something about it, and then we cannot see clearly enough to plan well; or it is, perhaps, too late altogether.

One day my husband said, "Do you know what all this business makes me wonder about? It makes me wonder what *my* parents are going to do. For fifteen years they had parents living

in their home. As I look back on it, I think it must have been hell for mother, and none too easy on father. Yet, part of the time, at least, they could have afforded to put their parents in institutions. But they thought it would be a disgrace to do so. If their conception of duty to parents made them suffer for fifteen years, how do we know they won't think it is up to us to share *our* home with *them*?"

"But they will have money enough to take care of themselves," I said. "They can well afford to keep their home and have all the servants they need."

"Yes, but for that very reason they might feel justified in asking us to share our home life with them. Whichever one survives the other may not want to live alone. How do we know what they have in mind? Past circumstances make it seem more than likely that we shall be the ones chosen if they decide they want to live with any of their children. And if one of them comes and says, 'I want to live with you,' shall we, after this experience, have the courage and the unkindness to say, 'Nothing doing,' or shall we take a chance again on what will happen to us?"

Now I have two reactions to that possibility. One is a desperate "I don't know *what* we'd do, and I hope to Heaven it will never happen!" The other is a feeling of anger that while they are in their sixties, they are not making definite plans for the way they will live in their seventies, eighties, and nineties. My husband is one of five children. Not one of the five has any inkling of what their mother will do if she survives their father, or what he will do if he survives her.

We only know this, that the job of bringing up five children and taking care of parents crowded out of their married life any opportunity to develop

recreational interests that would absorb their minds in their old age. It crowded out friends, too; and they have reached the beginning of old age peculiarly dependent psychologically on each other and on their children. Add to this dependence their belief that it is the duty of the young to care personally for their parents, and how can we help but wonder if our home, too, and our children are to be dominated by the needs of the old, and our marriage so long deprived of the things that make marriage worth while that in the end it can be at best only a habit.

If they have any such plan in view, they are still young enough and fair-minded enough to see our point of view if we could have the opportunity to discuss it with them. I do not feel they have any right to drift along to the point where a decision must be made, when they may be, perhaps, emotionally or mentally incapable of making it, and will force upon their children that painful necessity.

III

As an outcome of these problems, present and future, we ourselves have reached a determination to protect our own children against such intrusions from us. How can we do this?

The moment we try to do it, we see why so few have done it, why so many have reached old age intestate. We cannot tell whether we shall grow old together, which one will die first, whether we shall retain soundness of health and mind, or whether we shall develop some of those common illnesses of old age—weak vision, deafness, arteriosclerosis. We can be fairly sure that old age itself will make it difficult for us to adjust ourselves to our children.

That much, at least, is a certainty, and that certainty points to our living apart from them.

"But supposing," says my husband, "they just like us and *want* us to live with them."

All the more reason, I feel, for us to keep away. They will continue to like us if we do. They might not if we do not.

As to how we shall live apart from them, there again is a problem. No one knows at thirty-five how much money he can command at seventy. We can fancy all kinds of possibilities, varying according to the means we may command: a little house in the country, an apartment, rooms and board with a family who have no kinship to us, a hotel, an institution. There are ways of keeping out from under our children's feet, whether we have much money or little. What we have to consider in planning is that we cannot designate the exact method we shall follow. We have to realize, too, that we may when we are old become vacillating. We may take it into our heads that we want to and have a right to live with them. Against that possibility we must take steps to protect them.

As soon as we can find a few free hours together we are going to draw up a document. The purpose of it will be to make it clear to our children, and to all friends and relatives who are inclined to give advice or make objections, that we desire to live our lives physically and personally independent of our children. This is to hold even if, by bad fortune, we should become financially dependent on them. If our dependence should necessitate any sacrifice, I am convinced that a financial strain is preferable to a psychological one.

We have not yet had time to think through this document—but there is going to be one! We shall keep a copy of it with our insurance papers and our will. And we shall give a copy of it to each one of our children.

I have said that the cure for this

problem lies in education. We can't educate the public; but we can educate our children. We can't dispel the prejudice of unthinking, or emotional, or duty-ridden people, but we can build up in our children a defense against this prejudice as it will creep in upon them in their contacts and experiences outside our influence. We can't keep people from pitying, with too little sense of proportion, the old who are in need of help; nor can we keep this pity from visiting our children. But we can teach them that we should deem no ending to our lives so pitiful as one that brought tragedy or unhappiness to them, for whose well-being we shall have spent our youth.

We can teach them, too, that they must school themselves to ignore public sentiment, the interference of relatives, and even (for such a thing is entirely possible) resistance on our part. It is time that people who found homes learned something of the psychology of the old, as well as of children.

We shall bring up this subject not only in family counsels, or in serious and sober talks of the future. We shall talk of it when occasion arises in a matter-of-course way, as intelligent people now discuss problems of sex

and marriage. In that way it will come to be taken for granted that our old age will mean no avoidable entanglements with their lives.

I hope that our treatment of this subject will prevent disagreement among the children themselves, will prevent deference to the opinions of relatives or friends. If not, they still will have our document; and while that will not be legally binding, it should certainly serve to settle a quarrel or to quiet the tongues of the hostile.

My mother could have prevented the situation in which she and I and my husband and children are now involved if she had, while she was still firm enough to manage resistance, informed all, instead of only one of her children, of her wish to go into an old ladies' home.

My parents-in-law could prevent possible confusion and bitterness and unhappiness among their children by making plans with them now.

We suffer now, we may perhaps suffer again, and our children suffer with us. If we cannot protect them from the omissions of their grandparents, we can, at least, where we, their parents, are concerned, save them from the burden of old age intestate.



COLLEGE GRADUATES AND CIVILIZATION

WITH SPECIAL EMPHASIS UPON THE WOMEN'S COLLEGES

BY MARY LEE

EVERY so often we hear the same old cry: the race of the graduates of our colleges is dying out. The graduates of colleges marry late and sparingly. They have only one and five-tenths children apiece. With one and five-tenths children the race of college graduates will vanish off the face of the earth. Generally we hear this cry from men—always strangely preoccupied with physical survival—about the graduates of colleges for women. Women's colleges, they tell us, create a strange aversion to matrimony. They prevent the intelligent women of the community from reproducing their race. They pay us the compliment of supposing that we who have been lucky enough to have had a college education are somehow of superior racial stock from that of our sisters who have not shared our luck. It is shocking, so they warn us, that our race should perish. Yet, in spite of their warning, some nine thousand eager young women in our Eastern women's colleges are now completing another college year.

The answer to this non-survival racket seems to be twofold. In the first place, college women marry as often as any other selected group of women of the upper classes and, like other women of the upper classes, prefer to have fewer and better children than did their ancestors, who knew no better way. The college graduates of

the world will not cease to exist merely because the graduates of to-day have one and five-tenths children, any more than the Catholic priests of to-morrow will cease to exist because the Catholic priests of to-day have none.

But there is another kind of survival beside that of reproducing the physical species. There is the survival of the family of Jonathan Edwards and the Jukeses, of which the sociologists remind us, but there is also the survival of Plato or of Aristotle. George Washington had no children, yet his name survives—more surely than that of many a more prolific neighbor. There is the survival of the Greek race, much mixed, sadly altered, strangely unimportant, but there is also the survival of that bright light of the human intellect which shines down through the ages, and which was ancient Greece. The one is a physical thing, which man shares with his cousins, the other animals on the planet. The other is a spiritual quality which is universal, which is eternal, and which, so far as this planet is concerned, is all his own.

Two elements go to make up the life of every nation. The first is the physical make-up of its people, animals with inherited racial tendencies, inherited defects, elements that are predetermined, unmodifiable by human will power, that pass themselves on from one generation to another through

those uncanny "genes" imbedded in the germ plasm of the race. The second is the civilization which has been acquired by each succeeding generation. The individual comes into the world a savage. He goes out of it a member of a nation, a civilized man. "Race," as Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild puts it in *The Melting Pot Mistake*, "is inherited, nationality is acquired. Race is biologically transmitted and nationality is socially transmitted. For nationality is passed on from generation to generation just as truly as race, but in an entirely different way." Nationality he defines as "a composite body of ideas and ideals, beliefs, traditions, customs, habits, standards, and morals infused with loyalty, devotion, allegiance, and affection."

We have in the nation, therefore, this twofold thing: the physical thing and the spiritual thing. And nations, like individuals, come and go. Physically, in many cases, they become absorbed by other races and fail, in their original character, to survive. But in proportion as their spiritual gift to civilization has been a great one, they live on. Greece—the Greece of Pericles, of Praxiteles, of Plato—still lives on.

What, then, is important? To be fruitful and to multiply, or to be not so fruitful and to contribute more largely to this spiritual quality which is more lasting than the race itself? College graduates, at any rate, seem to have chosen their way. They are more concerned with what Aristotle called "the good life" than with mere physical life itself. They are letting others do the propagating, and they are doing the teaching, the leading, the learning.

And why not? Why should these honorable gentlemen who accuse us of race suicide suppose that our race would be superior to other stocks? I go to college. My sisters stay at home. I stay unmarried and write books.

They marry and have children. Why should I suppose that my children, had I married, would be superior to their children? Half of the inherited traits of their children and my children would be the same. The other half would probably be no better or worse. Of the education that I got in acquiring a Master of Arts degree I could not pass one iota on to them. They would start where I started, where my sisters' children are now starting, with no education, no civilization, no sense of nationality at all. What difference does it make whether, physically, they came from one mother or another? What matters is that, given this similar physical make-up, *they should be taught the right sort of traditions and ideals and standards, and taught them in the best possible way.* And it is this very problem that is occupying the college graduate of to-day. She is not cutting herself off from matrimony. But she is more occupied with the bettering of life than with its overweening multiplication. She may not be producing as many children as her sister who did not go to college, but she is teaching civilization to the children who are here.

I am one of those who are skeptical about the superiority of the original English stock of the country, that theory which holds that the "old Americans" are somehow better than the new. It is a romantic idea to have had one's ancestors come over in the *Mayflower*. But why, after all, is it so remarkable to be descended from an Englishman of the middle or lower middle class? When you come to analyze the English race, what is it? "This is what it means," says Professor Fairchild, "to be an Englishman. It means that you probably have very little blood in your veins that is not Mediterranean, Alpine, or Nordic." Well, what of it? If you're an Italian immigrant the chances are you contribute a little more Mediterranean. If

you're a Russian immigrant, you may contribute some more Alpine. If you're a Swede, you may contribute some more Nordic. Nordic, you hear it said, is a stock superior to all the others. That seems to me an unprovable conclusion—a prejudice, perhaps, in favor of a blue-eyed, light-haired race.

The brightest epochs of our Western civilization seem to have come when uncivilized barbarians have "conquered," or at least overrun, more civilized races, and been in turn conquered by the civilization they had thought to overthrow. What was the Dorian invasion? What was the Renaissance? The thing that is important about the "old Americans," the descendants of the early settlers of our country, is that they have maintained a certain ideal, a certain way of living which seems to be worth preserving. It is important, not that they should out-propagate the barbarians among them, but that they should impress their way of life on them. You cannot breed a race of men pure and strong and beautiful as you breed cattle. The factors which govern the propagation of the species are almost as uncontrollable as the four winds. But you *can* teach the different racial strains within a population an ideal, an aspiration, a way of living.

Why worry, then, because the line of the graduates of Harvard between the years 1891 and 1900 will be extinct in six hundred years? Is it not a greater thing that they have so impressed their ideals, their standards, their way of living on their communities that the prolific families of immigrants among them are even now trying to emulate their way of living? It is, somehow, symbolic that the Fitzpatricks of Boston should choose to write under the name of Lowell. It means that the barbarians are being conquered. It means the triumph of an ideal, a way of living.

It is the handing down of that spiritual element of nationality, which is not racial.

II

It is the handing down of this spiritual quality that chiefly occupies the college woman. Not that she ducks matrimony in order to achieve it. She marries as often as any typical group of women of the upper classes. Take, for example, the Junior League of one of our larger Eastern cities. Here is a body of women, more or less restricted, chosen for social qualifications rather than for any other, taken from the same strata in society from which the students in the Eastern colleges for women are largely drawn. A survey of the catalogue of Junior League members for one city shows 49 per cent of its members married.

And what of the women's colleges? According to the figures collected by the Alumnae Committee of Seven Colleges, Vassar Alumnae statistics show that 55 per cent of her graduates have married. Smith shows 50 per cent married. Your daughter has a better chance, in other words, of finding a husband if she goes to either Vassar or Smith than if she stays at home, "comes out," and joins the Junior League. She has an equally good chance if she goes to Barnard or Wellesley. Statistics from each of these show 49 per cent of their alumnae married. She would have a slightly less good chance—if statistics show anything—if you sent her to Bryn Mawr or Mount Holyoke, which follow with 48 and 46 per cent.

And how about other, less select layers of the population? The United States census figures for 1920 showed 60 per cent of the total woman population of the country married. The 10½ per cent difference between this figure and that for college women may

be due merely to the fact that college women marry later in life: for if you omit the last three graduating classes at Vassar, for example, you find that 59½ per cent of her graduates have married, a figure only half of one per cent lower than that for the country as a whole. And just for a minute look at the divorce statistics. Of 25 recent classes at Wellesley, for instance, there are 3,722 graduates, of whom 2,069 are married. Among these there have been 38 divorces and four separations, or one divorce to 49 marriages performed. Figures for the United States showed one divorce for every six marriages performed in 1929.

But do the college graduates have children? The answer is: not so many as the families of the lower classes. How can you, leading the life of a milch cow, occupy yourself also with the civilized things of life? How can you send your children to the best schools, get their tonsils taken out by the best surgeons, have their diet filled with the proper vitamins if you have five of them when your income allows for only three? The answer is, you can't; and college graduates are intelligent enough to see this. So they don't have so many.

But when people ask you just how many they do have, the answer to that is that you don't just know. The colleges don't know. The graduate doesn't tell them. When "Junior" arrives the graduate announces his birth to her class and to her Alma Mater with some pride. When Sally comes she puts her name down on the next questionnaire. When Ethel arrives—well, "Junior" has to be taken to camp, and Sally has the measles, and the questionnaire, if there is one, just goes in the wastebasket with a whole lot of other things. And as for little Bill—now what difference can it possibly make to the class or the college or anybody else, except the family, that

little Bill is here? That's the way it goes. Most of the colleges will tell you they have no accurate statistics in the matter of children. They have statistics on their graduates who are in professions, for they find jobs for these; and then, too, these answer letters. But the married ones—the alumnae officials sigh.

Smith and Barnard both have gathered child statistics from their alumnae. Smith graduates have 1.5 children per marriage. Barnard makes it one and two-tenths of a child apiece. (You always feel sorry for that two-tenths of a child.) Their statistics, they add, are not quite up to date. Well, what of it? Are these women not setting an excellent example to the lower classes, who have too many children? May not these less fortunate classes sometime in the future emulate those who have small families, as they now emulate those who have limousines and fur coats? "The national problem," says Harold Cox, English sociologist and writer, in his *Problem of Population*, "is but slightly different from the family problem. If parents have more children than their family income can support in comfort, anxiety and suffering are certain to ensue; if a nation allows its population to expand beyond the limits imposed by the natural resources under its own control, it may find its prosperity imperiled by the economic adversities or by the political follies of other countries, and its people threatened with starvation on the outbreak of war.

How, in a nation where the public and proper spreading of the knowledge of birth control is tabooed, can the lower classes suspect its existence save as they watch and see that upper class parents consistently have smaller families than they do themselves? And they are seeing. Gradually they are putting two and two together. Prosperity, comfort, a good education for one's family will inevitably come to be

linked in their minds with the smaller families of the upper classes, as they are linked now with limousines and radios and fur coats.

And this is a good thing. It is essential to the spiritual survival of a race that its people do not push to extremes the things that have to do with its physical survival. If you doubt that, examine conditions in India and in China, and then examine conditions in Holland and in France.

III

As to the spiritual survival of the race, the college graduate is, I should think, doing his and her part. Particularly, it would seem, are the graduates of women's colleges doing their part. In steadily augmenting numbers they are educating the nation of to-morrow. Seventeen per cent of the graduates of the seven Eastern colleges for women are working in education. The fertile families of the lower classes, or perhaps their own more fertile sisters, who choose to marry when they get through school, may be supplying the racial material of the nation of to-morrow; but the education of these new generations, that reiteration of the history of the race through which each individual must pass—that thorny road between savagery and civilization—is being mapped out and carried through by the college graduate of to-day. Whatever the reason why the graduates of men's colleges prefer to dump their millions to join those other millions in the laps of the colleges for men, one fact stares them glaringly and inescapably in the face: the primary and secondary education of their children, much of their higher education, much of the policy by which their education progresses and grows better, is in the hands of the graduates of colleges for women. If society, through lack of available funds, chooses

to allow these colleges to lag behind the colleges for men, the education of the generations to come will suffer by just that amount.

Glance for a minute at the positions in the educational world which the graduates of the seven Eastern women's colleges now hold. For scarcely more than fifty years, remember, has higher education been open to women in this country. For only twenty-five years have they been educated in any considerable numbers. Yet the presidents of nineteen colleges scattered all the way from Florida to Oregon come from these seven colleges for women. They have supplied 112 college deans, among them those of Swarthmore, Oberlin, Leland Stanford, Spelman, Antioch, Mills, Yenching (China), and the universities of California, Colorado, and Vermont. They have trained 620 college professors, 265 principals of public and private schools, 6,430 teachers, the majority of whom are in our public schools. They have supplied 565 librarians, 118 museum curators.

Their graduates are not only teaching, and heading schools and colleges, but also widening and enriching that great body of knowledge which is the heritage of civilized man. Among their graduates are such scholars as Dr. Florence Sabin of the Rockefeller Institute, the first woman member of the National Academy of Science; Dr. Annie J. Cannon, honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society; Dr. Marion Irwin, biologist, of the Rockefeller Institute; Dr. Hetty Goldman, archeologist in charge of the excavations of Harvard University in the Near East; Sarah Wambaugh, temporary member of the Administrations Commission and Minorities Section of the Secretariat of the League of Nations; Dr. Lillian J. Martin, President of the California Society for Mental Hygiene; Dr. Ruth Gay, formerly instructor in pediatrics at Yale, now

associate in medicine at the Peking Union Medical College.

In public affairs, too, the graduates of the women's colleges are doing their part. Ada L. Comstock, President of Radcliffe and a graduate of Smith, is serving as a member of President Hoover's National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement. Frances Perkins, a graduate of Mount Holyoke, is Chairman of the Industrial Board of the Labor Department of the State of New York; Helen Wood of the same college is President of the New York State League of Nursing Education; Julia C. Lathrop, former Chief of the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor, who has recently been appointed Assessor on Child Welfare of the League of Nations, is a graduate of Vassar, as is also Dr. Katherine Bement Davis, General Secretary of the Bureau of Social Hygiene. Major Julia C. Stimson, also of Vassar, who headed the Nursing Service of the American Expeditionary Forces in the World War, now serves in the office of the Surgeon General of the United States. Pauline Goldmark, graduate of Barnard and Bryn Mawr, to-day with the Russell Sage Foundation, managed for three years the Women's Service Section of the United States Railroad Administration.

Writers such as Mary Antin, Helen Keller, Alice Duer Miller, Katharine Fullerton Gerould, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Margaret Ayer Barnes, and Margaret Culkin Banning are among the lists of their *alumnæ*; such pioneers in progressive education as Katherine Taylor of the Shady Hill School. Hundreds of adventurous and unclassifiable workers have they sent out: the Superintendent of the American Hospital at Neuilly; the Director of the Training School of the American Library at Paris; the Founder of the Students' International Union; the

Director of Education of the Pan American Union; the Manager of the Cleveland Orchestra; the first woman newspaper reporter in China. The College Entrance Examination Board, which admits your sons as well as your daughters to their colleges, has been for a term of years headed by the President of one of the colleges for women. Indeed, I doubt if you can send your son to school at all without his coming somewhere under the influence of these graduates of colleges for women.

These positions, and a thousand others, might be given as examples of the sort of work that the graduates of women's colleges are doing. If the colleges had taught each one of them to sit at home and raise thirteen children, after the method of their great-grandmothers, where, one wonders, would all these hordes of young ones go to school? And what sort of education would they be getting?

You may or may not like colleges for women. You may or may not wish to give, or leave, them of your fortune. But they are here. They are turning out thousands of graduates every year. Their graduates are to an ever-increasing extent controlling the education of your children, who will be the citizens of the nation of to-morrow. If the value of a nation be only in the physical make-up and quantity of its members, if the duty of its citizens be to crowd the earth with excess population, then they are failures. But if its value lies in the enhancement of that spiritual quality which is the peculiar gift of human beings, if the duty of the citizen be not only to create life but to create that something more which Aristotle called "the good life," then, it seems to me, we must count the graduates of the women's colleges as making a considerable gift to their nation, and to the civilization of the world.



THE TRUANT

A STORY

BY SARAH-ELIZABETH RODGER

If I should die, Virginia's pulse and breath
Would die with me. O hills and trees and
sky
And red Virginian roads, can there be death
Noble enough for son of yours to die?

YOU cannot be free even from a dead man when he has left you a little gray book. Virginia looked at it and wondered why she did not steal into the kitchen and thrust it into the big coal stove. Anthony's poems were a kind of drug. They held her in the hammock through the long summer afternoons, sitting while the slow tears gathered uncertainly, knowing she was being watched, feeling the eyes of her mother's friends who were sipping tea on the veranda. They smiled at her with loving pity. "I declare, Mattie, Virginia's been so brave, but how can you-all bear that *haunted* look in her eyes?"

They were always careful to explain her to strangers. After the strangers had been shown the Municipal Building and the new United Daughters of the Confederacy clubhouse, they had to see Virginia. "That's Virginia Clay, Anthony Powell's fiancée—you know, the famous young poet who was killed in the Argonne. Of course the poor child's life is ruined, but she's been so brave in spite of that tragic look! *Noblesse oblige*. . . . The Clays are one of our finest old families, you know—" Virginia knew she looked tragic and that her eyes drooped in

shadows and seemed to raise themselves only with a supreme effort to carry on. Her family, her friends, and her native State thought it very beautiful and plaintive of her. Of course, they could not know that in four years plain-tiveness grows to be a habit.

"If he had died any other way," she thought. "If it could have been in an accident, or pneumonia, or a drunken brawl. . . . Oh, why did it have to be at the head of a regiment with flags flying?" Or, if the gods had decreed that Anthony Powell must look noble and beautiful till the last moment when the troopship had sailed, and if he had had to lead men over trenches till he fell face forward, then why the gray book? After you had escaped from the flags and the little cross they sent you, and even the empty, pricked-balloon feeling inside of you, you found yourself hedged in and limited by words and words and more words bound in a small oblong of paper. That was the unfairness of it.

But this was the day Virginia was going to break away from Anthony. She straightened up and raised her eyebrows to help make her feel skeptical. After all, Anthony had been so young when he wrote all these—and there was a war and he had died in it. Perhaps that had blinded the critics when they called him "America's Greatest War Poet, whose tender, splendid answer to the call of death will stand forever as

the very spirit of his native Virginia and all young America." Virginia would like to despise Anthony's poetry if she were only able. She would read every poem through and feel perfectly impersonal about it and then she would hide this book away where she would never see it again—and then, perhaps, she would send for Randolph. She turned the pages efficiently, as one would handle a work on economics.

On that pale day when we are old,
Will dogwood bud and suns drip gold?
Will this high whiteness stay unbroken,
The song unsung, the words unspoken?

She shivered and held her chin tense. Anthony had made that verse with his head in her lap, droning it sleepily up at the lazy spring sky. There were other girls who had to remember holding a man's head in their arms before he went to war—and then their arms were empty. But their moments had never been put into words. Everything she and Anthony had ever had was crystallized into Anthony's verse. She reflected that there was never any privacy for a poet.

The hill we loved is green and sunny still,
Blurred in the evening, red at dawn,
And this year's leaves are cool and frail as
last's—
Nothing is gone.

There was the hill, looming large at the back of the garden. And Anthony had gone on, unkindly insistent:

If next year's leaves are less bright, if the
wind
Less tenuously blows your hair—
And I am gone—you still shall find our hill
Magnificently there . . .

Virginia closed the book, shut her eyes, and threw with all her might. It must have landed in the tall grass in the field next to the garden, but she did not stop to look. She ran up on the veranda, through the screen door, and

into the front hall. Her mother was coming down the stairs with Miss Myra Wilkins. Their arms were intertwined like girls', and Virginia, watching them, wondered if thinking of oneself as a girl made one stay a girl any longer.

Miss Myra came to her at once, squeezing her shoulder nervously. Her voice grew softer, as it always did when she spoke to Virginia, or if there was illness in a house. Miss Myra smelled faintly of chalk and erasers, and she spoke in sentences that contained clearly defined subjects and predicates, unless she were a little excited.

"I was just saying to Mattie I wanted to see you, honey . . ."

Virginia's mother chimed in with the effect of an echo or an afterthought.

"Yes, Miss Myra has something to tell you, Ginny."

The two women hovered about her as they took their chairs in the sitting room. They always made Virginia feel very patient and old. The darkened room, with the blinds drawn against the heat, and the pitcher of lemonade on the table seemed a part of this momentous day when she was going to break off her patience as cleanly as one cuts a thread.

Miss Myra was wielding her palm-leaf fan in short little jerks. She was telling Virginia that she mustn't be prejudiced.

"I've been so anxious to talk to you, though of course I couldn't disturb you in the garden at your blessed communion!"

"My—my what?"

"With Anthony, I mean—" She leaned forward, pink-faced and determined, "Oh, I know about your beautiful moments with Anthony's soul, darling. . . . But I was just telling your mother about this new comfort for you. The lady—we call her Madame—is so anxious to help you. She's been so marvelous with Cousin Lulu

Eaton, and there's nothing in the least coarse about her. I mean, she's a lady, but in reduced circumstances. She says it's all just in concentration and tuning one's soul to the deceased."

Virginia fought back the desire to stop the rising and falling cadences of Miss Myra's voice. She fought not to scream. Afterwards, she wondered if she would really have gone to the telephone in the hall if it had not been for Miss Myra telling her about Madame.

Miss Myra waited for encouragement and went on without it:

"She's inspired, my dear, and I felt it my duty to run right over and tell you about it. She got a message from Cousin Lulu's little boy who died all those years ago from the mumps. I was telling her just a little about dear Anthony, and she said undoubtedly the sensitive poet soul was easier—for communication."

Virginia rose suddenly. She looked about her for an escape.

"Miss Myra—mother—I know you'll both excuse me, but I feel just a little ill."

Again they hovered. They took it for granted that she felt ill. They expected her to be in delicate health. Her mother said she knew Ginny hadn't been really well or strong since poor Anthony—passed away. She said it with a proud smile, and Virginia found herself trembling for fear she would add her favorite and only French phrase, "*C'est la guerre.*" Miss Myra patted her shoulder helpfully and suggested that even when happiness was lost there was true beauty in suffering. And then her mother, dabbing quickly at her eyes with a small lace handkerchief, asked Virginia if it wasn't any comfort to know that Anthony died to make the world safe for womanhood and high ideals?

Virginia stood very still. "Please. I want to tell you something. I'm

through with all this. I'm putting it a million miles behind me."

They weren't listening. She knew they wouldn't listen while they could hover and commiserate. So, quietly, she walked away from them into the hall and picked up the telephone. She gave the number and spoke to Randolph Kincaid very clearly.

"You told me to call you when I had changed my mind, Randolph. Yes, I mean it. Will you come this evening? Please . . . my dear, don't shout so! Good-by."

Then she went back to her mother, who was whimpering in mortification:

"Oh, Virginia, how could you?"

Miss Myra did not speak at all. She looked at Virginia with pain and bewilderment.

Her mother wrung her hands.

"Mother knows your life is ruined, but you can't marry that Kincaid boy just to forget. You know you'll never forget!"

Virginia looked at her curiously and said, "Suppose I told you that I love Randolph?"

Mattie Clay sat down weakly on the stairs.

"Of course you don't, not after poor Anthony died for all of us. You're just pretending and you're naturally stubborn like your father's family. You don't care what happens to yourself!"

"Is Randolph as bad as that, mother?"

"It isn't poor Randolph. He's a sweet boy, but when I think of—of Anthony's lovely p-p-poetry . . ."

Miss Myra sat beside her and patted her plump shoulder, darting reproachful glances at Virginia.

Mattie pursued the subject and brought it on to the sacredness of love.

"Love is something besides sacredness, I should think," said Virginia.

The ladies rose at that.

"Not the right sort of love, Virginia,"

explained Miss Myra gently, as she explained the theory of fractions to a small and slow pupil. "Not the pure, wonderful devotion you and Anthony had!"

"It wasn't always so particularly pure. Anthony was just like other people."

Mattie looked at her daughter as if she had some strange disease. This smacked strongly of slander of the dead. But Virginia's eyes never wavered in their guarded calm, and at last her mother looked away and, in desperation, tried to repair the damage. She began to talk brightly to Miss Myra of other things, both of them ignoring Virginia as she slowly left the room. On her way upstairs she heard them whispering, but it seemed to be about someone's premature baby.

In her room Virginia sighed with relief. Her mother would take this badly, but in the end it would be all right. She knew her mother. Slowly and by degrees, it would be let known that Virginia hadn't really encouraged Anthony until he had enlisted—and then largely through pity, he was so devoted. . . . And Randolph and Virginia had played together as children. . . . Perhaps it was going to be easier than she had thought. After she had dressed for dinner she sat by her window and looked at the hill behind the garden. It reminded her of Anthony, but mostly on account of the poem; somehow she must make it Randolph's hill. As she went downstairs, she took Anthony's picture from her bureau and carried it with her into the living room. If she were going to marry Randolph it would be more decent on the piano. She didn't think of destroying it. People did not destroy pictures of old lovers when the old lovers had died for democracy. Nor was there much else of Anthony that she could destroy. Instead of love letters and pressed flowers from corsages, she had the

poems of his pen, and the poems were published in a small gray book. Granting that she should make a blasphemous blaze of her own copy, there were thousands of other copies. Every public library had one. For a moment she felt uneasy.

There were guests to dinner, and Virginia was glad she was not expected to talk much to them. After these years of practice, it was easier to look spiritual than to keep up a conversation and you had more time to eat. She let her long lashes droop, with the quiet, assured enjoyment of one who is certain of being the center of the stage with no personal effort. When the salads came on she roused herself enough to listen for Randolph's step on the street outside. Her father and the Rector were arguing about theology, and she thought they might be quieter about it.

"I tell you, Clay, the hope of immortality is the glory of the human race." Where was Randolph, and could she just slip away before they all took second helpings of shortcake? The Rector leaned over suddenly and patted Virginia's hand. "I reckon this little lady has found her comfort in the Great Promise!" She smiled sickly at him, and he began vigorously to polish his glasses. She was disturbed at feeling the old, accustomed little thrill of having people think her formed of rarer clay than the majority of mankind. She had not minded so much losing her mother's and Miss Myra's gentle worship, but she wondered how it would be when this kind, sentimental man no longer looked appreciatively down at her from his pulpit when he was stressing a spiritual point.

Then she heard the sound she was waiting for. Outside two big feet were clumping up and down the veranda. She knew that all the rocking chairs on the verandas up and down the darkening street had stopped, to watch who

was calling on Virginia Clay. With a swift movement she excused herself, dropped her napkin, and ran from the table. She drew a deep breath and went out on the veranda with both hands outstretched. This would give them something to talk about, and in the moment between opening and shutting the screen door she wondered what they would say. She felt a sense of exalted courage in braving so many tongues. It was like going through fire and water to meet one's lover, but once with Randolph, she would have a wall to lean against. His sturdiness and the ordinary, sane thoughts in his mind would free her forever from Anthony's poetic vagaries. All her future stretched out simple and matter of fact, her physical needs paid for by Randolph's hydraulic pumps, and her mental needs satisfied by Randolph's glorious common sense.

Randolph, clean, scrubbed, and in white flannels, was quite breathless as he took her hands and held them tight against his coat.

It was later, in the garden on the path to the hill, that he caught her wrist suddenly and turned her round.

"Look here. You mean this, don't you?" His eyes looked at the same time ecstatic and terrified. It reminded her of him as a little boy when he had seen a pie on a pantry window sill and was desperately afraid he was not tall enough to reach it. He hadn't been. He was six, and she was eight and a little taller, so she had reached for it, after maddening deliberation, and handed it down to him. It made her laugh to think of it. She looked up at his mouth, which was so far above hers, and her hands crept to the back of his neck and pulled his head down. . . . She was glad his tight clasp was awkward, glad that he seemed to know nothing of the artistic or poetic possibilities of holding her like this. She clung to him with a four years' hunger.

"Blessed!" he murmured unsteadily against her cheek. She stirred then and was vaguely annoyed that all men called one Blessed. But he was kissing her again, and she forgot.

It was on Tuesday that Virginia sent for Randolph. On Thursday she met no one she knew when she went downtown. On Saturday the Rector's wife did not happen to see her when she was buying ribbon at the next counter.

The mornings at the breakfast table troubled her because her mother talked a great deal, and her father was silent behind his paper. Open disapproval always gave Virginia a queer feeling in the pit of her stomach.

"I don't see exactly what I've done," she said. "What is it?"

Her father said it was nothing that could be explained to her if she didn't know herself. Her mother suggested to her father that all this was probably just a beautiful unselfishness on Virginia's part, a desire to bring happiness to another by sacrifice of self. She looked eagerly at Virginia while she said it.

"No, mother. I *want* to marry Randolph."

Her father's mouth straightened as if she had said something the least bit vulgar.

Miss Myra called once to talk to her, on the strength of having taught her in the seventh grade. "And I never saw anything in your character, never once, to make me believe you could do anything that was—well, not quite *nice*." Virginia listened patiently and vaguely to a discussion of what was the kindest way to tell Randolph all was over. Miss Myra thought it would be impossible for her to be a sacrifice to a man's selfish love. "You've been such a beautiful lesson to us all these years . . ." Then she lowered her voice and fumbled with her library card. "Besides, men are—well, you

ask your dear mother— Men *expect* things, and you with your spiritual temperament and love of poetry and all . . . You couldn't stand being sacrificed when it came down to reality, Virginia!" Miss Myra blushed furiously and wondered if she had said too much.

Virginia wanted to laugh. She ached with wanting to laugh. She thought of Randolph and his brown eyes with a funny little gleam behind them, Randolph and his broad shoulders, and the way his fair hair grew high on his forehead. It was something she had to explain to Miss Myra, or Miss Myra might die without ever knowing.

"Randolph isn't a punishment, he's a privilege! Randolph," she paused dramatically, "is six feet tall in his stocking feet." She looked up and saw that Miss Myra was wounded to the depths of her virgin soul, and that she was leaving the room with an air of washing her hands. Virginia felt uneasy. She started to call her back and did not dare. She walked about the room restlessly, feeling as the Venus de Milo must feel if, tiring of immortality, she had stepped down from her pedestal and exposed herself to the human gossip of ladies more fully clothed.

She remembered that she hadn't seen Jane Elizabeth Palmer for a week, and she suddenly wanted to see someone young. She felt an old familiar craving for approval. She wanted to be admired for breaking loose, as she had been admired for bearing her broken heart. Jane Elizabeth looked up to her and thought her just a bit more beautiful and interesting than other people. Virginia put on her hat and walked leisurely down the street. She stood on the Palmer veranda and yoo-hooed till Jane Elizabeth came slowly down the stairs.

"Hello."

"Hello there. I'm walking down-

town to the Library, Jane Elizabeth. Come along?"

"All right. I have to take the trolley out to play golf at the Club anyway."

They walked together down the shady street. Jane Elizabeth was very quiet and didn't congratulate her on her engagement. Perhaps it was conceited to suppose the whole town had heard about it. Perhaps Jane Elizabeth hadn't known.

"I'm going to be married, Jane Elizabeth—to Randolph Kincaid. I've been wanting to tell you." There was a long moment of silence.

"I'd heard. Congratulations." Jane Elizabeth's tone was light and a little contemptuous.

"It's funny, Jane Elizabeth," Virginia spoke very slowly, "I thought you might understand—you of all the people I know. Nobody else does."

The expression on Jane Elizabeth's small rouged mouth was not a pretty one. "Can't blame them."

Virginia said with dignity, "I happen to love Randolph."

"No, you don't!" Jane Elizabeth's voice was not flippant any more. It was desperately in earnest. "You don't! You love Anthony, and he wrote poetry to you and was killed in the War!" Her eyes were wide, and Virginia noticed tears in them.

"What makes you feel like that?"

"Never mind. But you never could care for anyone as you did for Anthony—you just couldn't! He said you never could, don't you remember? It was the one toward the end of the book:

"Nor shall you ever find escape from me,
Beloved, nor gainsay me when I call—
For I shall be a shadow on your wall
On sharp blue midnights. You will not
be free."

Jane Elizabeth's voice sank to a whisper. "It's as if he knew he was

going." Then she pulled herself together. "I'm sorry. I oughtn't to have spoken like that when it isn't my business."

"It doesn't matter."

They walked into town in silence, and Virginia watched Jane Elizabeth climb on the trolley, her white-flannel skirt parting company a moment with her chiffon stocking-tops. She felt lonely and hot and tired when she walked back home.

She tried to find satisfaction the rest of the afternoon in doing her hair different ways. She was glad she had kept it long.

Were you less mocking, I would dare
To hold my face against your hair—
And play with it and pull it down,
And kiss each wisp for being brown!

There was Anthony's verse again. She thought of it with a growing resentment. It was insulting of him to have written things she couldn't forget. There were corner loafers who kissed and told—and there were poets. It was the same thing really.

But she was to meet Randolph on the hill at eight. The hill behind the garden was so much more private than the veranda. She had found that out long ago, or Anthony had. Damn Anthony! Thank Heaven, Randolph could never remind her of him. No two people could be more utterly different. Randolph could love her without the intrusion of iambic pentameter. She walked very slowly up the path. It was purely habit that she walked slowly. She was quite mad to see Randolph, but she had walked up this path dozens of times and each time slowly.

When you come slowly, you are dusk and
shadow,
Glory and grief eternal, all for me;
God meant you to come slowly, me for
impatience,
Alert to snatch my immortality.

It was from habit, too, that she whistled a Bob White at the sixth pine tree. Afterwards, she thought if only it could have been even at the seventh pine tree she would have been less vulnerable to reminiscence. Randolph came running down the hill.

"Blessed!" It crossed her mind again how intensely she disliked being called that. But she went into his arms and pulled them very tight about her and remembered that he, Randolph, was an engineer and probably did not know that a sonnet was fourteen lines of iambic pentameter. He kissed her, and she quivered with a desire for him to tell her about ditches and hydraulic pumps. After this she would like to be married to him and make him biscuits and sew on his buttons. For a moment life seemed as simple as that.

They sat down under a tree to rest, and Randolph asked her when she would marry him.

"I don't know. When ought we?"

"Soon!"

She leaned against his hard shoulder and felt completely happy. They did not speak, and for several minutes they watched a small brown chipmunk clamber along a branch with a nut in his cheek.

"I like chipmunks. They're so sane. Like you, Randolph."

"I'm not sane, not now."

"Yes, you are. You're an engineer."

"I'm not even an engineer now. I haven't any profession or calling or even any identity." She stole a glance up at him and discovered with alarm that he was serious. He was so serious that his eyes were half closed, and he held to her hand till it hurt. "If I'm anything, I'm an immortal—loving you . . ."

She felt let down and betrayed and she shook him angrily.

"Don't say those things. I hate it. You don't love me like that." She

did not want to be loved like that—again.

He got up obediently when she suggested that they climb the rest of the way, but his eyes were still dreamy and unlike him, and something was spoiled. She could not think what. But she recalled Anthony's "Lines to a Goddess" and shivered. Randolph looked down at her and suddenly swung her up in his arms, carrying her up the path in triumph.

"You don't have to walk up hills when I'm here to carry you."

She struggled to get down.

"Don't worry. I shan't drop you. You're precious to me, Virginia, don't you know it?"

Something quoted itself across her mind.

You are more clear than sun or moon or stars,

And more astute than any prescient leaf
Under the whirring wind. You are more
holy

Than the white stain of dim-remembered
grief.

She faced Randolph tensely. Now that she knew what was bothering her, it was better to have it out at once.

"Randolph, please don't call me precious—or holy—or anything like that, ever! Can you remember not to?"

He smiled at her and said nothing, and they walked a little way in comradeship, swinging hands. She felt warm with contentment. When he slipped his arm about her waist she stopped and let him hold her.

"Of course you're precious to me, modest little thing." He whispered against her cheek, "You're holy and everything true and beautiful—sort of like the stars and sky and—uh—all that." Randolph's tanned young face was red, and his eyes looked as they did in church, but less restrained. . . . She tried to pull away, but he held her

and buried his face in her soft throat. It crystallized her uneasiness into a sudden sharp memory of Anthony's well-known "Nocturne on a Hill."

"Stop it, Randolph. You can't kiss my throat!"

He stirred obediently, with a little murmur, and closed her eyelids with his lips.

. . . and my kisses pass
Your lashes in recurrence, as winds blow
Quickeningly over separate blades of grass.

"Stop. You can't kiss my eyes either!"

Randolph stared. "Where the Hell can I kiss you?"

It was too much, and she was half laughing and half crying. This was what she had been afraid of for days—waking up and remembering.

"Nowhere. Anthony has written poems about everything. Oh, Randolph, he even made me tell him rhymes for 'throat.' I said, 'boat, dote, coat, goat,' but he used 'remote.'"

He was growing frightened and thought she couldn't be well. She felt perfectly well but she wanted to recite lines and lines of verse out of her bitterness. She wanted to find flaws in it in order to punish Anthony for spoiling everything she tried to do.

"Listen, Randolph. You don't read poetry, but if you did, you'd remember:

"Let love be beautiful. So brief a time
Is there for loving. All the green of spring
Is transient, as this high and perfect
thing—"

Randolph, terrified, put a hand over her mouth.

"Stop, please stop, darling. You're sick or tired or something."

"No, I'm not." The oppression of the last few days surged up within her. The dark and formless things about her bed when she wanted to sleep and dream of Randolph resolved themselves into quatrains and octaves.

"I'm not, but I just can't stand being spied on."

Randolph patted her shoulder and said nobody was spying on them. "Don't cry like that."

"I'm not crying, I'm laughing." She gulped. "Can't you see how funny it is—that Anthony's book should be like a third person hanging about us?"

Randolph couldn't see. He should have talked as fast as he could about being married and where they would live and how many children they would have, but he did not know that. His brown eyes were anxious for his frail divinity, and he kept on patting her clumsily. Finally, when she did not stop crying, he wrapped his coat around her and led her down the path.

"I'm going to take you home."

She relaxed against his arm, letting him guide her, and wondered if she might not feel better in the morning. He had said she was tired, and she felt tired. She breathed in the pine trees and cool air and listened to the katydids. In a quick impulse of gratitude for his silence, she ran her hand up his shoulders and over his straight hair. He caught the hand and held it against his lips.

"When you touch me, all of a sudden like that, it's—it's a benediction," he said breathlessly.

"All that I know of holiness or grace

Comes when these fragile fingers touch
my face . . ."

She had said it out loud without thinking, and now there were little hammers beating at her temples for horror and shame. It was no use.

"You see how it is, Randolph. Go away. I ought to have known before."

Mother and Miss Myra and Jane Elizabeth did not know the real reason, but they had known that she could never marry Randolph. She saw them

all telling her how wise she was to stop before it was too late. She saw them—through some sick, shameful eye in her mind—hovering over their heroine again. They would try to comfort her with all their adoration, and she would be vile enough to be comforted. The boy who had always flunked his English courses, and tinkered with old engines in his back yard, and could kiss one breathless without saying a single word had gone away and deserted her. This Randolph, who stammered familiar things, could not help her to fight against poems.

"You can see how it is, Randolph . . ."

He did not move, and she knew he could not really understand.

"Go away, Randolph. I'm sorry." He still did not move, and she told him to go before she screamed.

"I can't," he said miserably, "and if I did, I'd come back to-morrow and the next day and the day after that. You can't send me off like this without any reason."

"Reason? Oh, my God, Randolph, isn't it reason enough when we can't spend an hour together alone?" She dropped her head in her hands and felt too tired to resist when he took her in his arms.

"We are alone." His voice sank to its new solemnity again. "Darling, darling . . . I can feel your heart beat . . ."

She drew away, uncomforted.

"Yes. I could feel your heart—but that's been written about too." Loathing herself, she remembered the exact place. "On page 19 of Anthony's book."

Randolph was stung to anger, and it made him shout.

"Can't we ever forget those damn' poems?"

She was sorry for him but she said, "I don't think so. They're in every anthology, and I'm even rather proud

of them." In saying it, she discovered that it was true. "Haven't you ever read the book, *To You, Virginia?*" Her laughter broke in the middle and she caught her breath. "He meant me and not this State, but everybody thought he was being patriotic."

Randolph clenched and unclenched his fists and could not think of anything to say. He mumbled that he'd better go. They had reached the garden, and she stumbled over something. Bending, she picked up the dew-drenched little gray book.

"I could show you if the light were better."

"Don't. I'm going." Randolph's hatred of poets and poetry was born and grew to maturity in an hour. It was something he could not alter or do anything about.

She put her hand in his, and it felt hot and dry. "Yes, please go. It's the only way. I'm sorry, Randolph."

He started to leave and turned back.

"No, I won't go!" he said belligerently, and just as belligerently, "I love you."

"I love you too, underneath. I love you enough to do mopping and scrubbing for you and stand pain and be bored—but not enough to stand this—We can't have it, that's all." He stepped toward her, but she evaded him. She felt as if the ground were sinking gradually under her feet, and she hated her mind because it was busy and alert when she wanted everything to go black.

"No. We can't be in love be-

cause Anthony's poems are the whole story. He—he always wrote everything down . . ." She reached for her handkerchief. "There, won't you please go now?"

"And leave you like this? I'd keep coming back—"

"Not if I asked you not to. If I asked you, for my sake, to go away and never come back, you'd go away and you'd never come back."

He kept kissing her fingers.

"We belong to each other. It's as if there weren't anybody else in the world—"

"He wrote about that, too." She quoted softly:

"And so we two have shut the world
without;
Our selfish fire burns bright upon the
hearth—"

Randolph took her up on her veranda, pushed her gently through the screen door, and walked away. He walked with his hands in his pockets and his head bent, miles along the state highway to Richmond.

He was quite, quite drunk when they found him, as the Rector's wife told the Ladies' Aid, though of course the Kincaids had never held their liquor. The Ladies' Aid were not surprised. They all knew Virginia Clay would never marry Randolph Kincaid. In the end she would find she could not run away from the one great love of her life. . . . And Anthony's beautiful poetry had just taken another posthumous prize.



THE POLICEMAN'S BED OF ROSES

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

ONE of the high spots of that curious play "The Green Pastures" comes when the Lord, troubled by an unusual display of perverseness and frowardness on the part of the children of men, remarks to the archangel Gabriel, "Being God ain't no bed of roses, Gabe."

The observation is irresistibly brought to mind by an interview given out early in the year by the Police Commissioner of New York City, Mr. Edward P. Mulrooney. Mr. Mulrooney, it should be borne in mind, is what is known in the State Department as "a career man." He did not come to the Commissionership by making himself serviceable and agreeable to some mayor. He came up through the ranks. He has pounded the pavement on a patrolman's beat, he has been sergeant, lieutenant, police captain, inspector. He is a professional policeman, not a successful business man, or engineer, or lawyer drafted into the service at the top. Hence it is but natural that he should feel matters affecting the honor of the force more keenly than might be expected of one who has not spent his whole life in it.

But Mr. Mulrooney had hardly had time to warm his office chair when the force under his command found itself the target of accusations so horrible that they shocked the country. The vice squad was accused, not merely of preying upon prostitutes, but of bringing false charges against innocent women in order to extort money from

them. When the reporters called on the Commissioner the interview he gave out was, in the most literal sense, pitiable. He was too upset even to be wrathful. All he could think of was that twenty thousand men, most of whom he knew were honest and decent, would have to bear the burden of this slimy charge. To be sure, only the vice squad was under attack, but Mulrooney knew the public would not discriminate. A cop is a cop, in the mind of the average man; and if one goes wrong, all come under suspicion.

And that is what Mr. Mulrooney gets for trying to do what God has never undertaken, namely, to make people continent, not by persuasion, but by compulsion.

If New York alone were concerned the melancholy case of Mr. Mulrooney would perhaps be worth no more than the tribute of a sigh. But the conception of police work which is responsible for his discomfort is not typical of New York, but of America. The vice squad, or its equivalent, is known to every city in the land. Everywhere we insist that the police be God, to the extent of seeing that sinful men be hampered as much as possible in their sinfulness; and everywhere the police find it no bed of roses. Efforts against prostitution, liquor, and gambling are the three pitfalls into which most of our errant policemen stumble. Who ever heard of the police selling protection to forgers, counterfeiters, embezzlers, or bank bandits, unless these criminals

were in some way connected with one of the great overlords of gambling, bootlegging, or commercialized vice? Yet all the crimes mentioned are crimes against property, and it is quite conceivable that the criminals could pay well for protection—as well, perhaps, as those who get it.

On the other hand, what city of any considerable size in the forty-eight States and the District of Columbia has not had, at one time or another, a police scandal in which liquor, prostitution, or gambling featured? Indeed, in the larger cities such scandals are endemic, and the best police departments are those in which they are exposed and dealt with before they have involved more than a patrolman or two. There are none in which they never occur at all.

Americans are acutely conscious of the fact that the reputation of American police in the world at large has come close to being a hissing and a by-word; but Americans usually refrain, at least for publication purposes, from connecting the low estate of the police with the fact that the major police scandals start, with monotonous regularity, in the vice squads, the prohibition squads, or the gambling squads. Police Lieutenant Becker of New York went to the electric chair for the murder of a gambler. The bad police record of Chicago is intimately connected with racketeering, which started with the beer-running racket. Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit—all have seen police scandals based on bootlegging. Now comes the latest New York affair, which started with the work of the vice squad.

However, if one draws the obvious inference, namely, that employing the police against prostitution, liquor, and gambling is much more dangerous to the police than it is to the evils attacked, one is immediately written down as a suspicious character. Such

an attitude is promptly explained as a mask covering secret sympathy with liquor, prostitution, and gambling; and few Americans can bear even to be suspected of harboring such sympathies. I am very well aware that this article is likely to be regarded by some people as in the nature of aid and comfort to prostitutes, policy-players, and bootleggers; and I am enough of an American not to like that prospect. But if it be so, so be it. I hereby formally advance the theory that there are worse things in the world than any of these three, and that one of those worse things is the American method of dealing with them.

That method, furthermore, is bad not on account of any defect in the organization of our police departments, numerous and serious as those defects are; or on account of the political control of police departments, although this contributes to the evils of the situation; or on account of the stupidity of police authorities, although they are not seldom idiotic. It is bad because the whole theory of police control, as it is now practiced, is a false one. It is bad because it employs a coarse, blunt instrument to perform an operation requiring the highest degree of keenness and skill. The removal of these ancient evils from the body politic is a matter of social surgery; and a surgeon who made a practice of removing vermiform appendices with a pair of pliers and a butcher knife would be a worse menace to his patients than is appendicitis. To protest against such surgery is surely not to write oneself down as in favor of appendicitis; but if it were, still the risk would be worth while.

For generations America has been the happy hunting ground of every type of quack, medical, religious, social, and political. Only the medical profession has made any consistently vigorous effort to eliminate them, and yet there is some reason to believe that

the medical quacks, on the whole, do less damage than those of any other type. After all, as Mr. H. L. Mencken has frequently pointed out, a system of therapeutics kills only those who adopt it, and may conceivably be, in the long run, a social asset, in that it tends to eliminate the feeble-minded. But quacks who practice on the social structure are an active menace to everybody.

Of these the most dangerous, by long odds, are the quack reformers. These are the only ones who do not bring down swift retribution upon themselves and their followers. Patients of the medical quacks soon die and disappear. Political quacks usually end by growing so absurd that even their followers have to laugh, and that ends them. Economic quacks invariably wind up by doing something like passing a Smoot-Hawley tariff bill and are buried under the ruins of the subsequent collapse. But quack reformers merely poison and pervert morality, which is a process so slow that its evil effects may not show up for generations.

One of the most vicious follies which quack reformers have foisted upon America is the notion that the police are a proper instrumentality to be employed for the advancement of public morals. This idea is accepted almost without question, almost everywhere; yet it cannot survive even a superficial examination. What is a policeman? Essentially, he is a club and a revolver. Whatever may be effected by a club and a revolver he can accomplish, and no more. Clubs and revolvers can dissuade malefactors from overt acts against the peace and dignity of the state, but they cannot reform any man, still less any woman. Clubs and revolvers can maintain order, but the belief that they can promote morality is fantastic.

But the employment of the police power to advance morality is worse

than merely ineffectual. The very existence of the police power, although it is a necessity, is an unfortunate necessity which should be restricted within the narrowest possible limits. It is regrettable that we have to delegate to any man authority to molest or interfere with his fellows; and those to whom such authority must be delegated should be subject at all times to the most careful scrutiny. Above all things they should never be allowed to operate in such ways and under such circumstances as to prevent a complete check upon their activities; for police power irresponsibly exercised constitutes the most abominable form of tyranny.

This, however, sets very definite bounds to the capacity of the police to deal with commercialized vice. Certain things they can do. For example, they may safely be required to prevent open solicitation on the streets, because it is possible to check this activity. That was proved in this New York investigation. Some years ago a woman of notorious reputation complained that she was being arrested whenever she appeared on the streets, whether she committed any offense or not. Her story could be checked and was checked. All that was necessary was to detail a pair of reputable witnesses to trail the woman through the streets and watch what occurred. Sure enough, she was arrested without rhyme or reason, and the evidence of the two witnesses was enough to secure her release.

Similarly, it is possible for the police to suppress open brothels, for in such cases there are always enough reputable witnesses to prove that the police acted upon good and sufficient reasons. But when we go a step farther, authorizing and requiring the police to prevent prostitutes from plying their trade anywhere and under any circumstances, the business immediately gets out of control. For in

the nature of the case there can be no adequate check upon their operations.

This, also, was brilliantly illustrated in the New York scandals. What jury of honest men would like to send anybody to jail on the testimony of such witnesses as the State was able to present? But what other witnesses could the State hope to secure? Reputable men are not likely to have any first-hand knowledge of what goes on inside a bordello; and any man or woman who does have such knowledge is hardly likely to be able to withstand a skillful cross-examination. The very character of the State's witnesses is an almost perfect guarantee that in dealing with such people the police may do anything, and get away with it. In New York there is a great deal more than mere suspicion that they even brought false charges against innocent women and got away with that. Why not? The very fact that a woman is innocent is a guarantee that she will have no witnesses to prove what happened in her bedroom when the police broke in.

Yet Sodom itself was a safer place of residence than a city in which the police are capable of "framing" any woman, innocent or guilty. In Sodom, as Lot's experience when he stood at the door and argued with the mob proves, one could at least hope for a measure of safety while he remained indoors; but in New York, if the stories are true, a woman is in more danger from the police while she is indoors than while she is outside, where she may at least hope to have witnesses of any outrage.

To such lengths has American tolerance of police tyranny proceeded that the idea prevails, in many places, that mere arrest is not, in itself, a wrong. So rarely are the police penalized for false arrest that at the moment I cannot recall a single conspicuous in-

stance. If the victim is released within a day or two, with or without an apology, he is considered to have no real reason for complaint. The notion prevails that it is infinitely more important to apprehend malefactors than it is to protect the rights of the unoffending. That is to say, the policeman is justified in harrying the whole population if, by so doing, he captures more evil-doers than he would otherwise capture. It is not hard to trace the basis of this belief back to the naïve theory that jailing criminals somehow promotes morality. The fallacy of the theory is glaringly demonstrated in the crime statistics for this country, where every city of over half a million has more homicides annually than all England. Yet in England a false arrest, unless made in very exceptional circumstances, means the end of the policeman who made it.

The older countries of Europe have long since outgrown the childish notion that morality can be beaten into people's heads with a policeman's club. They know what the police are good for, and employ them for that, namely, to maintain order in public places, so that decent-minded people may go about their legitimate affairs without having crime or vice flaunted in their faces. And the curious part of it—curious, that is, to an American—is that in attending strictly to this business the police of most European cities have proved themselves far more efficient in suppressing crime than have the police of American cities of the same size. In our anxiety to make the police promoters of morality we seem to have damaged their efficiency as suppressors of crime.

And then, when scandals break out, we rise in righteous indignation and hurl at the police every hard name we can lay tongue to. When the operation turns out to be worse than the disease, the surgeon who

used a butcher knife blames the blade!

It takes no Freudian to discern in this peculiar American psychology an inferiority complex of startling proportions. To assert that we insist on burdening the police with the impossible task of supervising our morals because we dare not be free men is a hard saying, but what other explanation covers the facts? Doubtless it is but one aspect of materialism, which is of all philosophies the most slavish. Material things are moved by material force; and if our morality is purely material doubtless nothing but force will sustain it. This doctrine assumes that unless we be clubbed out of them we shall all immediately begin swarming into brothels, gambling-hells, and saloons; it is a cardinal doctrine of that dismal form of religion which offers its adherents no solace, inspiration, or reward save the feat of escaping hell. That is to say, it is a morality of terror, affiliated with a religion of terror.

This religion can adopt the outward form of Catholicism, of Protestantism, of Judaism, or anything else, but it is essentially none of them. It is the religion of fear. And he who would indignantly deny that it is the dominant faith of America to-day is hard put to it to explain many phenomena of our national life. The proceedings of the Fish investigating committee, for example, are eloquent of a nation frightened half to death. Our countless "patriotic" societies seem to do nothing else but people the very air with terrors the least of which, we are stridently assured, is formidable enough to overcome and destroy the nation. The Scopes trial grew out of the effort to prop up the very Ark of the Covenant with a policeman's club. Every session of Congress is flooded with bills designed to save the terrified nation from perils of every imaginable

description. So faintly and from so far away as to be unheard in the din of the stampede comes the word of the Lord to Zerubbabel, saying, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

We don't believe it. Not for one fleeting moment do we believe it. It takes courage to swallow that doctrine, even to the extent of believing that the best defense of religion is "to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God"; that the best defense of the nation is to deal fairly with all other nations; that the best defense against prostitution, gambling, and liquor is to persuade men, one by one, to be decent, honest, and temperate. "By my spirit, saith the Lord"—but that was said to Zerubbabel long, long ago. To-day the phrase is "By the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Tennessee be it enacted" that men shall not believe heresy. "To do justly and to love mercy" may have been all very well in olden times, but the proper thing now is to bar out Russian goods and deport Communists. No still, small voice can reassure us against fire and storm and earthquake now; what we require is a policeman's whistle.

And having changed God into a policeman, is it not natural that we strive to erect the policeman into God? If he must enforce the moral law, instead of being content with protecting the peace and dignity of the state by driving vice out of sight and hearing of decent people, he is acting in a capacity which was of old reserved to Deity. And "it must follow as the night the day" that when the police attempt to act in any such capacity they get into trouble.

"Being God ain't no bed of roses, Gabe." After all, one must feel a twinge of sympathy with Commissioner Mulrooney. He really has too much to do.



DOCTOR JUNG: A PORTRAIT

BY ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

DOCTOR C. G. JUNG is the only European thinker I have known who belongs to the earth people. He is the sort of wise man whom an American Indian would touch on the shoulder, as if he were a medicine man of the tribe, and begin to question on secret and elemental matters. Contact with Jung is, indeed, like contact with the elements. To-day you meet the benignant sun, to-morrow the piercing, drastic wind. Though the range of his mind is universal, and his psychological thought synthesizes the extreme modern point of view, even his intellectual concepts grow out of a sort of ancient wisdom that ties up to the world of the primitive.

I had seen him often as a highly civilized modernist, driving a red Chrysler through the twisting streets of Zürich; pondering the problems of the psyche in his sober, book-lined study, with its Oriental paintings and Christian stained glass, before I came upon the primitive Jung, one rainy summer day, outside his favorite dwelling place—a gray stronghold, of medieval outline, standing alone and apart, surrounded by hills and water—where, when his work as a doctor is over, he retires to become for a season the detached scholar and writer who turns experience into theory. Ensclosed there in the shelter of the round stone tower which he had built with his own hands, dressed in a bright blue linen overall, with his powerful

arms in a tub of water, I beheld Doctor Jung earnestly engaged in washing his blue jeans.

His sagacious face was ruddy and shining, and his keen brown eyes, which see so deep into the minds of men, were quietly absorbed in his rancher's task. Doctor Jung never does anything by halves. When he walks up and down the floor at the Psychological Club, expounding a dream to his advanced students, every cell and fiber of his physical being seems to participate; every resource of his great learning, his medical and scientific knowledge, his psychological insight, and his native wisdom is turned in a single living stream upon the question in hand. This massive, peaceful man in blue was putting the same zest and interest into washing. No part of Jung was left in Küsnacht giving consultations.

It is surely no accident that the author of *Psychology of the Unconscious* has never lived anywhere but in the country, that his most urban roots are set by a gray-blue lake on the rural edge of a modern Swiss city where Father Winter is burned at the turn of spring. In the heart of Zürich, though it is a center of banking and industry as well as of university life, the forest steals down into the gardens of the citizens, and the sound of streams and of bells mingles with the grind of traffic. Doctor Jung's patients must take a little steamboat at a landing haunted by gulls and wild ducks, and

then walk a good ten minutes to a yellow country house standing well within walls and gardens on the edge of the Zürichsee. They must pull a shining brass bell, of old-fashioned mold, and while its fateful ring resounds through the house—as obviously a hospitable, family mansion as the other is the isolated domain of the creator-scholar—meet the inspection of a group of skirmishing dogs.

Yoggi, the Doctor's special intimate, always manages to slide into the upstairs study behind the visitor, to take his silent, attentive share in the conversation. I noticed at my first interview that Jung's hand—the sensitive, strong hand, with the Gnostic ring—reached down now and then to the shaggy back. And it came to me that this touch with an instinctive hairy being was somehow the riposte to the psychologist's uncanny intuition, his probing mind, his acute awareness—a reassurance to the visitor and to himself. For what is one to think of a doctor who, in a hunch of the shoulders, a half-glance, a witty phrase casually spoken—"you are like an egg without a shell"—can say enough to keep one guessing for a week?

It was comfortable, too, that as he discussed intimate problems, his face now very sober and concerned, Jung tramped the floor, fed the fire, lighted a meditative pipe: common clay and spirit were all one. When he sat stiffly in his chair for a moment and gulped down his tea, he suddenly turned into a German professor. But when his eyes began to twinkle merrily behind their gold-rimmed spectacles, when he moved about again, his driving energy strongly held in leash, I thought of Theodore Roosevelt. "You look more like a stockbroker than a prophet," exclaimed a startled American who had expected to find the "mystic" of Freudian report. The actual Jung, solid and vital in his

middle fifties, humorous and skeptical, refuses to stand on a pedestal or to take on any white-bearded Old Testament air. "Yes," he agrees with a young lady, "all men are liars, certainly. I just let them sit in that chair and lie till they get tired of lying. Then they begin to tell the truth." One leaves Jung's presence feeling enriched and appeased, as by contact with a pine tree in the forest—a life as much below ground as above.

II

Close about Doctor Jung stand the German doctors and Swiss clergymen and merchants from whom he immediately descends. I have often thought I observed behind his chair his paternal grandfather, a German professor of medicine, who came to Basle as a political refugee in 1822. His father, a liberal Protestant clergyman with an interest in Oriental studies, sometimes peers into the Seminar rooms. His mother, a lady of an old family of Basle—a city which in its social conservatism may be compared to Boston—he often mentions, when he refers—not always to the inner satisfaction of his female auditors—to the differences between the logical mind of man and the "natural" mind of woman. It is surely this line of German and German-Swiss people, largely medical and clerical, who have transmitted to their great descendant that upright, traditional, normal, stable aspect of his, the strong mouth with its close-clipped gray mustache, the look of a man who has fulfilled all his duties to city, state, and nation that makes him resemble the most conservative of our friends and relatives.

Jung's progenitors cannot be held responsible for his original contributions, but they have certainly bequeathed to the brilliant psychological discoverer, the searcher of dark continents,

who by his very insight and vision stands a little apart and aloof—"the unpaintable man," as an artist once moaned in my ear—not only a rich cultural heritage, but a sound medical and scholastic tradition, and a belief in the value of the human soul. Probably he owes to them something of that aristocratic scorn for half-baked knowledge, visionary metaphysics, and pseudo-modernity which he cannot or does not conceal. Doctor Jung is wholly tolerant of human limitations, but not of human pretensions. For, as he often says, the test of all life, all psychology, is experience; in both he believes only in what he has experienced at first hand.

Jung's experience is of the ever-growing, evergreen variety; life has been to him the document of his life work, but it has also been lived dynamically, with gusto, and to the full. His discoveries as a psychological pioneer rest on a medical base both broad and deep. He knows Europe and its capitals, he has been a profound student of Oriental religions and philosophies, he has communed with black medicine men in the heart of savage Africa, and stood on the roofs of Taos with the Pueblo sunpriest. His six visits to the United States have given him a discerning view of the mechanized civilization of our cities and a famous use of our vernacular, and have allowed him to make personal connections with the Negroes and Indians who, in symbolic form, people the unconscious of his American patients. Through his wide practice in psychiatry and psychotherapeutics the intimate spiritual problems of hundreds of men and women of many civilized nations have become almost native to his mind. His knowledge of foreign cultures is so basic, his gift for human relations so intuitive, that he has been able to meet these strangers in their own languages and on their own terms. Yet, for all

that, Doctor Jung is an introvert, a solitary, and a son of Switzerland. I have heard him say, in a voice of unmistakable conviction, that it has been his salvation that his life was lived in Basle and Zürich rather than in Vienna, Paris, or Berlin.

His foremost psychological connection was, in earlier years, as all students of the new psychology are aware, with Freud. But one cannot know Doctor Jung for a time in his own setting without realizing that, as his genius developed, it was inevitable that he should leave Freud's objective formulæ, his reductive analytical technic, his exclusive research into the sexual nature of man for the more subjective valuations, the synthetic method, the concern with the soul and the recreation of the individual which are the base of his own Analytical Psychology. Jung believes, certainly, that pathological things—as, for example, childish attitudes in the mature person—must be "reduced"; but not too far. He is a constructionist by nature, and his psychology, whose objective is the building of the individual—the "individuated man," as Jung calls him—from the man forced away from the normal herd pattern by neurosis, seems to come straight out of the high, invigorating air of a rugged, democratic little country, barricaded by mountains, where introversion is natural and solitude attainable, where cultivated folk are in vital touch with nature and their instincts and have been more concerned for generations with the building of man through education, medicine, and religion than with political or material expansion.

III

The creation of individuals from human beings of various types, laboring under mental pain and stress, is not, however, to be accomplished without

difficulty. Doctor Jung has no panaceas, no nostrums, no formulæ—if he sees you looking for one, he will, with a wicked gleam behind his spectacles, suggest where one may be bought—perhaps at the American drugstore! Analytical Psychology, as he has elaborated it, is not a three months' job, or a matter of categories and pigeon-holes, but a creative process, almost a life process. During its progress in Zürich it is a joint account into which both analyst and analysant put their capital and their integrity.

When, on Wednesday morning at eleven, at certain seasons of the Zürich year, Doctor Jung enters the long room at the Psychological Club where his Seminar is held, smiling with a deep friendliness at this or that face, the brown portfolio which he hugs to his side seems to be the repository of this joint account—the collective analytical account of a small international group whose common interest is the psyche. An involuntary hush falls on the room as Jung himself stands quiet and grave for a moment, looking down at his manuscript as a sailor might look at his compass, relating it to the psychological winds and waves whose impact he has felt on his passage from the door. The hush in the assembly means not only reverence but intense expectation. What world adventure shall we have to-day with this creative thinker? What question, like the stroke of a bronze bell, will he leave ringing in our minds? What drastic vision of our age will he give us that will help us to lose our sense of problems, subjective and oppressive, and move into a more universal and objective realm?

By some mystery yet to be explained Doctor Jung manages within the first five minutes to get vitally on the wire of everyone present—American, British, Dutch, German, Swiss. He lectures in English or rather in American—a language somewhat his

own, as American is entitled to be, a pungent, witty tongue. Jung is expounding, with few references to his notes, the dreams of a cultivated businessman—a nice, conventional gentleman such as we all know. Soon there appears out of the unconscious an “ape man” bent on rape and violence. This, or some other hellish “opposite” of the conventional human being, which must be recognized and assimilated into the personality before any true release of the spirit can be found. After all, perhaps the philosophic teacher in the gray suit, who is striding up and down (he has no platform, nothing outward to separate him from his students) writing Greek or Norse roots on the blackboard, drawing diagrams of the heavens, symbols from ancient monuments, has a formula. But it is the very old one, familiar to the Greek agora: *Know thyself*. Know the laws of your own being. Accept them, even if they seem paradoxical and incompatible with the views you have grown up with. Live them, instead of living the lives of your parents and grandparents, your neighbors and professional associates.

This may sound simple. But it is not easy for our friend, the business man—whose dreams go on like a detective story, full of surprises, discoveries, and unsolved clues, later to be worked through—nor for any of this company, though it consists of advanced students, medical men and women, philosophers, anthropologists, to accept the fierce, instinctive elements of the unconscious, the howling savages, the “shadow,” the evil, that every refined surface conceals. Work with Jung is not easy, either in a private interview or in the Seminar. It is a challenge, a test, a profound creative effort. All that an artist can give an earnest student is a technic—a method of work and a vision of what the life of the artist is, what it demands of sacri-

fice and concentration. That, it seems to me, is precisely what Doctor Jung gives his students: a technic of living and dealing with practical and unconscious problems; and a vision of the modern conscious man.

The technic, in the Seminar, is illustrated through dream analysis, which with Jung is a very inclusive thing, that ties up mythology and history, Einstein and astrology, modern psychology and Chinese wisdom, the Gnostics, Christian and Jewish theology, and primitive rites. It includes journeys with age-old seers into the fearful reaches of the collective unconscious and concrete, very human questions such as how to make a success of marriage, how to adjust those abiding relationships that Doctor Jung believes to be quintessential in every life. Like all great speakers, Jung seems to draw his inspiration from the moment; if the planes of his face are always changing, as my artist friend declares, so that he never looks twice alike, in the same way his mind changes its weather, its tempo, producing that unexpected nugget of humor or wisdom, or spicy tale of experience, or new psychic vision most calculated to stimulate and enrich his auditors. But he never ceases to be the patient and versatile teacher, the discoverer who is always sniffing the wind, the leader fully aware of his power and responsibility to the little band who are following him into unknown country.

Sometimes with a canny, fiery glance, which one remembers seeing under African helmets, Jung turns and says: "Here is new terrain. Your guess is as good as mine. What have you to suggest?" But it is an unwary student who gives a slipshod or too rational reply. Purely rational thinking has been discarded in this room, but there is a natural scientist in the leader who scans every hasty assumption with skepticism. Science to Jung is

not a god; it is a tool that must be used. Analytical Psychology, though it has, like the new painting and the new music, a language of its own, new rhythms, new colors, has a very ancient base. It is only the student who is beginning to think with both an old and a new mind who draws forth from his guide a keen, swift look, like a pat on the back: "That's good! You're absolutely on the right track! Go ahead!"

The authority of the undogmatic man who stands before us is inherent: he knows exactly where he stands in the stream of time, what he is doing, and where he is going. That is why Doctor Jung becomes the symbol of a new kind of modernist: a man whose consciousness of himself and his world is so great that he has been able to walk through the whole of history to the extreme edge of the universe which overhangs the future. As, puckering his brows a little he stares into the abyss, and throws back his observations to those who stand behind him, he seems to be casting the horoscope of the twentieth century, as another Swiss, J. J. Rousseau, cast the horoscope of the nineteenth. He is looking, not into the age of reason, but into the psychological age, in which the rational and the irrational, the instinctive and the intellectual, the primitive and the civilized, the soul and the body will be accepted as of equal value.

He reads its signs not only in the field of the "new psychology," which, whether Jungian, Freudian, or Adlerian, is still limited to the few, but in that more popular movement of man's discontent with his material destiny, his need to reach his inner life which is breaking through the crust of rationality in the form of Christian Science, Yogi cults, theosophy, anthroposophy, and thus, from a new angle, bringing East and West together. Doctor Jung

has no sympathy with any servile imitation of the East by the West. He holds that the new concern of our time with the Orient is chiefly due to a recognition of strange things in ourselves. He built up his own psychological technic slowly and spontaneously through the years out of a concrete Western experience, not discovering until much later that it had many points of affinity with the way long traveled by the great minds of the East. But it is worth noting that an eminent German Sinologue, Richard Wilhelm, who recently died, has been almost as significant a factor in the middle part of his life as Freud in his younger days.

IV

Doctor Jung insists that every one of us must meet his fate, his necessary share of human experience; and he knows that it was an essential part of his own fate to start out in a very conservative circle as a "collective," normal young man with a brilliant, intellectual mind and the intention of heading for the successful, esteemed career of a professor of medicine. He married at twenty-eight a wife of unusual character and distinction, who, like himself, is Swiss of conservative background, and they established a family of five children. Until his late thirties Jung put his whole trust, as men normally do, in the logical and intellectual faculties of his mind and in the findings of the conscious universe. It was not until he had passed through a period of intense investigating of the unconscious mind that he came to see that the unconscious phenomena which he had studied in his patients lived also in himself. That there was a *purpose* in the unconscious for him as for them, a positive value, a deep, testing experience which had to be accepted as of equal weight with the conscious and which, when accepted,

pointed the way toward a different life than one had led before.

Yet with Jung, as with all geniuses, one can find, very early, hints and clues to the other, the lonely, and as it were inspired fate that, like a shadow or an aureole, stands behind the normal fate. The unconscious world has a way, to those who are destined to experience it, of sending up a signal, a vision from the depths. The first signal of this sort I happen to know of as affecting Jung's career was that when as a youth he had entered his name on the Philosophic faculty of the University of Basle, with the intention of being an archaeologist, a dream—though at this time he knew nothing of dreams—turned him to medicine. Once at the University he began to work toward a career in internal medicine, with natural science and pathology as his main interests. But soon, at the age of twenty-one, another signal arrested him; he became profoundly interested in the case of a somnambulistic girl with gifts as a medium. The manifestation in her of several distinct personalities aroused his speculation; there must be, he conceived, something in the background, a hidden life of the mind, showing itself in fantasy and dream, a world beyond the conscious world with which she was in contact.

The history of the development of Jung's ideas, from this first encounter with the unconscious, in 1896, until his first contact with Freud, ten years later, though of vital interest to the specialist, cannot be told here. Suffice it that during these years of his early professional life in Zürich Jung had become established as a lecturer and physician on the psychiatric side of medicine, and as an experimental psychologist, and had published a book, *Studies in Word Association*, in which he acknowledged a debt to the Viennese pioneer. He had questioned

Freud's exclusively sexual theory of the origin of the neuroses from the first, because it did not fit in with the observations he had already made of neurotic cases where sexual things were less important than, for example, social adaptation or religious doubts. But he recognized that Freud had invented a masterly analytical method and technique, and soon found himself championing him in medical congresses and newspapers.

Freud was then a bogey in regular medical circles. Jung received solemn warnings to desist from his support lest his own academic future be prejudiced; and characteristically replied: "If it means that, to hell with my academic career." When his work, *The Psychology of Dementia Praecox*, was published in 1906 the meeting of the two discoverers took place. They talked for thirteen hours on a stretch and seemed destined to a lifetime of close association. Jung began to consider Freud his master in the field of psychoanalysis, and he came to be himself esteemed, in psychological circles, the foremost associate and disciple of Freud.

The beginnings of the differences in ideas which were to drive them far asunder came to light during a trip to the United States in 1909. G. Stanley Hall had invited to Clark University a group of European psychologists, among them Freud and Jung, who for seven weeks worked in daily contact, analyzing dreams. Jung found in his own dreams material of an impersonal, mythological nature which Freud could not explain by his theory of the personal unconscious. He had already experienced the same ancient elements in the dreams and fantasies of his patients, and when he returned from Worcester began to search for their literary sources. He dug into anthropological and mythological material, analyzing Greek or Negro myths,

studying the religious literature of Egypt and the Orient. Then he came upon a document in fantasy form left by an American woman for psychological use. These "Miller fantasies," which are incorporated in *Psychology of the Unconscious*, acted as a catalyzer upon the vast material Jung had been accumulating, and the result was that he produced, as if by inspiration, his first great original work.

This book, the first pillar of his unique psychological edifice, deals with a field of knowledge already familiar to the world in works like the *Golden Bough* or the writings of Max Müller. But it reached this field at a different level. *Psychology of the Unconscious* offered a new key to mythology, a psychological analysis of the myth, a new view into the soul of the universe. It did not follow Freud's theory of the libido and the unconscious; indeed, its fundamental thesis, the splitting of the libido into a positive and a negative current, and its analysis of the racial unconscious, went farther beyond Freud than the author himself realized at the time. He was in no sense prepared for the fury of indignation which the book aroused in Freudian circles. The Viennese leader, discounting the original ideas, saw in it only the revolt against the father. Jung was branded as a mystical deserter, and in a moment of time found himself standing alone in a great isolation; even his pupils, with a few exceptions, had left him.

Doctor Jung always tells his patients that everything that befalls us is necessary. Only when men are forced by some crisis into a conscious attitude toward their psychological processes do they become aware of who and what they are. At the time of the publication of his book in 1912 he was thirty-seven years old. He had been, since the age of twenty-five, leading an active, successful, extraverted life that centered in academic institutions, and had

submitted his intellectual thoughts to the most rigid discipline. Though he was beginning to realize that the unconscious was far more than the repository of dead material which Freud envisaged, it still shocked him to think of a possible fantasy life in his own mind.

"There was a moment," Doctor Jung said to me, in discussing this period of his life, "at the end of *Psychology of the Unconscious* when I put down my pen and thought awhile. This book I have written, I said to myself, is the hero myth in different form. All peoples and all times had their hero, but who is our hero? To whom is Christ living? Not to me. Then the question almost formulated itself: 'What is your myth?' There was no answer to this question. I repressed it at once, trampled it under.

"But it was not for a year and six months after the publication of *Psychology of the Unconscious*," he continued, "that I began to be acquainted with my own unconscious. The interval was a sort of incubation period, a preparation for a whole new period of life. A new wind was blowing, for—a very important fact—a new period of life was coming on. In the early forties melancholia in men is statistically increased. I was obliged, as all men are at this point, to get a new orientation in life."

The inner history of the eight years that created the new orientation can never be written save by Doctor Jung himself. His whole concern was now a lonely and inward one: to experience in his own person the unconscious that contains the experience of the race. As he had before been concerned with the interpretation of myths, now he became absorbed in the unconscious region where such myths are created—in watching their very creation. Outward events favored the experience. The World War turned Switzerland

into a mountain peak surrounded by a ring of fire. Doctor Jung, isolated already by his professional troubles, was literally cut off from all normal contacts, and as he watched the destruction by poisonous gas and bombs of the rational Christian world, began to feel a growing faith in the world of his own discovery.

Psychological Types, the rich, mature fruit of the eight hard years and of the lifetime that preceded them, put into intellectual and abstract form the fusion of the two streams of inner and outer experience. *Types* is a critique of consciousness and of our psychology hitherto and the complement, the second and greater column of the psychological structure begun in *Psychology of the Unconscious*. It established Jung as a master in his own right and created in Zürich that psychological center at whose doors come and knock those who have undergone some conversion to his way of thought—perhaps through the words of friends, through preliminary psychological work with doctors he has trained in other lands, or through the study of his books.

Jung's books, though "hard reading" for the layman, have, like the doctor, some magical incalculability, some gift to probe a wound and assuage it in the same breath, some power to move us beyond the meaning of the abstract word. I can say for myself that, though I read them years before I knew the author in Zürich, I divined in them the same two Jungs that I now so clearly see. In the forefront of every page a dynamic, thinking, modern man, in whom life, with all its diversity, runs clear and strong like a spring; and in the background a wise, redeeming figure, a very ancient and intuitive man—a sort of gardener, I think, who walks along conversing softly with his dog, his hands full of new shoots to graft on the tree of life.



TRAGIC TOWNS OF NEW ENGLAND

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

ONE day last fall I chanced to meet in New York Mr. Thomas F. McMahon, President of the United Textile Workers of America, a trade union affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. He had just returned from a visit to several textile towns in the New England States, and when I told him that I was planning soon to go there, too, and see for myself certain communities which once had held the leadership in some of the country's most important industries but which of late years, according to common report, were definitely on the decline, he said to me, "The conditions in many parts of New England are nothing short of tragic, not only from the textile workers' point of view, with which I am most familiar and sympathetic, but also from the point of view of entire cities and towns where textile mills exist, to say nothing of the mill owners, who are badly hit, too, though in my opinion a few of them—not all nor even most of them—are quite undeserving of sympathetic consideration in the New England textile crisis.

"Lowell, Lawrence, New Bedford, Maynard, and Fall River, in Massachusetts, and most of the mill towns in the Blackstone Valley of Rhode Island are sad, sad places. The bulk of the population of those cities and towns are mill workers who even in the best of times have lived practically from hand to mouth, and whose plight to-day it is almost impossible to exaggerate.

"There is, perhaps, more destitution and misery and degradation in the mill towns of New England to-day, because of bad working conditions, than anywhere else in the United States; for the textile workers' situation at the moment is due not only nor even mainly to the current business depression, but is for the most part a result of immensely complicated and chaotic forces and circumstances within the textile industry itself, which have worked against them in a cruel conspiracy, and over which they as individuals or even we as a union have no control.

"There are approximately 280,000 organized and unorganized—mostly unorganized—textile workers of various classes, native and foreign-born, in New England. Of these, we estimate that about 120,000, or forty per cent, are unemployed and most of them are likely to remain 'out' throughout the winter. Indeed, many have been jobless for months, some for years, and large numbers of those who have jobs work only one or two days a week, earning on the average less than ten dollars a week. Can you imagine how a man or a woman can support a family, or even himself or herself alone, on less than ten dollars a week in wintertime? Perhaps you can't imagine it."

A week later, in Boston, I spoke with Mr. D. M. FitzGerald, secretary of the Shoe Workers' Protective Union, and Mr. John J. Mara, president of the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union, both

conservative trade organizations, the former independent and the latter affiliated with the A. F. of L. Their separate statements to me agreed that in all likelihood close to two-thirds of the 100,000 or more shoe workers in New England, organized and unorganized, native and immigrant, were jobless or employed only one or two days a week, earning extremely meager wages. They also agreed in saying that such communities as South Boston, the Chelsea district of Boston, Lynn, Brockton, Stoneham, Haverhill, Newburyport, and Georgetown, in Massachusetts; Manchester and Derry, in New Hampshire, and certain smaller shoe towns in Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Maine were, from the shoe workers' point of view and otherwise, distressing places—"cursed by the awful chaos within the shoe-manufacturing racket," as another labor official in Boston bluntly put it to me.

II

From Boston I went to Lowell, which but a decade ago was one of the most important cotton-textile centers in the United States. On the train which took me there I aimed my journalistic curiosity at a man who sat near me, carrying a copy of a New York liberal weekly in his overcoat pocket. He turned out to be a traveling salesman. At first his replies and remarks were reticent, but after a while he became more outspoken. He told me that six years ago he had worked in the office of a cotton mill in Lowell; now he lived in Chelsea.

"Things are pretty low in Lowell," he said. "That's a gag among us salesmen who cover this territory, but 'low in Lowell' is putting it mildly. The 1930 census figures showed that the population of the city had gone down from nearly 113,000 to about 100,300, or fully eleven per cent. I

believe that most of this decrease in population occurred since 1927. People, of course, are still moving out—those who can—and unless a miracle happens and the go-getters in Lowell manage quickly to build up new industries to take the place of cotton, in 1940 Lowell is likely to be a very small town.

"Till recently no one dared to say out loud that things were on the decline. It was merely a sort of open secret for years that everything was not as it should be. The unemployed—thousands of them—walked around like ghosts (they still do; you'll see them) or were hiding away in their shacks and hall rooms. Then Herbert Hoover himself announced that there was danger of widespread distress, with winter just around the corner, and so the city officials and the Chamber of Commerce in Lowell, as in other places which find themselves in Lowell's predicament, began to talk openly about distress, too. Now everybody in Lowell and Lawrence admits that things are bad, and I don't suppose it's disloyal even for me, a former Lowellite, to talk to a stranger about the fact. . . ."

During the rest of the brief journey, he told me of idle cotton mills in Lowell, misery among workers, desperation among small tradespeople on account of bad business, and general bewilderment, all of which I saw for myself in the three days that I spent there.

Until the mid-twenties Lowell was a comparatively prosperous town. Not a few people there had a great deal of money, lived in fine houses, wore nice clothes, drove good cars. They were in large part business and professional folk and the better-paid mill employees. The general run of mill operatives, male and female, who formed numerically the largest group in town, the underdog class, earned less than

twenty-five dollars a week when they worked full-time, which barely enabled them to lead decent lives. By pinching they saved a little, but very little; a small percentage of them managed to acquire homes of their own.

Then, about five years ago, the mills began to shut down in Lowell. King Cotton was sick. With Coolidge Prosperity in full swing throughout the land, the people began to wear silk and other fine materials instead of cotton. There was still some demand for cotton goods, but only for the cheaper kind. Mill owners were starting new mills in the South, where raw cotton was produced; and, what was still more important to them, "the pore white trash" in Tennessee, Alabama, and South Carolina was even cheaper labor than were the Italian, Lithuanian, and French-Canadian immigrants in New England, who since 1912—the year of the Lawrence strike—had developed unruly tendencies to unionism and demands for higher wages and, when the latter were not granted, to sabotage. Also, there were no laws in the South, such as there were in New England, regulating the number of working hours and female and child labor.

In 1927 and 1928 Lowell practically ceased as a cotton-textile center. I found there eight enormous mills, all idle for years, dominating the town, each six or seven stories high and covering several blocks, with tall, unsmoking chimneys. Only here and there upon the lower floors a few hundred square feet were occupied by tiny industries, such as radio assembling shops, that the desperate community, operating through the Chamber of Commerce, had recently managed to lure to Lowell in an effort to create jobs for the thousands and thousands of former textile operatives who, caught by the circumstances of their lives, have not yet moved away. But these new in-

dustries in Lowell, lost in the immensities of the former cotton mills, were, of course, only a drop in the bucket so far as the local unemployment situation was concerned.

How many jobless people there were in Lowell who needed work desperately or urgently, nobody knew exactly when I was there. Labor officials told me that perhaps two-thirds of the town's working population were idle or employed only part time. Not only textile workers were "out," but nearly two-thirds of the organized building trades craftsmen had had nothing to do for nearly two and a half years. Except for the new post office, there has been practically no building in Lowell for more than three years.

The mayor and the other city officials have somewhat lower estimates of the extent of idleness in Lowell. Mr. Chester M. Runels, executive secretary of the Lowell Chamber of Commerce, who had recently been made a sort of local Colonel Woods, said to me that he knew exactly how many jobless people there were in the city—"too damned many." All the responsible public and semi-public officials admitted that, as the salesman had remarked to me on the train, "things are low in Lowell," but nobody seemed to know what to do about the situation.

Bewilderment, perhaps, was the outstanding characteristic of the Lowell psychology. Mr. Runels confessed that he was spending sleepless nights trying to think of something—anything—that would put the city back on its feet industrially, but, in common with other leading Lowellites, was deeply perplexed. As Lowell's Colonel Woods, he was starting emergency measures to relieve "immediate distress," encouraging charity, trying to induce the better-to-do people in the community to renovate their

homes before Christmas and otherwise "create" jobs for needy family men during the winter months. He realized, as he told me, that what Lowell needed was industries, for it was essentially an industrial city; it had started as a mill town and could continue only as an industrial community. But he was loath to try to lure manufacturers—with low rentals for floor space and cheap labor—from other towns and thus create unemployment elsewhere. Instead, he strove to "create" more new industries by urging local people with money to organize companies for the production of novelties and new commodities. But so far his success in this respect was meager. Several shoe companies had established themselves in Lowell since 1928, but civic and business leaders were frank in saying that they were "afraid of the shoe industry," because, with its cruelty to workers and its utter lack of organization, self-discipline, and public conscience, the shoe industry (of which more later) was seldom, if ever, an asset to a community.

Charity, as one citizen remarked to me, was "the biggest industry in Lowell" and it promised to continue as such through the fall and winter. I was told that the priest in charge of the Catholic charity organization and his two assistants were busy from twelve to fourteen hours daily investigating cases of poverty, collecting funds from the well-to-do, who still form a rather numerous class in Lowell, and distributing what they collected. I was assured that the donations were spontaneous and liberal. There were other charitable agencies in the city, including a municipal welfare bureau, trying to eliminate as far as possible extreme hunger and suffering for want of clothing and fuel.

Business, obviously, was poor in Lowell. Every third or fourth store in the main streets was vacant. There

were few "For Rent" signs in the windows, the proprietors figuring, I suppose, that it was no use putting them up. One sign read: "For Rent at Your Own Price."

I had a creepy feeling as I walked through some of the streets. There were rows of old wooden houses, unoccupied, uncared-for, their window panes broken. Many of the tenanted houses in the working people's districts, evidently, have not been painted for years. I saw broken window panes pasted over with paper, the residents, apparently, being too poor to replace them.

In the main business section, the five-and-ten-cent-store seemed to be the only really busy place. A butcher told me that he sold few steaks and chops; most of the customers bought tripe, soup bones, and the cheaper cuts of meat. He had ordered but few turkeys for Thanksgiving. Grocery and dry-goods prices were at least one-third lower in Lowell than in New York or Boston, but even so the stores were doing little business. Two merchants confessed they were operating at a loss; they were "caught"; people owed them money for years back, and they were hoping "things would pick up soon." Said one shopkeeper, "But I don't know how much longer I can hold out on hope."

So far as I could discover, there was but one florist in town, and he could not boast of the volume of his business. A barber told me that people obviously were cutting their own hair at home; several barber-shops had gone out of business during 1930. A second barber, when I asked if many of his customers took hair tonic, said, "Hell, no!"—and proceeded to elaborate upon the tragedy of the barbering trade in Lowell.

I spoke with physicians. One admitted that he, like the other doctors in town, had difficulties in collecting his

fees; perhaps more than half of his patients were "charity." A dentist informed me that the number of extractions, in proportion to other dental work that he performed, was increasing rapidly. "I suppose people haven't the money," he said, "to come for treatment before it's too late and the tooth has to be removed. Also, I imagine that improper or insufficient food that the poorer people have been eating hastens the decay of teeth."

A neighborhood druggist, having nothing better to do, spoke to me for several hours. "Oh, quite a few working people in Lowell still have money," he said; "at least the number of bank accounts shows that, but they're holding onto it as if it was all there was in the world. Even some of the mill workers seem to have money saved up. How they managed to save anything is more than I know. Now, with the depression at its worst, they hold onto it. They're scared. They spend only for absolute necessities. They say, God knows how long the panic will last in Lowell. They're stuck in Lowell. They probably own a little property or have old parents who can't be moved. Some of those who were foot-loose back in 1928 and had a little money cleared out soon after the mills closed down for good. Some stayed, thinking the mills would open up again soon. They waited. Then it was too late for them to clear out. Now they're stuck. Their little savings, maybe, are all gone; and if not, since Wall Street went smash the rest of the country is not much better off than Lowell, and there's no use going elsewhere. . . . Of course, I'd like nothing better than to sell out, even at a loss. In the last few years I've been making less than two and a half per cent on my investment. Next year I probably shan't make that much unless things pick up. But who's fool enough to buy me out? Besides, I'm

married, kids are going to school, and people in the neighborhood owe me money; so what can I do but stick? If I were single, I'd probably just take my week's receipts, close up, and go."

III

In Lowell I saw shabby men leaning against walls and lamp-posts, and standing on street corners singly or in twos or threes; pathetic, silent, middle-aged men in torn, frayed overcoats or even without overcoats, broken shoes on their feet (in a town manufacturing shoes!), slumped in postures of hopeless discontent, their faces sunken and their eyes shifty and bewildered—men who winced and jerked queerly when they noticed me looking at them, and shuffled off uncertainly, wringing their hands in a mingling of vague desperation and of resentment at my gaze. I spoke or tried to speak with some of them, and I went into a few of the unemployed's homes in Lowell and heard and saw things which, if I described them, would make very melancholy reading.

But even so I was scarcely prepared for the painfully awry conditions that I found in Lawrence, once the leading wool and worsted city in the United States, a half hour's ride from Lowell. According to the last census, since 1920, or more exactly since 1927 or thereabout, the population of Lawrence decreased from 94,270 to 84,949, or nearly ten per cent.

The situation is different from that in Lowell, where, as I have stated, the cotton-textile industry has almost completely deserted the community and gone South. Most of the mills at Lawrence have not yet shut down. However, in the last few years they have operated very irregularly, giving for brief periods only part-time employment, and gradually decreasing the number of even part-time workers, for

during the last decade the wool, worsted, and carpet industries have also been moving out of Massachusetts, where the law provides a maximum 48-hour week for workers, and starting mills in near-by Maine, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island, where employers may work their people 54 hours a week, and in Connecticut, where they have a 55-hour law. Another motive in the tendency of the textile interests to start new mills outside of Massachusetts is that in such old centers as Lowell, Lawrence, New Bedford, and Maynard labor unions had become powerful, forcing up the wage scale. The mill owners in Massachusetts realized that they had made a mistake in getting so many mills into a few towns close together. The labor agitators' work was easy when twenty or thirty thousand operatives were concentrated in one city. And the tendency now is not to build more than one small mill in any one town in Rhode Island, Connecticut, Maine, or New Hampshire. The mill owners figure that this diffusion will prevent "labor troubles."

Lawrence, with its tremendous mills, is a "mistake" which the mill owners have been trying in the last few years to rectify by operating the mills only a little more than was necessary to pay the overhead and taxes on the old mills, and thus killing the unions; for when jobless or working only part-time, workers cannot pay their union fees. The process of rectifying this "mistake" is still going on. And it is a painful process to the people—especially the working people—of the city of Lawrence.

I happened to arrive before day-break on a Monday morning and, walking about, saw hundreds of shabby, silent, hollow-eyed men and women, native and foreign-born, going toward the immense, dark mills. I discovered later that very few of them were going to work; the others were seeking work.

On Mondays they usually went to the mills to learn from the employment managers if any help would be needed during the week. Many of them had been making these Monday-morning pilgrimages for months, some of them for years, getting only a day's or two days' work now and then.

By eight o'clock the great majority of them were returning from the mills. Some had been told to come to work on Wednesday or Thursday or Friday; others, perhaps a majority of them, were told there was no work for them this week. Perhaps next week.

Women hurried home. Men stood on curbs, wretchedness inherent in their every action and aspect; penniless men, most of them without any intelligent, objective idea of what was happening to them, what was going on in Lawrence or in the textile industry. One of them said to me, "I don't know nothing, only that I have no job. No job—no job," he repeated in a shrill, half-hysterical voice.

I saw men standing on the sidewalks clapping their hands in a queer way, obviously just to be doing something. I saw men talking to themselves, walking around, stopping, walking again.

For several minutes I watched an elderly man who stood on a deserted corner near the enormous and idle Everett Mills in the posture of an undotted question mark. He did not see me. Every now and then he swung his arms, not because it was cold, but no doubt because he wanted activity other than walking around, which he probably had been doing for years, in a vain effort to get a job. He mumbled to himself. Then, suddenly, he stepped off the curb and picked up a long piece of string from a pile of rubbish, and his big, work-eager hands began to work with it, tying and untying it feverishly. He worked with the string for several minutes. Then he looked around and,

seeing me, dropped the string, his haggard, hollow face coloring a little as though from a sense of guilt, or intense embarrassment. He was all confused and stood there for several seconds, looking down at the rubbish heap, then up at me. His hands finally dropped to his sides. Then his arms swung in a sort of idle reflex motion and he turned, hesitated a while as if he did not know where to go, and finally shuffled off, flapping his arms. I noticed that his overcoat was split in the back and that his heels were worn off completely. I followed him a little distance, intending to speak to him, but then, loath to assail further the fellow with my curiosity, gave up the idea. I saw scores and scores of men in Lawrence in no better condition than this man, men in the process of degeneracy due to long enforced idleness and pauperism.

The general aspect of Lawrence is not unlike that of Lowell: empty stores—rows of shabby, unpainted, untenanted old houses—broken window panes—no new buildings going up—people still moving out when they can—and so on and on. In Lawrence, too, charity is one of the main industries.

The Lithuanian priest, Father Juras, spoke to me for a couple of hours, evidently glad of the chance to get things off his chest. "Yes, conditions are bad," he said. "I don't know, I don't know. I can do so little. Many of my people work only one or two days a week. They earn so little. I hear that some workers in order to get and hold jobs must give a part of their small earnings to unscrupulous mill bosses who have the power to hire and fire them. . . . Mothers come to me and cry and say they have no money to buy shoes for the children, and winter is here. We make collections in the church, and I give them money for their children's shoes. Not only for

shoes, but for clothing, food, and gas bills. Some of my people don't work at all. For months and months—for years—no work. Some have gone out of Lawrence, to the farms nearby, where they work just for food and lodging. It is better than nothing. . . . No, very few become Communists. Lithuanians are patient people. They suffer, but they don't know what is going to become of them. They come to me and cry: What is going to become of our children? One family I know has lived on lentils, nothing but lentils, all this year. They can't afford to buy bread. No work for them. The young people are restless, mean, insolent. They are not like their parents who have come from the Old Country. They want money. They get disgusted with their parents' plight. They leave home. They want to go to picture shows and dances. They know that I never refuse when anyone appeals to me for help, and so they come to me and say their mothers have no money to buy food. I know they lie, but I give them money, and they go to the movies. Everybody wants to go to the movies. It gets them away from themselves, from things here in Lawrence. Bad, very bad. But—" He shook his head.

"Many of my people pay very little rent," he continued. "Some pay no rent. The house owners don't throw them out. The tenants at least take care of the houses. . . . Yes, some of the men drink. They're desperate. It helps them to forget. But their characters degenerate. That is bad. They feel helpless: what's the use! I try to help. But—" Again he shook his head.

"Three days ago," he went on, "a woman came to me, a good parishioner. Her husband is a good man, too. She cried and told me her man wants to go to New York. He has been out of work for a year and a half.

All their savings gone. No work in Lawrence. Now he's heard from a friend in New York that he, his friend, was earning a living there selling apples on the streets, right in the heart of New York. And so he wanted to go to New York, too, and sell apples on Broadway and on Fifth Avenue. But he had no money for train-fare to New York. He wanted to walk there, but she would not let him. She was afraid something would happen to him. Now she was afraid he would go to New York despite her protests, and so she cried before me and asked me would I give her ten dollars so that he could go to New York and sell apples. Of course I gave her the money. Next Sunday again I must appeal to my congregation for more money, but so few of my people have any to give."

In another connection, Father Juras said to me, "The number of marriages and childbirths is decreasing in my congregation. Young men and girls cannot afford to get married. That is bad, conducive to immoral living. And there is another thing I notice. Our people from the Old Country are hardy, strong; they can endure much toil, hard toil, suffering, and poverty. They're fine-looking specimens physically. Their children are not so strong, nervous, skinny. And their children's children are even worse—puny little things. I'm afraid that this condition is due to uncertain working conditions, to bad living. And I don't believe America can afford to allow each generation of immigrants to get poorer and poorer."

The rector of one of the two French-Canadian parishes spoke to me similarly. "Oh, yes, we, too, have to buy shoes for children," he said. "We have a Catholic school here and we watch the children. If they need clothing, we give it to them. Many parents have nothing—no money, no work, or very little work. I have six

priests in this parish to assist me. All day long they go around, from house to house, where we hear there is distress, and we help as well as we can. Our well-to-do parishioners are generous. Last Sunday we received three hundred dollars for the poor." He was unwilling to fix the blame upon the mills or any other factor in Lawrence. "I have come here only recently," he said. "I don't know whose fault this condition is. All I know is that things are terrible—no work for the people."

Speaking with the jobless, I noticed acute desperation. One man said to me, "You're from New York? Say, do you think there'll be a war soon? A fellow I heard the other day, a Communist, said that the United States might attack Russia." I said I didn't know about that. "I wish there would be a war again," he said. "There was lots of work and high wages during the last war. Mills were going day and night."

Few of the unemployed in Lawrence—and elsewhere, for that matter—impressed me as competent people. They were willing, eager to work, but there was something dead in them, as from exhaustion or perhaps too much idleness, without any personal winsomeness or any power of demand. Lost, bewildered souls, victims in the pinch of the machine, victims of the last decade's "rationalization" and speeding-up in the textile industry, victims of greed for higher and higher profits on the part of the industrialists. . . . The situation is infinitely pathetic, not to say appalling.

IV

According to the census, during the last decade the population decline of New Bedford and Fall River, both cities with populations of over 100,000, was only 6.9 and 4.3 per cent, respec-

tively; but the conditions in these towns, as I found them in mid-November last, were perhaps no better than in Lowell or Lawrence.

Fall River, one of the oldest mill towns in New England, to-day is practically dead as a textile center. Were I to describe its plight from the human point of view I should be only repeating, with slight changes, what I have said about the plight of Lowell and Lawrence. The immediate reason for Fall River's decline, however, is somewhat different. A former labor leader in Fall River said to me, without any attempt at hiding his bitterness, "The trouble with this place is that the machinery in all these big mills which you see is archaic. In some of them the equipment has not been replaced since the mills were built, thirty and forty years ago. (Of course, they cannot compete in production efficiency with mills equipped with modern machines, each of which produces with the aid of a single worker more than twenty machines here used to produce with ten workers.) But years ago these mills were tremendous money-makers. They paid dividends of as high as two and three hundred per cent. At the same time the wages were slavery wages. They employed children in their early teens and women, pregnant and otherwise. They worked them night and day, twelve and fourteen hours at a stretch. That was before Massachusetts legislated against such things. The mill managers gave as little as possible to the employees. The community of Fall River was something for them to exploit. They put as little into the community in the form of wages as they could help. And not only that. They put as little as possible—almost nothing—back into their industry. Instead of buying new machinery from time to time and keeping up-to-date, instead of building for the future of

their business and of Fall River, the mill managers paid out the enormous profits in dividends to the investors, many of whom had scarcely ever heard of Fall River and had no interest in the working people or the community. All they cared for was immediate high profits. It was a high-pressure 'racket,' cruel to the workers, cruel to the city of Fall River, suicidal for the mills. . . . McMahon was correct in calling Fall River a tragic city."

New Bedford is a victim of a combination of circumstances. There is archaic machinery in some of the mills. New Bedford, too, is a "mistake"—like Lawrence—which is being rectified; the companies whose mills dominate New Bedford have also new mills in the neighboring States and in the South where laws allow longer working hours and there are no labor unions. But the outstanding feature of the New Bedford situation is a deep antagonism between the managements of some mills and the unions, which are comparatively strong there. A couple of years ago New Bedford was the scene of a bitter strike, and the war is not ended yet. Thousands of mill workers are totally unemployed; some work part-time, earning from \$6 to \$12 a week—with dire social consequences not unsimilar to those I saw in Lowell and Lawrence.

In New Bedford I took to a lunch-room a jobless worker who told me he had not eaten a decent meal for months—"or maybe it's years." He had a family of four. A brother of his in New Jersey, he told me, had recently killed his wife and child and committed suicide. "I don't blame 'im," he said. "I'd do the same; only I ain't got the guts. I'd have to kill four of 'em. And I couldn't . . . I couldn't. Christ, ain't it awful! . . . And suppose I do get a job soon. I'm in debt hundreds of dollars and it'll take me months to pay it back. There's nobody I know

in town who's ever had any money that I don't owe him some. We owe to the grocery-man, butcher—everybody. You can't imagine what it means to have a wife and kids and no work and no money, and be in debt."

In Maynard, Massachusetts, the conditions were extremely chaotic, too, though perhaps not as tragic as in the larger towns. There is but one considerable mill in Maynard. Once it had employed 1,500 people; when I was there, two-thirds were completely "out" and the rest worked only part-time, earning from \$8 to \$9 a week. Approximately the same is true of Housatonic, another small mill town in Massachusetts which I visited.

I spent a few days in the Rhode Island mill towns—Manville, Woonsocket, Ashton, Berkley, and Lawnsdale, not far from Providence; most of which have but one good-sized mill working part-time. But those who work there, while they work, work long hours for lower wages than in Massachusetts. Some of these towns are the result of the mill owners' early efforts at rectification of such "mistakes" as Lawrence and New Bedford. The same goes for such towns as Dover and Somersworth, in New Hampshire, and Waterville, Lewiston, and Biddeford, in Maine. In some of these latter towns when I was there the mills worked full-time, here and there overtime, but practically everywhere I saw bad working conditions—men and women and even boys and girls in their teens working fifty-four hours a week. I saw "speeding-up" and "stretching-out." I saw girls in Somersworth, for instance, running thirty wide looms from before sunup till after sundown. In most Massachusetts towns where the unions have some power, operatives run on the average of only twenty looms eight hours a day, and even that is considered a great strain upon a person's energy and nerves.

V

And the average shoe-manufacturing town is no better than the average textile town in New England. Indeed, here and there—as, for instance, in Lowell and Lawrence and in Manchester, New Hampshire—the shoe industry has been adding its chaos and cruelty to that of the textile industry, and the workers and entire communities with tens of thousands of people find themselves in dire circumstances.

Haverhill, Massachusetts, one of the largest shoe centers in the country, is a tragic city whose population in the last decade decreased from 53,000 to 48,000 and is still going down. When I passed through Haverhill, the mayor of the town sent a communication to Col. Arthur Woods, generalissimo of President Hoover's Unemployment Relief, declaring the situation in the city to be "serious," with over 4,500 of its 8,000 shoe workers entirely idle, while most of the others worked only part-time, earning insufficient wages. Shoe-factory employees comprised four-fifths of Haverhill's laboring men and women, and from the human point of view the situation, to my mind, was as appalling as in the textile towns. Things were further aggravated by a dispute between shoe manufacturers and the Shoe Workers' Protective Union, which included about half of the shoe people in town. Threats to remove their plants from Haverhill had been made by eight firms as the result of union opposition to contemplated wage cuts. The whole city was beside itself. People with whom I talked, including responsible public and semi-public officials, seemed unable to discuss the situation objectively. They talked incoherently, emotionally about emergency measures to prevent suffering during the winter. The people of Haverhill seemed to be agreed upon one thing alone: that the shoe industry

was an evil they could not get along without.

A public official who asked me not to quote him by name said to me, "You say the textile industry is stupid and chaotic. Well, it has nothing on the shoe industry. Here in Haverhill we have over thirty shoe factories. Most of them have been started by little, selfish fellows with a few thousand dollars at their command. They rented a little floor space and then had the United Shoe Machinery Company lease to them machines which turn out shoes hand over fist. The manufacturers don't own the machinery; they pay royalties to the U.S.M. on every pair of shoes made. They get a shoe model that they think will sell and then they work day and night producing that model. When they think they have enough shoes manufactured they quit, and to hell with the workers, and to hell with Haverhill. Their most pressing problem then becomes to sell the shoes. And this goes on all over the country. The U.S.M. installs machinery almost anywhere. There are hundreds and hundreds of shoe manufacturers in New England and more elsewhere. The U.S.M. machinery has been working overtime; now there is overproduction. Now there's no work. And the workers who have made millions of pairs of shoes did not make enough to have decent shoes on their own feet!"

Shoe manufacturers are organized in associations, but not for self-disciplinary purposes, to put intelligence and order into their business; merely or largely to fight the unions and the attempts of unorganized workers to organize. Their main concern is not the appalling cost to them as individual manufacturers of the chaotic unintelligence within the industry; their chief worry seems to be the cost of labor, and they do everything to keep it down. Not a few shoe manufacturers in New

England had no previous experience in or knowledge of the shoe industry when they started in the business a few years ago when shoe manufacturing suddenly appeared to be a way to quick money. Their wastefulness in the past few years, I was told, has been colossal. A labor leader who impressed me as a very intelligent and competent man said to me, "We have in many of our factories supervisors who, I assure you, have no real knowledge of the right way to fit shoes or how to handle help. We, as union officials, have tried to put efficiency into the shops, not because we love the bosses, but for our own sake, to decrease costs which are being blamed upon us; but the factory owners have scorned us. They don't care for long-range efficiency and lower profits extended over a long period; all they want is high immediate profits—and to hell with everything else!"

But Haverhill, perhaps, was not the worst hit town because of this chaotic overproduction and underpayment of workers in the shoe industry. In Lynn, Massachusetts, only about 2,000 of the 6,000 shoe workers were employed, full- and part-time. In Brockton and South Boston the proportion of working and jobless shoe people was approximately the same. In Manchester, New Hampshire, most of its 3,500 shoe workers were thrown out about the time I was there, with no prospect of new employment till late in the winter, perhaps not until spring. Among those laid off were men who had worked in the Manchester shoe factories for from eighteen to twenty-five years. I spoke with one of these old-timers, obviously a sober, work-eager man, who told me—half ashamed, half angry—that he had practically nothing on which to fall back during this lay-off. Another Manchester worker, long out of a job, told me how, a month before, he had gone to New

Haven, Connecticut, in search of work; how a policeman there arrested him for vagrancy, and how a judge threatened to jail him unless he left the city within thirty minutes.

Everywhere chaos and suffering because of chaos and stupid greed.

VI

In my eleven days of traveling through New England I found but one busy, happy, prosperous town—Salem, Massachusetts, which impressed me as almost a complete antithesis of such places as Lowell, Lawrence, Fall River, Haverhill, and Manchester. In comparison with these, Salem was a veritable boom town. In a population of about 40,000 only 600 were unemployed, most of them shoe workers. The stores and hotels in Salem were attractive, busy places. The homes were painted and the whole community had an aspect of well-being.

The reason for this happy status of Salem is mainly that the city has a great textile mill—the Pequot—whose management is intelligent and humane, trying with no small success to run its business not solely for its own immediate, narrow profit, but also for the benefit of its 2,100 operatives and, through them, of Salem. The Pequot Mill workers' average weekly wage is around \$34 for forty-eight hours—an amazing stipend for the textile industry. Their employment is steady; at least no one is laid off at a moment's notice, irrespective of his or her circumstances; for the Pequot management has tried in the past, and continues in its efforts, to stabilize production as much as possible and plan ahead. The sanitary and safety appliances in the mill are the most modern. I inspected the mill and spoke with the workers and their union's leaders, and I can sincerely say that nowhere within the realm of the textile industry

—and in very few other industries—have I seen employees treated half as well as at Salem. The result is that the relations between the management and the workers, all of whom are organized, are excellent, and that Pequot has a force of contented, healthy, efficient operatives who, individually and through their union, do everything possible to help the firm decrease the production costs. The textile workers' union at Salem is recognized by the Pequot people; indeed, the mill management and the union, headed by a very intelligent labor leader, maintain a joint research bureau under the direction of an efficiency engineer, with the purpose of further decreasing the production costs, stabilizing production, and increasing the profits and wages as the operating costs are lowered in the mill.

The Pequot employees do not live in constant fear of losing their jobs. When I was in Salem everybody there knew that the mills had enough work to run full-time until the spring, and the workers were fairly sure that there would be work after that. In consequence, the people do not hesitate to spend their money. I saw mill girls come to work in raccoon coats in the morning, and in the evening I saw a group of them in evening gowns dining in the best hotel in town. Naturally, then, Salem is a thriving town. And—in contrast with Lowell, Lawrence, Brockton, and Fall River—there are no Communists in Salem.

To my notion, the mill at Salem offers a lesson in intelligent and humane management to all the mills in New England. I realize that the Pequot problem at Salem was comparatively simple, for Pequot manufactures a staple product, sheets and pillow cases, but I believe that if other mills, no matter how complex, would seriously and intelligently apply themselves to their individual problems of

management and at the same time the textile industry would organize not mainly to fight labor but for self-control and self-discipline and to cooperate with labor—I believe, with President McMahon of the United Textile Workers, that then such tragic conditions as now exist in Lowell and Lawrence and Fall River would gradually vanish and instead of Lowells and Fall Rivers we should have more Salems. And the same goes for the shoe industry.

It is not probable, of course, that either the textile or the shoe industry will become—or even try to become—“Salemized” within the near future. Their problems, as I am well aware, are extremely complex; they are two of the most chaotic, the loosest industries in the country; the factions within each industry fight and prey upon one another; and they have been used for decades to fight labor on the theory that industry is war. But, by and by, they will have to tighten up on themselves, organize not to exploit labor while at the same time in other respects each mill-owner is fighting the others, but, like the Pequot management in Salem, to run the industry for their own, the workers', and the communities' mutual benefit. All industry in

America will have to tighten up on itself and organize so that it will be a success not alone for the industrialists and the capitalists, but also for the masses. The trouble with Fall River, for instance, has been—in a nutshell—that most of the profits of its mills were spent, not in Fall River, but in Paris, New York, the Riviera, Newport News, Santa Barbara, and Pasadena.

The textile industry, for all the huge dividends it paid the investors before its present crisis, is a failure, for it has exploited workers and created such tragic communities as I have described here. It will be a success only when it begins to create Salems; when its managers learn that “the true test of business success,” to quote from a recent editorial in *The Magazine of Wall Street*, “is to be found not only in the balance sheet but also in its social consequences.” The same editorial said: “Every great business, *if capitalism is to prevail* [my italics], must be looked upon as an instrument of social well-being which, although it must be adjudged a failure if its balance is written in red ink, must equally be adjudged a failure if it does not comprehend the well-being of all who are in its orbit—employees and the public as well as proprietors.”

The Lion's Mouth



CONSTANT READER

BY LAWTON MACKALL

IF THERE has been any aloofness it has not been on my part. Invariably when he announces himself in the name of the Sweetness & Light & Power Co., I offer him a chair, apologizing that I possess no step-ladder. Generally, though, unless he happens to be shorter this month than usual, the Constant Reader declines any heightening of his point of view; unexalted, thank you, he can perceive what the moving fingers have stopped at and bring my kilowatts to book.

Once (a stocky young man with red hair) he startled me by reading the numbers *viva voce*—6729, or something as alarming. And out he strode—gone forever—before I could protest that I *couldn't* have consumed that much electricity, or that much anything, and not been conscious of it. Why, even an electric eel . . .

But, as I say, he was gone.

And next month, instead of being more communicative, he was a long, silent man, with dark hair and glasses, averse to reading aloud. Pressed for an elucidation of the springs and arrows of my outrageous fortune, he informed me that matters had reached 6787. He tempered the shock, however, by saying that this was merely "present state" as compared with

status quo ante or previous goings-around.

To him, perhaps—but ah, the difference to me!

Possibly he sensed how much I was affected by the turn things had taken, for he left me without another word. And that brief moment when we stood shoulder to shoulder beneath the meter was the only get-together we ever had. This seems strange, in all these years. One would think that a man whose walk in life is in and out of my hallway and those of other Sweetness & Light parishioners—or "users," as we are called—would be more social, more democratic. But, no; he is a member of the illuminati who do not mix. Consequently in welcoming him I find myself reduced to a policy of pantomimic cordiality: mute Best Wishes and speechless Many Happy Returns.

And really it is mortifying to be so negative a host to a visitor who represents in his protean person the Company that showers me with glad tidbits about its ideals and the joys of Service, on the principle of Happiness with Every Bill. His call is my one opportunity for returning sentiment for sentiment, ideal for ideal. He should be made to feel that my apartment, which I like to think of as my castle, is aglow with the spirit of Mutuality; that here, if anywhere, current literature with its bright sayings of great public utilitarians, really means something; and that . . .

"Is this 2 E?" he inquires, appearing suddenly on a day when I am unprepared with Golden Thoughts.

"It is indeed," I assure him, as I follow his work interestedly. "Would you care to visit the kitchen? The view of—"

But before I can finish telling him that the view of the meter is perhaps loveliest at sunset, he has gone. Vanished. It has all happened in the twinkling of a bull's-eye. I am left with a sense of hospitality-frustration; my lares and penates feel miffed. After all, anybody hates to have his best graciousness walked out on.

Well (as I generally say to myself), better luck in a couple of fortnights.

But there was a time, of exciting memory, when I didn't have to wait till next month, or even till next week. I suddenly awoke to find myself in the position of the forest denizen who made mouse-traps better than anyone else: the world was beating a path to my door. And this storm of popularity evolved from a veil of dust no bigger than a man's hand—a veil through which the Reader saw, or thought he saw, a vision of grandeur—at my expense; his hallucination resulting in a veritable behemoth of a bill. Miracles, I discovered, come high. But a greater marvel was revealed at the following reading. It was found that my "present state" hadn't yet caught up with my stupendous past—which meant that this month I had consumed enormously less than *no* precious Service at all!

The Company was aghast, then galvanized into unprecedented activity. Readers were followed by re-readers, with testers hot on their heels. They washed the meter's face. They undressed it and gave it a thorough physical examination. They took its voltage. They listened to its purr. And still it refused to retract.

So, despite my protestings that the young man who had seen the vision was a mystic, they condemned the hapless contraption for disloyalty to

Sweetness & Light. Accordingly somebody arrived with a fresh meter. And, a day later, somebody else to affix it. And a few days later, somebody to test it. And a day or so after that—for all this had taken virtually the entire month—the regular Reader came to peruse it, looking as different as he ever did. Indeed, my social season with the Sweetness & Light people was one mad whirl and comings and goings. Company all the time.

I was telling a lonesome friend about it, when I noticed he appeared extra sad.

"I wish *I* had visitors like that!" he said wistfully.

"But surely you have a meter, haven't you?"

"Only gas," he sighed. "And it's the kind you put quarters in."

I tried not to let the poor fellow see how much I pitied him.



ONE WIDE RIVER TO CROSS

BY FAIRFAX DOWNEY

THERE is only one proper and time-honored method of missing a ferryboat and that is—*just* missing it. All of us more earnest motorists practice this plan whenever we have a water crossing in mind. To be frank, we are rather chagrined at the moment of missing. But as we repeat the trick again and again, deep down in our hearts we grow just a little proud of the unconscious timing that brings the feat off so handsomely and regularly.

In hot haste we charge up to the dock in our cars. A marine view, which we hope nobody will ever paint, meets our unhappy gaze—about twenty feet of open water churned into white foam, the blunt, insulting stern of the depart-

ing ferryboat, not to be sighted again for a segment of eternity—some fiends in human form lining the rail and waving good-by—too far away to hear how bon a voyage we are wishing them.

Such is the spectacle which blasts our vision. Are we downhearted? We certainly are. But we swing the old bus around and dash along a devious route known as a shore road because of its distant relationship. There is a rumor that there is another ferry many miles away. Nor is the rumor unfounded. At the suspected point there is another ferry or, more accurately, there will be. At present, its slip bears the legend: "Ferry closed for the season. Will open in April."

Under similar emergency, Leander swam the Hellespont, and Eliza grasped her child and skipped across the ice cakes, pursued by bloodhounds. A motorist made of softer stuff drives away, hounded by back-seat drivers. He thinks he may catch the first ferry this time, so he retraces all his weary mileage.

He is in time, in plenty of time. The returning boat has not yet arrived. But a great many other motorists have, and they have formed a line as a reception committee.

The unhappy driver who had been lured away takes his place at the end of the line. Now he has nothing to do but wait and wait and wait and explain to the little ones why a boat is called a she.

The terrific tedium of this waiting period is dangerous. Under the strain some motorists are said to have gone mad; they were pretty mad to begin with but they have gone madder. Something has to be done to relieve the tenseness. There are those who get out of their cars and stretch their legs, and others who catch sight of a "hot dog" stand and stretch their tummies. Yet others try a bit of bravado and boast about the time grandfather

missed Commodore Vanderbilt's ferry. The wait must be whiled away sanely somehow, as the spectacle of unfortunate souls vainly fishing off the dock warns us. These are all former motorists who, despairing of catching a ferryboat there, imagine they may some day catch a fish.

At last, at long last, the motorist at the rear of the line descries the returning ferry. It docks deliberately. Its cargo is discharged at dead-march tempo. There is a careful inspection to be sure that no motor car which just came for the ride is still lurking aboard. Then after due consideration, the skipper decides to venture once more across the perilous deep.

Engines are revived, and the line of automobiles crawls slowly across the gangplank, disappearing into the cavernous depths of the vessel. In front of the last motorist the gates clang closed. No more room. The last shall be first—next trip.

The miserable driver, condemned by all his passengers, rushes through the countryside, shrieking dismally on the horn. Perhaps somewhere he finds a bridge and drives across singing gaily, "*Sur le pont d'Avignon, l'on y danse.*" For he realizes with delight why they danced on the bridge at Avignon. They didn't have to wait for the ferry any more.

Or perhaps after long wanderings and sundry adventures, he comes back to the second ferry he tried. And, lo! by that time it is April, and the thing is running again.

Finally the shuttling motorist is able to go a-voyaging. He looks so wan and drawn that even a passport photograph would be a good likeness. Yet his face lights up with a gleam of triumph that he is about to sail at last. It seems a shame that nobody has sent him a basket of fruit and six books he won't want to read.

Rolling over the gangplank, he is

taken charge of by the ferrymen, disillusioned creatures whose ambition it once was to be deep-sea sailors. Having sunk to ferrying, they are bitterly nautical, unnecessarily salty, and not a little peppery. They take it out on the passengers.

The motorist, who has boasted vainly that he hardly ever sees a horse nowadays, here finds out why. The horses are all touring back and forth on ferryboats, and the theme song of all these good ships is "The Livery Stable Blues." Horses in front, horses in rear. The strapping pair behind his automobile are either hungry or teething; they munch the car's top. When the motorist edges through the narrow space past one of the beasts in front, it essays, encouraged by the hearty laughter of the drayman, to snatch a morsel from the shoulder of the man of gasoline.

Of course the motorist and his family could remain in the dark and dreary tunnel where their car is ensconced and try to imagine themselves on a "capital ship for an ocean trip." But the ferryboat company does nothing to sustain the illusion. Nobody comes around getting up a pool for the day's run. There isn't a cup of eleven o'clock bouillon in a boatload. Nobody can even tell you how many times around the deck is a mile.

The ferryboat's only co-operation is some realistic rolling. Motorists may then be inclined to seek the air of the deck and long for a private cabin and a kindly steward. Alas! what they find is music in its most distressing forms.

It may be a noisy aggregation of the street-band type, with the unhappy

difference that a street band will eventually move on to some other street. Afloat, by force of grim circumstances, it stays right with you. It may be an electric piano or phonograph with an amplifier so powerful that you can flee to the uttermost parts of the boat and not escape it.

The squat vessel meanders all over its inland waterway instead of steaming straight across and being done with it. Although the interminable cruise makes him feel like the Ancient Mariner, the motorist dares not crab about it to the crew, which might not hang an albatross on his neck but may well hang a shanty on his eye. Finally he is able to cry, "Land ho-hum." The ferryboat bumps into it and is attached to it with infinite care and caution. From watching such moorings, the man who invented slow-motion pictures developed his idea.

After enduring many rude directions and doing some steering that qualifies him as a first-class pilot, the motorist disembarks. He speeds away and all is well until he comes to the next water hazard.

"There's one wide river, there's one wide river to cross," says the old song of the Hereafter. Surely the good motorist who drives up to the celestial Jordan finds a bridge across it, a fine, big bridge with a dozen or so traffic lanes and no crowding, and that's Heaven.

But the bad motorist, passing on, draws up on the shore of the Styx and sights old Charon fussing around with his ferryboat. And right away that unhappy automobilist knows just where he is.



Editor's Easy Chair

OUR EVIL WORLD, AND WHY

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

A FRIEND of the Easy Chair, who stopped to think, and has been thinking for a number of years, reports that this world is a necessary evil; for it is evil and it is necessary, something we have to live in and live through mainly, it would seem, for the sake of the training and development we get out of it. Our friend does not consider that this doctrine of the necessary evilness of the world can be given to the world. But why not? It is such a consoling doctrine and at the pith of it it seems true. Does the kind reader observe, does everybody notice, how large a part of current troubles have accrued because too many people have tried too hard to make this world too good? We are in a wretched fix because the prohibitionists have tried to bring on a millennium for which we are not nearly ready yet. Too many people, having produced more commodities than the market can handle, are now struggling to cut off everybody's rum and to satisfy human life with drygoods and mechanisms.

Lord save us! It can't be done! *Circumspice!* Look around! Does not everybody recognize now that the effort to make the world too good is the next worst thing to the effort to make it too bad? You can do something. Apparently our world can be improved without harm to the extent

of making it a fairly safe laboratory for the divine purposes to work out in. There can be a measure of order, a measure of protection to the weak and restraint to the strong. You can make a society that is favorable to the observation of something like the Ten Commandments with a prospect of increasing regard for something like The Sermon on the Mount, but you must leave the world evil enough to do its job. If it were more like a healthy South Sea Island, unvisited as yet by sailors, where people were kind, hospitable, and indifferent to textiles, it would not do its job with human beings. If they do not have something to fight they do not get ahead. This fighting chance for progress and happiness is what we call civilization, and there seems to be a struggle on to produce it all over the world. Russia is undergoing torments in the hope of a fuller life ahead and a fighting chance to become civilized. So with the others. The Stalins and Mussolinis doubtless belong to a stage of political development, but they will do their jobs and pass away, and perhaps democracy will survive because it cannot make the world too good. In democracy there will always be struggle, never submission to a Methodist or a Jesuit or Mormon domination, any one of which can produce excellent material results.

Yes, this thought that it is a great psychological mistake to try to make the world too good should be comforting to us all. It is not that excessive efforts to improve us succeed too much and make life goody-goody but that they raise such hob and leave the situation so much worse than they found it. To locate the boundary between doing too much and doing too little is a matter of the utmost importance. It may be that the lesson of Prohibition will be worth what it costs. We see now that it was an attempt to suppress the irrepressible. We see that it undertook to do away with a system of the distribution of intoxicants which was undoubtedly bad, but has substituted for it a system that is immeasurably worse. Discussion is beginning about what is the particular matter with the Prohibition system and what is the better one that must succeed it. One thing the coming system must do is to take away the profits of the bootleggers and reduce the profits of distributing intoxicating beverages so that there will be no inducement for private vendors to break the law. As soon as there is no money in selling rum, the bootlegging industry will fall to pieces. Of course the substitution of something else for Prohibition will not at once be a perfect plan. It will be a hard thing to do and will probably require experiment.

Towner, author of a *History of Civilization* would have drinks go free, or almost free, of control and would not tax them; would leave the whole use of them to be determined by the preference of the public. He advocated non-resistance in that matter on the ground that the opposition which would grow up in the minds of men against the overuse of rum would soon take care of the whole problem. He would even do the same about narcotics. The attempt to stamp them out or control them has produced a scarcity which

makes the profits in trading in them so enormous that governments cannot stop the trade. This is not our particular problem—this one about narcotics. The headquarters for handling it is the League of Nations. But the story of narcotics is just the story of the bootleggers over again. Possibly the dope fighters are trying to make the world too good, trying to do it from the outside of life instead of from the inside.

Consider prisons—prisons are an awful failure, very expensive and extremely deficient as the means of reformation. They are really just a makeshift. Disorderly people are shut up to get them out of the way for a while, but it does not seem to do many of them any good. Lunatic asylums constantly increase, as does the cost of keeping them going. When so many people go crazy it is a real sign of something wrong in the civilization they live in.

At least we may console ourselves with the assurance that the world, and particularly our part of it in these States, is sufficiently bad at this time to offer ample opportunities for all the training which may come from fighting evil. It has unemployment to deal with, which of course is not wicked and must be handled and relieved at any cost; but besides that, it holds an amount of disorder, violence, vice, murder, robbery, bad writing, bad morals, and bad living that is getting to be alarming. *The Saturday Review of Literature* looks at the American scene and calls it "a riot of corruption, revelry, drunkenness, miscegenation, fanaticism, hypocrisy, stupidity, and self-seeking." It goes on about it in detail, especially noticing in its own department "young college men in novels wailing a drunken distrust of everything including themselves. Young college women telling in the magazines how they take jobs away

from the oldest profession. Women wearing make-ups that would have shocked Jezebel and seemed a little excessive to Cleopatra." That is enough for anybody, for we all know what is going on or can get a picture of it at the nearest newsstand. We know that something has got to be done about it and we applaud efforts to accomplish that something though we do not see them making much headway. The times are dangerous because they are so troubled, disorderly, and violent. But it is interesting to live in a world that is passing through a crisis, and that our present world undoubtedly is doing.

WHAT are people going to do when machinery does all their work? Of course it won't ever do all their work, but it is already doing a very large part of it, and unemployment has resulted in consequence. Of course they will have to tend the machines and keep them in repair and get money in some way to pay for them. They will still have to keep clean. Machines will not wash them. They will need water and must arrange to get it. There will be a vast job in transportation and travel which they will have to arrange for, and this will employ a great many people. They will have to make roads, airports, and such things, mine coal and metals, practice forestry, and attend to a thousand other details of life. No matter how productive farming is or how large a part of the labor can be done by machinery, there will still be a lot of hand work in it and an immense job of distribution and getting food to market and procuring fertilizers.

Of course building will never cease; no city is ever finished. Here in New York a building that lasts twenty years does pretty well, though that is not really the limit of structural life even in New York. Men will have to sup-

press, or avoid, disease and heal it when it comes—a big job that machines cannot do, but which is likely to be a great deal better done than it is at present. All these are more or less material concerns. The Greeks were very thoughtful; they had slaves to do their work. We have slaves in our machines, and we should certainly have leisure to be thoughtful. The biggest job of all is to think and invite our souls, and that may be what all this development of mechanisms is leading to. We could not have a millennium and be comfortable in it unless we had interesting jobs of thought. If we are going to work less with our hands we must work more with our heads.

THESE are trying times for persons who form ties of affection for newspapers or other periodicals, for such ties are often very strong and the severing of them painful. There were thousands of people the other day who wanted to put black bands on their coat sleeves because *The World* was dead. So there were thousands who had a mind to wear mourning after *The Sun* died, and hundreds who inclined at least to put on a black necktie because of the shift in direction of *The Evening Post* when it went to Mr. Curtis.

In London it has been very much as here; the business of publishing newspapers has changed, and London newspapers and weeklies have changed hands.

As for New York, with Frank Munsey gone, after the morning *Sun*, *The Mail & Express*, *The Globe* and whatever else he disposed of, one felt somewhat safer; but the going of *The World* came as a great shock. On its first page it said "Volume 71." The paper was started about 1859 by men who wanted a more pious daily newspaper than was then published in New

York. Their aims must have been much like what were behind the *Christian Science Monitor*. So just before the Civil War *The World* began, but it did not stay pious. Doubtless it changed hands as a property, for it soon came to be edited by Manton Marble with the assistance of William Henry Hurlburt, both amusing and cultivated men, who made *The World* a school for clever young men who aimed to be editorial writers. It must have been a good school—William C. Brownell attended it; so did Joseph O'Connor and many others. Of its editors Marble was respectable and accomplished, though worldly, but Hurlburt had a picturesque reputation as a wicked man, the bad man, indeed, of Theodore Winthrop's novel *Cecil Dreeme*. He started as a clergyman, and hymns that he wrote still survive, but he fell from grace—at least his reputation did—and there are many diverting stories about him, including the one about how he stole a pair of trousers, and another about a famous editorial he wrote after a convivial evening.

So went *The World* along with sparkle, an amusing paper, and with political views also, for Manton Marble had them, and knew also about finance and economics. Jay Gould became its owner, but got tired and sold it unexpectedly to Joseph Pulitzer from St. Louis, who happened along opportunely and bought it and started it on a new career on the 10th of May, 1883.

The din of that change was terrific. Pulitzer did not come to New York as the agent of decorum. On the contrary, he operated his purchase as one might operate a machine gun, made the most noise he could, got into terrific conflicts with Charles A. Dana and William Hearst, filled the air with wild cries and red ink, attacked everything he thought needed assault, often with

great ability and usefulness, and presently emerged with a growing, popular, and profitable newspaper built on the ruins of his nervous system and his eyesight. George Harvey once said of Joseph Pulitzer that he made the sole stand against the control of political journalism in New York by capitalists, and it is true that Pulitzer, though disorderly and often ruthless, was a wonderfully able force for political regeneration and in his political opinions usually sound.

Great newspaper men are born not made. After Charles A. Dana died *The Sun* went along very much as *The World* has gone since Joseph Pulitzer died, but for every kind of periodical it is a critical time when its founder quits.

Mr. Pulitzer left the paper to his sons as trustees and told them not to sell it. He is blamed for his will, but it was a natural will for him to make. What else could he have done? For years the paper went on as he would have wished. For years after his death it made plenty of money; but five or six years ago conditions changed to the detriment of *The World's* business department, and no treatment that the management was able to provide could cure the situation. Nevertheless, *The World* as an editorial force and as a political force ran true to form to the end. Mr. Lippmann's editorials and Rollin Kirby's pictures were forces that daily contributed to clarify the minds of men and helped them to know what they thought.

There stands that building in Park Row; familiar, full yesterday of the rattle and clang of life and presses, a political lighthouse, but to-day just a substantial building a little out of date, with life gone out of it—a melancholy monument that tells of a world in process of drastic readjustment and reorganization.

